The Notebooks of Joseph D. Stiles

John Benedict Buescher



Introduction and other original materials copyright © 2015 by John Benedict Buescher.

IAPSOP Ephemera are published under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International License, from time to time, by the International Association for the Preservation of Spiritualist and Occult Periodicals (IAPSOP).

The authoritative source of this document is: http://www.iapsop.com/ephemera/

The Notebooks of Joseph D. Stiles

John Benedict Buescher

A manuscript of allegedly automatic writing, consisting of six notebooks. These are the first version of a series of "letters," written between 1854 and 1857, which would be edited by Allen Putnam and published in 1859 by the Boston firm of Bela Marsh as *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham*.[1] The edited and published version contained a preface by Josiah Brigham, as well as a "reviser's preface" by editor Allen Putnam, which explained how the manuscript was written and edited for publication.

The notebooks are held in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.[2]

Joseph D. Stiles

The writer of these notebooks was Joseph D. Stiles, who was born December 10, 1828 in Waltham, Massachusetts, one of several children of Joseph and Lucy Stiles.[3] The family, early in Joseph Jr.'s life, moved to Weymouth. Joseph Jr. was a lifelong bachelor and died at what had been his mother's home in Weymouth, on March 31, 1897.

In 1884, he provided a short autobiographical account of his development as a spiritualist medium to Lewis L. Whitlock, publisher of the Boston spiritualist journal *Facts*.[4] In the section, "How I Became a Medium," he says:

> In 1850, two years subsequent to the startling manifestations at Rochester, my sister, Harriet, who was visiting friends and relations in Weymouth,

---

[1] A scan of the New York Public Library's copy of the published book is at http://ssoc.selfip.com:81/1859__stiles___twelve_messages_from_john_quincy_adams.pdf; a scan of the Library of Congress' own copy of the printed text is at http://hdl.handle.net/2027/loc.ark:/13960/t2v41zw5h

[2] In boxes catalogued in "R. Evans, papers."

[3] Joseph, Jr. had four full sisters, and several half-siblings by his father's first wife.

[4] "Platform Tests at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, with Autobiographical Sketch of the Medium, Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass.," *Facts* (Boston), (March 1884): 43-49.

> discovered herself to be what was then known as a table-tipping medium. My father and his family then resided in North Brigham, Mass. Messages and tests of an interesting and convincing nature were "tipped out," awakening in each member of the family a great interest, and proving to us that the "gates were ajar." Friends and neighbors flocked to the house to find out for themselves whether these things were so, many of whom, from the evidence thus given, were convinced of their reality, and lived and died in the soul-comforting belief. Other members of the family in turn became mediums, and many and striking were the demonstrations given through their medial powers. It was not until 1853 that I discovered the same elements and powers existing within myself. I was then in the printing office of Basin & Chandler, on the corner of Cornhill and Brattle Streets. At the case one day I found myself unable to compose the type into the stick, and, after repeated trials, came to the conclusion that my mission as a printer had come to an end. Still I persevered only to be discomfited. I left the office the next day, never again to enter it in the capacity of a printer. I attended several circles in Boston to develop and strengthen the power which had so mysteriously, and so much against my will and desire at that time, taken possession of me. Tipping tables, physical, mental, and other phenomena followed in rapid succession, until it was announced to me that I must go before, and present to, the public the remarkable manifestations which were gaining such a firm foothold in my organization.

Stiles had learned the printing trade by apprenticing in the Universalist newspaper, *The Christian Freeman and Family Visiter*, under the tutelage of Universalist minister Sylvanus Cobb.[5] In another article about Stiles, Whitlock tells more about Stiles' early work as a printer, and why he had to quit:

> He was educated as a printer, and held a responsible position as proof-reader and critic in some government work, we have heard, which vocation he followed till spirits made it impossible.[6]

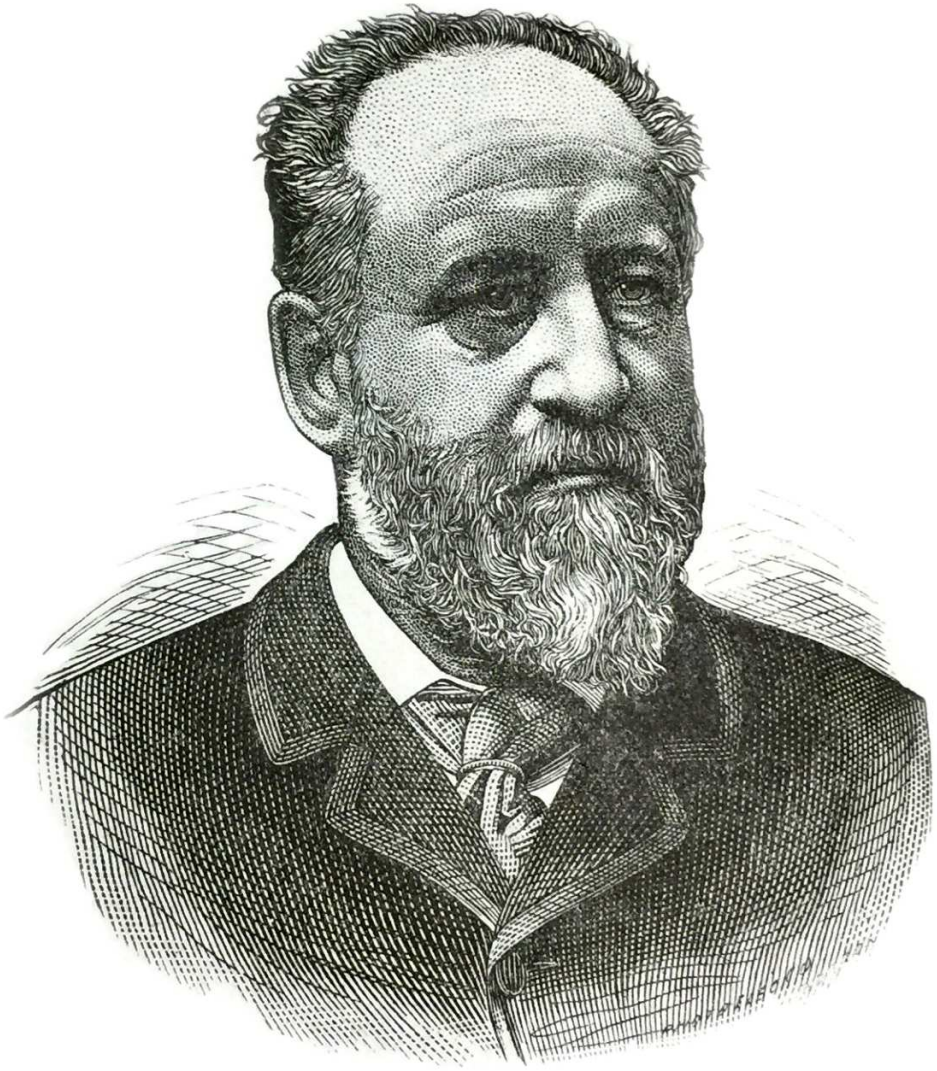
Josiah Brigham, to whom the messages in the manuscript were addressed, described Stiles this way:

> Mr. Stiles is a respectable, unassuming young man, of only common-school education, with no pretensions to more than common capabilities. He is a printer by trade, and worked at that business until he perceived he possessed

---

[5] Obituary for Stiles, *New York Sun*, April 1, 1897.
[6] L. L. Whitlock, "Mr. Joseph D. Stiles," *Facts* (Boston), (July 1886): 191-192.

mediumistic powers. His organization is such that he is very susceptible to spirit-influence, and is one of the best writing-mediums in the country.[7]



JOSEPH D. STILES.

***Facts* (Boston), July 1886**

Stiles had almost certainly been raised a Universalist, in Weymouth. In 1842, when Stiles was thirteen years old, John Quincy Adams—after his Presidency, he served in the House of Representatives—visited his constituents there. They wished to honor him for his anti-slavery efforts in Congress, and was received in a grand procession that made its way from the Universalist Church to the Unitarian one,

[7] *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams*, preface, iv.

where he gave a long speech, outlining his efforts to stem the machinations of legislators and of the current President, John Tyler, to extend and solidify slavery in the nation. Adams was "aged" but "iron of limb" and had "thin hairs of silver grey," as the welcoming delegation put it, but was lionized by the assembled throng as a heroic warrior for liberty. He would have written out and read his speech from a copy he had penned himself, in the tremulous handwriting that characterized his later years.

The pastor of the Universalist Church in Weymouth at that time was John Murray Spear, who served on the committee of arrangements for the visit.[8] Years later, after he had been ushered out of his Weymouth pulpit by a less-than-politically-radical contingent within his congregation, Spear became a devoted and well-known spiritualist, who, in 1852, at the beginning of a long and sensational career as a spirit medium, delivered, and had published, a series of messages from the spirit of Universalist clergyman John Murray, entitled *Messages from the Superior State*. It is not surprising that when Joseph Stiles visited his kin in Weymouth in 1850 that he found them all deeply engaged in trying to turn themselves into spirit mediums. Nor is it surprising that, when Stiles began acting as the instrument of the spirit of John Quincy Adams for Josiah Brigham, that the spirits of Adams and of Brigham's and Adams' previous minister Peter Whitney would both have converted in the afterlife to a firm conviction of the truth of spiritualism and of universal salvation.

Josiah Brigham

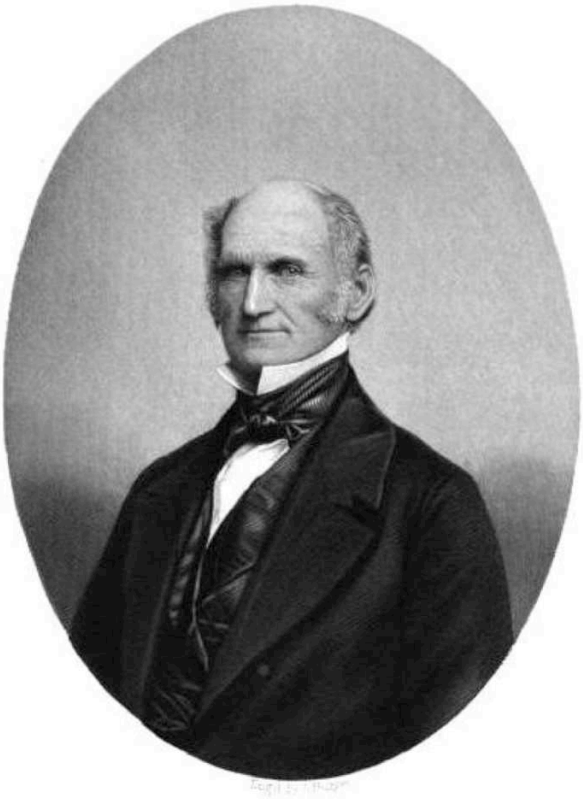
At the time these notebooks were written, Brigham (1788-1867) was one of the richest and most reputable citizens of Quincy, Massachusetts.[9] He had been the commander of the Quincy Light Infantry during the War of 1812, shortly after which, he had married Elizabeth Fiske, by whom he had two daughters, Abigail and Elizabeth.

He owned a large general store and was a well-known public figure, serving on the city's school committee and involving himself in other municipal affairs. He sat

---

[8] *Address of John Quincy Adams, to His Constituents of the Twelfth Congressional Districts at Braintree, September 17th, 1842* (Boston: J. H. Eastburn, 1842), 2.
[9] "Josiah Brigham, Esq.," in John Livingston, ed., *Monthly Biographical Magazine: Containing Portraits and Memoirs of Distinguished Americans Now Living* 1.1 (December 1852): 66-69.

on the board of directors of the Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Company and was also president of two banks—the Quincy Stone Bank and the Quincy Savings Bank.



Brigham was an important figure in the Whig Party and had been a devoted supporter of John Quincy Adams, who was also a native of Quincy and a longtime resident of the city.[10] They were both members the First Congregational Church of Quincy (which had become Unitarian in 1750) when it was pastored, until 1843, by the Reverend Peter Whitney, and thereafter by the Reverend William Parsons Lunt. Brigham undoubtedly had been present at Adams' interment in Quincy in March 1848, and had heard Lunt's discourse on the occasion.[11] At that time, Brigham was the parish clerk and signed off on the reconstruction of part of the church to include room for the tombs of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and their wives. He had also been afterwards instrumental in having Lunt's 1850 lecture on the "union of the human race"—a topic of which John Quincy Adams had been fond—printed up as a

[10] See the October 19, 1840 letter, for example, from John Quincy Adams to the group, including Josiah Brigham, that encouraged Adams to run for the House of Representatives, reprinted in the Whig newspaper, *The Newark Daily Advertiser*, October 30, 1840.

[11] William P. Lunt, *A Discourse Delivered in Quincy, March 11, 1848, at the Interment of the Sixth President of the United States* (Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown, 1848). In fact, Brigham was on the committee that arranged the interment ceremony. Adams had died at the U.S. Capitol in Washington on February 23.

pamphlet and disseminated.[12] Peter Whitney had died in 1843 and was interred in the church's graveyard, near where Adams would be buried. William Parsons Lunt died in 1857 while on a tour to the Holy Land and was buried in the desert near Akaba.[13] Josiah Brigham died in 1867 and would be buried in the Quincy Parish Church's graveyard.[14]



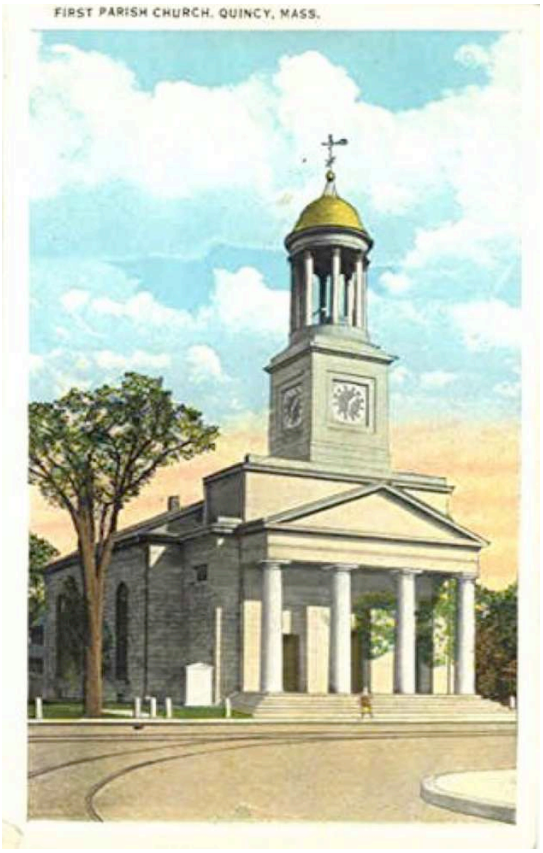
In his preface to *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams*, Brigham wrote that he met Joseph Stiles in June of 1854, when the medium was invited to his house, perhaps by Brigham's wife or his married daughter Elizabeth Baxter to conduct an evening séance. Both his wife and daughter, Brigham said, were interested in spiritualism, and both eventually became mediums themselves. At that time, Stiles' hand was moved to write the signature of Josiah Brigham's deceased brother Winslow and to deliver a greeting, via "automatic writing," to Josiah from the spirit of his brother.

At another séance shortly thereafter in July, Stiles' hand was moved to write another message to Josiah from a spirit. This message was signed "John Quincy Adams" in the "peculiar, tremulous" penmanship that had marked Adams' handwriting in his old age and with which Brigham was familiar from his

---

[12] William P. Lunt, *The Union of the Human Race. A Lecture Delivered before the Quincy Lyceum, in Quincy, Mass., February 7, 1850* (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1850), dedicatory letter listing Brigham.
[13] Frederic A. Whitney, *An Historical Sketch of the Old Church, Quincy, Mass.* (Albany: J. Munsell, 1864), 16; Chandler Robbins, *A Discourse in Commemoration of William Parsons Lunt, D.D., delivered at Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, June 7, 1857, by Chandler Robbins* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1857).
[14] "Death of a Well-Known Citizen," *Boston Post*, July 29, 1867. Brigham had been an active member of the Rural Lodge of F. and A. Masons for more than fifty years. His wife had passed away the year before.

correspondence with Adams. Stiles claimed that he had never seen Adams' wobbly signature and even denied that he knew that "there was any such in being." Nor, he said, had he ever read anything that Adams had written.[15]



The first "letter" in these notebooks to Brigham from the spirit of John Quincy Adams is dated July 9, 1854. Two Sundays before this, Brigham's pastor, William Lunt, had preached a sermon at the First Parish Church entitled, "Trial of the Spirits."[16] That is, on the passage from the first letter of St. John, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out in the world." It was straight-ahead preaching against spiritualism and mediums, even so far as to dwell on St. Paul's letter to the Galatians, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Pastor Lunt noted:

> It seems to be assumed by many at the present day, that because a communication is made by *spirits*, (granting the fact that it is so communicated,) it is, for that reason alone, without looking at the character of it, or scrutinizing it by the tests of reason and the highest consciousness of the soul, to be received and confided in. We are bound to no such deference.[17]

Lunt mentioned no such activity among his parishioners, but it is virtually certain that some of them were already interpreting the phrase, "Try the spirits," as

---

[15] The Massachusetts Historical Society has examples of letters from John Quincy Adams to Josiah Brigham (as head of the Quincy school committee and as one of the petitioners to Adams, asking him to consider running for Congress). It seems likely that in 1854 Brigham could have had letters from Adams at his home.
[16] William P. Lunt, *Trial of the Spirits: a discourse delivered in the First Congregational Church, Quincy, Massachusetts, June 25, 1854* (Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1854).
[17] Lunt, 12.

an invitation rather than a cautionary warning. Brigham had been a member of groups of supporters—undoubtedly financial—within the congregation who had made the printing of a few of Pastor Lunt's sermons possible. But when this sermon was published on the request of some of his congregation, Brigham's name was not listed among the publishing committee.

Stiles Writes the Notebooks

From that time, Stiles began producing "messages" from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, which the medium wrote "automatically" in notebooks, in installments. These, collected together, are the documents brought together here, and they constituted the first draft of the manuscript that was published in 1859 as *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams*.[18] Brigham explained how Stiles produced them:

> The messages contained in this book, coming from the immortal spirit of John Quincy Adams, were written out in manuscripts, at various times, at my house in Quincy, Mass., and at the house of my son-in-law, C[harles] F[rancis] Baxter, Boston, during the last four years, through the hand of Joseph D. Stiles, medium, when in an entranced state, and who, at the time of writing them, was unconscious of what was being written. The whole was written in an almost perfect *fac-simile* of that peculiar, tremulous handwriting of Mr. Adams in the last years of his earthly life,—a handwriting which probably no man living could, in his natural state of mind, so perfectly imitate, and which is wholly unlike the usual handwriting of the medium. The writing of these messages in manuscript was commenced in August, 1854, and closed in March, 1857. The medium (in trance) commenced copying and revising them for publication about the first of April following, and finished in June, 1858, making some additions and some omissions.
>
> When influenced to write, he would usually be controlled from one to three hours at a sitting, and write generally from one and a half to three pages in a day when he did write. He was quite irregular as to the time of writing. Sometimes he would be absent for several days; sometimes a week; sometimes three or four weeks.

[18] Even the publisher, from the beginning (at least, judging by its ad copy), does not seem to have consistently remembered whether the title was "… *the Spirit John Quincy Adams*" or "… *the Spirit of John Quincy Adams*."

> During the time these messages were in progress the medium was doing a good deal of other writing, and was accustomed to hold private circles frequently at my house and at the houses of other friends in Quincy, and also in Boston, Waltham, Hingham and other neighboring towns; and, in consequence of these various engagements, the completion of the work has been delayed.[19]

During the course of the deliverance of these messages purporting to be from the spirit of Adams, Josiah Brigham became a convinced spiritualist. And as that conviction became more certain, the spirit of Adams directed Brigham to have the messages published. Brigham would describe his own motive for doing so:

> … it is not with the expectation of receiving pecuniary reward, but in the hope and belief that it will do much good in the world; that the teachings, principles and revelations therein contained, which are in harmony with those of pure Christianity, are calculated to elevate, improve and benefit the human race.[20]

But first, Stiles rewrote and revised the original manuscript, purportedly still entranced and under the control of the spirit of Adams. This produced a second version, intermediate between the notebooks manuscript and the publisher's. That second version, as far as is known, no longer exists. It would be interesting to compare the first and second versions, produced before it went to an editor, to get an idea of what the spirit of John Quincy Adams thought needed to be clarified and changed. "The first draft," it was said, "is nearly all in the apparent handwriting of a tremulous old man. The second draft contains nearly an hundred pages in the style of the old man, though here it is more regular and firm than in the first."[21] But the second draft also was filled out with nearly four hundred pages written in Stiles' own "neat and elegant" handwriting. All in all, no matter how "automatically" it was written, Stiles must have felt that producing it over the course of those months took a tremendous amount of work.

Brigham wrote that, "After the work was revised and copied by the medium, but before it was carried to the printer, I was desired to place it in the hands of Mr. Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, to review." He brought the first version as well as the second, revised version to Putnam. Brigham would later keep some version of the manuscript at his home, ready to display to anyone who was curious to see it.

---

[19] *Twelve Messages*, preface, iii-iv.
[20] *Twelve Messages*, preface, x.
[21] *Twelve Messages*, reviser's preface, xii.

Allen Putnam

Allen Putnam was born in Danvers, Massachusetts in 1802, and had graduated from Harvard Divinity School in 1825. One of his colleagues there would much later write a précis of Putnam's career:

> Mr. Putnam was a proctor while in the Divinity School. He probably was a teacher for two years after leaving college, and commenced preaching in 1830. He was settled as minister of the Unitarian Church in Augusta, Me. After nine or ten years he resigned his charge, and, I think, then ceased to preach. I lost knowledge of him for many years; and, when I renewed my acquaintance with him, he was in the wood and coal business in Roxbury. Of late he has been a hierophant among the (so-called) spiritualists, a frequent speaker at their meetings, the author of a commentary on the Gospels in accordance with their theories, and, if not the author, the editor, of very numerous letters, purporting to be communications from distinguished men, no longer living in this world, containing self-accusations for their willing blindness, or for conduct opposed to their unwilling convictions, with reference to divers manifestations of necromancy. While I am not disposed to receive these documents as authentic, and yet am unable to solve the curious problem in psychology which they present, I still believe Mr. Putnam to have been an honest man, self-deluded, and free from all conscious wrong in his assaults on the fair fame of the dead and the credulity of the living.[22]

By 1858, when Brigham approached him with the Stiles manuscripts, Putnam was already a widely known advocate for spiritualism and had written and published much on the subject, including a book about his own experiences with spirit mediums.[23] In the "Reviser's Preface" of *Twelve Messages*, Putnam wrote:

---

[22] Andrew Preston Peabody, *Harvard Reminiscences* (Boston: Ticknor and Company, 1888), 145-146. Putnam died in 1887.

[23] *Spirit Works, Real but Not Miraculous* (Boston: Bela Marsh, 1853) [Putnam's lecture of 21 Sept 1853, read at City Hall, Roxbury]; *Natty, a Spirit: His Portrait and His Life* (Boston: Bela Marsh, 1856); and *Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle* (Boston: Bela Marsh, 1858). In later years he would be a frequent, paid contributor to the Boston-published spiritualist newspaper, *The Banner of Light*, and would publish or contribute to many books, including *Bible Marvel Workers, and the Power Which Helped or Made Them Perform Mighty Works, and Utter Inspired Words: together with some personal traits and characteristics of prophets, apostles, and Jesus; or new readings of "the miracles"* (Boston: Colby and Rich, 1873); *Biography of Mrs. J.*

> The manuscript was brought to me, in July, 1858, by Mr. Josiah Brigham, of Quincy, an elderly and highly respected citizen of that town. He informed me that he had come, at the request of Mr. Adams, to ask me to read the manuscript; after that, to advise in reference to its publication; and, in the event of publication, to look over the copy and the proofs.[24]

Putnam read the manuscript and was enthusiastic. He took over the task of editing it and preparing it for publication by his own publisher, the Boston firm of Bela Marsh. In his "Reviser's Preface" to *Twelve Messages*, Putnam writes to convince the reader that what was in the final published book was really touched only lightly by his editorial hand, and that whatever changes he made were ones of arrangement and ordering of the parts of the (revised, version two) manuscript:

> Only a few corrections have been made, and those were called for more because of inadvertence than of defective knowledge or skill on the part of the writer. The corrections made by *me* are done in *red pencil*, so that whoever may see the manuscript can tell precisely how many and what changes have been made. The sequence of some of the topics has been varied by me, and, in arranging for that, I was obliged to copy several pages of the manuscript, which have gone to the printer in my own handwriting. Also I have increased the subdivisions, furnished all the titles to the messages, and inserted the contents at the heads of the sections. But the facts, sentiments and opinions of the writer, as also the dress, substantially, in which he clothed them, have studiously been left unaltered, whether I give credence and approbation to them or not. Even had I felt myself at liberty to make essential changes, the time was not at my command to rewrite and to bring the sentences and figures into harmony with my own taste. The reader has the work almost literally such as it was when first brought to me. … Mr. Adams, through Mrs. [Louisa] Parmelee, of Boston (Mr.

H. Conant, the world's medium of the nineteenth century … [by John W. Day and Theodore Parker (Spirit)] … opening remarks by Allen Putnam (Boston: William White and Company, Banner of Light Office, 14 Hanover Street, 1873); *Twenty Years on the Wing: Brief Narrative of My Travels and Labors as a Medium Sent Forth and Sustained by the Association of Beneficents in Spirit Land. By John Murray Spear*. Preface by Allen Putnam (Boston: William White and Company, 1873); *Agassiz and Spiritualism* (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1874); *New England Witchcraft Explained by Modern Spiritualism* (Boston: Colby and Rich, 1881); and *Post-Mortem Confessions: being letters written through a mortal's hand by spirits who, when in mortal, were officers of Harvard college: with comments* (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1886).

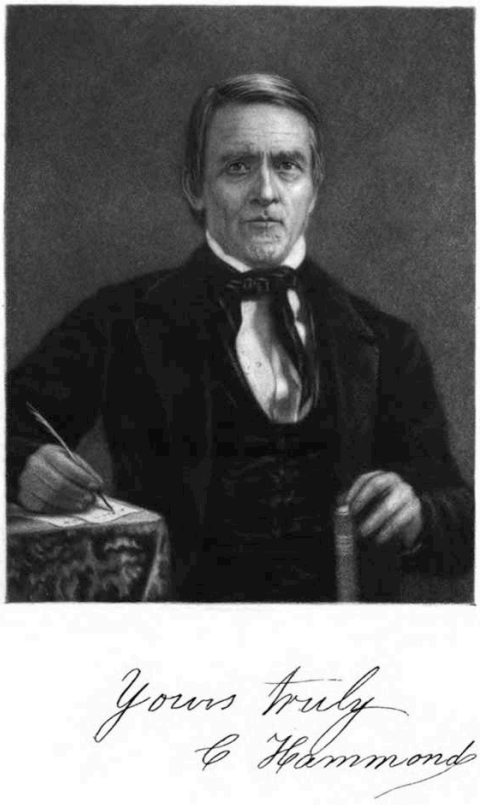
[24] *Twelve Messages*, reviser's preface, xi.

Stiles and myself are strangers to each other), tells me that much of the poetry was furnished by other spirits, who came to his relief and the medium's, and who attempted little more than to versify, in an off-hand way, what had just been given in prose.[25] My proposition to suppress a large part of the poetry he declined giving his assent to, and he preferred to have it stand as it does, rather than be brought together as an appendix. He has been gratified. …

Did John Quincy Adams furnish the account here published? He did. Those who need the proof are referred to the book itself as containing strong internal evidences, while the prefaces furnish a few of the external.

The work might be described as his own account of *his own triumphal reception into the Spirit World.* We have here *a spirit's autobiography*, covering a very bright but interesting portion of his life above.[26]

Precursors of the Book



The notebooks and the published book are in line with a series of previous books of automatic writing, written and published beginning in 1851, in which mediums, purportedly unconscious or in trance, came under the control of the spirits of famous personages, many of them Founding Fathers or more distant patriots or historical notables. In these writings, the spirits tell of their postmortem progress, especially detailing their spiritual evolution and enlightenment regarding the truth of spiritualism itself, as well as the reformist causes current among "advanced" thinkers of the 1850s. The deceased notables, typically, would have progressed through the heavenly geography of seven spheres,

[25] Louisa Parmelee advertised at the time as an "Eclectic and Clairvoyant Physician," with an office on Washington Street in Boston.

[26] *Twelve Messages*, reviser's preface, xiii-xiv and xvi. The poetry in the book would also be singled out for obloquy by non-spiritualist reviewers in the mainstream newspapers; see the review of the book in the Washington *Evening Star*, January 21, 1860.

first described in a rudimentary way by Andrew Jackson Davis in his 1847 book, *The Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind* (which had also been dictated while in trance). Many of these writings had as an implicit theme the spiritual uplift of human life through progressive reform, and the universal brotherhood of mankind.

Books in this genre that preceded Stiles' work included:

Charles Hammond, *Light from the Spirit World: comprising a series of articles on the condition of spirits, and the development of mind in the rudimental and second spheres.* Rochester: W. Heughes, 1852.

Charles Hammond, *Light from the Spirit World: the pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others to the seventh circle in the spirit world.* Rochester: D. M. Dewey; New York: Fowler and Wells, 1852.

Isaac Post, *Voices from the Spirit World; being communications from many spirits, by the hand of Isaac Post, medium.* Rochester: Charles H. McDonnell, 1852.

John Murray Spear, ed. by Simon Crosby Hewitt, *Messages from the Superior State Communicated by John Murray, through John M. Spear, in the Summer of 1852, containing important instruction to the inhabitants of the Earth.* Boston: Bela Marsh, 1853.

Horace G. Wood, *The Philosophy of Creation: Unfolding the Laws of the Progressive Development of Nature and Embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit World, by Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace G. Wood, Medium.* Boston: Bela Marsh, 1854.

Asaph Bemis Child, *The Progressive Life of Spirits after Death*. Boston: Bela Marsh, 1855.

The genre would live for some years after the Stiles book was published, as well, convincing spiritualists that, for example, Thomas Paine had renounced his atheism and materialism, that George Washington had, in the afterlife, come to regret his slave-holding, that Benjamin Franklin had discovered a raft of new inventions that he would deliver to Earth, that Theodore Parker had continued to advance along with the intelligentsia of New England into various reform movements, and that

certain newspaper editors and scientists who had been antagonists of spiritualism had repented in the afterlife.[27]

There are quite a few published examples of this mid-19th-century automatic writing, but, apart from the Stiles notebooks, none of the original handwritten manuscripts appear to have survived. This fact alone makes the Stiles notebooks important. The raft of books published around that time that were claimed to have been written by mediums entirely unconscious of what their pen hands were writing attracted attention because of their unearthly mode of production. They gained an aura of wonder and commanded the respect of people as being in truth produced by disembodied spirits because they were presented as having bled directly from the mediums' pens without any intervention on their part. If the mediums did not produce them, therefore, the argument was that the spirits must have done so.

The impression that the readers of these books were supposed to have was that what they were reading was a reproduction, set in type, of what the mediums had written "automatically" upon their letter paper or writing pads or notebooks. Putnam, for example, goes to some length in his preface to discount the extent of the editorial changes he made to Stiles' manuscript. This increased the wonder of the book and buttressed the claim that it provided evidence for the intervention of other intelligences in its writing. Stiles' ordinary and "common" education, for example, was also cited—as with Andrew Jackson Davis before him—as additional evidence that he could not have produced what he had written (or, in Davis' case, dictated).

As spiritualist writings were received and published in the later part of the 19th century, it became clear to readers that there were varying degrees of spirit control over the writers. As one might say today, the degree of psychological dissociation present in the mediums varied. Was the writing produced entirely unconsciously, or was it produced in a less fully divided consciousness, one that was merely being inspired by elevated or heavenly thoughts? The answer influenced the degree of authority that a reader might accord to the written product.

This is why the Stiles notebooks have a unique value. They are not only a true curio of extended writing in a strange penmanship, but they provide an opportunity to compare what in fact flowed from the pen of an entranced medium (however one wishes to assess that claim) to what was put before readers as having been automatically written. If there are significant differences here and if they appear to be the result of deliberate, conscious edits, then that affects how one views the

---

[27] This genre was closely akin to another, much more vast, in which spirit mediums spoke or wrote in the voice of Jesus or his earliest disciples, and in which they detailed the errors into which later forms of Christian belief had fallen.

published version, and not just of Stiles' book, but also, implicitly, all the other books published in this genre.

Differences Between the Notebooks and the Published Book

Upon first viewing, the major difference between the notebooks and the published book is the appearance of the two: Specifically, the notebooks' wobbly handwriting was supposed to be evidence that the spirit of John Quincy Adams was the actual author. This feature is obviously not present in the published book, and Putnam was only able to reproduce a few examples of the curious penmanship in which the notebooks were written. The printed version could only offer its readers Putnam's and Brigham's attestations that the handwriting was extraordinary and that it mimicked that of whichever spirit happened to be communicating through Stiles at that point. The handwriting of George Washington, for example, as depicted in the notebooks, mimics that of Washington, whereas that of John Quincy Adams mimics that of Adams. It is not inappropriate to note that people, like Stiles, who have been trained to compose type from various manuscripts are well practiced in studying other people's handwriting peculiarities.

The published version also lacks the drawn illustrations—rather like Shaker "gift" drawings—that appear in one of the notebooks. Instead, the text of the published version has been modified so that the illustrations are described, rather than graphically displayed.

One considerable difference between the notebooks and the printed book, which Putnam does admit was the result of his editing, is the arrangement and order of the material. Most of the material in the first notebook, for example, does not appear in the published version. This is the earliest material, but it consists of personal messages to Brigham that seem to be motivated by a desire of the spirit to convince Brigham that it was truly that of John Quincy Adams. Brigham quotes a few lines of this material in his preface to the published book. There are also asides, from Adams to Brigham, in the latter part of the notebook that seem meant to encourage Brigham's study of the philosophy of spiritualism and his growing conviction of its truth, and to fortify him against skeptics and "persecutors," as well as answers to probable objections by doubters (presumably, as the word got out in the city about what was going on at the Brigham's house), explaining such sticky issues as why, as a refurbished spirit, he would be expressing himself in the feeble handwriting of his later years, or why he would be manifesting himself to the Brighams or through Stiles, rather than to his own son and surviving family. These

rather brief asides in the notebooks became enlarged and extensively developed in the book version's first sections, in which spirit Adams explains how he came to visit his old haunts and choose Stiles as his medium.

The other material, too, which tells of Adams' various adventures in the afterlife, is arranged differently in the published version than they are in the notebooks. In the notebooks, the material begins simply as a series of a dozen apparently promised "letters" or messages of spirit condolence and conviction. Then, in the midst of letter 9 (a little more than halfway through the first notebook), that format is implicitly abandoned and the spirit of Adams segues into relating his own adventures in the afterlife, his own pilgrim's progress, as it were. The published book, however, is divided into twelve sections which have been imposed on the work by a later hand—either that of Stiles in his revised version, or of Putnam in his edited and re-arranged version. These divisions do not track with any indicators in the notebooks.

The "action," such as it is, occurs almost randomly and almost entirely "offstage," as told by other spirits greeting Adams in the afterlife with stories of their own. Almost all of the notebooks' material actually consists of long greetings, invocations, blessings, addresses, expressions of gratitude, and testimonials, by spirits upon meeting Adams' spirit. These spirits are dressed in heavenly habiliments and display emblems, flowers, banners, and insignias that flash mottos and allegorically illustrate virtues and messages of uplift.

Although "progression" appears to be one of the spirits' highest truths, very little real progression or development, as a modern reader would understand it, occurs in the narrative. The "action" consists of Adams floating about the heavenly spheres on a luminous cloud, or in a celestial barque upon the River of Immortality, accompanied by assorted groups of spirits and angels. They tour and view scenes enacted by spirits in varying states of enlightenment. The spirits re-assess their earthly life and repent of their sins. They undergo postmortem regeneration and advance out of their lower and less liberal earthly views, and embrace a belief in universal salvation, for example, or endorse the virtues of non-violence, or revolutionary emancipation, or any of the other notions of the most advanced New England thinkers of the time.

The effect of this portrayal resembles what one might imagine to be a hyped-up celestial pageant in which groups of costumed participants, representing the virtues, for example, form and re-form into emblematic assemblies, display mottos, banners, flower garlands, and doves, sing songs of joy and praise in iambic pentameter,

proceed across an audience's view in arbored and garlanded floats, offer each other crowns and laurels, and "illustrate" the virtues (development and progression in the afterlife, as pictured here, apparently occurs through a spirit's viewing "scenes" that are "illustrated" to it.) To a modern audience, the closest correspondence might be a halftime show at a football game. An audience from Stiles' time, however, would likely recognize it as a heavenly counterpart to the pageantry incorporated into occasions when notable figures were publicly welcomed and honored, such as the occasion when John Quincy Adams visited Weymouth in 1842.

Perhaps the sole exception to this lack of narrative movement, in distinction from the mere display of tableaux, as it were, is an episode in which the spirits of Benjamin Franklin and his scientific confreres in the afterlife perform an "experiment" in which they beam down their "vitalized" enlightened energies, through a sort of galvanic battery to the lower spheres and into the mind of an array of Native Americans. (In the notebooks, the main "receivers" of this beam of enlightenment in the form of what is referred to as "defecated electricity" are Samoset—who befriended the Pilgrim settlers at Plymouth—and Tecumseh; in the book's version, Tecumseh has disappeared and is replaced by "Brave Heart.")[28]

By the time the manuscript left Putnam's editorial hand, however, the material had been rearranged into a tighter narrative structure, with somewhat more movement, orchestrated into something approaching a chronological vision, and sealed at the end by a testimonial to the spirit of John Quincy Adams by George Washington, in his handwriting and signed in witness by a bewildering variety of the spirits of famous people from all times and places, each in his or her own handwriting. The effect of this re-arrangement is to align the book more closely with the narrative structure of Universalist minister and writing medium Charles Hammond's 1852 work, *Light from the Spirit World: the pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others to the seventh sphere in the spirit world*, which had already been published by Bela Marsh and others.

The book also develops at some length a few items that appear only glancingly in the notebooks—for example, a description of a vision introduced to Adams by the spirit of John Hancock (who does not appear in the notebooks at all) in which they tour a "Castle of Brotherly Love" in which Native Americans and African Americans reside together in harmony. The cast of characters among the spirits who appear in the two versions are also somewhat different—the book's version, for example, has

[28] The episode is recounted in notebooks 5-6, pages 405-440. The corresponding material is in the book on pages 417-432.

the spirits of Patrick Henry, Joseph Warren, Benedict Arnold, Hannah More, Felicia Hemans, Confucius, and Fenelon interacting to some extent with that of Adams, but they are not mentioned in the notebooks. Conversely, some of the characters in the notebooks are not mentioned in the book.

Finally, besides all the other differences noted, there is evidence that an editor dug right down into the wording of the notebook manuscript, to enhance and embellish its language. That editor was either Stiles, making his revised version, or Putnam, working on the manuscript. A comparison of just one pair corresponding selections from the notebooks and from the book shows this:

Notebook: 2.151

> I say, could they but follow me, and behold this humiliating spectacle in your nominally Free, Republican America—O! I feel certain, that they would desire the benign presence of Celestial Powers, would invoke their precious aid, to assist in wiping away this stupendous, God-defying sin, which so foully blots the fair escutcheon of their beloved country, and renders it a "hissing and byword" to all the Nations of the Earth! Could they but view, with the interior sight, the fearful scenes being enacted in the Old Dominion, where the demon of War is desolating, with his blighting influence, many lovely spots of Nature, and carrying nothing but wretchedness and misery to human hearts; where the noble image of God is transformed into a hideous fiend of passion and revenge; could they but behold their brother man mowed down, like grass of the field at the bidding of the arch-demon, O! if their hearts were not steeled against all the nobler impulses of Humanity, they would fervently, ardently pray, that the Angels of Peace and Love might descend to earth, with healing on their wings, and plant once more, in this bequeathed heritage of God to Man, the fragrant olive branch; that the implements of battle might be beaten into implements of industry, and Nations learn war no more.

Book: page 368

> I say, could they but follow me, and witness this humiliating spectacle in the nominally free, republican America, O, I feel assured they would desire and even invocate the bright presences of heaven-ascended saints to aid in wiping out the existence of this blot upon her fame, and hindrance to her national prosperity and happiness! Could they but go with me across the "fathomless deep," and view the fearful tragedy being enacted there, where the demon of war is desolating with his blighting influence the most beautiful works of Nature and

> Nature's God, and carrying naught but wretchedness and misery to human hearts; where the image of the Divine is transformed into a hideous fiend of passion and revenge; could they but see their brother-man mowed down like grass of the field at the bidding of this arch-fiend; O, if their hearts were not steeled against every noble impulse of humanity, they would fervently, ardently pray for the Angels of Peace and Love to descend from their heaven of concord to earth, with healing on their wings, and silence the turbulent passions and fierce antagonisms raging in the hearts of their fellow-man.[29]

The conclusion is that the book, published as something that had been automatically written, was not exactly what came out of Stiles' entranced state, that it was not, as Charles Hammond described his own work, "written wholly by the control of spirits, without any volition or will by the medium, or any thought or care in regard to the matter presented by his hand," but was the product of extensive editing and revision.

The Book Meets with a Mixed Reception

William Lloyd Garrison, reviewing the book in *The Liberator*, wrote:

> While, with unfeigned respect and good-will to Mr. Stiles, Mr. Brigham and Mr. Putnam, we feel constrained to pronounce the claim set up for the spiritual origin of this work as preposterous and delusive, we are nevertheless highly gratified with its many excellent and fearless sentiments on the subject of slavery, war, the rights of woman, universal reform, and everlasting progression—sentiments which are dear to us, and we believe 'worthy of all acceptation'—sentiments which are redolent of peace, purity, benevolence, justice, the love of man and the love of God—making the volume, in this respect, worthy of the commendation bestowed upon it by Mr. Putnam.[30]

The reviewer in the New York-based *The Spiritual Telegraph* was less kind than Garrison:

---

[29] The published version makes clear that the original passage was not read, nor was it meant to be read, as a prediction of the Civil War battles in Virginia, but rather as a description of the "war" currently raging in that slave slate and elsewhere in the South that pitted slave-holders against their slaves.

[30] "New Publications. Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams…" *The Liberator* (Boston), January 7, 1859.

> The manuscript was revised for publication by Allan [sic] Putnam, Esq., a literary man of much taste; but the labors of his pruning and condensing hand have not entirely excluded from the book a certain wordy, windy, wishy-washiness which, it must be confessed, is a common characteristic of works of that class. There is a certain smell of earthiness in these messages—a certain time-and-space externality—which impresses us somewhat unfavorably in respect to their unmixed spiritual origin. That Spirit intelligence and force had an essential concern in their production, we have little doubt, but we can not perceive upon them the definite insignia of either heaven, earth, or hell. We rather regard them as coming from that mid-region of dreams and phantasmagoria which is made up of the exuviae and odds and ends of all celestial, infernal and mundane spheres, agglomerated into mental and visual forms correspondent with the predominant associative spirit-thought and desire, and with the existing mediative susceptibilities. The purported Spirit autographs of which sever *fac similies* are given are certainly curious; but it strikes us that the Spirit of John Quincy Adams, if it was really he, would have manifested a much higher appreciation of the common sense of us mortals if he had concluded his book by a simple recommendation that we should test it by its intrinsic merits, rather than to back it up with the signatures of some five hundred and forty Spirit attestators, several of which are given in such fantastic curlicues as to defy any man on earth to read them, and any or all of which may have easily been counterfeited by one hand. Yet the book will unquestionably afford entertainment to many minds, and it is not for us to say that *some* may not read it with profit.[31]

The Boston spiritualist newspaper, *The Spiritual Age*, also took notice of the book. The reviewer wrote:

> In fact, so markedly is the style throughout that of an uncultivated youth, and so different from what we should expect from the "Sage of Quincy," the "Old Man Eloquent," that it is difficult to believe he had any hand—or anything more than a hand—in it. If he, or any other of the "radiant immortals" who are introduced, really furnished the essential *ideas* set forth—and this we will not undertake to dispute—yet *in expression* they have surely got so "mixed up and diluted" with the medium, that it is quite impossible to make any distinction. We judge that the book will not improve the general reputation of spiritualistic literature, nor carry conviction to minds skeptical as to spirit-intercourse. Yet its production

[31] "New Publications. Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams …" *Spiritual Telegraph*, April 9, 1859.

> under such circumstances presents a weighty problem to the candid student of psychical laws. Whence did it come, if not from the source claimed? Let him answer who can. Possibly the work may serve to call attention to and illustrate the laws, as yet little understood, of the transmission of thought through media.[32]

Despite this sort of review, however, some had a high opinion of it. The reviewer in the famously credulous Boston spiritualist newspaper, *The Banner of Light*, for example, wrote:

> So striking and eminently readable a book deserves even more attention than we have the room to give in these columns. The intrinsic evidences offered in the pages of the book itself that its contents emanated from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, are, in our sincere judgment, after a careful examination into the same, quite sufficient to give it the character of truthfulness and reliability. … It cannot be denied that Adams does not at all times, and in all respects, convey the utterance of his own spirit in his own way; or that the matter proceeding from him is more or less mixed with the organization employed in the transmission; yet, with all this, there is amply enough to convince any really candid searcher after truth, that these Messages are essentially and in reality from his own exalted spirit, and that the reading and heeding of them will not fail to result in great good.[33]

The book was also favorably received by those who regarded its marked mixture of high and low, heaven and earth—which others saw as problematic—as peculiarly strong evidence that spirits were involved in its production. The well-known apologist for spiritualism William Emmette Coleman, for example, would later write that he saw it as "unique in spiritual literature, and embodies, to my mind, conclusive proofs of the identity of the intelligence producing it, the internal and external evidences both being weighty in that regard." As external evidence, Coleman cited the peculiar and varied handwriting, which bore "a strong resemblance" to that of the earthly signatures and writing of the signatories. He also found it to be reasonable (unlike the reviewer in *The Spiritual Telegraph*) that

---

[32] "New Publication. Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams…" *The Spiritual Age*, January 22, 1859.
[33] "Book Notices," *The Banner of Light*, February 5, 1859. The book was also reviewed, with no judgment with regard to its truth, in the Boston-published *Ladies' Repository*, February 1, 1860.

Adams would have chosen to manifest himself through friends and neighbors in Quincy, rather than through strangers. He continued:

> The internal evidence consists of the nature of the contents of the volume. The ideas correspond with those J. Q. Adams would be likely to convey, expressed as they were under difficulties and through another and an inferior mentality. It is a universal law of mediumship that all language of ideas coming from a spirit have to be projected through the mind of the medium, and will be coloured to distorted more or less by the action of that mind. Hence, necessarily, this book is not fully equal to what Mr. Adams would produce at first hand. The wonder is, rather, that he should have succeeded so well; for the language is uniformly good, devoid of obscurity or rhapsody, vagueness or idealism, such as are found in so much of the so-called spiritual literature. The work is plain and practical, full of sturdy common-sense; albeit, it has too much of the devotional element in it to be palatable in all respects to the more radical thinkers of the Spiritual and Free Religious schools; but such, we know, was a marked characteristic of Mr. Adams' long and useful earth-life. … The soul of John Quincy Adams permeates the entire production,—of course not in the full radiance of the enfranchised and glorified spirit, owing to the imperfection of the channel of expression, but the spirit author has no cause to be ashamed of the sentiments, ideas, and even language therein given to the world in his name. In this respect, it is in marked contrast to most of the so-called messages and communications purporting to emanate from the good and great in the better country, which are usually remarkable only for their lack of coherency of expression and their paucity of ideas. Ofttimes, however, when definite and tangible ideas are embodied therein, they are found to be signally demonstrative of the lack of knowledge of the brain from which they issue, being antagonistic alike to the inductions of established science, the deductions of rational philosophy, and the dictates of enlightened common-sense. Mr. Adams' *Messages* are however of a different character, and, under the circumstances, measurably worthy of their asserted source.[34]

In just a few years, spiritualists would also point to the book when making the case that the spirits had prophesied the Civil War. They referred to its description of the spirit of Washington issuing a peroration and a warning of impending bloody

---

[34] "Curious Cases Relating to Spirit Identity," *The Spiritualist Newspaper* (London), (September 2, 1881): 111. Originally printed in *The Free Religious Index* (Boston).

disaster for the nation in retribution for its sin of slavery.[35] Garrison's *The Liberator*, for example, despite having given the book a less than stellar review upon its publication, reprinted this section of it on January 10, 1862, under the headline, "Another Remarkable Prophecy."[36] And Joseph Rodes Buchanan later wrote:

> Had the people of this country been sufficiently enlightened to investigate these messages fairly, they would have seen that there was sufficient evidence that this warning really came from Washington, and the pulpit would have enforced its solemn truths. But our destiny was fixed; Washington knew that his voice would not be heeded, and that war could not be prevented.[37]

Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams was printed and sold by its publisher, Bela Marsh, until the firm dissolved in 1867 after Marsh's death. His widow Mary then sold the copyright of the book to William White and Company, operating in the offices of (and as part of) the Boston spiritualist newspaper *The Banner of Light*.[38] It was there that the plates of the book were destroyed, along with the entire Banner of Light building, in the Great Fire of Boston in 1872.[39] The book was never republished. The Stiles notebooks, however, presumably escaped the fire because the Brigham family retained them in Quincy as their sacred charge.



---

[35] This appears in the published book on pages 316-319. The corresponding passage in the notebooks is spread over notebooks 4, pages 343-344, and 5, pages 345-346 and 358-360.

[36] This would later be picked up by spiritualist chronicler Emma Hardinge in her book, *Modern American Spiritualism: A Twenty Years' Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits* (New York: The Author, 1869), 492.

[37] "The Prophetic Faculty: War and Peace," *Buchanan's Journal of Man* 1.4 (May 1887): 3-5.

[38] The copyright assignments of many of Marsh's books to *The Banner of Light* are preserved in the business papers of *The Banner of Light*, now in the Harry Houdini collection at the Library of Congress.

[39] L. L. Whitlock, "Mr. Joseph D. Stiles," *Facts* (Boston), July 1886: 191-192, commenting on the book: "This book, which is one of the most important in its class,

The Further Career of Joseph Stiles

As far as Joseph Stiles' later career went, the writing of the John Quincy Adams-spirit material and its publication seems almost incidental, although the renown he received from the book must certainly have given his initial work as a medium a boost. He never published anything else. Perhaps producing such a work was, in retrospect, not worth the effort. And as more works of automatic writing were published, the genre lost its luster and faded away for a long while, and the production of automatic writing mostly confined itself to private, intimate séances whose proceedings, including written messages to the participants, were not directed to a mass audience.[40]

Stiles' later work as a medium was not done under the control, supposedly, of John Quincy Adams. Instead, he became "developed," as it was said, as a peripatetic "platform medium," which is to say, a medium who mounted a stage or podium in front of various audiences, fell into a light trance, and allowed himself to come under the control of a spirit guide. In his case, the guide was the spirit of an American Indian named "Swift Arrow." Stiles, personating "Swift Arrow," would rapidly describe the spirits of many varied deceased, who approached him. They would generally have some connection with members of the audience, and would ask, through Stiles/Swift Arrow, that audience members acknowledge that they recognized them. It is not unfair to notice that, unlike John Quincy Adams, who had left behind him a wealth of detail about his life that might be checked against what his "spirit" said, "Swift Arrow" had no such biographical history that might be used to test him.

Stiles described how he had developed this mediumistic specialty in his 1884 autobiographical piece in *Facts*:

> Tipping tables, physical, mental, and other phenomena followed in rapid succession, until it was announced to me that I must go before, and present to, the public the remarkable manifestations which were gaining such a firm foothold in my organization. Anterior, however, to this, while visiting friends in

---

was very interesting, but is now out of print, the plates being destroyed in the great fire of Boston."

[40] When he wrote his autobiographical essay in 1884 about how he became a medium, he did not even mention the book.

> Quincy, the announcement was made through the mediumship of Miss Sarah A. Southworth, the talented writer for the *Banner of Light*, that an Indian chief, by the name of Swift Arrow, would take me under his guardianship, and control me to present indubitable evidences of the reality of modern spiritualism to public and private audiences. The announcement was treated lightly by me as one of the prophecies "born to die in the bud,"—as one destined to remain unfulfilled during the term of my physical life. But the medium was right and I was wrong. Could I have foreseen what was to come I should have shrunk from the colossal task imposed upon me. In various towns in Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire, before large public audiences that filled the halls provided for me to their utmost capacity, faithfully has he fulfilled his prophecy; and in camp, séance, and convention is he still continuing his work, delighting thousands, leading sceptic and believer to feel that the two worlds are indeed united in such strong bonds that nothing can divorce or break them. Fifteen years or more were required to bring me in subjection to those conditions necessary to a successful manifestation of my test medial powers in public. At a private séance in the town of Danville, Vt., my Indian guide proposed to exercise them in the Union Baptist Church in that place. I at first strenuously remonstrated against such a public exhibition, and he (my Indian control) as strenuously persisted. I acceded to his wishes, with the advice of friends on this side of life, and my first public séance was a success, twenty excellent tests being given, and all recognized. After that I surrendered myself to his control, and notwithstanding the hundreds of séances given in hall, church, convention, and camp, not one has proved a failure. This is a marvel to me. Among the thousands of names and incidents given, I do not believe there have been ten out of the whole number but that have been verified, either at the time they were given or subsequently. This is certainly remarkable. My memory for names is very poor, and it is a wonder to me that Swift Arrow should prove such a success in that direction. These tests are not confined to places where I have lectured, but, in multitudes of instances, from places I have never visited, and never expected to. And yet some one is always present to verify these wonderful evidences. From Europe, South America, and the Western States, their ascended inhabitants have visited my séances, manifesting to some friends present whom they knew, establishing beyond all cavil the identity of their immortal presences.[41]

Nevertheless, the style of his mediumship, as evidenced in the notebooks, is really not so different from how he conducted his platform "tests." In the notebooks,

---

[41] "Platform Tests at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, with Autobiographical Sketch of the Medium, Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass.," *Facts* (Boston), March 1884: 43-49.

the spirit of John Quincy Adams narrates his meeting with spirit after spirit, who come to him to present themselves—very much like spirits coming from hither and yon to show themselves to Swift Arrow—and, indeed, the spirit of John Quincy Adams in the narrative of the notebooks, had sometimes dropped into the present tense, to complete the similarity.

The transition Stiles made from personating the spirits of notable patriots to personating the spirit Swift Arrow occurred gradually. In 1867, for example, he spent several months in Vermont, giving lectures on spiritualism supposedly delivered by the spirits of Hosea Ballou, Theodore Parker, and Union heroes Colonel Elmer Ellsworth and General Nathaniel Lyon.[42]

Whitlock, the *Facts* editor, attested in another article to Stiles' unusual ability to rapidly call forth a plenitude of spirits, despite Stiles' being, when out of trance, "naturally unassuming and retiring in nature":

> We doubt if any other man has been in the field so long as a platform medium, and we have known none who has given so many names of departed friends as he has done. On one occasion, where we were present, he gave names frequently, with some incident proving identity, of *two hundred and sixty-five deceased persons in an hour and ten minutes!* What person among us could speak for and accurately repeat a message from that number of people, in a moving throng of living beings, in so few minutes, and wait for his description to be recognized? Not one, we believe, nor do we think Mr. Stiles himself could do it without the aid of his control, "Swift Arrow," in whom he justly seems to place implicit confidence.[43]

However "naturally" reticent and retiring Stiles may have been, under the control of "Swift Arrow" he appears to have developed a stage presence that was most unusual in the way he exploited his audience—resembling something like a combination of an auctioneer, a revival preacher moving into the crowd from time to time to ask if he could "get a witness," and a stand-up comedian exciting his audience with off-hand jokes about the failings of staid church members and politicians. One reporter described his coming on stage at a spiritualist camp meeting in 1894 this way:

---

[42] "Joseph D. Stiles in Waterford, Vt.," *Banner of Light*, March 9, 1867. See also the enthusiastic testimonial for Stiles in "Joseph D. Stiles in Waterford, Vt.," *Banner of Light*, February 8, 1868.

[43] L. L. Whitlock, "Mr. Joseph D. Stiles," *Facts* (Boston), July 1886, 191-192.

> The sun was fast rolling down the slope in the west, when Joseph D. Stiles took his seat in a chair at the front of the speaker's stand. Two large pots of flowers were placed, one on each side of his chair.
>
> Mr. Stiles is of medium hight [sic], stout and well rounded out. He usually on such occasions wears a skull cap. His hair is gray, and on the top bristly.
>
> He began at once his communion with the spirits, holding both hands out in front of him, palms up, and gazing up into the shade of the grove while he talked.
>
> There came expressions of profound piety all around, many of the women looking pale and blanched. Some of them gazed at the medium's face with that far-away look, so deftly depicted in the pictures of Joan d'Arc, in the garden.
>
> Mr. Stiles in a good, clear voice, as rapid as an auctioneer, began to announce the ghostly visitors.[44]

Here is a transcription of part of one of his appearances at the spiritualist summer enclave at Onset Bay, Massachusetts in 1884:

> The first man that comes to me has papers in his hand, and says they are legal papers as though that was his business. He gives his name as Charles Sayer, son of Benjamin Sayer, and says that he was a recorder of deeds in New Bedford. Now comes another from Warren, who gives his name as Azaria Cushman; and here comes another, who was acquainted with the others, from the same place, and will be known here. He gives his name as John B. Nichols. Here come two more; one of them went away a long time ago, the other afterward, and both give the name of Elija Nickerson. Bro. Wheeler, here comes one whom I think you will know, and he comes from Philadelphia. His name is very curious. His first name is Charles, and the last Sharpless,—Charles Sharpless. Now here comes to the Emerson lady a lady, and she gives me a choking sensation. She gives her name as Esther Ticknor, and as you do not readily recognize it, I will give you another name with it,—Will Ticknor. Now here comes a man seventy-five or eighty years old, who has Esq. to his name; he comes to some one here, gives his name as Horace Gleason, from Malden. Here comes another who, when on the earth, used to preach the gospel, but he says he is advancing in the other world; he says he is beginning to shed his feathers, and is quite well; gives his name as Dea. Sargent. I see another, who went away a long time ago; his name is Nathan Newhall, and Aunt Nancy is with him. Another comes, who says he belonged in Melrose, and was in some way

[44] J. N. Taylor, "Recognizing Spirits," *Boston Daily Globe*, August 20, 1894.

> connected with a railroad; he gives his name as George E. Carr, and that accounts for it, for cars are connected with railroads, aren't they? Here comes a man who was very generous; his name is Jeremiah Martin. A lady comes to some one in this audience, and an old gentleman with her, who went away years ago, and a young man comes, too; the young woman wants to reach her husband, Dr. Josiah---- (the last name lost); she says her name was Lucy Norcross before she was married, and her father's name is Daniel Norcross; well, that is all of that. Now, you know, I want to help the deacons all I can, for I think it is a good idea to have them come back, so I will say that this one comes from Falmouth, and was called Dea. Solomon Lawrence, and old Aunt Polly comes with him; she was his wife, and along with them comes his old-maid sister, and her name was Lucy Lawrence. And now here is another, and I see written out in the air Captain. Now I see Methia Fuller,—yes, and old Joe Fuller. And now I come down into the audience to some friend that seems to me to be here; he is an old brave, and his name is Charles Forest Clifton, from Foxboro, and with him is Lucy and Georgie. And here comes another deacon, and he is a lively one; he comes to shake you up a bit, and he says he has come to let you know that spirits can come back; and he says that they are livelier corpses than some of you here are; he gives his name as Deacon Martin Torrey. Now, I am going a long way from here to Philadelphia; a man comes and brings a small chest, and that means a medicine man, and he gives his name as Dr. William Eddy. And now comes another man, and he comes from New Bedford, and gives his name as Samuel Taylor; he says she went away from home and froze to death. You know "birds of a feather flock together," and I guess that is so, for all these doctors come together, and here is another, Dr. John West.[45]

This sort of rapid-fire patter was typical of his work as a platform medium. A reporter from the *New York Sun* filed a story that described his performance at Boston's Tremont Temple in 1891, which was printed under the headline, "Spooks in Tremont Temple: Nearly 200 Called to Earth on a Double Quick to Give Their Experiences":

> Tremont Temple was filled with spooks to-day in answer to the summons of mediums. As they appeared they were recognized by persons in the audience. One after another appeared until the people became half frenzied with excitement. It was so remarkable a manifestation that many who had been inclined to scoff at spiritualism were converted to that belief.

---

[45] "Platform Tests at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, with Autobiographical Sketch of the Medium, Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass.," *Facts* (Boston), March 1884: 43-49.

> The occasion was the forty-third anniversary of modern spiritualism. There was a miscellaneous programme. Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth, a veteran medium, trotted out 129 spirits in 55 minutes, and all but thirteen were recognized. In the afternoon [J.] Frank Baxter produced about forty more to gladden the hearts of their friends. The messages which these spirits brought from spookland were very funny in some instances. Mr. Stiles utilized "Swift Arrow," an Indian spirit, as his "control." Old Deacon Parkhurst's spirit, whose garments "Swift Arrow" said smelled of the sulphurous canopy, was greeted by "I know you" and "Recognized." Blake Windell was not recognized until "Swift Arrow" explained that he used to drink "fire water," twice a year for six months each time. "I know him," said a weak voice in the gallery. Plummer Chesley said this was the first time he had been permitted to come back to mother earth: and all he had to say was that while Congress might close the gates of commerce, it couldn't shut the doors to heaven, and he guessed hell was in the same fix. George Waltham said he died at the hand of a stupid doctor, who made a mistake writing a prescription: "and," he continued, "some people would now give these fellows a monopoly of the thing, and let them keep right on sending good, respectable, hard-working people to their kingdom come."
>
> Dr. Payne of East Preston and Deacon Abner Churchill said they formerly lived in Brunswick, Me. The latter said he didn't know as deacons got along any better in spirit land than other people did. Lewis Bemis said he and his wife were having a great old time among the heavenly throng. As a former resident of Waltham came Henry Whiting, who said he had hoped the audience wouldn't take offence if he swore a little, as in spirit land people lived the same kind of lives they did in the world below, "for," said he, "you know they say an honest damn is better than a hypocrite's amen." The exercises lasted all day, but the spirits didn't put in an appearance in the evening.[46]

Stiles performed as a platform medium, mostly in the Northeast, and particularly in New England, and made his home in Weymouth. He worked his skills at the spiritualist camps at Etna, Maine, Alton Bay, New Hampshire, and Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts. During the 1880s and 1890s, he appears to have attached himself especially to Boston's First Spiritual Temple, and to have become a regular test medium at the spiritualist summer gatherings at Onset Bay, performing alongside notoriously fraudulent "materializing" mediums who displayed spirit-precipitated portraits of the deceased or gauzy apparitions appearing out of dark cabinets at séances.

---

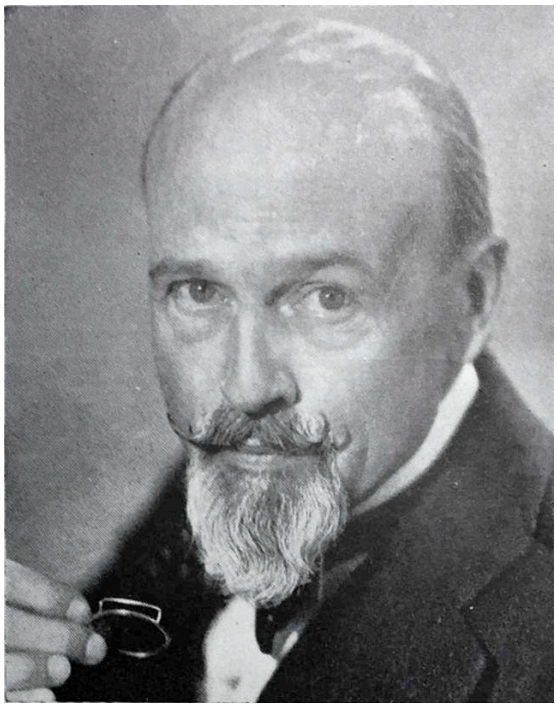
[46] "Spooks in Tremont Temple: Nearly 200 Called to Earth on a Double Quick to Give Their Experiences," *New York Sun*, April 1, 1891.

He died, of a stroke, at his home in Weymouth on March 31, 1897. His funeral service was conducted there. He was buried at Village Cemetery in Weymouth.

The Notebooks Find Their Way into the Library of Congress

Stiles' original notebooks survived, most likely (at least for a while) in the hands of the Brigham family. The notebooks had no identifying marks on them, indicating their provenance. Brigham himself seems to have regarded himself as merely their spirit-assigned caretaker, rather than the owner.

They surfaced again, almost eighty-five years later, as part of an undetailed bequest to the Library of Congress, made by "Edward Saint, via William W. [sic] Larsen, 1943." They are now kept in a box, along with two other items, in the Library's Manuscript Division.



Edward Saint

The Library also has other material from that bequest from Edward Saint. That material consists of eight large volumes of "scrapbooks of mounted newspaper and magazine clippings, programs, portraits, etc., relating to [Harry] Houdini," and those scrapbooks found their way into the collection of the Library's Rare Book Room, probably in part because they complement the Rare Book Division's Houdini Collection, which it acquired as the result of a bequest, made by Harry Houdini's brother and his widow Beatrice ("Bess") in 1927, after Houdini's death, according to Harry's own previous wish.

That huge 1927 bequest consisted of Houdini's massive collection of books and periodicals and newspapers on magic, the occult, and spiritualism. It also included a number of scrapbooks he made of newspaper and journal articles, as well as some letters (most of his correspondence was made part of another bequest by Bess and his brother to another library). These

scrapbooks were organized thematically. One of them is labeled on its spine "Evan's [sic] nephew—clippings …" and is filled with old and new journal and newspaper clippings on the general subject of spiritualism, ghosts' appearances, old pamphlets detailing the confessions of men about to be hanged, palm reading, astrology, and so on. In the front of that scrapbook of Houdini are letters from "R. Evans," in which Evans notes that he is forwarding to Houdini such clippings as he may find interesting. These letters from R. Evans, from London, are dated around 1909-1911. The librarian who catalogued this scrapbook of Houdini's tentatively suggested in the catalog entry that "R. Evans" was "Ralph" Evans, who was likely, opined the cataloguer, a nephew of Houdini's professional acquaintance, Henry Ridgely Evans, an historian of magic and spiritualism.

But that is incorrect. The R. Evans of the Library of Congress collection clipped British journals and newspapers for items he had reason to believe that Houdini would find interesting, and Houdini pasted them in a scrapbook. There are also about a dozen books among the hundreds in the Houdini collection itself that have "R. Evans" or "R. E." inscribed in the front of them. The same cataloguer seems to have gone into each one's catalog description and written "R[alph] Evans" or "R[alph] E[vans]."[47]

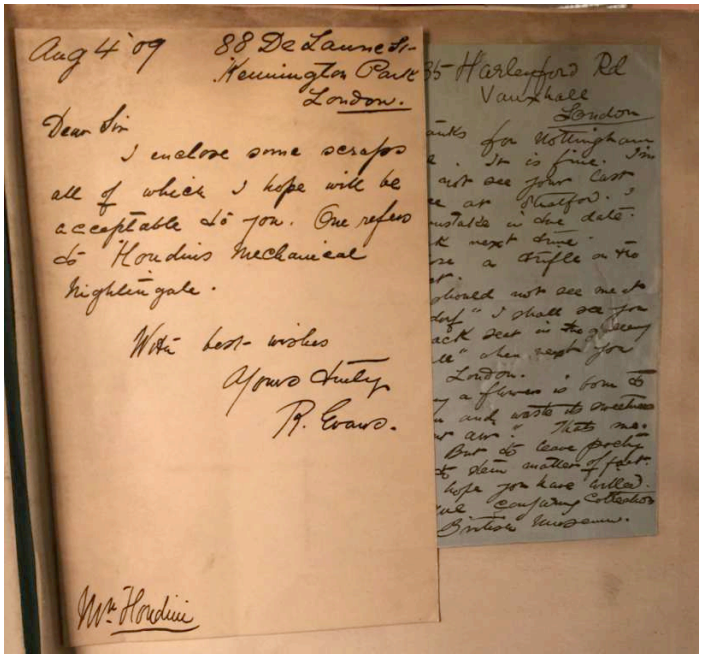


But "R. Evans" was not named Ralph. Nor was he a nephew of Henry Ridgely Evans. He was, instead, Robert Evans, the nephew of retired British conjurer and ventriloquist Henry Evans (1832-1905), whose stage name was Henry Evans Evanion.[48] Henry Evans, during his long career, had amassed a huge collection of historical ephemera on the subject of magic, the occult, and spiritualism, but he had died nearly impecunious, while living with his wife, and his sister-in-law Ellen, who had been married to his brother Robert, who was also in the theatrical business. Also living with Harry Evans Evanion at the time of his death was brother Robert's son, Robert

[47] Perhaps this incorrect identification—especially connecting R. Evans to Henry Ridgely Evans—was suggested to the Library by William Larsen, who conveyed the Saint bequest.

[48] The palm for discovering the identity of "R. Evans" goes to Marc Demarest and his research wizardry. Houdini wrote about Henry Evans Evanion in *The Unmasking of Robert-Houdin* (New York: Publishers Printing Company, 1908), 21-26.

Evans, Jr., who made his living as a silver chaser. Robert, Jr. is registered in the electoral rolls in 1911 at the same address (88 De Laune Street, Kensington Park, London) that "R. Evans" gives as his return address in at least one of the letters pasted into the "Evan's [sic] Nephew—Clippings …" scrapbook in the Houdini Collection.



Everything that came from "R. Evans" in the Library of Congress's collection that relates to Houdini, came from Evanion's nephew Robert Evans after his uncle's death. And some of the other material that resides in the Houdini Collection apparently came originally from Henry Evans Evanion, when he earlier sold them to Houdini. Speaking of Houdini's library collection, a writer in a 1920 issue of the Masonic journal *The New Age* wrote:

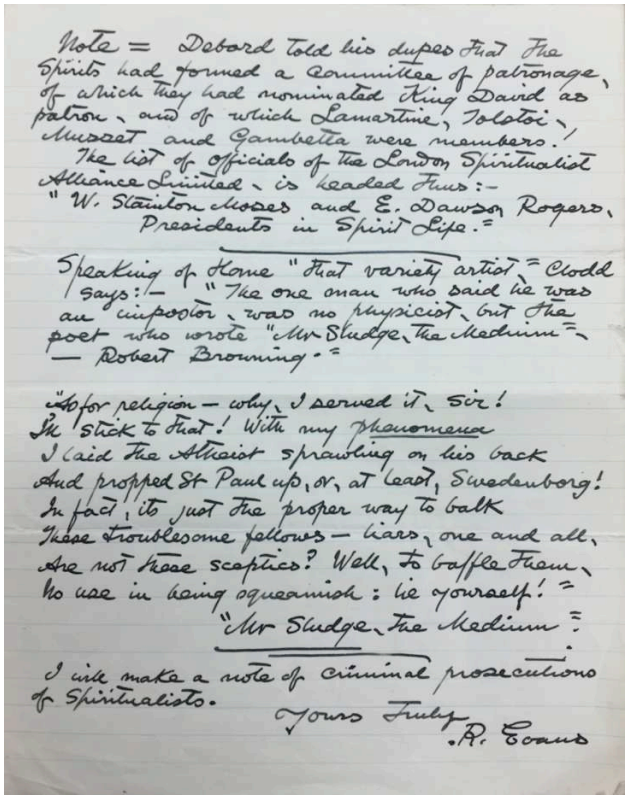
> His extremely valuable play bills, programs, and clippings regarding magicians of all nationalities who have appeared in England were purchased by Houdini from Henry Evans Evanion, a conjurer and curio collector of London. Some of this valuable material Evanion inherited from his father and grandfather, who were collectors before him … Henry Evans Evanion died old and poverty-stricken in London, June 17, 1905. He was a drawing-room entertainer from 1849 to the day of his death. "For fifty years," says Mr. Houdini, "Evanion spent every spare hour at the British Museum collecting data bearing on his marvelous collection. When he was on his death bed he presented me with a superb scrapbook containing Robert Houdin's programs, his one legacy, which is now the central jewel in my collection."[49]

Evanion, in his declining years, sold much from his collection to the British Museum and, in his last year, to Harry Houdini (some items from out of Houdini's

[49] Mysticus, "A Corner of the Library: Collectors of Occult and Magical Books," *New Age Magazine* 28.6 (June 1920): 275-276.

purchases from him eventually found their way into the Messmore Kendall Collection housed at the University of Texas' Harry Ransom Humanities Center in Austin).[50] Houdini, during the final year of Evanion's life, paid Evanion to work for him as a kind of research assistant, as well, and the evidence of the material in the Houdini Collection at the Library of Congress is evidence that the arrangement was continued after Evanion's death, with his nephew Robert Evans.

Back to the Library's Manuscript collection: The Stiles notebooks are in two boxes catalogued as "R. Evans papers" and summarized simply as "correspondence, notes, and copies of writings pertaining to witchcraft, astrology, spiritualism, etc." That is all the description of the boxes that is available, except that it was acquired through the Edward Saint bequest. The boxes contain four different things:



Note = Debard told his dupes that the Spirits had formed a committee of patronage, of which they had nominated King David as patron, and of which Lamartine, Tolstoi, Musset and Gambetta were members.
The list of officials of the London Spiritualist Alliance Limited, is headed thus:-
"W. Stainton Moses and E. Dawson Rogers, Presidents in Spirit Life."

Speaking of Home "that variety artist" Clodd says:- "The one man who said he was an impostor, was no physicist, but the poet who wrote "Mr Sludge, the Medium"-
— Robert Browning."

"As for religion — why, I served it, Sir!
I'll stick to that! With my phenomena
I laid the Atheist sprawling on his back
And propped St Paul up, or, at least, Swedenborg!
In fact, it's just the proper way to balk
These troublesome fellows — liars, one and all,
Are not these sceptics? Well, to baffle them,
No use in being squeamish: lie yourself!"
"Mr Sludge, the Medium"

I will make a note of criminal prosecutions of Spiritualists.

Yours Truly
R. Evans

The first is a batch of letters to Houdini from "R. Evans" in London, in which he explains that he is forwarding clippings. The clippings themselves are also included. They are precisely the sort of clippings that are in the Houdini scrapbook in the Rare Book Room. And the signature of this "R. Evans" matches that of the "R. Evans" in the letters at the front of the Houdini scrapbook. The letters in the Manuscript collection boxes, however, are from the early 1920s, a little later than those pasted in the Houdini scrapbook in the Rare Book Room. These therefore appear to be clippings that Houdini had not yet pasted in his "Evans" scrapbook by the time he died in 1926. One can speculate that because these letters and clippings were the only thing in this boxed batch from the Saint bequest that were obviously identifiable by name (Evans' signed letters), that the entire batch was cataloged as "R. Evans papers." It is not surprising that this

[50] Elizabeth Harland, "The Evanion Collection," *British Library Journal* 13.1 (Spring 1987): 67-68.

loose batch of clippings just escaped being included in the 1927 Houdini bequest to the Library of Congress.



The second item in the boxes is a group of four small copybooks, filled out in the handwriting of R. Evans, in which he has copied down items from books and newspapers on the subjects of spiritualism, magic, and the occult that he believed that Houdini would find interesting.

The third item in the boxes is a loose-leaf alphabetized book, which appears to have been Houdini's homemade telegraphic codebook, which he used to communicate with his wife Bess when he was traveling. It assigns single words, probably from a small pocket dictionary, to longer instructions, such as "forward $2,500 to the account," "Shall you do this or shall I?" or "The item is in Bessie's Blue Room" or the addresses of various professional magicians and perhaps booking agents or equipment fabricators, or Houdini's other contacts around the world. It is also not surprising that this book—because it had information about persons still living and perhaps also because Bess was still making use of it after Houdini died in sorting through her husband's telegraphic correspondence—escaped being included in the 1927 bequest.

The fourth item in the boxes consists of the six Stiles notebooks. These, as already noted, had no labels or markings on them to explain what they were, so perhaps Bess Houdini held them back from the bequest in the hope of identifying them. Or perhaps they just turned up later, an item that Harry had bought but had not yet received by the time he died, after the bequest had been made.

It is almost certain, therefore, that the Stiles notebooks were historical curios that Harry Houdini acquired as part of his collecting activity, just possibly from either Henry Evans Evanion or his nephew Robert Evans, but perhaps not from them at all. Other similar things that he collected as they were made available to him included, for example, a batch of the business papers of *The Banner of Light* newspaper, and various manuscripts of crystal-gazer Frederick Hockley (1808-

1885), both of which are in the Houdini Collection in the Rare Books Division as part of the Houdini bequest.



The Stiles notebooks, therefore, remained with Bess Houdini after he died and, along with the other items in the "R. Evans papers" boxes, were not conveyed to the Library of Congress in the 1927 bequest. Instead, they were conveyed there in a bequest by Edward Saint to the Library in 1943. How did that happen?

Harry died in 1926, and Bess met Edward Saint early in the 1930s. "Dr." Edward Saint was born Charles David Myers in 1890, but made his career as a carnival worker, magician, and séance conductor under the name he adopted. He was a devotee of Houdini and amassed scrapbooks full of newspaper clippings about Houdini and playbills from Houdini's life. In his admiration for Harry, he was like Bess. She and Saint quickly grew closer, and she came to rely on him for emotional support and other things: He was the organizer, for example, of the annual "Houdini séances" after Harry's death, in which attempts were made to have Harry's spirit contact Bess and to identify himself to her by means of a particular message that he and she had agreed upon before he died. These continued until 1936, when Bess apparently put an end to them.

Bess Houdini and Edward Saint were more than close. They were living together in 1942, when Ed Saint died on October 22. Saint had also been a good friend of the editor of *Genii* magazine, William W. Larsen, and often appeared in the pages of *Genii*, either as the subject or the author of articles.

Larsen gave a talk at Ed Saint's funeral. As part of that talk he said:

> Edward Saint has willed his vast collection of Houdini data to the Library of Congress. This material, carefully assembled in huge scrapbooks, covers everything that has been said or written about Houdini since his death in 1926. Also, there is a vast amount of printed matter about Houdini's career, both as showman and in private life. Certainly, Edward Saint brought together one of

the most valuable magical compilations, gargantuan in size, that exists anywhere.[51]



As noted in the Library of Congress' cataloguing information about the "R. Evans papers" in the Manuscript Division, material in Saint's bequest was conveyed to the Library by William Larsen. The scrapbooks that Saint had made found a home in the Rare Book Collection, alongside the original Houdini Collection materials. But Larsen also conveyed, along with the scrapbooks, the material that had originally been Houdini's, but that had remained in Bess Houdini's possession. The simplest explanation for how this material became part of the "Edward Saint bequest" is perhaps that when Larsen went to Bess' house, where Saint had been living, in order to collect the scrapbooks for the Library of Congress, Bess just added the material that would become the "R. Evans papers" to the pile—everything, after all, was going to the Library of Congress, where she had previously sent the rest of Harry's collection. Either that or—since Bess died very soon after Saint (she died on February 11, 1943), and since the Saint bequest was recorded by the Library as being made in April 1943, it was perhaps Larsen himself who included Houdini's items in the Saint bequest, as he was collecting Saint's Houdini "memorabilia" from Bess' house just after her death.

—John Benedict Buescher
May 11, 2015

Many thanks to Marc Demarest and Pat Deveney for their sage and indispensable advice and help as I turned up these notebooks during a chance reconnaissance of the Library of Congress' holdings and was working to identify what they were and where they came from. Brandon Hodge provided help in identifying the other Houdini material in the R. Evans papers. I also thank Jeffrey Flannery of the Manuscript

---

[51] Bill Larsen, "In Memoriam: Edward Saint, 1890-1942," *Genii* 7.3 (November 1942): 85. Saint wrote a regular column in *Genii* for several years, entitled "Thru the Monacle." He also went by the names of "Professor Sesrad" and "Sir Edward St. Ra-Diem."

Division of the Library of Congress, as well as Cathy Gareri, of the Danvers Historical Society, and Richard Trask, of the Danvers Archival Center for their assistance. Thanks also to my lovely wife Belinda for unleashing her invaluable copy-editing skills on this essay.

NOTEBOOK ONE

Bequest of
Edward Daniel
June 30, 1943

A.D.R. C164

Yoredoe Letters,

To Josiah Bingham, Esqr.

Letter 1st

I have worshipped in the same church with you. I have heard words of wisdom and truth from the same lips.

Quincy gave me birth. I love her, not only in the past, but also in the present. I shall ever love her; love her for the bright deeds which cluster around her, in giving to the world men that breathed true patriotism and liberty into it, giving it active life and a new existence, — a John Hancock, a Sam Adams, to speak not of my venerated father, and very humble self.

Quincy, I still love thee! I love thy granite hills. I love to see thee in thy prosperity, and watch thee with a jealous eye. I love thy dear native hills, where I have often been to catch a peep at the first rays of the sun, as he rose from his bed ~~in the east~~ in the eastern horizon, and then again to see him rise to his couch behind the western hills.

I flatter not myself when I say, I took great pleasure in rising early. "Early to bed, and early to rise," was my motto. I have often walked miles in the morning, and loved it.

I took ~~took~~ great pleasure, and still do, in hearing the "sweet warblers of the morning" send forth their lay

fipil notes, as if in adoration and praise to the all-wise Creator who has framed them. Nature would be incomplete without the feathered songsters. O Man! shoulder not the musket to depopulate the beautiful inhabitants of the air.

Yours, July 9th 1854.

John Quincy Adams,

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

I D Stiles, medium

Letter II

To Josiah Brigham, Esqr.

I now commence my second letter. In the foregoing one, I gave you a brief, but, I trust, an interesting account of my love for the beautiful in Nature, and of my strong attachment to the place that gave me birth.

To the mind of the sceptic and the infidel, the idea of spirits loving to visit those haunts and places which they conceived our attachment for while in the earth-life, appears preposterous and absurd. But do they think that that love has changed upon the dissolution of the body? Do ~~think~~ they think that I love not to tread those groves of my ancestor, where I have often ran to witness the beautiful unfoldings of Nature, and gleaned important and useful lessons therefrom,—the trees as they began to put on their foliage of green, first, the leaves, the bud, the blossom, then the fruit,—teaching man, through them, the various phases of life? Have I lost my love ~~love~~ or veneration for the sacred spot where lay en-

tombed all that is mortal of father and mother? Has my interest or love in the slightest abated, for that place of worship, where, Sabbath after Sabbath, I repaired, to pour forth my soul's deepest gratitude to God for the unnumbered blessings and favors he was daily conferring upon me? Do I not love to wander in spirit up the broad aisle, and catch the "feast of reason, and flow of soul" that emanates from the well stocked mind of minister Grant?

Speaking of my former place of worship, while in the earth-life, it may be well to chronicle a circumstance connected with my last visitation to that sanctuary, where my spirit was encumbered with its earthly tabernacle. In going up the main aisle, I felt an impetus, strong and powerful, to stop and take an extended survey of the entire congregation, of those familiar faces that I had often loved to gaze upon, and trace in the "open countenance an index to the soul." I felt an indescribable sensation after I had arrived to the pew, to stand up and take a "long, last view of those whom I had often met in love and praise within this honored edifice." I felt compelled to do so for a moment, and, in this case, "resistance was compulsion." I felt strong and lasting emotions pervading my heart, as I was assured, within myself, that it was indeed my last earthly visit to that place, and that but a short time would elapse before I should repair to "my Father's house, in which are many mansions." It was the "soft whisperings from the dreamy, shadowy land," addressed to the inner Man, that told me I ever, taking my last earthly look of those consecrated walls, and of those friends that had that day assembled together.

O! ye still loved and endeared friends! feel that the spirit that once animated the lifeless remains resting beneath your ed-

ifice, commingling with the dust of parents and partner, is still with you, and love to join in the "dear delights" of that lovely place. The associations of the "still living past" are hallowed to me by the "sweet memories of the years gone by." John Quincy Adams still lives, and worships with thee in sincerity and truth. Picture to your minds the spirit of John Quincy Adams still traversing that sacred aisle, and repairing to his accustomed seat, drinking in, with eager avidity, the words of the teacher. My views have somewhat changed, to be sure, since I have divested myself of my mortal cloak, yet I still respect and venerate the opinions of those who not think and believe not as I now do; but I shall strive, with what power I can command, to convince them of their errors.

And O Quincy, mayst thou be ever foremost to lead in the van of spiritual improvement and progression. May the land of Hancock and Adams ever be trod by men who love humanity and truth.

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Quincy, Aug. 3, 1854.

Letter III.

To Josiah Brigham, Esqr.

It was a source of great pleasure to me, in after years, to look back, and reflect that the teachings of my early youth were always remembered by me. Youth marks the man. The principles inculcated in my mind, while young in years, never lost any of their native lustre and brilliancy, when I became ripe and hoary with age. It is a great truth, that the mind retains vividly and distinctly the memories and associations of youth, while those of more

modern date, find scarcely a vacant place, wherewith to treasure themselves in the great store-house of knowledge, - the Human Mind, - the retentive and reasoning faculties of man.

Mr. Brigham, I was blessed with a kind, indulgent mother, - a mother faithful to herself and children, - a mother true possessed of true nobility of soul, - a mother of sterling integrity and worth, - a mother who loved "patriotism, because it was a virtue."

A distinguished man was once asked, What is a "necessary requisite," in order to advance the prosperity and happiness of a nation, and cause it to grow in virtue? He instantly replied, Good mothers.

I loved my mother. That love was a pure and a reverential love. I exhibited my love, by paying proper respect to her teachings and counsels. I loved to sit by her side, and listen to the sweet words of wisdom that flowed from her lips, - those words that taught me to reverence God, Religion, and to love Humanity, - to shun vice, and seek virtue; "to follow in the ways of wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are paths of peace." She bade me resist the encroachments of vice and woe, and to battle against wrong and temptation. When about to cross the trackless ocean with my venerated father, she motioned me one side, and enjoined upon me "a strict remembrance of a mother's counsel, extended to her son upon leaving the sacred endearments of 'home, sweet home.'" And when far away from the beloved and sacred presence of a mother's smiles, her warnings and admonitions would arise before me, serving as a talisman to deter me from vice and wrong. And when tempted to wander from the path of virtue, would her sweet image come up before me in vivid delineation and reality, and seem to say, Remember, my son, the parting advice of thy mother.

Eloquently did she write to her youthful son. "Great learning and superior abilities are of little value, unless virtue sin- cere and integrity, and the other traits that form a spotless char- acter, are added to them." She then commended me to the mercy and protection of my Heavenly Father, enjoining upon me that to re- member that I was accountable to Him for all my thoughts and actions. "Far rather," she writes, "would I have had you sink in the ocean you have crossed, than to see you grow up a base, im- moral, and profligate man."

O! how powerfully, also, did she impress upon my youthful mind a patriotic love of country; that I might inherit the virtues of my father, and that the same love of liberty that animated and in- spired him, might be transmitted to his son. Well do I remember that trying day, when, upon a hill side near by my father's house, I beheld the wreathing flames and curling smoke, which told me of the destruction of Charleston, by the hands of the oppressor. I learned a lesson that day, which moulded my future destiny and every action, and fired me with a patriotic zeal and ardor, to do what I could to resist the encroachments of an enemy hostile to true principles of liberty. My mother bade me be true to freedom, and lay down my life, - if called upon to do so, - in defence of my country. Though very young, I possessed a strong inclination to join in the good fight of freedom, and battle on the side of right and justice.

Is it to be wondered at, then, with the teachings and counsels of such a mother firmly daguerreotyped upon my mind, that I became, what the world, or a portion of it, called me, a great and good man? "True greatness," my mother tells me, "consists in virtuous deeds." A man may be considered truly great, when he combines goodness with that greatness.

Often did I love to repair to the place where reposed the inanimate dust of my mother, and bedew it with the grateful tears of a sons love. I loved to carry there gratitude's vernal offerings, and sprin- kle them over that consecrated spot, while Spring's choicest flowers bore grate- ful remembrance of my love for the mother who bore me. There did I often repair, to pray to God, within my own heart, that the teach- ings of my mother might ever be cherished and obeyed by me, all and that he would give me strength to fortify myself against those evils of life, which she so eloquently warned me against in early youth.

O! Mr. Brigham, when I was introduced into the glorious liber- ty of the sons of God, my mother, with outstretched arms, came to re- ceive me, O! how beautiful did she appear, to my newly unfolded spirit, as she affectionately embraced me, clad in her robes of immor- tal glory. She looked lovely, and her countenance was wreathed in smiles, as she welcomed her son to his brighter life. She said, "My son, your earthly life has closed, crowned with immortal honors. The setting of the sun of your mundane life was brilliant and glo- rious. You are now truly welcomed as one of the bright stars that form the constellation of Gods spirits. You have faithfully fulfilled your earthly mission, and have now come to receive the rich reward of your good deeds, - the crown of eternal life. Yes, my son," she con- tinued, "you have been true to my teachings, you have been kind and faithful to me, receive then thy first recompense. And now, in the presence of the glorified spirits of heaven, do I crown thee with eter- nal life, to and welcome thee to the "Enraged Spheres of Love," to the abodes of "the just made perfect." Bright, angelic choristers, tune your harps to welcome this immortal spirit to his new sphere of usefulness, to labor and co-operate with us in the establishment of the eternal law of love and truth among the children of earth."

After this beautiful reception by my mother,

sweet and melodious strains of music broke upon my delighted, enraptured ear, surpassing in melody and harmony anything I ever heard, which forever consecrated me to my happy home, there to bask in the sunshine of Gods Infinite Love.

And there, in the presence of the beautiful spirit of my mother, did I promise fealty to Truth, - that I would faithfully fulfil my duty in the Progressive Spheres, even as it was done upon earth; and that the power of my mind should be lent to the establishment of Gods mighty truth among the children of earth, and my influence exerted in behalf of Humanity and Love.

When passing through one of the States of this Union, (in consideration)
I was invited to a collation, tendered to me in behalf of the services I rendered my country. As was the prevailing custom on such occasions, "toasts" were proposed. My turn came. The words trembled upon my lips. "My Mother, who made me what I am. To her teachings do I date my greatness." I only make mention of this circumstance, to show to you, that "the memory of my mother was dear to me."

I cannot close this letter, without enjoining upon the youth who may perchance peruse it, to love and obey their parents, especially the mother ~~the mother~~ that gave them birth. Have indelibly imprinted upon the human heart her teachings and instructions. Those men who rose to true eminence and honor, always evinced great love and respect for the early precepts of their mother. The mantle of this great nation has fell upon many noble and true men, - men faithful to themselves, faithful and obedient to their mothers. May it fall upon thee, thou youthful readers of these pages! May thee heinous sin of filial ingratitude never be charged upon thee; but keep before your mind your mothers Christian teachings, and live up to them, and "their remembrance, in advanced life, will be sweet and refreshing to you."

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Quincy, August 5th & 11th 1854.

This letter I respectfully dedicate to my aged mother, as a token (from her son)
of respect and love, who trusts that the mantle of her virtues, may fall upon her descendants.

John Quincy Adams.

To my dear son in the spiritual country:

I return thanks to thee for the beautiful tribute you have bestowed upon me. There is nothing that gladdens the heart of a good, pious, Christian mother, so much as a dutiful, obedient, and virtuous son. All the reward a kind mother requires of her children, is that of cheerful obedience of her teachings and precepts. Children are prone to be forward, and frequently militate against the judgments and decisions of their parents, and their superiors, both in years and wisdom. Children must give heed to those whose duty it is to advance, nature, and instruct them in those things, which are to fit them for a career of usefulness in maturer years.

It devolves upon the mother to mould and form the character of her child, for good or evil. Upon her rests the responsibility. O mothers! heed the advice of one of your sex, one who once dwelt upon the earth you now inhabit. Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Teach youre children to obey your commands. Never threaten, without a fixed purpose and intention to fulfil, -

that the child's confidence in you may not be weakened or impaired. Learn your children, by precept and example, as soon as the tongue can lisp the sweet name of 'Mother,' and the heart conceive "the will and purpose" to love God, and through that love, obey his laws, and reverence his holy name, to love Religion, and Humanity; to honor and obey their mother's teachings and precepts. Do this, and you will see your children grow up ornaments to society, examples of virtue, worthy of emulation.

I could not refrain from diverging from the purposes and intentions of this brief answer to my son, to extend some good advice to mothers, with the hope that it may be productive of much good. My prayer will ever be, that the mothers of the world will never be lacking in their maternal duties, and that God will give them encouragement and strength to persevere in their efforts to make their children dutiful, wise and obedient.

And, my dear son, thou hast been true to me; thou hast faithfully performed thy mother's will. When I beheld, from my happy home, thy rising greatness, that thou did'st not forget thy mother's early teachings, I exclaimed, in the fulness and joy of my spirit, "This is indeed my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

And ye mothers of New England, must I not address a few words to thee? May the bright deeds that cluster around the name of John Quincy Adams act as strong incentives to make your children what he was,- a good and obedient son, an exemplary and worthy citizen, a judicious and wise statesmen. New England has furnished many noble mothers,- mothers who have sent into the world great and good men, who have proved faithful to themselves, faithful to their mothers, and above all, faithful to their God. Let her continue to furnish mothers, who will be the pride and glory of the world.

My dear son, accept this small tribute of love from your spirit mother, who now enjoys your dear companionship. I take pride in presenting thee to the world as a bright pattern, worthy of imitation,- a pattern fashioned after thy mother,- to hold thee up as a son, whose exemplary life and character faithfully represented the recorded virtues of thy fond and affectionate mother.

A Adams.

P.S. I have written this in a larger hand, than was my custom, while in the earth-life,- that the poorest eyesight might be able to discern it. When I get the medium under full control, I shall be better enabled to furnish a fairer specimen of my hand writing.- To all who may perchance read this answer.

A Adams.

Aug. 1854

Letter IV.

To Isaac Brigham, Esqr.

In the last letter addressed to you, I gave an account of the love I bore and cherished for the Christian teachings and precepts of my mother. It has elicited a beautiful reply from her,- one fraught with great beauty and truth, one that you must prize above all earthly price, believing, as you do, that it is an emanation from the immortal mind of my spirit mother. If the "mothers of the world" would give heed to the valuable advice extended to them in the last letter penned upon these pages, in answer to the foregoing, she would feel amply repaid for her visit from the spirit land.

I love to speak of my mother. I could write volumes about her many kind acts and motherly precepts, and not exhaust the subject. It is a theme upon which I delight to dwell, - a theme highly valuable and dear to me. Do I err when I hold up to public view the already recorded virtues of her that gave me existence? Is there aught that appears selfish or ostentatious? Are not her virtues deeply engraved in the lines of gratitude upon the hearts of a grateful posterity, and embalmed within the memories of the great and good? And who, can more faithfully depicts the virtues of a mother, and present them to the world, than a son? I cannot leave this subject, so dear to me, without appending a few more remarks; and, in so doing, I do it humbly, unostentatiously, but conscientiously; with the firm hope and trust, that those who may read these letters, and especially the female portion of the community, will be wiser and better from their perusal of them.

I believe, in recording the virtues of her who gave me birth, upon these pages, I am doing a duty I owe to myself, to my mother, to unborn millions, yet to come upon the stage of earthly existence, - yes, to my God. It was my purpose, in this protracted portion of my subject, to present to the world the true idea of a model mother. And who more faithfully represented one, than my sainted mother, the immortal and patriotic Abigail Adams?

It is, then, with a deep sense of the moral teaching and virtues of my more than Spartan mother, with a just appreciation of them, that calls and demands of me, her son, this letter. I am most happy to be able to dedicate it. It is a subject that will never grow irksome to me, one which I shall ever love, and hold sacred and dear. And I may well ask,

"Where is the woman who has left a purer name,
Upon the glittering scroll of historic fame"

than my virtuous New England mother?

My mother was a true child of Nature. That terrible trait and bane to society, - a false pride, - formed no part in the composition of her nature. She faithfully attended to the duties devolving upon her as wife and mother, would pay strict deference to her household affairs, make her own purchases for self and family. She delighted in the faithful attendance of her domestic duties. "Duty before pleasure," was her motto. She was never known to forsake the sacred duties of home, and launch upon the gaieties of public life, and, I am sorry to say it, but it is nevertheless true, like too many modern mothers, who go forth into the streets "to see and be seen of men;" but she remained at home, quietly pursuing her avocations and duties, and, by precept and example, teaching her children, and, in fact, the world, how to cultivate and acquire habits of industry and frugality, - thus giving to men and woman-kind the true and faithful idea of a model wife and mother.

My mother could never be denominated a "time-killer." But "what her hands found to do," was readily done, and faithfully. Every moment of her time was usefully employed. She never omitted an opportunity of doing good; for her chief desire was to do good, and get good; and thus, by dispensing happiness to others, augmented her own. Her benevolent heart ever derived pleasure from the happiness of others. She was ever found at her post of duty. Where duty called, she obeyed.

She lived in the "time that tried men's souls," - yes, and women's, too. All the powers of her noble mind and heart were called into active requisition, and she studied well the interests of her beloved country, and prayers were offered, daily to heaven by her, that her down-trodden and oppressed native land might behold the rising sun of American liberty; that the beautiful banner of freedom might soon wave its folds over a "land of the free, and

a home of the brave;" that an amicable negociation might be brought about, resulting in a peaceful adjustment of all difficulties, and give birth to the liberties of a country she loved so well. She shrank not from danger; she was ever where duty called her;- fearless of tyranny's myrmidons, willing and ready at any time to sacrifice her earthly life on the altar of her bleeding country's liberty. She took an active part in the affairs of State and Nation, and never counselled, but with wisdom and prudence.

Thus was it with her through her earthly pilgrimage. Ever willing and ready was she to perform her duty, both at home and abroad; and whether engaged in discharging her domestic duties, or assisting in the affairs of the nation, she was ever found to be the same unpretending, unostentatious woman. Mild, affable, and courteous to all, ever desirous of rendering good to her fellow-creatures, she won their respect and admiration, and her society was eagerly sought for by the many. She delighted not in the title of "Lady," but she sought to be a true woman,- a true child of Nature, and to leave to the world a correct pattern of true excellence and virtue,- a faithful example of a model woman.

But she has passed away from earth, to dwell "in the clear upper sky," to live in the presence of the beautiful and true. No, national monument or slab of marble or stone "rears its head" to commemorate or attest her many virtues and good deeds. She asks no such memento; a slight tablet reared by me, her grateful son, humbly rests over her sacred dust, bearing affectionate remembrance, "in that shrine of devotion," of my respect and love for her. But she needs no such memorial. Her noble deeds will be her noblest monument. They will live forever in the heart of the good and pure, and act as incentives for all good mothers to imitate and emulate the worthy example of one, whose earthly career forms one of the bright-

est pages in American, yea, in the world's history. And when historians shall record the past life and deeds of America's eminent women, by the side of Washington's noble wife and mother,- the "first of the nation," as noble examples of true women,- shall gild the honored name of Abigail Adams!

And here, Mr Brigham, permit me to dwell for a moment, upon a single incident that occurred in the earthly life of Washington, with the hope, that those young men who read it, may strive to be what he was,- the pattern of a model son, and show proper obedience and respect to the counsels of their maternal parent, as did the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

On his entrance into Fredericksburg, Va., after his return from Yorktown, the procession that accompanied him, halted, to allow him the privilege of an interview with his mother. She was engaged in preparing yarn, if my memory serves me rightly, for the use of her servants, when her illustrious son was ushered into her presence. She greeted him kindly, expressed much joy at seeing him; but, though proud of her noble son, yet she reverted not to the glorious and brilliant achievements that had rendered his name illustrious and immortal. During the whole of the interview, not one word was lisped by either, touching upon the events that had placed him foremost in the affections of a grateful people. A short time after, she was honored with a visit from the Marquis de Lafayette, who began to praise the glorious career of her beloved son. Her only reply to him, beautiful and effective in itself, was simply this, "I am not surprised; for George was always a good boy."

Young men, I shall make no further comment upon the above incident. It speaks and appeals directly to your own hearts. You discern the love of Washington for his mother, and you see that

his glorious career as a great man began by his being a "good boy" to his mother. "Go, and do thou likewise."

Before closing this letter, I must speak of one subject, which my mother early impressed upon my mind, and which I have resorted to, through this medium, to another friend. It is, daily prayer to God. She taught me to venerate his holy name, never to take it upon my lips but in adoration and praise. And now my memory flows back to the scenes of bye-gone days, and I see, with my spiritual vision, the roof that sheltered my mother and me; and I again hear her sweet voice, as night draws its veil over the fair face of Nature, calling me to her side, saying, "John, it is bed-time; come and say your prayers;" or, "My son, come in and say the little verse I taught you; that's a good boy." And then she would take me affectionately upon her knee, and repeat to me the same pretty prayer, which I would say over after her: and in maturer years, I would say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

When about to engage in any enterprise that called forth the powers and energies of both body and soul, I always invoked the high hand of Deity to rest upon me, and to give me strength to encounter all opposition, and to battle successfully in the cause of right and justice; and I acquired strength and resolution to perform my duties, through my frequent prayers, addressed to the throne of the Eternal.

How necessary, then, is it, that an altar of prayer should be erected within every heart; that all should seek for divine instruction and guidance in the discharge of the duties incumbent upon them; that all should seek, in prayer, for strength to resist temptation, and the encroachments of vice. Let all, then, address God frequently in prayer. It is the humble advice of John Quincy Adams, given to you in behalf of his angel mother.

Mr Brigham, I now close this letter. Have I exhausted your patience, in dwelling upon the virtues of my mother, in these two letters? your mind answers, No. It is gratifying to me, because you knew her well. These letters are "rendered doubly sweet" to you, from that pleasing circumstance. Have I exalted her too much? If I have, let my fond love for her be my plea.

That you may be happy in the perusal of these letters, and that all who read them may be benefitted by it, is the earnest wish and prayer of

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Letter V.

To Josiah Brigham, Esqr.

Nearly nine months of the present year have rolled away in the great "orbit of time": the winds

"Moan hoarsely through the dark and ancient woods,"

and everything indicates to your mind the rapid approach of stern Winter, the closing up of the memorable year of 1854. The green leaves of the trees are fast becoming sered and yellow, and falling off, - emblematical of man's fading earthly life. The beautiful birds are fast disappearing, to seek a home beneath some hospitable roof, or amidst the "orange groves of the sunny South," there to delight the ear with their melodious notes, to chant forth "sweet melody" to their Creator, who permittest not the sparrow

to fall to the ground without his notice.

Mr Brigham, is not thy memory busy with the events of the past few months of thy earthly life? Do you not reflect deeply and carefully upon the joys and sorrows you have experienced during their brief stay? Yes, the year 1854 must ever be to you a memorable one. For during its pilgrimage, you have carefully and studiously investigated the beauties of the Harmonial Philosophy, and through your investigations, you have been enabled to come to the conclusion, that the loved ones you have planted in the diadem of God's ebonceet spirits, do come back to earth, as it were, laden with bright and happy memories, to recount to the friends they have left in the mundane life, the joys and happiness that pervade the Spirit beautiful and immortal home! come, bearing from their ark of truth and beauty some "fragrant flower of love," to transplant upon "Memory's Leaves," as an undying testimonial of their enduring affection and constancy; some flower perhaps, like one that rears its humble head in many a beautiful garden of earth's children, that simply reminds you to "Forget-me-not."

They come to teach you, as have been shown you in your investigations, the high destiny which awaits you; that heaven is not a far-off home, but is all around you, filled with the spirits of the loved and beautiful, who await, with happiness and pleasure, your sweet union with them in the land of angels and love. You feel your own spirit exalted and ennobled by the sweet communion of those

"Departed to the silent, happy land above,
To hold, below, converse with those they love."

O! my fellow-townsman, how happy must your heart feel, in this blissful communion of angels; to feel, that though they have "gone before, they still linger around you." How gratifying must it be, to you, that the

spirit of your friend and townsman, John Quincy Adams, can communicate to you, and, by convincing messages, perhaps relating some things identical with his earthly life, prove to your mind, beyond a doubt, that the respect, esteem, and interest, he entertained and felt for you while clothed with mortality, has not in the least abated, since he has put on immortality.

Yes, Mr. Brigham, there is no person in town, excepting one, whom I would delight so much to commune with, as yourself. That one believes not in the modern spirit communion; but I trust that at no distant day I shall have an opportunity to converse with him, and prove to him, that his father can communicate, with the children of his love, through journeyed home to the spirit-land. And God speed the glorious day when all mankind will believe in the New Dispensation, and live up to the teachings of the glorified spirits of heaven, who have come to confirm the precepts of Jesus Christ, and to disseminate and firmly establish those mighty truths which He came into the world to promulgate.

Man has a great work to perform. He was not placed here for the mere gratification of his selfish propensities, but for the highest good of his fellow-creatures; to recognize the Fatherhood of God - the Eternal Brotherhood of Man! Then, and not till then, will man be fitted for his life in the spheres beyond, - those spheres that mark his onward career as a moral, rational, and progressive being. O! then, Mr Brigham, may you exert your influence to make mankind purer and better, and spread the beautiful Harmonial Philosophy, and I will look upon you, from my spirit home, and smile approvingly upon your efforts, and ever aid and bless you.

I close this brief letter. In my next I shall again speak of this beautiful season, - Autumn, - and other things.

Quincy, Sept. 23d. 1854. John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Letter VI.

To Josiah Bigham, Esqr.

This letter will close one-half of the memorable series promised you. I have been exceedingly happy in witnessing the great interest you have manifested in the perusal of the letters that are here transcribed upon these pages of this book, and I trust and know that it will be kept alive through their continuation,— that same friendly and affectionate interest which has characterized the close study of the foregoing ones. I take pleasure in recommending them to the world, especially to those connected to me by the strongest ties of love and friendship,— to my beloved townsmen in the place which gave me birth. Though humble these letters are, yet I feel, even in their sweet simplicity, that they will be productive of much good,— conferring lasting benefits upon those who may perchance peruse them. I have endeavored, also, in these letters, to give incidents and circumstances incidental with my mundane life, to present to the world a positive, clear, and unmistakable identity,— that identity which will still lead all earnest seekers after truth to believe that these letters originate from no other source, but through the dictation of the immortal mind of John Quincy Adams!

To you, my esteemed friend and townsman, have I transmitted the sacred trust of these letters, because I know you well, and respected you, (as I still do,) as a friend, a townsman, a Man,— an immortal child of God! You have I selected, because I have perfect confidence in you as the still faithful friend of the humble dictator of these letters, who desires, through your agency, to impart to mankind emanations of truth divine, and prove, beyond a doubt, the reality of spirit communion; to prove, that the ever-living mind of John Quincy Adams still labors in the cause

of love to God and love to man, Equality, and in all, which are that Bodies the holiest of all holy causes,— Humanity.

And, my beloved friend, how happy must you feel, in knowing that I can still labor for the good of man; that I can still lift my voice in prayer in behalf of the children below, and evidence to their minds, that I still feel an interest in all those causes, which aim have the good of society at heart; that I can still plead the cause of the poor, down-trodden, bleeding, and manacled slaves, that, though dead in body, yet "I still live" in spirit, to defend these dearest rights, and to prove to them that John Quincy Adams is still their friend, champion, defender!— to prove to all, that I remain still the friend of the oppressed,— a foe to oppression.

To you, Mr. Bigham, the reflections of the summer that has past away, must be sweet and refreshing; you have been enabled, during its stay, to form anew, as it were, the acquaintance of one you ever respected and esteemed when a member of your earthly sphere,— with one, who loved you as a friend, and townsman. I hailed, with great delight and joy, the period when this medium now under control, would appear in your midst, and looked forward, in the spring when I first began to control this organization, to many moments of happiness and pleasure for you and yours; for I was enabled to discern, with the unerring eye of prophecy, and through human events and circumstances,— all governed by the eternal law of wisdom and love,— that I should again converse with those connected to me by ties most sacred and holy. I prophesied as much,— that prophecy, you perceive, has been faithfully fulfilled. How much happiness you have experienced in my communications, and others, during the summer that has now past away, you feel that the spirit of the "Old Man Eloquent" is hovering around you, and holds communion with the loved and dear of earth.

You have derived much comfort and consolation in your new but beautiful belief. It has furnished you much pleasure in your lonely hours, in your moments of joy and sorrow. And when your system was racked with disease, then would the finger of Faith and Hope point upward to realms of glorious beauty and sublimity, where "pain and sickness are never known, and the weary are at rest;" and you would hear, within the inmost recesses of your heart, the "still, small voice" of Love, whispering to you, Be of good cheer; and directing your thoughts and affections to the cherubim and seraphim — to that happy land above, where your spirit is to unfold, at no distant day, in a more glorious and higher life.

And now, Mr. Brigham, can you better appreciate the beautiful and consoling Spiritual Philosophy, than at the present time, when your heart, and that of your dear partner's, have been saddened by the recent departure of of one near and dear to you, who was lately with you, clothed with in the garments of mortality. you now feel, that though he has passed away from your sight, yet his ever-living presence is with you, and enters, through the telegraph of love and wisdom, messages of beauty and truth, fraught with bright and happy memories of the past. And could his spirit come back to you, enclosed in its earthly casket, after having tasted the joys of its celestial home, it would firmly bid you, Mourn not.

He has gone home to join the dear presence of father and mother, partner and children. I shall not attempt to enumerate the many virtues of the loved departed, for they are well known to you. They are deeply impressed upon your hearts, and, in fact upon all, which felt his benign influence; and they will ever live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of the good and pure upon earth. In the language of a beautiful kindred spirit, he went home ripe and ready for the harvest of God.

* a brother of Mrs Brigham

May you, then, be comforted and consoled by the assurance, that he has left you for a better and higher state of existence; that he has gone home to dwell with God, and the cherished ones in Paradise; that his undying soul hovers around you, bearing to your minds, through the law of spiritual communication, truthful evidence of the soul's glorious immortality, and its destiny in the Progressive Spheres beyond your vale of tears. He speaks to you, and bids you, Mourn not for him. Dust returns to dust, the spirit to God who gave it; what is your earthly loss, is his eternal gain.

And may I not, Mr Brigham, in this connection, address a few words to your beloved partner? May you ever feel assured, that the pure spirit of your brother is watching over you, guarding and guiding you through this earthly life's cares and sorrows, and preparing you for your home in heaven, — to meet him in heaven — in glory and love. And that humble keepsake — that little gold-piece — transmitted to your brother in earlier years by his maternal parent, but now bequeathed to you — may it ever be cherished by you while earthly life lasts; and when you have passed away, may it be transferred to your children and children's children, as an ever-living memorial of the past; and as often as you and they gaze upon it, may it serve to keep in remembrance the hands which gave it, and remind you all, that though the "givers" have left earth, yet their watchful care and protection are over you. It is true, that

"A small memento left behind,
Recalls an absent friend to mind."

But the rich mementoes of love which he brings from his beautiful home, — the celestial city of love and purity, — are more enduring than the perishable ones of earth. May you all treasure

within your hearts those beautiful memorials emanating from his bright and happy spirit,- the rich truths from the tree of life eternal,- prizing them above all earthly price.

May the salutary lessons which his sudden departure is calculated to teach be duly impressed upon every one of your hearts; that you may all be prepared, at any time, to be called home to dwell with the departed of earth,- to appear in the Infinite Presence of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who judgeth in mercy and righteousness, according to the deeds done in the body. No man knoweth when the Son of Man cometh. Then be prepared, through virtuous and holy lives upon earth, to enter upon the joys of your heavenly rest, when the summons calls you home.

John Quincy Adams.

Quincy, Oct. 4th, 1854.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Letter VII.

To Josiah Bonsham, Esqr.

I have endeavored, in the foregoing letters, conveyed upon these pages through the power of writing, to present to you, and to all who may inspect them, as correct a fac simile of my hand-writing as I am enabled to give in my newer and higher state of existence. You will perceive that these letters are written in a tremulous hand,- a characteristic incidental to the last years of my mundane life. I have endeavored, as far as lay in my power, to give it perfect and correct; but it must not be expected that I can give it perfectly accurate, now that I have merged into my newer and higher life, as though I was encumbered with all the infirmities and decrepancies of an aged and decrepit body. It would have been easier for me to have controlled

the powers of the medium in a hand-writing incidental to my earthly life, when I was Cognant with youthful vigor and activity. But it was my purpose, in giving this peculiarity to you and the public, to present a characteristic identical with the last years of my mortal existence, and one which was beyond the capacity and power of the medium to control or imitate,- knowing, as I did, that doubts would be raised as to these letters originating and emanating from the ~~supreme~~ dictation of the immortal spirit-mind of John Quincy Adams! And it will be perceived, also, that, as I became better acquainted with the powers of the medium, I was enabled to control with more ease and fluency, and to form and construct my words and letters with greater accuracy and correctness,- as will be noticed by a comparison between the first and the present letter.

Here, then, is an identity, unmistakable and conclusive, which is beyond the power of mortals and immortals to control or imitate. High-pretending spirits may come in the names of superior ones, and give you certain circumstances coincident with their earthly pilgrimage, which will appear to many minds as perfectly conclusive; but I am of the opinion, and it is sustained by a higher order of intelligence, that the only sure, positive, conclusive, and infallible evidence of the truthful identity of a spirit, is that found in a correct fac simile of the purported immortal,- the hand-writing of the spirit which closely resembles the one identical with it before it "shuffled off the mortal coil."

Mr. Brigham, the question has often been asked, "Why did I not address these letters to my son, or to some one connected to me by ties of consanguinity, instead of directing them to you? Feeling that an explanation might be required, I shall give a brief one, firmly hoping that it will prove satisfactory and convincing to all inquiring minds:

Some few months ago, I first manifested my spiritual presence through the organization of this medium, at a small circle held in the East of this town, known as Quincy Point. I then and there discovered that his mind was easily susceptible and accessible to spirit influx and impression — so much so that I perceived that I should be able in a short time to control him powerfully and successfully. I was able to discern, through force of circumstances, that this medium would remain in town some little time, and I ardently desired and wished to improve that golden opportunity of using his mediumship, for the purpose of establishing the precepts and teachings of the Gospel of Harmonial Love and Truth in the place hallowed to me by many grateful recollections and reminiscences of the past, — in a town which has given to the world men whose virtue, piety, and noble deeds, occupy a conspicuous place upon the gilded pages of national history; men whose lofty patriotism and honorable fame are endearing as Time itself; men who feared to do wrong, but never to do right. I felt an interest, also, to introduce it into this town, because it was the place "where I was born" — where my mind and heart first inculcated the principles of virtue, piety, integrity, and a love of country, through the benign and genial influences of a Christian and patriotic father and mother.

I then, Mr. Brigham, sought for a suitable person, to whom I might convey my messages of love, wisdom, truth, and identity, — one in whom I could perfectly trust and confide, also, — one whom I respected and loved, whom as a member of the earthly sphere, and who would make such disposition of my communications as I might in wisdom dictate. I perceived that my son was then not prepared to receive the new truths of the Harmonial Philosophy — that his mind and heart was not ready to endorse, at that time, the principles of the New Dispensation, — a Dispensation which has acquired a strong hold upon the hearts and affections of the people, and one which promises much good for the world, in banishing superstition from it, — in reclaiming the fallen and erring, and bringing them back to the folds of virtue and purity. I desired one who felt a sympathy and interest in the spiritual movement, — one who would aid me in giving to the world truths of an ennobling, exalted, and, at the same time, of an highly satisfactory, nature.

When I judge, Mr. Brigham, of my unbounded joy, when I perceived the interest you had begun to manifest in this beautiful philosophy. I then felt then, that my dearest wishes would soon be realized, and that I should be able to convey to my friends truthful evidence of the soul's immortality, and its high destiny in the Progressive Spheres; — to prove to all, that the son of the venerated and patriotic John Adams still engages in all those causes which have the tendency to ameliorate the condition of suffering and oppressed humanity; that I can still lift a voice in the causes of Equality, Freedom, Justice, Human Rights.

Upon, then, Mr Brigham, did I select as the instrument to transmit these letters and other messages to the world; and having gained the consent of the then-controlling spirits to employ my friend's mediumship, I endeavored to perfect, mature, and develop the "elementary principles" of his media powers. You now see the ultimate result of my control. You have, through the evidence I have furnished you, been brought to a firm belief in this glorious doctrine; and others, through you, will also believe. You have nobly and bravely withstood the fire of public opinion, — battled against all those counter influences which have surrounded you, for the purpose of turning you from your investigations; and through your energy and perseverance you are achieving a glorious reward, by holding communication with some of the most gifted minds which ever adorned your world, but now passed from the earthly into the spirit-life, — those glowing minds which form a brilliant array of talent in

the galaxy of God's noble spirits,— minds which have been attracted to you through sympathy and love, feeling assured that they would be warmly and cordially welcomed. The rich truths which they have brought from the Mount of Wisdom, Purity, and Love, have sunk deep within your heart— never to be eradicated by those great drawbacks to the onward march of Progressive and Liberal Principles,— Popularity and Public Opinion! May these truths shed upon others their bright and effulgent rays, falling upon each and every heart like manna from heaven— illuminating and radiating all their inward natures with pure and holy light, and calling forth the inborn powers, and mingling them together in one common Unity and Love!

In view of all things, Mr Brigham, has not the interval been long, why have I directed these letters to you? Can satisfactorily answered? I think you will reply in the affirmative. And O! may they do much good. Be ever ready and willing to receive the truths of the spirits. Beautiful angels attend you in your daily walks of life, and breathe into your heart sweet lays of love. They are unseen by you, yet their sweet and genial influences are fall within your soul, refining and purifying it for its higher, progressive life in the spheres beyond.

Still continue to labor in the vineyard of your heavenly Master. And when your task below shall have finished, I will bear your spirit "aloft, to repose in the bosom of Infinite Love and Goodness! There is a beautiful spirit by my side, who desires me to give you the following lines from him: It is Elijah Brigham.

Prepare to meet us here above,
To join the angel hosts of love,
To chant with us sweet spirit-lays,
And lift your voice to God in praise.

Glorious beauty decks the land,
Where dwells the lovely spirit-band,
Wreathed in heaven's choicest flowers,
Culled from Eden's fairest bowers.

No discord, hate, or mortal strife,
Mars our high Ascending Life.
All is harmony, joy and love,
In our beauteous home above.

John Quincy Adams.

Quincy, Nov. 9th 1843.

Spirit Land, with Father.

Letter VIII.

To Isaiah Brigham, Esqr.

Some little time has elapsed since the dictation of my last letter. I have floated along upon the beautiful River of Life, and have searched carefully the hearts of many,— and more especially those connected to me by the ties of friendship and love in the form that gave birth to my physical body, which contained the nucleus of a noble and living principle,— a principle which was to expand in a more luxuriant growth in a higher sphere of existence; and it is with emotions of unspeakable joy and pleasure that I can truthfully inform you, that favorable impressions are forming within their hearts relative to this cause of Harmonial Love; that those old prejudices which have rankled therein, and proved as barriers to the reception of this philosophy, are fast disappearing before the triumphant and onward march of Progressive Ideas and Principles. I have been guarded with wisdom. I trust, in my delay of the dictation of these letters; for I desired the truths mind and heart to be prepared to receive these communications and outpourings from the immortal Spirit-Work of Life.

Blessed, as you are, Br. Brigham, with the light of everlasting truth, and the glorious hope of an immortality beyond the boundaries of your mundane sphere, your affections and thoughts have, in a great measure, become weaned from the things of earth, and they sweat in that Paradise above, where the loved departed of earth await to greet you amidst its beautiful bowers. You have many dear and loved spirit-friends in Heaven, who guard you with a faithful friendship and care, such a friendship and care as only the angels can feel and know. They have borne to you many precious dew-drops on that beautiful chain of Love which connects Heaven to Earth, which have proved refreshing to your inward and outward life.

To a pure, virtuous, and susceptible mind, the idea, that angels are watching over and protecting the children of the sublunary world, is associated with something truly beautiful and sublime; that they can guard and guide the loved of earth through their pilgrimage of earthly life, and participate with them in their joys and sorrows, can read their hearts, and find what there lies concealed. If purity and love dwell within, and the human soul is the receptacle of all that is lovely, beautiful, and noble, then do these ministering spirits bear them as grateful offerings to the throne of the Eternal One; the guardian ones which attend them are made glad, through the purity and virtue which lives in their minds and hearts. But when they perceive that they are rife with all the turmultuous passions of a perverted nature, and that impure thoughts and feelings, discordant sentiments, rankle within, O then are their soothing influences exerted by them; then does the heavenly power of their holy love hedge the human heart, quieting and harmonizing its perturbed and disquieted state. On the telegraph of wisdom, love, and truth, which unites the immortal minds of heaven with those which are as yet shrouded in their clayey tabernacles, flows their beautiful spirit influx and impressions, which falls upon the heart, like rain upon the parched earth, appealing to the wrong. Sin no more;

guardian angels are hovering over you; pain not their gentle spirits by doing wrong. And O! may all feel that they are watched by a cloud of unseen witnesses, who will attest to the evil as well as the good deeds done in the body! And how fitting that all should conform their earthly lives to the presence of those radiant invisible beings from the Immortal Paradise of Love!—that every thought and action should be kept pure and holy, untainted by the vices and temptations of the world. Let the spirit read upon the great scroll of human life everything that is lovely and divine. Let them find therein many recorded deeds of glorious beauty and love,—embellished with truthful pictures of Virtue and Goodness! How important it is, that all should pay strict attention to a proper cultivation of those laws which govern their progressive spiritual beings!—that they should do nothing which would hinder or retard their harmonious operation. Man cannot violate a law of Nature, without suffering the penalty which is due to such transgression. He cannot load his stomach with rich food and stimulating drinks, without incurring the severe displeasure of those laws which govern his physical nature; and if he suffer not for such disobedience at that time, he assuredly does at a mature period of life, by enduring all the pains and afflictions of a dyspeptic, distempered body. Life hath lost its pleasures for such an one, and he plods along a miserable, forlorn, and unasked being,—health departed, and happiness with it. In fact, the man of forty becomes one of seventy! He has lost all taste for society, tired, disheartened, perhaps pulls on cruel to his troubled earth-life existence, and is ushered into a newer one, and takes his place in that sphere, for which his mundane career has fitted him, while upon the monument of his life below is recorded the fearful tale of his disobedience of the great principles of Nature's Immortal Laws! In order to ensure a long earthly life, and a healthy one, man must study faithfully and well the beautiful laws which govern him. He must rise early, and breathe the pure, invigorating air of morning. "Generally speaking, the best part of a man's life is spent in bed. That is one source of disease. A man that is not an early riser, must never expect to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise." Let all imitate the humble example of one, who made it his daily practice to rise early. Partake only of

such food as will nourish, not distemper the body. And by keeping in perfect tone and harmony these laws, ye will reap a golden harvest.

Those persons, whose organisations are accessible to the powers and impressions of the spirit, should be extremely guarded against a disobedience of Nature's Laws! - that that pure and unsullied chain of communication, which unites the beautiful principles of their media power to the existences of these superior beings in the immortal life, shall not be broken by the insatiate indulgences of an uneducated and cramped nation! It is highly important, that they should be guided by wisdom and discretion in their mode of living, - partaking of no food or drink that will have the slightest tendency to exhilarate or impair that noble telegraph and medium through which we communicate, - the Human Mind! All are well aware, that, when the telegraph wires which run from one place to another, become broken, the communications are impeded, and rendered unfit for use, until the injury is repaired. So it is with the mind, the spirits great telegraph, which connects the immortal life with the mundane one, and upon which flows many fond remembrances, - many bright and happy memories! When it is shattered and broken, it becomes inferious to a high and ennobling order of intelligences, and remains inaccessible to pure spiritual influx, until its media powers are restored to their pristine health and lustre!

Again: All should relieve their minds from those thoughts which are not congenial to purity and love, - free them from all bias and prejudice, - studying faithfully and well the dear Lessons of the greatest Reformer with which the world was ever blessed! Seek to infuse into your minds ideas of an elevated nature and character, in order that the seraphs from those high and Eternal Progressive Spheres may be attracted to them through that beautiful spirit of congeniality which dwelleth in angel teachings and beauty within.

And again: the minds of mediums must be inferious to the control of surrounding influences and objects. They must not be moved from their sphere of duty by the opposition and bigotry of those minds which cannot comprehend the great principles of this philosophy, and can see nothing beyond those

narrow-contracted ideas and sentiments which embrace everything but the love of God and Humanity! You may be persecuted, reviled, trampled upon, and basely calumniated, by those opposing minds which are not, as yet, opened to receive new truths and revealments. You must (pattern) after the greatest Reformer and Medium which ever (all) lived, - Jesus Christ! He was abused, cruelly maltreated, and maligned, yet amidst those persecutions, that beautiful and inborn spirit of love which dwelt within, never yielded to passionate and revengeful feelings; but, through the godliness of that sublime and gentle disposition which was so beautifully exemplified in his daily walks of life, he exhibited to his persecutors a noble example of true moral excellence and Godlike forgiveness! Amidst all the malignities of his enemies, yet he swerved not from the path of duty marked out for him by an over-ruling and omniscient Providence; but he continued to labor in the vineyard of his Heavenly Master, and to represent faithfully His glorious and living Divinity! And when upon Calvary's Brow, suffering all its agonies and tortures, and the scourgings and abuses of his cruel, vindictive seekers, his love and forgiveness never shone with greater splendor and glory! Not a complaint or a murmur escaped from his heart, but a gentle "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And for his faithful adherence to the principles of Eternal Truth and Right, he met a rich reward. The Crown of Thorns was quickly displaced for the noble Crown of a glorious and resplendent Immortal Spirit-Life!

The Crown of Life he nobly wears,
In his bright home above;
No sorrow deep his bosom tears,
In his pure heaven of love.
On earth he left a spotless name,
Which ne'er was stained with sin;-
A holy, bright, and heavenly fame,
Which all should strive to win.

May all mankind like him be free,
From sin and mortal strife;
May his example ever be
Shown in their daily life.
And when their tasks below are closed,
Their duties done on earth,
In God's bright love they shall repose,
In their high, heavenly birth.

And O! Mr Brigham, may you extend your advice to all those mediums, who are possessed with this noble power, and who shall come under your sphere of influence, - to guard sacredly and well the laws which govern their progressive spiritual beings. Read to them this humble letter dictated by your never-to-be-forgotten friend, - John Quincy Adams! Tell them to imitate the noble example of that great and good Reformer, Jesus Christ; the attributes of whose lovely and beautiful character we have but feebly depicted upon these pages. Tell them, that like him they must persevere in well-doing; faltering not in the course of duty set marked out for them to pursue; that they must be governed of the meek and lowly spirit of Jesus, living at all times, fraternally and harmoniously with all mankind; and, like him, labor, suffer, and die, if needs be, for the redemption of man; - to leave a bright pattern of excellence and purity; - remembering that he

He labored, suffered, died for all,
That love's pure, holy light,
Might on their heads devoutly fall;
And not a point to Eden bright.
A pattern to the world was given,
For man to imitate;
That they might all be led to Heaven,
To their eternal state.

Mr. Brigham: During your short acquaintance with the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, you have received many messages from a high and ennobling order of Spirits from the Immortal life; your mind receives their impressions as direct influx from the Fount of Wisdom and Truth. Your mind has also been educated upon the different phases of the Progressive Spheres, and the degrees of happiness which spirits in their respective circles enjoy. You have had unfolded to your mental capacities the many glorious and sublime realities and beauties which crown our Paradise of Love. You have had revealed to you many rich truths and teachings, - all consonant with those taught by the great Representative of Truth, - Jesus of Nazareth!

How beautifully does this philosophy unfold to you the state of the soul after it has thrown off its clayey envelopment! It teaches you that man cannot, or in his mundane sphere, and escape the righteous judgments of Heaven; that, as he lives below, will he exist above. It explains the harmonious operations of those sublime Laws which gives us power to converse with the children of earth, - perhaps to learn of them how to progress and advance the infinite principles of our Immortal Being. The same beautiful and wise laws which permits the developed order of intelligences to commune with the children of your planet, grants also, the same precious privilege to the undeveloped, - as you have noticed in your investigations of this subject.

The communications which you have received, from time to time, from the immortal world, evidences to your mind, that the Spirit still manifests a faithful interest in the affairs of your earth; that that undivided affection, which they displayed and felt on the accomplishment of their respective purposes, does not close on the dissolution of the body, but follows the soul in its nobler development and acts as an innate principle of its immortal being. A spirit which labored in the field of Humanity on earth, still engages in the same holy cause when it launches its barque on the shores of immortality. Whatever interests the soul on earth, interests it in Heaven.

The noble and patriotic spirit of George Washington, has, in his addresses to you, evinced a still strong interest in the affairs of that Government, of which he has been called the Chief Corner-Stone. He regrets exceedingly, that the spirit of liberty which sprung into life during his earthly pilgrimage, seems to be taking a retrogressive step. He would warn his beloved countrymen against all oppression and injustice;—that, without the love of God in their hearts, they cannot enjoy a long-continued state of prosperity and happiness. He enjoins upon them to remember, that by Nature's Great Birthright, all are entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The messages you have received from the sorrowing spirit of Daniel Webster, plainly show to you his deep regret for the errors of his mortal life. He has often manifested his presence to you, and claimed your warmest sympathies and regards. "No matter," he says to you, "how lofty and gifted one's mind may be; if its powers are not properly applied, it does not enhance the happiness of its professor in its higher progressive state of being." He sorrows over the betrayal of the mighty principles of freedom, and hopes that his countrymen will forgive and pity his errors, and have embalmed upon the tablets of their memories, his loyalty and devotional services to the cause of liberty and justice, in his earlier and palmier days. Have Charity for him, Think of him, as he was, when he stood on Old Pilgrim Rock,—a fearless champion of Freedom and Human Rights. "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone." "To err is human, to forgive divine."

The noble spirit of Josiah Quincy, the Patriot, has proclaimed to you, in impassioned fervor and eloquence, his still faithful and firm adherence to the principles of Eternal Justice and Right. He looks down, from his Starry Heaven of Love, upon a beloved descendant, in whose mind and heart are represented the glowing sentiments of the ever-to-be-venerated Sire. He looks with pride and joy upon him,—reads the noble ideas of patriotism which dwells within him. He perceives that he will soon be gathered home to his fathers;—that the sun of earthly life will soon set in the horizon, and a brighter one will rise on a brilliant immortal existence. Tributes will be paid to his worth, his integrity, and fearless independency, while on the urn of memory shall be inscribed the simple, but elegant sentence, "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

I indulge in these few instances, to show to you how much interest the spirits manifest in the things of earth. I now close this Letter, with the hope that all who read it, may be profited by it.

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Circle.

Letter IX.

To Josiah Brigham, Esqr.

From my unclouded Sphere of Love and Duty, do I gaze upon the children of earth, and learn from them, that to-day, the twenty-second of February, is the glorious anniversary of the natal day of the immortal and patriotic George Washington,—the Father and Founder of the American Republic! The bells have sent up their merry peals to Heaven; the booming cannon has thundered forth its noisy eloquence, reverberating over hill and dale, and losing itself in the hearts and affections of a grateful people. All welcome and pay truthful homage to the glad return of the birth-day of the Patriot, the Sage, the Statesman, the President;—the Man, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The old, as well as the young, participate in the joyous festivities of this day, and call to remembrance the many valorous exploits of America's greatest Man! The glorious American Flag, symbolic of Freedom, waves its graceful folds over a liberty-loving people, and they gaze upon it, respecting the memory of the great and good man, who achieved for them that Independence, of which they are the proud recipients. The splendid and brilliant sun of Washington's earthly career shone with unwonted glory and lustre over many a scene of public strife and contention, never growing dim, or shading by the clouds of doubt or despair. All nations revered and venerated the il-

lustrious and honored name of Washington. He commanded the respect of both friend and foe, and all tried to imitate the noble example of the Patriot Warrior! The vain glorious and warlike deeds of the ambitious Napoleon had the effect to dazzle the outward senses; but those of Washington won the applause, admiration, and fervent love of all mankind. They traced no selfish motives which prompted him to action; but in all he did, they perceived it was for the welfare and good of his beloved country. He sought for no ambition or distinction but that which was honorable and just. The transcendent glory of his fame shone with effulgent brilliancy over many a noble and heroic scene of action.

Unclouded stands his noble name,
On history's gilded page,
Reflecting, from its storied fame,
The Spirit of the Age.
His memory will ever live,
With the noble, good, and great;
Unfading lustre will it give,
To Nation and to State.

On record stands no brighter name,
Than that of Washington;
All strive to win the honest fame,
Which crowned Columbia's son.
The tyrant monarch dreads and fears,
To hear of deeds so bright;
His glorious life blights and sears
Oppressive power and might.

George Washington was a true and devout Christian. He was, at an early age, deprived of the earthly care of his father, and his education devolved upon a

faithful, pious mother, who early instilled into his heart the principles of Christianity, - these principles which shone with such resplendency in his after years, and which faithfully recorded on the Monument of Fame, the lovely counsels and teachings of his virtuous, patriotic, and Christian Mother! The Mother was nobly represented in the sublime character of the Son! She taught him to "early bend the knee in prayer," - to venerate the name of Deity, - never to take it upon his lips but in adoration and praise. His thoughts and prayers were often elevated to that Supreme Being who guides and controls the destinies of the Nations. He never engaged in any service, or went forth to battle in the cause of Freedom, without first invoking the Blessing of his Heavenly Father to rest upon him, - to keep him in the path of Right and Duty, and crown his labors for good with triumphant and glorious success.

When America was at war with England, struggling for Independence, Washington was often discovered by his foes engaged in prayer. Though they might have destroyed his valuable earthly life, at such times, yet none threatened to distract him. They revered and respected him, and learned, from his devotions, useful lessons of piety and true Christianity. He prayed long and fervently for his beloved country, - that the time might soon come when it would be released from British tyranny and oppression, and Freedom's glorious sun throw its golden light upon his down-trodden native land. The prayers of the good Washington, springing, as they always did, from the gushing fountains of a devotional and grateful heart, ascended the Eternal Throne of the great Author and God of Liberty, and were answered. Strength and fortitude were given him in all his undertakings, and crowned the Blessings of Almighty God crowned his prayerful and honorable life.

What a glorious example, Mr Brigham, of true piety and Christianity was given to the world through the life and character of your ever-to-be-remembered Washington! Never despairing, never doubting the goodness of the God of the oppressed, he was led through innumerable perils and difficulties, and he lived to reap a golden reward, blessed with with the love and adoration of a grateful

hearts, receiving all the honors and emoluments, which it was in the power of a grateful country to confer upon its greatest and noblest Benefactor! In all the turmoils of battle strife and contention, he never forgot his God! And the assurance and conviction, that his acts were laudable, and approved by an overruling Providence, buoyed him up through the chequered scenes of his warlike and political life. Though many of his noble acts stand engraved on the gilded Tablet of Fame, yet none appear to greater advantage, than those which signalise him as a prayerful and devout Christian!

O! that all mankind would imitate the noble example bequeathed to them by Washington. May they have indelibly inscribed upon their hearts his many virtues and pious precepts, and seek, like him, through prayer, for Divine guidance in the performance of their various duties of life. May all, especially the young profit by his noble example, and imitate the pure and pious teachings which were exemplified in the life of the Patriot Washington!

His holy, pure, and prious life,
Shone with resplendent power;
It brightened many scenes of strife,
And cheered his saddest hour.
His prayerful thoughts he often raised,
To Him who dwells above;
On bended knee, devoutly praised,
The God of Truth and Love.
When heavy clouds obscured the light
Of Freedom's lovely sky;
His sincere prayers, at dead of night,
Were lifted up on high;
Invoking the Eternal One,
To hasten that bright day,
When Liberty's fair and beauteous sun,
Might bless all with its rays.

It has often been said, that Washington bore a charmed life. When in the heat of battle, the bullets, which were flying in all directions, spreading havoc and destruction around him, fell powerless at his feet, leaving him unharmed and unscathed. Many a gleaming sword was raised to strike him low in death; but some unseen invisible power, as it were, athwarted the blow, and it recoil back upon the enemy. Private conspiracies were held, and measures, secret and open, were adopted, by which his enemies might take his valuable life. But he was wonderfully preserved through them all, by that same invisible power, which had given strength and nerve to his arm in many an heroic action of life.

And can any one doubt, viewing the innumerable perils and obstacles through which Washington was called to pass, but that he was preserved through them all by the superior agencies of guardian angels from the highest beatified spheres known in the spiritual kingdom, who were faithfully guarding and watching the interests of a man who was ploughing for himself a path to honorable fame and distinction? Can any one doubt, but that spirits from the immortal world sustained him through all the disheartening trials and troubles of Valley Forge, cheered his heart, and those of his desponding soldiers, when they were dealing forth sheeted death into the ranks of Britain's Mighty Armies, on Bunker's Heights? Through all the varied walks of earthly life, whether on the battle field, amidst the carnage, and thunder of the booming cannon, or enjoying the quiet repose of Vernon's shades, the holy powers of ministering spirits were extended to him, to cheer and console him, and aid in achieving the liberty of that country, in whose service he had enlisted.

Through all the scenes of battle strife,
Bright angels from above,
Protected well his earthly life,
And cheered him with their love.
Their influence with him did dwell,
Dispelled all doubt and fear;
A lovely, sweet, and holy spell,
Shone round him ever near.

When dark despair hung o'er the land,
In which he nobly fought;
Bright seraphs, from fair Eden's band,
Sweet consolation brought.
Their faithful care freed him from harm,
Gave strength in sorrow's hour;-
Soul slavery did he disarm,
Through their angelic power.

Their holy influence was shown,
Where'er on earth he dwell;
On battle field, in Vernon's home,
Their lovely power was felt.
They cheered his pathway while below,
Threw round his life a charm,
Whose brilliant and resplendent glow,
Preserved him from all harm.

May all, like Washington, defend,
Proud Freedom's holy cause;
May all their humble efforts tend,
To frame on earth just laws.
And angels bright, from Heaven above,
Will guide their paths on earth;
And lead to realms of bliss and love,
To their celestial birth.

Washington believed that he was guarded by kindred spirits; that they watched over him, and cheered him with their mild presence, through all the varied scenes of his chequered earthly life. How sanctifying to the heart of the noble

Patriot, was the precious thought, that the guardian and sainted spirit of that beloved father, to whom he scorned to tell a lie, was watching with infinite pleasure, the glorious progress and rising greatness of his illustrious son. How much happiness must have radiated the spirit-life of that parent, as he was enabled to witness the brilliant career of his son, and perceive the deep and ardent love of a grateful country poured upon him, by raising him to the highest pinnacle of Fame, to those distinctions, emoluments, and honors, which were the noblest tributes of veneration and respect which could be bestowed upon its bravest Champion and Defender! In the heat of battle, he felt the surrounding influences of angels, who were encouraging him, through their genial and soothing powers, in his path to Freedom. Though early deprived of the earthly companionship of a father, yet he never forgot his youthful teachings which that parent had deeply enthroned and engraved upon his memory; and he felt assured, that the congenial spirit of that beloved and endeared one was ever near him, and guided him through all the darkened passages of his mundane career. How grateful to a Father's heart, is the reflection, that his teachings and counsels are heeded by his posterity. Upon the immortal Temple of Fame, stands enrolled no fairer or brighter name than that of George Washington, the noble and illustrious son of Augustine and Mary Washington! A nation lives to call him Father and Founder; indeed, it is a beautiful and true saying, "that God rendered him illustrious, that a Nation might call him Father."

O! cherished will thy memory be,
By all who love the right;
The brave, the noble, and the free,
Will feel thy kindred light.
Throughout the world, thy brilliant star,
Will ever brightly shine;
Attracting nations from afar,
To bow at Freedom's shrine.

There were many lovely traits which adorned the character of Washington, - many, which will serve as glorious examples for all, and especially the young. He paid strict regard to the truth. A falsehood never escaped his lips. He early knew and felt, that lying lips were an abomination to the Lord. He was early taught to reverence the truth, and he was never known to depart from it. A pious and Christian mother instilled in his youthful the seeds of Truth, which took deep root, and yielded the fruits of righteousness. The beauty of this admirable trait shone with great splendor, in his younger years. All remember the beautiful incident of the Father and Son! How the youth scorned to tell a lie when his parent asked him if he was the one who had injured the favorite tree! Without fear of punishment or chastisement, he bravely told his father that he was the one, - seeking not to cover the act under the cowardly and sinful mask of deception and falsehood! He won the confidence of every one; and all relied upon his word. And as his noble spirit was about to ascend to the motherly bosom of its God, he could revert to the past scenes of his eventful life, and say, in the true sincerity of his heart: I was never guilty of uttering a lie! Punctual and honest in all his dealings with mankind, praying ever strict deference to Truth, he left a brilliant example for all to imitate. And may all pattern after the noble Washington! May all, like him, show fidelity to the Truth! - that, as the sun of earthly life is going down in the horizon, they can feel they are to transmit to the world an untarnished and spotless name and have engraved upon the Monuments of Memory a Fame free from falsehood or deception!

Though Washington possessed many noble attributes and virtues, yet he had his faults and imperfections. There are some who condemn the character of that good man, because he was a slaveholder. I truly appreciate the godlike efforts of that noble band of Reformers who are striving to build up on earth the cause of Humanity, - to hasten the time when the Liberty Bell would ring its welcome and grateful notes over a land consecrated to Freedom, to the Love of God and Man. And here, in this connection, let me say, that the Edifice of Freedom is being built upon a foundation as sure and firm as the Rock of Ages; one that cannot be moved

from its basis by the oppositions of the slaveholding power. Their endeavors to establish the Right among the children of men meet the cordial approval of these brilliant, effulgent minds, which glitter in our Heavenly Constellation, beside receiving the crowning favors and smiles of an Overruling and Omniscient Presence! I love to look from my Starry Heaven of Beauty and Truth upon these noble Representatives of Humanity, and watch the untiring perseverance which they manifest in their efforts to establish on earth Justice and Equality, - to sweep from Columbia the foulest blot which stains its fair escutcheon. And long after the framers and contrivers of iniquitous and oppressive measures shall have sunk in oblivion, their names rotted with their mortality, unwept, unsung, unhonored, the brilliant Stars of the noble martyrs of the Nineteenth Century will slowly and gracefully ascend the horizon, radiating the hearts of unborn millions with their heroic actions and deeds of humanity. And when the manacles and fetters of the oppressed beings now groaning in Southern bondage, shall fall from their limbs, and they shall breathe the fragrant air of Liberty, unstained with the miasma of Slavery, - achieved through the strong and mighty endeavors of their generous champions, - the names of these brave martyrs will be emblazoned on their Banners of Liberty, their memories stand enrolled on the pillars of Fame, as men who periled their lives and liberties, to espouse the cause of their down-trodden and oppressed fellow creatures!

To the noble soul of Washington, oppression, even in its mildest form, was repugnant and odious. He detested slavery in all its various phases, and took active measures to rid the Nation of this blighting curse, this insupportable barrier to its advancing prosperity and happiness. Often would he wander over his plantation, and witness, with a sorrowing heart, the condition of those men he called his slaves, and study how he might better their lot in life. He felt, that, to hold them as slaves, it was not consistent with the calling of a man, who was struggling for the freedom and independence of his country. He felt that all were entitled to the blessings of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Many were the tears he shed in their behalf. many were the means he revolved in his mind, by which he might give to them their freedom. He looked forward with joy to th

bright day when the Goddess of Liberty, from her pedestal, would admiringly gaze upon a Land free from chains and fetters; when the Star-Spangled Banner (Colored) would wave its graceful "Stars" over a Nation unpolluted by "Stripes," a Nation recognizing Eternal Brotherhood and Love, and a Heavenly Father, who is a No Respecter of Persons. And no brighter page gilds the lovely Book of Washington's transcendent Fame, than that one, on which are recorded those glorious deeds, which mark him as a man who was devoted to the Liberties of all, who felt, with those in bonds, as one bound with them. The brave Fathers of '76 felt and acknowledged the terrible sin of domestic slavery, and endeavored to expunge it from their midst, and hasten the time when its fœtid breath should no longer poison the sweet and fragrant air of Freedom, when its blighting mildew should be expunged from their dear native land, before the mild and genial rays of the dawning sun of Liberty. The patriotic and noble Drafter of the Declaration of Independence knew that one hour of domestic slavery was fraught with more misery and wretchedness, than many of those years of oppression and injustice which your Fathers rose in rebellion to oppose, - while the system was so detestable to and hateful to the generous and humane soul of good old Sam Adams, that he resolved no one should cross the threshold of his door, that (who) could not truly call themselves Freemen!

Then, would it not be a mark of charity, in that band of Reformers, who are struggling to break the manacles and fetters of the oppressed, and let these go free, to "bear and forbear" with Washington, in this particular point? Will they not take into consideration the barbarous and uncivilized age in which he lived, - the strong prejudices and opinions, which were current in his day, and which proved as insurmountable barriers to the glorious inception and dawn of that sound and healthy Humanity, which now finds a welcome place and response in the hearts of all who love Right and Equality! Will they not "forgive and forget" this one error in Washington's earthly life, and respect the memory of the man who achieved for them the Liberty, of which they are the happy recipients, and who opened a channel, through his example, for the emancipation of the slaves, - who fought in Freedom's noble cause, that the starred Flag of America might wave its graceful folds, and throw

the golden lustre of its brilliant Stars, over (every) Son and Daughter of Columbia, who could truly say, I'm free!

Would it not be well, then, to let the many virtues which adorned his character, and crowned his honorable life with beauty and love, surmount that one error and fault of his illustrious mundane career? I feel that the just, and humane, and charitable portion of the intelligent community, will overlook and forgive that one fault of the man, who, at his death, restored his slaves to the full enjoyments of the inestimable blessings of freedom, rather than to have them pass into the hands of cruel and tyrannical taskmasters, and have his gentle spirit pained by beholding them endure the more horrid phases of oppression and injustice. Many probably will think that it was no (mark of) virtue in Washington to free his servants, - I despise the name of slaves, - when they could no longer be subjected to his control; but I admire the noble prompting of Humanity which glowed in his breast, at that time, - even though it was at the eleventh hour, - as his beautifully developing spirit was unfolding into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God! I appreciate and love him for it; and think all will do the same. How many are there, situated, at the present day, as he was, would go and do likewise?

Let the friends of Humanity, however, feel assured, that, had Washington's earthly life been spared to the present moment, there would not have been found a braver or nobler Champion of Human Rights, Freedom, and Equality, than himself. A firmer or more eloquent plea would not have ascended the Throne of the Eternal Father, in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden American Slave, than (the one) he would have willingly offered up. By the side of the illustrious descendant of Josiah Quincy, the Patriot, would he have labored, and his voice would have mingled with his, calling upon the Men of the Nation, to uproot from that Constitution, which is considered to embody the paramount Laws of the United States, - every thing which empowers them to enslave their fellow-creatures, - to hold in bondage those whom were designed by God to be free and equal with them. He would not have regarded the popular prejudices and opinions of the day, but would have battled earnestly and manfully on the side of Free-

down, with the sword of Justice in one hand, and the paramount Law of God in the other. No brighter star would crowned Humanity's Constellation, than that of George Washington's!

Had he lived till the present time, the sickly, slimy folds of the detestable Fugitive Slave Bill, and the more modern Kansas and Nebraska Act, would not have dared to wound themselves around the dear form of Liberty, to insult the freedom of the country, and poison with their virus the perfumed air of these broad lands, devoted by the Fathers of 1820 to liberty and freedom. But upon this point I shall speak more fully in another letter. I trust that all will strive to emulate the many virtues of which were exemplified in the life and character of Washington, keeping ingrateful remembrance his many noble qualities and deeds, and obliterating from memory his few faults and imperfections.

His beautiful spirit looks down from the Morning Land of Beauty, radiant with the Love of God and Man, upon a land still beloved and endeared to him. He enjoins upon its rulers, to love Justice, Mercy, and Equality, - to hate oppression and slavery in all their forms. Mighty nations have fell from their imperial grandeur, when they had attained their summit of wickedness. Let not such a fate fall upon America! Let Washington's hatred of oppression be an incentive for all to strive to make America a model Republic, - a Nation of Freedom and Humanity! Let his bright example animate the hearts of all mankind, inciting them to glorious deeds of Purity and Love!

The faults of Washington forgive,
His errors all forget;
His virtues in the heart let live,
Until Time's sun shall set.
O let his fair and honored name,
Be treasured deep by all;
And may the mantle of his fame
Upon his country fall.

From his unclouded sphere above,
He watches o'er mankind;
Reflects, from his bright home of love,
The glories of his mind;
The lovely land, in which he fought; -
The land where brave men fell;
Where noble blood was dearly bought,
That Freedom there might dwell; -

He guards with jealous, anxious eye,
Its progress and its rise;
Looks on it from his starry sky,
With love which never dies;
Impressing on the hearts of those,
Who guide the Ship of State,
That to all wrong they must be foes,
To be both good and great.

May all the rulers of your land
Cleave to the just and right;
May they, with sincere heart and hand,
Engage in Freedom's fight;
And may they labor for the slave,
Sustain Columbia's fame;
That on the banners of the brave,
May shine its stainless name.

I loved Washington. His name and memory was dear unto my heart. I treasured the many incidents of his earthly life, and grasped eagerly at everything which would give me an insight into the lovely character of that good man.

And O! how often have I wished, when an inhabitant of your earth, that my spirit might unfold into its higher life on that anniversary of that day, which gave birth to the ever-to-be-revered and immortal George Washington!

For a few days before my soul bade farewell to its aged casket, I felt strongly impressed that the tide of life was ebbing fast away, - that I should soon be released from the post of duty in the National Legislature below, to become a member of that glorious Congress of Spirits above, where are found many fearless Representatives of Truth, Love, and Justice, and where the veto power is ever exercised to denounce all sin, error, and tyranny, and everything which conflicts with the eternal principles of the Harmonial Brotherhood! A monitor within spoke to my soul, and bid it prepare for that nobler world above, to labor with the beautiful inhabitants which dwell in beauty there, in their work of love and Righteousness.

A gentle Monitor of Love,
Sweetly bade me to prepare,
For my glorious home above, -
To live with angels fair;
To dwell with them in a bright sphere,
Where sin doth never come;
Where father, mother, children dear,
Enjoyed a heav'nly home.

I longed for that effulgent day,
When I should dwell above,
With those who had been called away
To a bright world of love;
To chant with them eternal lays,
To Him who lives on high;
To sing with them sweet songs of praise
In their fair, starry sky.

At length, the joyful hour did come
When I was called away,
To live in a resplendent home, -
A never-ending day.
In Legislative Halls I fell,
And entered my New Birth;
Forevermore in Heav'n to dwell,
With those I loved on earth.

Parents, children, and friends most dear,
Took me kindly by th' hand,
And welcomed me to their bright sphere,
To their celestial band; -
To unite them in the cause of Right;
Mankind from sin to free;
To labor in the work of light,
In an Eternity.

And O! what unbounded pleasure pervaded my spirit on meeting with those loved ones, gone before me to the joys of the upper world! How much happiness permeated my soul on meeting in Heaven father, mother, children, and other dear friends.

Dear loved ones, who had "gone before,"
Left friends on earth most dear,
Greeted me on Canaan's shore,
With words of joy and cheer;
They bade me welcome to their home,
To dwell with them above,
Where sin nor pain doth never come,
To mar their Heav'n of love.

O! many bright and glowing minds
Fill our seraphic land,—
Their holy light resplendent shines
Upon the hearts of man.
It weans their thoughts from things of earth
Prepares them for that world,
Where in a fairer, brighter birth,
Their spirits will unfold.

But I am diverging from my subject. I will now give you my greeting in the world of spirits. The unfolding of the principles of my immortal spirit occupied, I should judge, about two hours of your earthly time. During its development into the higher life, I was conscious of my beautiful transformation from corporeal to heavenly things. After my spirit had thoroughly divested itself of its dazzling envelopment, and I could easily inspire the fragrant atmosphere of the Spiritual Country, I still perceived that I could still discern, through my newly unfolded vision, the objects pertaining to earth. I could gaze upon the aged and worn out casket, which had subserved its holiest purpose—to perfect and refine the jewel, to adorn the diadem of Heaven. I heard eulogies pronounced over the lifeless remains,—many fulsome,—a few, impartial. I saw the Nation shrouded in black,—the Halls of Legislation decked in the symbols of mourning, while the thunder of the cannon would echo its eloquence over the hills and valleys of the American Republic. I saw Massachusetts take the inanimate clay to repose by the slumbering mortality of father and mother, and to mingle its dust with the soil of my dear New England Home! I saw many honest tears course down the cheeks of those loved ones connected to me by the strongest ties of consanguinity, as they committed the dust of a Father and Friend to its native element, to commingle with the sacred earth of dear and honored Quincy!

But I hurried away from these things, to behold the untold beauties which had dawned upon my newly awakened vision. It was about ten minutes after the formation of the spirit, I should judge, before I beheld a single inhabitant of the Eden country. But

I was not destined to wait long. So far as my spiritual eye was capable of extending itself, I perceived a small, luminous body,—like a moving cloud, in a hot sultry day, when the rays of the sun were thrown upon it,—approaching me. When were being revealed to my spirit-mind the glowing beauties attendant upon the greeting of an immortal into the ineffable joys of the spirit land. Slowly and gracefully did that beautiful barque of celestial, beatified life, glide along on the shining Lake of Immortality, to welcome a new arrival to its shores of Truth and Love. Nearer and nearer did it approach me. My enchanted soul was completely absorbed enchanted in the wondrous and sublime spectacle presented to my enraptured spiritual vision. Following that magnificent River of Immortal Life, I could perceive brilliant scintillations of light casting around a halo of glory, while the resplendent coruscations which emanated from it, illuminated and radiated the whole spirit-land with their effulgent power and lustre. Now it is near enough to me to distinguish the millions of souls which were riding upon its glorified surface. The scene is now one of such surpassing brilliancy, that it dazzles my whole interior being. The flowing of that tide of life had now ceased. Out of that band of beatified immortals, appeared two glorious forms, followed by others not less beautiful. They drew nearer and nearer unto me. A few moments more, and the soul of John Quincy Adams was ushered into the glorious embrace of a spirit-father and mother, and other dear ones, who had long ago passed from earth into Eternal Life. The first greeting was by my sainted mother, which is related in the earlier portions of these letters. Then my beloved father welcomed me to the realms of Immortal Glory and Love, took me kindly by the hand, and in the presence of the beatified angels of Paradise, dedicated me to the eternal service of Heaven. "My son," he said, "welcome to thy new sphere of duty; welcome to thy brighter, higher life; welcome to our glorious Bowers of Eden, to labor in a more elevated sphere than that which characterised thee on earth. With us will you labor to overthrow all sin and error, and establish, among the children of men, Harmonial Unity and Truth. Welcome, thrice welcome, immortal spirit of my noble son, to the ineffable delights of our Progressive Heaven, to enjoy with us the glories of our Summer Land. Here upon the glittering scroll of Eternal Life is written our Declaration of Inde-

pendence, which advocates Freedom of Thought, Discussion, Freedom, both in body and mind. It, also, promulgates principles consonant with Love and Harmony, recognizes the glorious Fatherhood of God and the Unity of the Whole Human Race. May you ever, my son, be a fearless champion of its Godlike precepts, a faithful Representative of its lovely and divine teachings, - that your may, through a pure and highly-cultivated spirit life, approach nearer and nearer the Brilliant Throne of the Sun of Righteousness! But there is another resplendent scene which is about to dawn upon your newly-unfolded Being!"

On looking upward, I beheld the beautiful River, which had borne such a mighty host of immortals upon its surface, separate, so as to leave form two distinct sides or lines, with a perfect channel running through the centre. In the far distance, upon this road, I perfect descried another body of celestials approaching me. And O! if the other one was marked, in its career, with great grandeur and sublimity, how much more transcendently beautiful was this one! The beautiful Bow of Promise, set in the clouds, reflecting its prismatic colors on the beating hearts of millions, was naught compared to this. In its triumphant march, it bore along with it the fragrant odors from the flowery realms. The whole atmosphere was filled with the aroma wafted to us from the upper spheres.

Like the other, that magnificent River of Immortality ceased flowing when it arrived to a certain point. Then, from off its sparkling surface, glided many brilliant forms, clothed in vestments of lily-white Purity. My attention was, however, attracted to two personages, who were rapidly approaching me, and who were dressed, not like the others, but in full military costume similar to those worn by the soldiers during the Revolutionary War. I was surprised at this, but did not demand an explanation at that time, for my soul was too much absorbed in the glorious splendor of the enchanting scene presented to my enraptured vision, to indulge in any interrogatories. They were not, however, near enough, for me to recognize their features. I now perceived that they had ceased approaching me, and appeared to be closely engaged in conversation. Presently, I saw them separate, one coming towards me, the other remaining where the approaching spirit had left him. The most profound silence reigned throughout the Spirit-home, save

the gentle vibrations from golden harps, which wafted upon the air the sweetest strains of music I ever heard. Soon that beatified angel was by my side, and I immediately recognised in his form and features a well-known and beloved friend! O! the ineffable delights and joys, which accompanied that resplendent recognition! O! the innumerable host of memories which it conjured up, and brought to mind many glorious incidents which became of the "Still Living Past!" And will not all, who read this portion of this letter, participate with me, in my happiness, - will not their hearts thrill with unutterable joy, when I state, that that glorified personage, which thus met and welcomed me, was none other than the noble, the brave, the chivalric spirit of Gilbert Motier de Lafayette!?

Yes, I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of again grasping the hand of that brave and good man, who, filled with the generous impulses of an honest heart and conscience, left his dear native land, and crossed the mighty waters, to assist a struggling infant-Nation to gain its freedom and independence, just as the Star of Liberty was ascending the horizon, and which afterwards shone with such ethereal splendor over the plains of Concord and Lexington, and the heights of Bunker Hill! Glad indeed was I once more to embrace the living form of that man, who peilled his earthly life, his fortunes, his all, for the welfare and prosperity of a land, which was striving to gain the inalienable rights "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

But hear Lafayette's cordial welcome. Taking me by the hand, in a sweet and musical strain, commenced addressing me in the following language: "My beloved friend and brother: It gives me unspeakable pleasure to welcome you in your native birth-to this glorious abode of angels. You have earned for yourself a brilliant earthly fame, - one which can never be taken from you. It will descend far into future generations. No earthly power can erase from the pages of that lovely fame the glowing deeds which stand recorded there, and which crowned an honorable mundane life. Parents will teach their children and children's children to emulate thy many virtues, and keep in grateful remembrance the noble memories which adorn and cluster round the honored earthly name of John Quincy Adams! If the inward convictions, that you have performed your duties faithfully and well on earth, and that your virtues are cherished by a free

and affectionate people, brings with them a happy reward, how much greater, must your feel, is to be your recompence here, in the Eternal World, where you are to be crowned with a resplendent Immortality!

"Doubly pleasant is this greeting to me, my brother, from the most of lovely memories which now throng my spirit-mind. It flows back to those days when I trod the scenes of earthly life: They are very pleasant to me. You well remember, when you held the dignified office of Secretary of the United States, that an invitation was extended to me, through the voices of the Nation's Representatives, and in fact, of the people of the Federal Government, to visit once more the country in whose cause I early enlisted. I accepted it, and became, to use the sweetest phrase at that time employed, the Nation's Guest. After having visited several memorable places, - the dearest one of which to me was the hallowed spot where slumbered all that could die of Washington, and his noble mother, I retired from the soil of America, from its pleasant associations and connections, which had become deeply interwoven into every fibre of my human existence, - never more to visit them in the earthly form. A few years rolled away, and the spirit of Lafayette bade farewell to the casket, and soared upward to realms of Eternal Beauty, to again labor by the side of that noble band of men, whose glorious deeds of heroic chivalry shine so conspicuously in the annals of Fame, - men who dared to resist the tyranny of despotic monarchs, to serve faithfully the noblest impulses of their souls, - to serve their God and Humanity. Yes, my Brother, I was again to mingle in that glorified company of brave men, whose noble earthly names stand enrolled on the immortal Declaration of Independence, which declares "all men are created free and equal," and whose lives and purposes below were so completely threaded together, as to form one beautiful harmonious whole.

"And now, my brother, in behalf of the glorified millions of this celestial Paradise, do I accord to you a cheerful welcome. By the side of the exalted spirits of thy father and mother will thou labor, besides receiving the numerous congratulations and fervent wishes of the heavenly hosts, that your

progressive spirit-life may be as glorious and beautiful, as your earthly one was marked with great grandeur and sublimity! May the elements of your eternal being fast unfold in heavenly beauty and love, the intuitive principles of your immortal soul rapidly develope in progressive Purity and Goodness, that you may be enabled to attain those high, harmonious spheres, which all intelligent spirits are striving to gain, where dwell many resplendent celestials, the light of whose brilliant minds once illuminated a benighted world, - the brightest of which in that glorious galaxy is the effulgent spirit of the Immaculate Jesus of Nazareth! We are all cultivating our spiritual natures, that we may become inhabitants in those happy circles. May the lofty aspirations of your gifted spirit-mind forever soar to the Throne of Infinite Goodness, and your labors be for the common good of all. But I will not attempt to describe to you the glories of your mission, for illustrations will be presented to your spiritual vision, which will be more potent than any language which I might employ. And once more, I bid you, in behalf of this mighty Congress of Spirits, a hearty and sincere welcome. And from in my farewell address to you, as I was about to leave the shores of America, I will extract a single sentence, to give force and weight to my welcome, which is, - "I clasp with the warm and cordial outpourings of my overflowing heart. Its "throbs" will ever be for your eternal happiness and progression. Such is the true and honest welcome of your faithful friend, who rejoices now in no empty titles or high sounding names, but simply de Lafayette!

O! welcome, Brother, to our band,
Of Beauty, truth, and love;
Welcome to our glorious band,
Of angels here above;
That Happiness may crown your life,
And deck your spirit fair;
Engage your soul in noble strife, -
Will be my earnest prayer."

This beautiful reception was listened to with profound attention and admiration by these glorified beings who encircled the radiant spirit of Lafayette, and who accompanied him in his beatified passage on the River of Life. My exultant soul was so filled with joy on again greeting this valued friend, that some time elapsed before I could reply to his beautiful and appropriate address. At length, heavenly strength and power was imparted to me, and the following impressions were implanted on my mind:— My much esteemed and revered brother: Language is inadequate to describe the joy which penetrates my eternal soul on meeting once more with you,—the pleasure which I now experience in again grasping the hand of one, whose earthly destiny was so beautifully engrafted into the history of that country which my spirit has so recently departed. Glorious is this meeting to me, from the brilliant memories which it brings to mind. I well remember the farewell address breathed forth from your departure from by me to count the brave shores of America,— the land in which you so bravely fought, that Freedom there might dwell. The rolling tears which coursed down the cheeks of both were more eloquent than language, at that joyous reception. Wherever you went, the devotion and gratitude of a grateful people was evidenced to your mind,— your valorous deeds and exploits vibrated on every tongue, while from the deep fountains of the human heart would emanate the soft deep swellings of a fervent love for America's noble Benefactor, and on the banner of memory would be emblazoned the glorious couplet of names,— Washington and Lafayette!

There is a marked significance, my brother, in this reception. In the capacity of President of the United States, I was empowered with the high privilege of welcoming you, in behalf of the Nation, & that land where you labored by the side of Washington, and fought with him the glorious fight of Freedom. I grasped thy honest hand, and reverenced, in my mind, the many times it had been raised to crush despotism and monarchy, and to defend the liberties of a down-trodden and oppressed land, which had enlisted your warmest and deepest sympathies. In my farewell address to you, I said, in behalf of the whole united people, "We shall indulge the pleasant anticipation of again beholding our friend." One now enjoys the glorious realization of that blessed hope. The hand which once grasped thine to accord thee a final adieu to the land of the brave," again grasps it, to receive, on return, a glorified greeting on the shores of Infinite Being, from its professor, Gilbert Motier de Lafayette! And may I feel my worthiness of the noble tributes you have seen fit to pay to my character. May all the good which adorned my earthly life be exemplified in my spiritual being, and all my errors immolated by the refining process through which I have been called to pass. My labors shall still be for "God and Humanity."

And here, feeling the divine workings of the Holy Spirit moving within my whole interior being, my lips uttered a blest invocation: O thou Eternal One! whose mighty Spirit fills immensity, and radiates the immortal world with its holy power and lustre, I thank thee that thou hast freed my soul from a life of contention and sorrow, and caused it to awaken amidst supernal joys and delights, to greet many dear and valued friends, who have long adorned thy golden diadem of love. O! let all my sins be forgiven, and buried with the mortality which once enclosed my now disenthralled spirit: Give me strength and fortitude to perform the holy mission which has so beautifully been depicted to me,— to do thy sovereign will. Imbue my immortality with the spirit of thy Fatherly love, and enable me to faithfully discharge the high duties incumbent upon me,— to raise the human soul from the mire of degradation and sin, and fill and animate it with light from thy loving Divinity! Grant unto me the holy ministration of comforting those who have bade adieu to loved ones, by convincing them, through spiritual communion, of their immortal nearness,— that they have gone but a little while before them to a happier and brighter world, to prepare a place in thy heavenly kingdom for those they have left behind on the mundane sphere, whither they have led the way. And O! Father of Love, may my spiritual nature rapidly develop in Purity and Goodness, through a pure, ethereal existence, that I may ascend the "Spiral Staircase" of thy heavenly kingdom, which leadeth unto the Gates of Perfection, and thy Eternal Throne! And has

ven, Almighty Dispenser of Good, that blissful period, when the gates of Paradise shall be opened to man, and its glorious beauties unfolded to his mental capacities; when shall flow on the heavenly telegraph of wisdom bright emanations of truth, to spiritualise his unlettered and erring nature; when the mourner shall be comforted by endearing and convincing messages from the loved departed; when the infidel shall endorse the immortality of the soul, by holding direct communication with the interior world, which shall appeal to his reasoning powers and faculties, and not to his outward senses; and finally, Father, when Heaven shall be wedded to Earth, and the light of angels illuminate the souls of all, uprooting from them all sin and error, and making the whole world a celestial Paradise of Beauty and Love. And I would invoke thy divine blessing to rest upon that Nation, whose service I have so recently departed. Fill the hearts of its rulers with the humanities of thyself, and cause them to feel, that, without thy Love dwelling in their souls, it will be hard for them to enter thy kingdom. Eradicate from its government all wrong and grievous sins, and above all, its foulest stain, - Slavery. Hasten the time which shall know it no more: when thy mighty Law of Love shall be recognized by the whole Human Race, - when all shall embrace one common Brotherhood and Universal Christianity, - sitting under their own fig tree and vine, with none to molest, none to make afraid. Then will thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven: Thy children will be filled with the light of thy countenance, - their natures will be etherealized by the all-permeating influences of thy Holy Spirit, - and they will worship thee in spirit and truth, who art the God of Nature, the Well-Spring of Truth, the Animating Spirit of Life Immortal. Amen.

The moment I ceased uttering my humble Invocation, sweet strains of heavenly music, full of Harmony and Love, were wafted to me through the balmy Eden air, which plainly impressed me with the near presence of other brilliant immortals. The first, which approached me, I did not recognise; but Lafayette, who was my Instructor on this occasion, told me it was one, spirit-

who won a high-sounding earthly name, through brilliant warlike deeds and achievements, but whose closing days were spent in lonely exile upon the barren island of St. Helena, where no sound greeted his ears, save the wild dashing of the billows as they echoed their noisy dogmas over the sands of his solitary home: It was none other than the immortal Spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte! I gazed with pride and exultation upon his receding form, - which was now passing from me, - and reviewed, in my mind, his many brave and noble deeds. Whatever personal ambitions he may have sought for, yet I cannot but feel, but what, at the foundations of these all, there laid the glory and honor of his beloved France! But he is again approaching, one, but not alone. By his side is a beautiful spirit, upon whose lofty brow is enthroned all the lovely graces of a true woman, - whose gifted mind blends with his in sweet Harmony and Love. The nobleness of her soul is read in every feature of her beauteous spirit-form. It is Napoleon's beloved and tender-hearted Josephine! Separation is known no more to them. Party dissemblings reaches not them now, to break that beautiful unity of soul which crowns their harmonized spirit-life! Mundable aspirations cannot divorce that tie of Love which unites soul with soul in their glorified existence.

Many other resplendent forms flitted before my opening vision, some known and others unknown to me, - but each one crowned with the golden tiara of Immortal Truth and Love. But the appearance of two personages attracted my close and earnest attention. My Instructor informed me, that they are two who were antagonistic to one another in the earlier portions of their spirit-life, - arising, I believe, from some disputed earthly right or title. But through the genials influences of their exalted environments, and the salutary instructions of high and ennobling intelligences, their spiritual natures have become harmonized and united. They have been indwellers, I am informed, in the Progressive Spheres, some five or three centuries. They have done much good for mankind, made important discoveries and explorations in the mundane world, and opened mighty

channels of navigation to a then unknown country, but now peopled with vast concourse of civilised and industrial life, who bless the daring spirits of the men, who crossed the broad and trackless ocean, to plant the first germs of freedom and civilisation upon a rude and barren soil, to be transmitted to unborn generations. Look, my brother, and you will perceive the frames they bore when they trod the scenes of mortal existence." I gazed upon them, and on the tablets of their minds, I found engraved the earthly titles, — Christopher Columbus and American Vespucius!

And here, Mr. Brigham, is another instance of Spirit power, guidance, and direction. What, but the angels from on high, could have fortified and strengthened the heart of the brave Columbus against all perils and obstacles, and enabled him, and his intrepid crew, in the dark ages of inferior navigation, to cross the vasty deep, to fathom and explore the hidden recesses and mysteries of that extensive, but unknown world, which laid beyond the roaring billows of the mighty Atlantic? What, but the all-conquering influences of spiritual agencies could have disarmed him of all fears of an unsuccessful expedition, and encouraged him with hopes and hopes of a triumphant passage to undiscovered realms beyond the dark blue waters? What daring promptings could have influenced that noble Spirit of the Age to leave the shores of the Old World, and launch upon the briny wave to seek new lands, — the existence of which was based on mere hope, — what, I say, could have thus roused him to action, but the beautiful inflowings of spiritual protection and guidance, which were urging him on to that decisive and important step! How strongly and beautifully illustrative of Angelic Ministration, is that sublime instance. That heroic soul despaired not, for he felt that the presence of higher powers was with him, speaking unto his soul heart encouragement and cheer! When far away from scenes he loved, with nothing around him but the wild upheaving ocean, threatening every moment to engulph his frail and humble barque, the Spirit of Love, from the Lake of Immortality, would waft the sunset recesses of his being with brilliant and cheering hopes! When the

hearts of his crew became turbulent and despairing, the still small voice of Him, who rides on the winds of Eternity, would whisper, forgiven words of consolation, while his ministering, willing agents, would waft its heavenly echo, "Peace, be still!"

The fact cannot be disputed, that guardian angels have controlled and watched the destinies of mankind, from time immemorial. The instance, which I have just related, is not the only one which stands recorded on the great calendar of the Past; numerous others might be cited, to prove and strengthen the faith in immortal and superior intelligences have ever guided and swayed the world with their heaven-born influences and powers; and in the course of these letters, I shall more fully prove and verify this important fact. No new principle in the Arts and Sciences, or in true Christianity, has ever sprung into active existence, but what might be traced to the interposition of overruling powers, — those heavenly and faithful Representatives of Love and Truth, employed by the All-Animating Spirit of the Universe, to subserve his wise and holy ends. But the hearts of mankind have been so strongly cemented to corporeal things, as to shut out from their recesses the inflowings of the radiant beings of this Land of Beauty, who have long yearned to speak to them from their Spirit-Life! The immortal soul has been so powerfully barricaded in the Fortress of Public Opinion, Sectarianism, Popularity, Superstition, and above all, a false and unhealthy Education, that the beautiful powers and influx of the ministering ones of Heaven have been unable to reach it with their inborn love, to cause it to overleap the barriers which bind and fetter it, and stand upon the mighty Forthold of Everlasting Light and Truth! Man has studied and endorsed the material, — and rejected the spiritual. He lays up for himself treasures upon earth, to gratify the cravings of a transitory mundane life, where moth and rust corrupts, and thieves break through and steal; but gives no heed to the hoarding up of those imperishable treasures of Heaven, which bring with them the sure reward of Eternal Life, and unalloyed Happiness.

The so-called Salem Witchcraft furnishes a vivid example of the attempts of Spirits to manifest their presence to earth's children. So zealous and earnest were they to convince a benighted world of the glorious state of the soul after it had passed beyond the confines of mundanity, that they did not foresee the lamentable results which would ensue from their holy desires and loving wishes. They soon perceived, however, that the souls of man were not ripe enough to feast of the golden fruit from the Tree of Life Eternal. They analyzed the human heart, and found that the flowers of Infinite Love bloomed not there, - but that the whole interior nature was cankered by an unnatural and perverse education. And gladly did they wait till the dawn of that blissful period, when man's nature would be elevated above all prejudice, and they be enabled to bring to him their peace and love-offerings from the overflowing harvest of God, to render fragrant his life below. Ardently did they labor to purify the elements of his being, to impress him with lovely thoughts, and prepare his untutored soul for that brilliant day, when the veil, which shrouded the "Mystic Land" in darkness, should be drawn aside, and its untold delights and beauties be unfolded to his thirsting Spirit. Nobly did they set about their laborious task. Those loving hearts knew no discouragements or failures. Intent on doing their Master's will, - zealous to wed Humanity to the Spirit-Life, - earnest to educate man in the principles of his Progressive Soul, their heavenly natures covered not before obstacles and disparagements. - Thus slowly, but surely, were the minds of earth's children being impressed and prepared for those glorious revealments, spoken of in the Bible, when the gates of the heavenly city should be opened to the "shrouded soul of earth," and it shall penetrate the sublime realities of a translucent Infinity, and fathom the sparkling depths of the Ocean of Immortality. The Star of Truth, which guided the wise men to worship at the shrine of its infant germ, still brightly shines in the firmament above, to lead the soul from the ways of error, unto realms of Eternal Glory and Bliss. Around that resplendent Central Orb, revolve many brilliant Representatives, which derive aliment and lustre from its imparting

power. Its light will never quench or dim, but brighter shine unto the perfect day, until all shall feel its heavenly influence, infusing itself into their being. No opposition or prejudice will darken the glory of that beaming Star. The controlling agents of Spirits may be persecuted and reviled, "hung as witches," yet that crowning Light will unfading gleam, until all shall acknowledge the truth, as revealed through the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth!

The crowning Star of Love and Truth,
Will brilliant ever shine;
To warm with life our "Sunny South,-
With Purity divine.
Its golden light will fall on man,
Illume with joy each hour;
Attract his soul to Eden's land,
To deck our heavenly bower.

I have wandered somewhat from the history of my reception and meeting with the brave and faithful, to give weight and support to my subject, through illustrative arguments. I will now return to it. But before I proceed, I must state, that readers of these letters must not be surprised if, in my dictations, I seem to assume the present tense instead of the past. There is no Past in Eternity, it is all a glorious Present.

After having been cordially received by the beautiful spirits of Columbus and Vespucius, they stationed themselves among the goodly number who had crowned me with their sincere congratulations and welcomes. Another radiant being is now approaching me, - the light of love and Purity radiating its noble brow. How majestic and commanding is his figure! The glories of his mind reflect their brilliant scintillations on surrounding hearts, and fill them with angelic power. The noblest instincts of a generous soul beams forth in every outline of his celestial countenance. The glorious Orb of Earth, throwing its strong light on

a mirror, reflects its radiance on surrounding objects. To dive that bright Dirt of Truth, embodied in the effulgent form of a beautiful spirit, illuminate the souls of all with the resplendent corruscations which emitted from its mirror-mind. It approaches nearer unto me. It comes not decked in a garb of many of the immortal forms encircling me, but attired simply and unostentatiously. It wore the British uniform, - a dress identical to its life on earth, when it trod the bloodstained scenes of the battle-field, and heard the thunder of the booming cannon, as it carried along the groans and shrieks of the dying soldier. The war-plains have resounded with his deeds of valor. But ah! the closing lines of his earthly existence were darkened by many scenes of woe. His departure was ignoble. His name has dwelt on many a tongue in sorrow and pity, and yet, in admiration and praise of his noble and brave qualities, and his commanding, matchless eloquence. He is now by my side. He grasps my hand. Our souls commingle together, and we become brothers in spirit. His exalted and gifted mind now echoes the following beautiful language:

"Brave and noble Champion of Human Rights: My exultant soul rejoices in this meeting of thy exalted spirit. Though thou wast not known to me in the earthly life, yet that beautiful tie of affinity, which has attracted so many of the first and faithful of our Heaven to you, draws my soul to commingle with thine in a glorious unison. Thou wast young in years when my mortal put on immortality. The bud of your beautiful childhood was just opening its fragrant petals into a harmonized manhood, when my spirit was called away from the scenes of active strife and contention below, to mingle in the delights of the better country. You well know the closing denouement of my mundane existence. You have shed for me a sympathizing tear, - for one who meant no harm - who endeavored to prove himself loyal to his country, - though it might be wrong you have felt, with many others, that I deserved a better fate. The only boon I asked, was denied, - to die a soldier's death! I craved not life, or worldly distinctions. I desired to die the death of the righteous, - as becometh an honorable and upright Man.

I have witnessed, with pride and exultation, your glorious earthly career. You have stormed, nobly, the citadel of oppression, and shown to the world a brilliant sample of a fearless Man. The threats of an unrighteous people did not cause you to cringe from your noble endeavors. Midnight councils and midnight assassinations startled you not. You feared your God, and strove to serve Him. Humanity and Progress were ever your watchwords and mottos. You enlisted under their banners, and contended bravely against their enemies. The down-trodden and oppressed ever found in you a friend. In private or in forum, your voice was ever ready to engage, in noble strife, in the dearest cause which can enlist the heart of man, Liberty! When the Star of Freedom darkened and grew dim, and heavy clouds obscured its lucid sky, all eyes were centred to one brilliant mind which glittered in the Galaxy of Humanity, to restore it to its pristine light and glory; - and that one was yourself, - John Quincy Adams, - rightly, appropriately, and nobly named, - the "Old Man Eloquent."

"The noisy dissensions of an earthly Congress are forever o'er you. Your voice is no longer heard, in lofty strains of exalted eloquence, pleading the Cause of Humanity. A solemn stillness reigns in the Lower world, because of the departure of thy noble spirit from its earthly tenement, to a better land. A glorious Star has now faded from earth's Constellation. All feel its light, and acknowledge its effulgent power. Party men, who would have turned and broke thy exalted spirit, now suspend hostilities, and let fall a silent tear over the inanimate casket resting beneath the Nation's Capitol, - unwilling to pluck a single gem from the fadeless diadem, which wreathes its noble brow. Loaded with earthly honors, your aspiring soul broke from its enthrallment, and soared away to mingle in the society of the Blessed, to be crowned with a nobler crown than earth can furnish, - the Diadem of Immortality and Eternal Love. Appropriate time was it for thy spirit to develop and unfold itself into Eternity, - so soon after the anniversary of that memorable day, which gave to mortals and immortals a Washington! Fitting place, also, for thy brave soul, to flee its trials, - in the National Hall, where thy mind and voice had so often echoed their grateful sentiments, - their

deep-toned, thundering eloquence. All equipped and harnessed for the Battle of Right thy immortal nature was elevated to its holier existence, to watch and inspire the hearts of man with glorious truths and revealments.

"Though an indweller in the higher spheres, yet thy soul will not be insensible to the delights and pleasures of the world below. The associations which twined around your earthly memory will lose none of their vernal beauties, now that you are an inhabitant of the Celestial Country. Your mind will still range and explore the sublime unfoldings of the works of Nature, will trace, in its wondrous laws of wisdom, the mighty handiwork of an Omnipresent Being, and discern, with greater glory and splendor, the developing germs of the Flowers of Harmony and Progression. Your soul will bathe in all Elysian pleasures, which crowned your life on earth, now quickened and vitalized, by the refining process, through which your has been called to pass. Your spirit will wander up the broad aisle of that Church, where you have been accustomed to worship in the earthly existence, and greet those familiar friends, who affections twined, in holy communion, around your heart; like the vine unto the parent stem. You will still hear words of wisdom flowing from the lips of your former Pastor, and peradventure, be enabled to impress him of your ever-living presence.

"Nor will the musical strains of your eloquent voice be silenced. To be sure, they will not be heard through the medium of an aged Body; but as time rolls on, and the souls of man become ripe for the glorious advent of Spirit Emanations, your voice, through human organisms, will utter forth its heavenly notes, drawing all hearts unto you, blending them, in holy and Christian unison. The "still, small voice" will also be heard in the Halls of Legislation, where a large portion of your valuable life was spent. It will speak, and plead for your oppressed Brother in chains, and fill the hearts of the National Representatives with the Love of God, Mercy, and Justice. Its silvery tones will impress them with tender admonitions, - teach them to Love righteousness, and hate wickedness. Your voice which could not be hush-

ed on earth, will never be silenced in Heaven, but reverberate unto man, in grateful echoes, the same notes of joyous acclamation, which characterized it below. Thus will it ever be. Your immortal soul will permeate all those lovely delights, to which it was attached, when shrouded in the clayey casket. It will roam, at pleasure, over all those scenes and localities, where it first received the rudiments of Immortal glory and Eternal Fame.

"The cultivation of the powers of thy spirit on earth has acquired for thee a sphere proportionate to its development. With the glorified of Heaven will your unfolded soul wander, traversing, as its beautiful principles become developed into its New Birth, all those magnificent series of harmonies and progress which leadeth its aspiring nature to realms of Perfection and Infinite Goodness. The same graces which adorned thy resplendent life below, will be evidenced here in all their native splendor and glory. The active powers of thy effulgent mind will still throw their glorious rays upon the human heart, and lighten, with their reflective brilliancy, the unlearned and fettered soul. And may that golden diadem of Immortality which decks thy lofty brow, increase in splendor and power, as the transcendent gems of Truth and Love become engrafted in it. Thus onward will your enraptured soul progress, knowing no retrogression or sorrow, ever ranging the boundless expanse of Eternity, and penetrating the sublime realities of the "Omnipresent Future." Where the sorrows and distresses of thy fellowcreatures attract thy Heaven-born sympathies, no matter how far distant in the Eternal Realms thou mayst be from them, upon the exercise of the volatile powers of thy independent will, in a second's time thou will be with them, to bind up the afflicted heart with the healing balm of Spirit Consolation.

"And now I will draw my greeting to a close. O! may your bright spirit be filled with kindred affections and heavenly affinities! May your glorious soul imbibe all the crowning beauties of this celestial Paradise! And as you roam through the Seraph Spheres of our Star-Constellated Sky, may your keen beautiful penetrating Eyes which govern them, that you may be enabled to educate the souls of man on their lovely principles, when spirit-communion shall dawn

upon the mundane world, to bless its inmates with innovating truths and influences. May the Holy Spirit of the Almighty Father shine upon your awakened soul, and his heavenly love crown your unfolded, celestial Birth!"

And here, the beautiful spirit of John Ander[illegible], for all must have recognized him ere this, ceased speaking to me, and seemed to be waiting for a new phase in his greeting. Presently, a brilliant and stylish-like form was seen gracefully moving towards us, more splendid and glorious in its appearance and triumphal march, than any which had heretofore welcomed me, because it bore along with it all the sublimities of a beautiful Spirit-Childhood. His Barque of joyous innocence soon neared unto us, and its little aerial inhabitant glided along by our side, bearing in its gentle hand a lovely wreath of Spirit-Flowers. Coming towards me, she gave me the fragrant offering of love, saying: "From the bright realms of Innocence and Love do I bear to thee this simple garland of Spirit-Affection, - wreathed from the fairest flowers of our Blooming Garden of Eden. May it twine around your noble brow, - each flower encircling it as fadeless as thy own spotless fame. Wreathed by chaste hands, they have commissioned me to present it to you, as an humble testimonial of their high appreciation of your exalted character. The bright-winged angels of heaven have watched your illustrious earthly career. Their sweet-toned impressions have fell upon your beautiful soul, even as the gentle rain descends upon the parched earth, to water it with a Maker's love. When the spirit faltered in its noble work, they strengthened and inspired it with new vigor and action. Their angelic ministrations cast around thee a halo of glory, and they whispered to thy soul, "Fear not; do thy work nobly; and a glorious inheritance will be thine."

"Wouldst thou know, beloved saint of Heaven, my little earth-ly history, as it was imparted to me by my dear heavenly teacher. I was born of a slave mother. My father I never knew. I was only two days an inhabitant of the corporeal planet. God took the little budding plant home to Him, to bloom in his beauteous Paradise, where chains are never forged

for the limbs of the children he loves. The lovely ministration of guarding that sorrowing parent of earth was my happy portion. When I became "affiliized" into my new home, my soul was drawn to that darling mother. And when that heart was bleeding from the cruelties of the oppressor, I would weave around it the sweet flowers of an angel's child's love. When brooding at night over her sorrows and trials, would I take my little harp and sing to her God's love and care for all his children. Their heavenly music would vibrate upon the cords of the heart, and fill it with joy and happiness. Then would I impress her with beautiful visions of my radiant home, where the North Star of a Heavenly Father's love brightly gleams, to guide the afflicted soul to port of freedom and Eternal Rest. O! how I love that mother! Though my earthly soul could not appreciate her worth, during the little while it dwelt upon earth, yet I fondly and fervently love her, because I feel that she is my mother. And my spirit-power will ever influence that cherished, until her bright and loving soul shall unfold into the sweet embrace of her cherub child.

"My Heavenly Father crowned me with the golden diadem of his never-fading love, as my celestial teacher informs me, nearly six-teen years ago. My extreme youth prevented me from realizing the transition from material to spiritual things. But as the little germ, born on earth, began to develop itself into the beauties and harmonies of the heavenly sphere, I became aware of the pleasures and sorrows of the world I had departed. Through the careful tuition of my spirit-guardian, I became educated into those beautiful laws of Almighty Wisdom, which govern alike sublunary and heavenly things. I contemplated, with infinite delight, the magnificent unfoldings of the glorious works of God below, and witnessed, with equal pleasure, the rapid march of the progressive spirit, as it proceeded, in its winding course, through all those boundless, supernal spheres, which extend far, far into the realms of Infinity, - and know no cessation nor termination. And thus, as your beautiful spirit, becomes harmonized into its bright-er life, new and crowning beauties will everywhere greet you, clothed in im-

mortal grandeur and sublimity. And may that lovely mind, which has imparted to mankind many jewels of intrinsic worth, still sparkle in all its primitive brilliancy, and reflect the light of its wisdom and love upon the sorrowing hearts of the children of earth. As thy soul progresses onward in to the Ascending Spheres, it will acquire a thorough knowledge of the glorious laws and harmonies which govern each respective circle; and that knowledge will through the beautiful power of impressive influx, will flow into the spirits of mortals below, to radiate them with the eternal light and glory of the Seraphs' Immortal Home, and to water their hearts with golden drops of wisdom from the inexhaustible Fountain of thy resplendent mind.

"And now, bright and beautiful spirit of John Quincy Adams, I crown you with my wreath of love. May your lofty soul rapidly progress in Infinite Goodness and Purity, and your noble nature aspire to those beatified realms, from which my my spirit-love now flows to you. I go from reference & care. Farewell, pure and glorified spirit: may your soul dwell with me in my radiant sphere, and the brilliant Star of thy love revolve in glory around that fadeless Orb, whose light once shone in unspeakable splendor o'er a martyred life. To him I go, to repose in the faithful bosom of his love, who welcomes all to his fond embrace—the matured and advanced spirit with a 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord,' and the infant-blossom, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"O! may thy noble powers be given,
To lead the soul from earth to Heaven;
To draw the hearts of man to Him,
Whose brilliant love will never dim;
And through a noble life of love,
Thy soul will soar to spheres above."

(Aug. 1, '55) As soon as that beautiful Spirit-Child had uttered its joyous words of greeting, other bright forms, from the spheres of Innocence and Purity, approached unto me, and placed in my hands angel flowers of immortal beauty. Each garland with which I was crowned, was emblematic of some sublime trait:- such as Love, Goodness, Virtue, Mercy, Purity, Humility, Meekness, and so on. But one token was presented to me, which most especially pleased my receptive vision. It was a beautiful allegorical representation of a vessel at sea, undergoing all the calamities of an impending shipwreck. The clouds overcast the sky, the lightning flashes with fearful brilliancy, and the deep and heavy thunder reverberates o'er the briny deep, while the surging waves threaten every moment to founder that noble vessel. All the crew desert her in despair, and take to the boats, but are unable to withstand the fury of the tempest, and are engulphed, in a short time, beneath the rolling billows. But one brave heart refuses to leave her, determined to stand by, or perish with her. Faithfully he guides her, steering her from all shoals and quicksands, feeling assured that his Father is at the helm. For several days he drifts about on the wild, tempestuous sea, alone, and unattended, save by the mighty presence of an Overruling Providence, and the spirits of guardian geniuses. Suddenly his whole soul is animated with the liveliest emotions of joy, his countenance is lighted up with the purest gratitude to his Heavenly Father for his wonderful preservation. In the far distance, he discerns a light breaking from the clouds, which evidences to his mind a cessation of the raging tempest. Soon the appearance of the brilliant Orb of day delights the sight of the lone mariner, and he falls on his knees, and thanks his God for preserving him through all the danger of the protracted storm. Soon the clouds disperse, and the beautiful Sun gleams forth in all its meridian glory; and where the waters were discordant and rife with all the tumultuous passions of an angry tempest, were now without a ruffle, waving along in beautiful harmony. In a short time, that faithful bird arrived at his destined port in safety, where a new and steadier crew stood ready to follow his lake and fortunes.

The lesson which this beautiful representation pictured to my mind was: It mirrored to my admiring gaze, the Pilgrim of Truth starting on the ocean of life, with a few Apostles, to promulgate his teachings, and assist him in establishing the kingdom of God in the hearts of man. The wind and tide of Sectarianism threaten to dash the anchor of his hopes to pieces, but he sails majestically along, defying its angry tempest. At length, his followers despair and desert him, and thereby become engulfed in the labyrinth of Popular Opinion and Prejudice. But the noble barque of that Pilgrim, - whose name is Progression, - still glides along, piloted by a steady hand and heart. The waves of public dissensions roll over it, the shoals and quicksands of cramped creeds and theologies threaten to shipwreck it, but its hardy and courageous helmsman triumphantly overrides them. So the sky become clear, - the brilliant sun of Righteousness radiates his way, the clouds of Superstition fade from the heavens, - and he arrives in safety at the port of Truth, - where he finds waiting and willing hearts, to assist him in his work of redemption. This Allegory is intended to represent the March and Progress of Ages.

(2) After each one had presented their love-tokens, they formed themselves into a brilliant circle, and sang the sweetest music of the heavenly spheres. Each seraph hand bore a spirit-harp, from whose vibrations were echoed the softest strains. Then slowly that rainbow of celestial love passed from me to the flower-valleys of the Upper Paradise, to watch, from the holy towers of their Vision, the advancing progress of those dwelling below. But the light and glory of their fragrant offerings departed not with them, but were left behind, to vocalize and harmonize the spirit; with the holiest affections and affinities, and make me feel more powerfully the extent of the glorious work developing upon my rapidly developing powers. The beatiful scenes which greeted my entrance into the world of spirits were entirely unlike my expectations, - totally different from my pre-conceived ideas and sentiments. I believed that the im-

mortal life was fraught with the purest joys and pleasures; that the ties, which were severed on earth, would be united in heaven, never more to be surrendered by the "stern archer, Death." But I did not entertain the idea, that I should be enabled to traverse the "green pastures of the Lord," and pluck from them sweet, fragrant flowers, which would be as tangible to the spirit touch, as the gathering of them from the verdant fields of the lower world, or hear the harmonious warblers of the air carolling forth their paradisiacal notes of joy, the beauty of which has so often gladdened and delighted my soul on many a sunny morn of corporeal life. But the heavenly joys which welcomed my aspiring soul, served to enhance its happiness and glory, and enabled me to feel the strong necessity of laboring the minds of mortals into the principles and laws which govern the "Man within," - to regenerate their hearts with exalted hopes and divine aspirations, and better fit and prepare them for the life to come.

Man's soul, from the existence formation of his life, has yearned for a more satisfactory knowledge of life beyond the grave, than that which has been furnished him, through the medium of creeds and dogmas deduced from Biblical authority. The theologies of the churches, - their wrangling discordance and inconsistent faiths, - have not satisfied the ardent cravings of his yearning spirit; but, on the contrary, they have sunk him still lower, if possible, into the fearful chasm of that cold and cheerless infidelity, which isolates the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life, embitters every moment of existence with poignant reflections, that earth is the "end of man;" that mortality goes back to its Common Parent, Dust, - and the soul, to complete obscurity and annihilation. He desires, that some friendly citizen of the unknown country, would come back, and gratify his nature with a knowledge of the joys and sorrows, the pains and pleasures, which lay beyond "the vale of tears." He ardently seeks for the Philosopher's Stone of his wish and desire, until, unable to find it, he abandons himself to a cruel belief, which robs life of all its purest enjoyments, pleasures, and delights.

(3) Probably, there is no subject which more deeply engages the minds of mortals, than the great and mighty question of Immortality. It has drawn the attention of the most gifted of the world;- the loftiest intellects of clerical divines have wasted their ingenious powers, in attempting to solve the mysterious problem, as to whether there was a future state of existence or not, where the souls of men could enjoy the glorified companionship of those passed away from their sight, and become angels of God, and heirs of immortal and purified salvation; but, as yet, their arguments have failed to gratify the earnest longings of the truth-seeking mind,- with any satisfactory solution of the great interrogatory. The wrangling faiths of the Church, as I have dictated before, have only served to augment, in the darkened minds of our uneducated community, the black belief, of the souls total extinction and annihilation. And I must here state,- and in so doing, contravene former ideas and sentiments,- that it is my sincere belief, that if the Church has done more towards strengthening the strongholds of atheism and infidelity, than it has to spread and perfect the holy cause of Christianity! It is painful to me to thus write, but the truth must not be hidden. And I must say, that unless the Church rises from the degradation into which it has sunk,- unless it acknowledges a more enobling form of Faith,- unless it recognizes a Oneness of Spirit, advocates the Fraternal Unity of the whole Human Race,- and promulgates the mighty Gospel of the Prince of Righteousness,- it will soon have a speedy downfall, from which it will know no resurrection; and out of its blackened remains will emanate a broader and nobler system of pneumatology, whose enervating truths will glorify and elevate the souls of man. Even now the work has commenced. The Church, which has so long trod on the dearest rights of man, with the iron heel of its despotic creeds, is becoming more and more diminutive in power. Thousands are leaving its narrow limits, and are embracing the truth as it is in Jesus. Humanity's bright Star is encircling the Heavens, whose light and glory is leading the soul into paths of Eternal Wisdom and Truth. And now, that I am on this particular point of my subject, I will endeavor to show, with what eager avidity mortals have seized upon every circumstance which would give them an insight into the world of everlasting glories, and also, the dissatisfaction which members of modern churches have expressed, in not receiving that light, relative to their immortal destiny, which their aspiring natures required and coveted. And in so doing, I shall not descend back into the uncivilized and dark ages of the Past, when a contemptible and bigoted hierarchy stained the earth with the noblest and best blood of many a martyred victim of truth; but shall confine my remarks to modern times,- to the age in which you live.

(4) A few short years ago, the community was much startled by certain mysterious manifestations which were taking places in one of the principal cities of New York State. They were of such an order, that hundreds, yea, thousands, were attracted to the place, and there, with their own physical eyes, beheld the operation of one of the most wonderful and novel phenomena, which it has ever fell to the lot of man to record, or witness. The question naturally arose in such minds, to what agency shall we attribute these mysterious performances? The learned powers of the scientific portion of the world were called into active requisition, secret committees were formed, and eloquent divines employed, to furnish a Report, as to the origin of the singular manifestations. Several conclusions were deduced from their investigations, mysterious named, and incongruous epithets, were applied to the new phenomena, but no satisfactory solution was rendered, to gratify the thirsting soul. Measures were then adopted, to check its progress, but it defied the interference of all human efforts, and marched along on its course, in beautiful harmony, in submissive obedience to some unknown, but sublime law of Nature. At length, the excited populace was startled by the revelation, that those wonderful manifestations had exhibited a common degree of intelligence, and that they were attributable

to the agency of spirits departed from the flesh. It was also ascertained, that these powers were more strongly evidenced when certain persons were present. By consent, they were subjected to the most annoying experiments, to prove the truth of a great idea, which had made its advent into the world; but all to no purpose. The phenomena increased in strength and the confidence of the people, and bravely resisted and defied all contravention and prejudice. When the astounding revealment broke upon the startled ear of the excited public, men of science and theology taxed their inventive genius, to check the onward advancement of a philosophy, which, if allowed to progress, would in time level the fabric of their creeds into one common grave, - the grave of a correct, unshackled Public Opinion and enlightened Humanity. But it was of no avail. The philosophy spread far and near, and brought minds, which had long travelled in the darkness of a gloomy infidelity and scepticism, on to the light of a glorious Immortality. Individuals, - members of the modern churches, - not gleaning a satisfactory knowledge of the future state, left from the old formulas of Religion, - left their narrow limits, and searched into the principles of the New Faith, with an earnestness and vigor, which becometh every honest seeker after the Well-Spring of Truth. And the result has of their investigations, led them to a full and firm belief in the consoling doctrine of Spirit-Communion; their minds have been educated into the laws of Wisdom which permeate the abode of angels; their hearts have been gladdened by sunny memories from loved and dear ones departed before them to the happiness of a brighter and purer life. The veil, which hitherto obscured their mental capacities, dwarfed their souls with narrow-contracted conceptions, has been rent in twain, and the unfolded works and attributes of "Our Father who art in Heaven," stand forth, to their unfettered have and are still visions, in their truest grandeur and sublimity. Thousands upon thousands, are rejecting the old popular creeds, and launching out upon the broad ocean of unbiased Truth and Immortal Progress, - thus furnishing indubitable evidence of the soul's longing for a more correct knowledge of the existence of an after life.

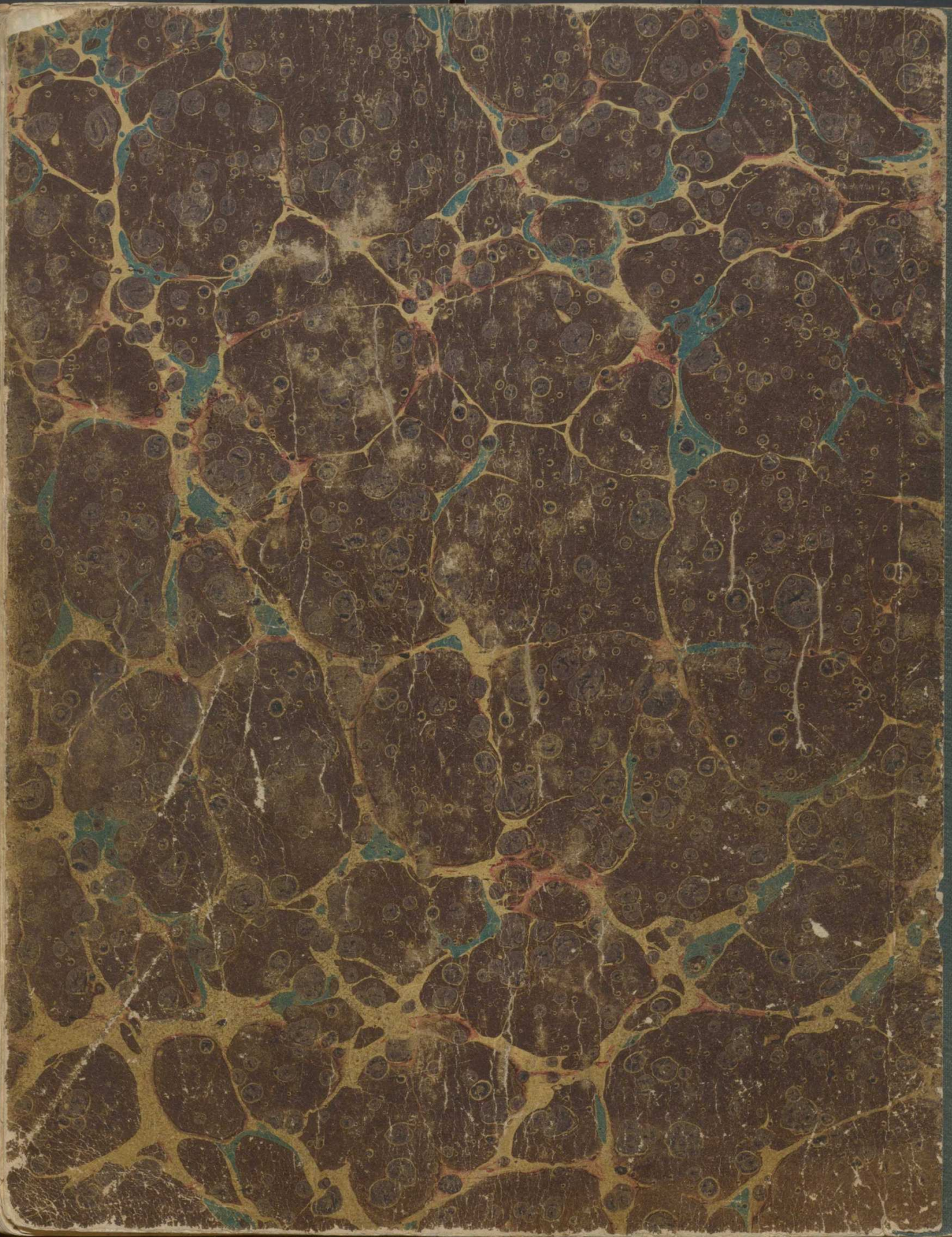
But while many have come outside the Church, and embraced a platform, unbounded by sectarian limits, there is yet a larger portion who still adhere to its conservative doctrines and principles. Why, - the question has often been propounded, - if there is any good to result from this new form of Faith, - is not the Church more earnest and eager to approve and uphold it? The interrogatory, - in this enlightened age of the mundane world, - would be a foolish and ludicrous one, if the visions of mankind were not so blinded by popular prejudices and old forms of theologies, as to render them unable to answer the important question. The Church, all are well aware, has done much to retard the progress of Immortal Truth. Instead of heeding the great questions of the day, studying the highest attributes of our "God of Love," and disseminating the glorious principles of the immaculate Jesus, its closest attention has been attracted to the establishing of different radical creeds, - each one antagonistic to two great and heavenly ideas, - the Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of Man! The two great Reforms, - Anti-Slavery and Temperance, - found not their votaries and champions in the contracted boundaries of the Church, but on the outside, in those hearts swelling with a true Humanity, and a Broad Christianity! If two such important enterprises do not come under the immediate embrace of the Church, how can it be expected that it will sanction the principles of a philosophy, which strikes a death-blow at its dearest and most cherished creeds!

But, ye intelligent readers of these pages, do we despair of a complete reformation even in that mighty stronghold of prejudices, - that organised body of sectarian creeds, and fossil dogmas? NO! Such a dark word stains not the vocabulary of the Spirit-World. Already has the Church begun to rise from its lethargic state, and to feel the necessity of a more decisive and thorough action on the momentous questions of the Ascending Age. The beacon-light of Love and Truth shines clear in the heaven of Humanity, and, like Bethlehem's Star, will guide "the wise and faithful" over the shoals and quicksands of Sectarianism, to the port of a nobler Faith, to return no more to the ways of error

and unbelief. The clouds of darkness are rolling away from the minds of the people, and the light of a glorious theocracy, superintended alone by the strong arm of an Almighty Father, is awakening the searching minds of mortals to a full and happy belief, of the blessed communion of the celestials in Paradise with the children of earth. Their ardent natures sought for the "truth as it is in Jesus," and they found it; and as each day rolls over their earthly lives, they receive fresh knowledge to enlighten their understandings, of the beauties which reign in the World of Progress. The golden stream of life flows on brightly and beautifully, while, from the shores of Eternity, they gather rich pearls of thought, to glitter in the casket of their hearts, to prepare the present for a glorious future!

(8) No Philosophy has ever dawned upon Created Man, who is fraught with greater blessings and sweeter hopes, than this one,—the Philosophy of the Harmonial Brotherhood and Divine Intercourse with Angels in the Spheres of Eternal Life! No Faith, I vouch to say, has been more cordially welcomed and embraced, or found truer votaries to worship at its shrine, in the short space of time with which mankind has been acquainted with it, than this Youth, which teaches them, that Heaven is opened to Earth—that its celestial citizens are hourly in communion with the children below, preparing them for a purer and holier state of existence. The Church may use its power to crush and nip this Bud of Promise, but it is destined, in contravention to its efforts, to blossom in the affections of the people, to make Life fragrant with the aroma of Spirit-Love, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. It will overturn all rotten doctrines and creeds, and build up an Ideal Church,—the Church of the Everlasting God; will annihilate all principles, not in strict harmony with the Laws of God and Humanity. Its broad and liberal banner floats to the breeze, on which is emblazoned the couplet of words, Truth and Progress. The enemy may attack it,—may strike it down; but its living standard will again be raised by its friends and champions, to wave o'er the ramparts of Error, wreathed with the brilliant Laurels of a triumphant victory.

I beheld a thin line of clarified electricity emanating from the Spiritual Circle. — page 7th



NOTEBOOK TWO

№ 2

Bequest of
Edward Saint
June 30, 1943

A. D. R. C164

* that there is no more to conquer,

a triumphant victory. Friends of the Spiritual Cause must be fearless in the avowal of their sentiments; must maintain and assert an independent position, and exert their united efforts, to promote the spread and rapid growth of Harmonial Love and Unity. Organizations, which proclaim not the Love and Divinity of God, are, becoming effete and powerless, in this civilized century of Free Thought and Sentiment, and, like Sampson shorn of his locks, their glory and strength are departing from them. Man has too long been fettered by the chains of Church Slavery. He has placed too much reliance in the opinions of the priest, without acknowledging the spirit implanted within his being. He has not dared to override the popular creeds of the Church, - to avow a more glorious and heavenly belief, - for fear of the verdict of a cramped public sentiment. But, thanks to God be rendered, to Him be ascribed all glory and praise, for the dawn of a nobler and brighter Faith. The Church may now strive to enslave the human mind. It will break from its enthrallment, to think and act for itself. God's Immortal Truth is onward. Its broad banner is unfurled to the breeze. Emblazoned on it, is the glorious watchword, "Excelsior!" A mighty army has enlisted under its powerful standard, has gone out to battle for Freedom and Right. Already has their banner been crowned with the laurels of a noble triumph. Bravely did they storm the strong citadel of Sectarianism. Many times were they repulsed by the fire of the enemy. The heavy guns from the spiritual battery answered their charges and o'er the heads of a vanquished foe waved the golden ensign of Truth. Thousands are adding strength to their ranks, and marching with them to achieve a glorious and honorable conquest over Error, to fight the good fight of faith; and they will not cease in their labors, until, like Alexander, they have conquered the whole world; but, like him, will they sit down to weep o'er their brilliant triumph,* but rejoice with exceeding great joy that earth is redeemed from error, while the archangel's trump will sound the song of praise and acclamation, - the voice of

angels will intermingle with theirs, and heavenly harps will be heard echoing their matins of celestial melody.

Man has ardently aspired to grasp this "pearl of infinite price," this precious gift from our Almighty Hand. He has desired to know more of the beauties of the Interior Life, the laws of wisdom which govern it, and the crowning glories which animate and inspire it. Ardent and fervent prayers have ascended from many a heart, borne aloft by the hovering angels of Light and Love, to a great and good Father, that He would grant them the blessed boon of Spirit-Intercourse. Their prayers proved not unavailing. God pitied the creatures he created, and granted their earnest requests. A channel was opened, and the stream of Time found an inlet to the ocean of Eternity.

God grants the creatures of his love,
A knowledge of the heavenly spheres,
Which lay, in realms of bliss above,
Beyond the gloomy "vale of tears."
His ministring angels hover o'er,
To bless the children he has made,
With visions of that endless shore,
Where Truth and Love will never fade.

O! treasure well each sparkling gem,
Which angels bear thee from above;
Adorn thy spirit's diadem,
With each remembrance of their love;
And when the film of death shall hide,
Each earthly beauty from your sight,
Your souls, prepared, to heaven will glide,
To reign 'mid scenes of pure delight.

(Aug. 14. '55) In the course of human events, this Spiritual Philosophy is destined to be the ruling Faith and Hope of the Nations of the world. The last six years of earthly time proves this conclusively. In the early stages of its infancy, there stood many to embrace it, as the darling hope of their life. Since that time, thousands, hundreds of thousands, yea, even millions, have endorsed the heavenly precepts of this God-given gift. Not the illiterate and unlearned, merely, have enjoyed its numberless blessings, but the Senator, and the Judge, and the refined, of all Nations and Climes, have felt its soothing power influencing their daily walks of life. Now and then a clergyman is heard avowing its principles as identical with those advanced by the martyred Jesus, - as direct inspiration from the mind of Deity, flowing to the children He loves, through the blessed ministrations of his appointed agents in heaven. And to such, all honor be accredited, for their noble independence. May they still continue to labor in the expansive field of Spiritualism, and verily, their reward shall be an hundred fold. It will give joy to each moment of sorrow, - inspire the heart of the mourner with blissful visions of that "better land," where tears are wiped away from off all faces, and glory irradiates the countenances of the loved and blest. Many will strive to dash this treasure from your grasp, but cling to it, as you would your own life; for it is a treasure that moth and rust will not corrupt. And as your journey on your pilgrimage of life, each scene will be beautified, by spirit gems of wisdom and truth. The sweet voices of loved ones will be recognized, - their gentle intonations will fall on the enchanted soul, and lead it home to the blissful spheres of the Holy City.

The strong arm of Science and Theology, will be raised, to level the fabric of this Progressive Philosophy to the ground. It has already endeavored to crush and annihilate it. But has it succeeded in its insane attempts? Where one stone was loosened from its foundation, twenty more were added to perfect and strengthen it. The first chief Corner-Stone of this Spiritual Edifice was laid in the time of Christ, and the Apostles, - without giving much

credence to the Divinity of the Old Testament,- and since the departed of the supposed martyred saints, it has been adding continually to its own power, until its golden Spire now reaches far above the head of an expiring cramped Theology, where the waves of popular opinion and sectarianism cannot disturb or harm it.

(17) And may all hearts be attracted to a full and firm belief in the glorious ministrations of angels. May they lift their souls in adoring rapture to the great Spirit above, who has opened the windows of Heaven, and permitted their interior visions to penetrate the indescribable glories which await them in the life to come. May the Church be mindful of its duty, in the advocacy of the benign precepts of the Saviour, holding fast to that which is good, and rejecting all doctrines which deny the sovereign goodness and love of God towards all his children, both the virtuous and the erring. And may all mankind blend in Christian Unity and Harmony, acknowledging one mighty Father, and the whole Human Race, without distinction of sect or color, as their brethren. Then will the glorified kingdom of "Our Father" come upon earth; the Spirit of God will be enthroned in each soul; the Lamb and Lion will lie down together in peace, and heaven will reign in each human heart, and the material world will be a Paradise of fragrant memories, and angelic ministrations.

Thus, I have pursued my remarks, relative to the Church and Spirit Communion, to a greater length, than it was my purposed intention to at this time. But I trust they will not be devoid of interest to the reader. I have given, as far as lay in my power, a true statement of facts, always giving credit where credit was due. Many will wonder at my change of opinions, since my entrance to another life; but they must remember, that, since my emancipation from corporeality, I see things in a much clearer light, and am better enabled to distinguish the Truth from Error. The Spirit of Progress marks my destiny in the Eternal Spheres; and as I acquire a more accurate knowledge of each Ascending Circle, my spirit becomes purified, in proportion to that knowledge, from error, and harmonized into the beauties of my heavenly existence. I have not, as yet, done with this portion of my subject; but, in the course of these letters, shall more fully refer to it. I will now return to the glories of my reception, knowing that many hearts are anxiously waiting to hear more of the beauties of my greeting with the "just made perfect."

(18) After the lovely Spirit-Child, and her beautiful innocent companions, had ascended to their Garden of Eden, Andre spoke to me further in the following few words: "My brother, may these sweet tokens of angel innocence serve to remind you how faithfully and truly your glorious earthly career has been watched and guarded by the good and pure of our fragrant Paradise. May the sweet conviction, that your actions have merited the approbations of the celestial citizens of the Eden country, further excite you to labor for Humanity,- to work out for yourself a brilliant and glorious immortal destiny. The purity of thy life below has rewarded thee with these many manifestations of spirit love and benediction. That you may ever retain their love, and the approving favor of our Heavenly Father, will be the humble wish and prayer of the spirit friend and brother who now addresses you."

To which I briefly replied: "I thank you, my brother in spirit, for the beautiful reception which you have tendered to me,- for the many kind regards you have manifested for my humble self. Though not personally acquainted with you when a sojourner in the flesh, yet it is none the less pleasant to me to form your acquaintance and friendship in the Spirit-Life.- to associate with you in a holy companionship, and assist you in your labors for good. May the crowning graces of your exemplary character fall upon my spirit, and all who shall tread the golden shores of Eternity. And as I travel onward and upward to higher spheres, may all the virtues of a Christian spirit adorn my unfolding soul in each phase of its immortal life. Thanking you for your eloquent address

in my behalf, and for the warm greeting which you have extended towards me, I shall ever remain your faithful friend, and hope for a more perfect blending of spirits into a beautiful and harmonized friendship. "God be with thee, and crown you ever with his love."

As soon as I had pronounced my brief reply to his beautiful address, the bright spirit of Andre flitted from my sight, and another cloud of celestial beauty was seen moving towards me, high colored with brilliant rainbow tints. My soul yearned to know the next immortal citizen, who was to greet me to the bright fields of Paradise. I did not long wait. Those radiant clouds of effulgent glory slowly separated, and to my wondering and admiring gaze was mirrored the form and features of a well known and dearly beloved friend. And, friends, enjoy with me in memory the glories of that happy recognition. That spirit which came forward to meet and welcome me, was none other than one who has often broke the the Bread of Life to you and me, and whose earthly title was, Rev Peter Whitney!

(20) How gratifying and pleasant was it to me, to meet those loved friends once more who had departed before me to the joys of an Eternal Future. How happy was my spirit to greet those whose earthly lives were interwoven with mine own, - to mingle with them in the unfolding glories of a brighter sphere, - to form anew their acquaintanceship, and enjoy with them the blessed realities of a happy spirit friendship! Judge, then, my friends, if you can, the boundless happiness I experienced in this joyful reunion with my beloved Pastor, - the intensified pleasure I realized, in meeting face to face with this "good man of God, after his own heart and fashioning." The purity of his life is indelibly recorded on the souls of his followers, in lines which time can never erase; and although somewhat sectarian in the promulgation of his doctrines, yet he recognized the whole Family of God as his brethren, bound together by one common tie, - one common Brotherhood. Pleasant and affable in all his relations of life, he won the high

love and veneration of those congenial spirits of earth, which moved in his enrolling sphere of influence. A kindly smile was ever ready for all, and a friendly bow of recognition would greet even the humblest of God's creatures. But his lovely spirit is by my side. He grasps my hand in deepest friendship and love, and extends to me a sincere and heartfelt welcome. "My brother," he says, "before I proceed to address you, let us humbly bend the knee to God, and pour out the deepest gratitude of our hearts to Him, for this blessed reunion of kindred spirits, and invoke his divine blessing to rest on all our future labor." Then meekly bowing the heads, our souls communed with the Father of all Good, - the following sublime prayer being uttered by my brother in spirit, the beauty of which is a prominent characteristic of his brilliant ministerial career: Listen to it: And may it exalt and elevate your own immortal nature, even as it did mine:

"O! thou Omnipresent Being! I thank thee for the glorious privilege which thou hast granted thy child of Heaven at this time, in welcoming this minister of Truth to the folds of thy almighty love and goodness! I thank thee, gracious Father of Love, for this brilliant acquisition to our celestial country, - for this priceless gem of wisdom, which thou hast seen fit to pluck from the sparkling mine of earth, to glitter in that shining coronet of glory, which adorns thy immortal brow. Adorn, O God, his awakening soul with all the meek and lovely graces of thy Holy Spirit, and cause him to feel the high and momentous importance of that heavenly mission which devolves upon him, and which thou requirest of him to faithfully fulfil. Elevate his soul, Father, with a knowledge of the intrinsic beauties and glories of his Interior Life, that he may be excited to noble aspirations, - to work out for himself a sublime and refined destiny, and assist in the redemption of that world, from whose borders he has recently departed, from the trammels of error and sin. Inspire him still with a love of that Spirit of Progress, which gilded, with such terrestrial grandeur, the closing years of a valuable earthly existence, and which inscribed on

the monument of a noble and princely fame, the immortal tribute of a fearless and independent Man! Expand his soul, O Omnipotent Father, with all the generous impulses of Humanity, bedewing it with the heavenly Humanities of that great and good man, who suffered all things, and endured the ignominious death of Calvary's Cross, that thy holy Kingdom might be established in the human heart. And, Divine Father, may the sparkling fountains of his rich and well-stocked mind continue, refreshing to earth's children with the pure streams of wisdom flowing from it, which shall be to each thirsting soul, as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Assist us, Immortal Being, to depict to depict him the glories of his appointed mission, that he may more fully realize the beauties of his high calling in the world of everlasting enjoyments. And while we would invoke the choicest of spiritual blessings, Father, to rest upon the beautiful immortality of this, thy devoted servant, who has recently entered upon the joys of his ennobling Birth, we would not forget those dear kindred who are bereaved by his departure from earth to the Shores of the Better Land. We would ask thy Blessing to fall upon them in this, (to them) their season of sorrow and affliction, and that the Gospel of thy dear Son may be revealed to them in all its beauty and sublimity, to sustain them, in each trying moment, with its rich promises, and heavenly hopes, of a bright and happy re-union. (22) May they lift their hearts above the lifeless casket, resting in stately grandeur in those Halls, where the silvery echoes of his eloquent voice have often been heard pleading the cause of Right and Justice, to the bright and sparkling jewel which once adorned it, but which now dotted thy Starry Firmament of Love. May the mantle of his many virtues enshroud their souls, and the light of his brilliant example guide them into paths of wisdom, Truth, and endless progression, and lead them home to again enjoy the blessed privileges of his instruction and counsel, in a Land radiant with the sweetest of pleasures and enjoyments.

And, finally, Father, let thy Blessing and divine favor crown that great

Republic, which has been deprived of the services of a valuable public servant. May its chief rulers emulate the adorning graces of his beautiful character, - imitate his noble, heroic adhesion and devotion to the eternal principles of Right, midst stormest trials and discouragements, and seek, like him, the welfare of their country, and the whole world, and win the golden reward of and approving conscience, and the smiles of thy approbation and love; and thus may they realize a glorified life below, and feel, in the beautiful language of the Poet, that

"The lives of good men all remind us,
How to make our own sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time."

And enable all them, Being of Beings, to be guided by the glory of his wisdom, the sagacity of his counsels, the prudence of his actions, and the fearless independence of his spirit, that they may gain, like him, the imperishable Laurels of a victor's triumph and conquest over-ver, and ascend homeward to thee, wreathed in fruitful earthly honors, ripe in the goodness of thy Holy Spirit, ready, in the last expiring stages of mortality, to exclaim, "This is the end of earth, I am prepared." And now, Almighty God, I commend the glorified spirit of our brother to thy eternal service. May his soul, exalted with all the intrinsic adornments of a purified and immortal life, cast the glory of its resplendent power over those who dwell in the spheres of probation below, and guide them upward to the Beacon-Light of Everlasting Truth and Progress. And may thy Brilliant Sun of Righteousness irradiate all hearts, and fill them with the lovely influences of thy all potent Spirit. Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven. May thy children inculcate a spirit of forgiveness, - forgiving those who

trespass against them, even as they hope to be forgiven of thee for trespassing against thy holy will. And to thee be ascribed, forever and ever, the glory and power, for this Blessed re-union of kindred spirits. Amen."

(25) As soon as this beautiful prayer was uttered by the spirit of my beloved friend and brother, a cloud of high and intelligent immortals encircled us, robed in all the shining habiliments of angels from the upper realms, while on the heads of each was a brilliant crown of glory, which bespoke the exalted purity and loftiness of the gifted ones who dwell within. The most perfect harmony existed, all natures being blended in a sweet and happy union. I had noticed, that each spirit which welcomed me, was accompanied by others, of the same degree of affinities and sympathies with them. Thus, the immortality of Mr. Whitney was surrounded by a circle of celestial agencies, as pure and holy as his own immaculate spirit. And I found, that, as my own soul became more and more spiritualized into the harmonies of the Love-Spheres, that I was pregnable to an elevated and social order of angels, in proportion to my own purification from materialism... Mr. Whitney is now preparing to speak to me. Listen to the beautiful language which his exalted spirit-mind is about to utter to me, and learn the sublime manner, which the chosen Disciples of God require the services of those who "doeth the Father's will:"

"Blessed Spirit of John Quincy Adams: Adoring rapture fills my heart and soul, in being enabled to welcome a dear, a devoted friend and brother to the realms of Truth and Beauty. Glorious is this greeting to me, because our earthly lives were intermingled, our associations were blended together, and the harmony of our spirits was sweet and congenial. We worshipped in the same Church together, drank of the same pure waters of Truth from the same limpid stream, and eat from the same loaf, the Bread of Eternal Life. We communed in spirit below, and enjoyed all the happi-

ness of a congenial friendship. And in this connection, my brother, will I briefly relate a few pleasing incidents relative to my entrance to realities of my spirit-life, which I feel would gratify your unfolding soul:

"When the physical sight was dimming, and the soul was slowly leaving its tenement of clay, my interior vision was opened, and beheld the dawn of those eternal joys, which were soon to greet my emancipated spirit. A radiant glow, surpassing in brilliancy all earthly beauties, encompassed my whole immortal nature, whose light and lustre even exceeded the shining glory of the great Orb of Day. My soul drank in, with sweet delight, the fragrant aroma which was wafted from the Flower-Valleys of Paradise, and bathed in all those infinite pleasures which makes Heaven a glorious and desirable abode. Bright, celestial beings, arrayed in shining garments of angelic loveliness, flitted across my expanding vision, who beckoned me to join them in their immortal country. Passing onward and upward, each one left behind them some brilliant emblem of their purified life, to enhance my vision with a heavenly foretaste of that world, which was soon to embrace me within its boundless space. And as I gazed on that vast assemblage of angel forms, clothed in their robes of dazzling whiteness, I could not but feel, and exclaim, that "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Soon that mighty concourse of gay and resplendent beauty passed away from my spiritual sight, on the golden Lake of Harmony and Love, and formed into a magnificent Cloud of Light in the far distance, presenting, to my rapidly awakening vision, the appearance of a splendid rainbow, studded with innumerable hosts of stars, of various hues and colors, and of great grandeur and sublimity. But the trail of their light did not depart with them; but remained behind, to guide my soul, when it should emerge from its mortal body, to their spheres of Goodness and Purity.

(30) "After those bright seraphs had separated from me, I became more and more sensible to the unfolding realities of a brighter existence

The glory of the heavenly spheres increased in brilliancy and splendor, as my immortal soul emancipated itself from its earthly casket, and neared unto the portals of the Holy City. Soon I realized that I was breathing a purer atmosphere of love, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the Spiritual Country.

"I had now disengaged myself from mortality, with the exception of a small fibre of light, which connected Time with Eternity, as if the spirit was loth to part from its material form, which had so long nourished and beautified it with the immortal principles of love and truth. That connecting ligament, however, grew more and more diminutive, until, by a gentle effort, it separated from the outer form, and I became an immortal citizen of the realms of glory. The time of six hours was occupied in the perfect development of my soul into Heaven. When I became more fully aware of the transition from material to spiritual things, I perceived, with joy, that the interior sight could still penetrate the pervading glories of the animated world below. Attracted, as if by an innate desire, my spirit, regenerated in glory and happiness, stood by the side of the lifeless body, which had sheltered and protected it so long from the rough billows of an earthly life. I beheld it clad in the funereal habiliments of the grave, ready to be deposited in the "gloomy darkness of the narrow house," while faithful friends were weeping over it. Gazing upon it, I indulged in the following brief soliloquy:

'Poor, worn-out body: Thou hast subserved thy holy purpose, - hast done thy Maker's sovereign will. Thou hast perfected the bright jewel, hast adorned it with the princely gems of wisdom and love, and prepared it for its refined state and place in the diadems of God, through thy own purification. Thou art sown an earthly body, - thou hast raised a spiritual body. I will treasure the remembrance of thy gifts; will love thee, as an child of mortality would love, and treasure a gift, which had been rendered valueless by the sweeping hand of Father Time, - for the good which thou hast done. And as thou descendest to the gloom and darkness of the tomb, my spirit, arising in the scale of

progression and duty, will bear along with it, the grateful memories of thy good intents and purposes. Go, then, clod of mortality, back to thy original, thy kindred element, - dust. On the earth's cold bosom will thou pillow thy head. The green grass, and the fragrant flowers, will wave their gentle foliage over thy grave, watered, perhaps, by the falling tears of sympathy and love; while the solemn winds of Autumn and Winter will chant their mournful requiems, and the snow will kiss it with its lips of virgin whiteness and purity. And now, farewell, inanimate clay. Thou art forever released from the weighty struggle of life. In the grave thou will find a calm and quiet repose, while the radiant spirit, which thou treasured in thy now mouldering casket, will hover o'er it loved those in mundane life, and bless them with dew-drops of celestial goodness and love. Let none dare disturb thy hallowed eternal slumber.'

"I then, my brother, turned from that relic of mortality, and directed my attention to the expanding delights which had begun to dawn upon my regenerated vision. I beheld before me, a wide and boundless realm of unfading glory and life. A flood of ethereal light was continually pouring into my spirit the elements of a regenerated life. A wide field of action was open before me, wherein I might till, and sow the seeds of Everlasting Goodness and Truth. I felt that I had a great and mighty work to perform, - that my labors for good did not expire with the corporeal things below. (31) I gazed around upon the wide expanse of Eternity, and viewed, with admiration, the wondrous sublimity of the immortal creation, - discerned the magnificent glories of this living universe of Eternal Life. I felt, from the pure surrounding influences, and the fragrant atmosphere of love in which I was enveloped, that I was living an exalted state of spiritual existence. That the spirit-world was composed of certain spheres, and each are devided into so many circles of development, - of course, I was totally ignorant of. I had that yet to learn.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed, since my spirit was ad-

ded to the "innumerable caravan of angels," before I fully realized the divine beauties, attendant upon a regenerated soul into Paradise. During that time, I had not beheld a single messenger of the Seraph Land. No friendly hand was offered,- no friendly voice gave me greeting, no welcome smile gladdened my heart with its cordiality and friendship. As one came forward to ope the gates of heaven, to admit a new-born spirit to its portals of delight and joy. At first, I thought that I should live an isolated life. But pardon me for entertaining such an erroneous idea.

"Like yourself, I beheld, in the far distant realms of glory, a moving cloud, of celestial radiance, rapidly approaching me. Bright and resplendent beings encircled it,- each countenance animated with the joy and happiness. My exultant soul longed to know and recognize the dear friends who were preparing to receive and welcome me to their society. I did not wait long. Two brilliant forms glided from that sparkling ocean of unfading beauty, and approached me. The first one, a male spirit, bore in his arms an anchor,- the beautiful emblem of Hope. The other, a female, carried in her hands, an humble lily, of snowy whiteness, with a small ring of evergreen encircling it,- appropriate types of my purified immortality.

"They were soon near enough for me to recognize, even in the stately majesty and grandeur of their celestial habiliments, the familiar countenances of two well known and beloved friends, departed some years before me, to await my coming, to the land of pure delights. And, brother John Quincy Adams, will not your glorified soul thrill with exultation and joy when I pronounce their earthly names,- around each one of which is entwined the noblest and purest laurels, fragrant with the vernal wreath of worldly honors. One had worn all the glories, which it was in the power of a grateful people to crown him with,- had presided over all the councils of a great Republic,- and guided the tottering Ship of State over the rough billows of political contention and strife. The Diadem of a President has

his spirit prepared,

glistened on his lofty brow; and his earthly life was spared long enough to see the same gilded crown adorn the fair frame of a beloved descendant; then ascended home to God, on the glad return of the anniversary of that day, which, fifty years before, gave birth to a great Confederacy, whose cause had justly engaged his mighty efforts, bearing, on his dying lips, a last token of his love and reverence for his country, the animating motto and watchword,- "Independence forever." It was the spirit of John Adams, thy beloved father, who came forward to give me "a first greeting" in the Spirit Spheres.

"Coming forward, he saluted me in a happy and friendly manner, and proceeded to address me in the following beautiful language: 'Dear friend and brother: Happy and agreeable is the task, which is assigned me, at this time, to salute a beloved minister of Truth to the abodes of the just made perfect. Rise and rich in the fruits of the Holy Spirit, thou hast ascended homeward to the bosom of thy God, to labor with his children, in this heavenly mansion and sanctuary, to promulgate the everliving principles of Love (13 Feb 50) and Progress unto the darkened minds of man. Full in the fruition of a life devoted to the service of God, rich in the incomparable attributes of his ever-loving Spirit, thou hast crowned the hearts of many with thy brilliant example,- and thrown the mantle of thy virtues around the dark forms of sin and error, and revealed to thy surroundings the radiating light of Truth and Life Everlasting. During thy earthly ministry of nearly forty-four years, in the town, dear to me by many lively recollections of the past, you ever adhered to your firm convictions of Right and Duty,- never swerving from that "path of peace" which God had ploughed for thee in the great thoroughfare of life. Though Pastor of a Church, whose doctrines were professedly sectarian, yet thy wise sayings and teachings ignored the principles of a narrow contracted belief, and thy lips proclaimed the boundless goodness of a God of love,

presenting, in immeasurable grandeur and power, the noblest feature of his ever-expanding character. You felt, that the whole Human Race were your Brethren, allied together by the one common tie of Fatherly Love and Affection, created and endowed with certain sublime prerogatives, - all capable of working out a refined salvation of Immortal Goodness and Purity. You sought to impress upon the souls of man their respective relations to Deity and their fellow-creatures, - to walk humbly with God, in the paths of virtue and peace. You taught them, through the reflective light of thy matchless wisdom and genius, how to win the "golden opinions" of our Heavenly Master, and acquire an elevated station in His Celestial Kingdom. Thou scattered the seeds of Truth broadcast in the waste places of earth; thou hast here reaped the bountiful harvest of thy toiling labors below.

"Thus prepared, hast thou entered upon the duties and pleasures of thy higher ministry. Thou will still be a Pastor in the Church of the great Shepherd, will proclaim from its Pulpit, in the wonted eloquence of thy mind and heart, the living precepts of Eternal Truth, and be a bright guiding Star to direct the prodigal ones of sin and error back to the merciful folds of a Heavenly Father's arms. The rivulet of thy mind will still pour its pure streams of wisdom into the hearts of the inhabitants of earth, - refined and purified in its ingress to the fathomless Lake of Immortal Life and Light. The fervent orisons of thy soul, in behalf of a fettered community, will float on the balmy air of the Celestial Realms, ascending aloft to the throne of Him, who ever answereth sincere prayer. The oracles of thy mind will fall on the desert places of man's life, and plant therein sunny oases of Beauty, to make the wilderness of his heart to blossom as the sweet-scented rose. Thou will labor with us, to ostracize error and wickedness from the material planet below, and give to its children a more thorough and accurate knowledge of the beautiful, concentral

laws which govern spiritual and corporeal things, and instruct them into the Christian precepts of the Religion of Jesus Christ.

But I will not attempt to analyze the mission pictured to your opened vision. On the moving panorama of this Celestial Universe, are mirrored thy duties and avocations. Go forth, dear Pastor of God, into this unending field of Spiritual Nature, and pluck from its vernal Gardens, the perennial flowers of Love, Truth, and Progress, which blossom there, and transfer them to the luxuriant soil of thy regenerated spirit, to enrich it, in its upward advancement, with sparkling gems of Wisdom and Purity. And when God, in his infinite Love, shall see fit to ope the great gates of Heaven, and permit the residents of earth to penetrate its indescribable glories, and to know more of the life which awaits them, may thy bright spirit, unfolded in the perfections of a radiant immortality, be prepared to minister unto them the Bread of Eternal Life, and to impart to them the waters of Truth, whom in they shall thirst no more.

"And O! mayst thou ever be ready to comfort those who mourn, even as thou went on earth, - to extend the right hand of fellowship to every immortal child of God, and to sit, at the communion-table of our Lord and Master, in the holy bonds of Christian Unity and Love. May thy march to higher realms be attended with unspeakable glory and grandeur, each circle of existence revealing to thy brightening vision the beauty and wisdom of God's immutable, never-varying laws. In your sublime "Ascension to your Father," there will be innumerable clouds of brilliant, white-robed angels, ready to greet thee, to follow thy pathway to the Divine Throne of God. Once more, then, my dear friend and brother, let me urge on in the new and important work which has, at this time, been given you by an Almighty Hand. Gird on thy armor of Truth; - enter the battle-field, resolved to enter fight heroically and manfully, that Right may gain a pow-

erful supremacy over Wrong and Error. Let thy voice be heard pleading the cause of the oppressed of all Nations and Castes of Society,- those bound and fettered in the galling yoke of servile slavery. Assist in breaking their chains and fetters, that they may enjoy the God-given birth-right of Liberty and "Independence forever." Raise high, then, your standard of Duty, that all may see its folds flying to the Spirit-breeze of Love, Truth, Progress, Right, Justice, Humanity, and Freedom, and thereby, attract many to enlist under its prismatic rainbow colors. God be with thee in all thy Labors for Humanity.

Go forth, thou minister of Light,
And Labor for the Just and Right;
Go forth, and let thy voice be heard,
Proclaiming Gods' Almighty Word;
Let Earths and Heavens remotest bound,
With thy celestial Truths resound.

Go forth, and preach that Love divine,
Which now upon thy soul doth shine;
Let its resplendent, golden Light,
Dispel the gloom of sorrow's night;
That all may feel and know the worth
Of this great gift, when given to earth.

Gird on thy armor, and thy shield,
And enter now the battle-field;
Strive manfully to win the fight,
And gain the victor's Crown of Right;
That Truth's broad Flag may nobly wave,
O'er Error's foul, dishonored grave.

And may the tones of thy sweet voice,
Bid the afflicted heart rejoice;
Lift up the soul to heavenly spheres,
Where come no pains, nor falling tears;
Where joys unending never dwell,
And holy anthems sweetly swell.

And may thy sympathizing soul,
The sorrowing, fettered Slave, console;
Raise high thy voice, and plead the cause
Of Justice, and her sacred Laws;
Let on thy banner be enshrined,
"Peace and good-will to all mankind!"

Sustain thy Father's holy cause,-
Espouse his never-changing Laws;
And haste that time, when man shall know
The joys of Spirit-Love below;
Whose power hell felt, when God has risen,
The Lock which binds the gates of Heaven.

My Brother, I now consecrate
Thy Spirit to its higher state;
Exalt thyself in doing right;
Inhaling Progress, Truth, and Light;
And onward, upward, will thou move,
Through boundless realms of Bliss and Love."

To "Overpowered, as I by the brilliant salutation and greeting of this Patriarch of God, that some moments rolled away on the "swift-

winds of Eternity," ere I could venture to reply to his Address,- so replete with fine eloquence and beauty,- so redundant in good and friendly advice. At length my humble powers enshrined on the Scroll of Immortality, the following feeble answer:

"Noble and chivalric Defender of the Rights of Man: Again has the great and good God of Justice and Love permitted our spirits to commingle together in the social ties of friendship,- a friendship more enduring than those of earth,- one whose foundation is the Rock of Ages. Again has our Father granted us the inestimable boon of worshipping together in spirit and in truth, not in an earthly temple, but in one not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose God is Justice and Love, and whose Minister is Truth and Salvation. Once more are we brought together in the great House of God, to hallow his name with the homage of our hearts, and to sing songs of everlasting praise. Again are we called together, to recount the bright reminiscences of the days flown by into the Lap of Time and Eternity, to enliven and make joyous our Present and Future Existence with the brilliant and happy memories of the glorious Past!

"In a happy hour of my earthly life, my Maker called me away to the serener skies of the Spirit-World, there once more to enjoy the society of those whose companionship below rendered my ministry of love sunny and happy. The ideas I entertained in my earth-life did not lead me to the belief, that the immortal sphere of existence was divided into certain circles or grades of happiness, as you have stated in your address to me; but I did enjoy the cheering Faith and Hope, that all would eventually be holy and happy, and come to a correct knowledge of the truth, as their souls became spiritually harmonized and developed in the elements of goodness and perfection. I ever believed in the infinite progress of the Soul after the dissolution of the Body; that it was as capable of expanding its inborn powers, of receiving into its receptive nature the light of Truth and Life Immortal, commensurate to its various susceptibilities and orders of interior development: I could discern, through the grand arrangings of the immutable laws of God, the beautiful progress of the spirit, after it had absolved itself from the mortal, and put on the immortal,- could witness, through the same governing powers, its sublime ascent to the Divine Throne of the King of Kings, whose still, small voice of Love, is ever echoing to his children, a gentle "Come up hither!" I felt the inward conviction buoying up my soul, that all would be saved; that none would be excepted from a seat in the holy kingdom of our Father; that he loved all his children with a Father's love, and endowed them with equal powers and privileges to work out the same glorious destiny. (21) That cold and terrible belief and doctrine, Endless Torment, found no welcome place in the recesses of my soul. It was, and is still, a Faith extremely repugnant to the finer sensibilities of my heart, and one which, if entertained, would ignore all the gentler humanities of Christ, and transform the noble prerogatives of a Merciful God into those of hate and revenge. I knew Him to be the Being of all Beings to love and to reverence; discerned the glorious attributes of his character in their sublimest aspect, clothed in all the grandeur of Love, Mercy, and Goodness. Whether on the high mountain-top, admiring the magnificent unfoldings of each work of Beauty, limned on the great-spreading canvas of Nature before me, or in the fertile valley beneath, gathering the tiny fragant flowers, or gazing at the wondrous majesty of the star-throned sky, I saw, in each varying scene, the Typification of his never-changing character written in living letters of fire, and sealed by the Hand of Affection,- "GOD IS LOVE!" I ever endeavored to impress upon the minds of man, that the sublime developments of the Laws of Nature and Conscience contravened the idea, that a "God of all mercy was a God unjust." I strove to uproot that gi- of the Goodness of God
ant unbelief, and supplant, in its place, the Faith of Love and Union

sal Salvation. My aims were ever directed to the improvement of society,- to the enlargement of the heart of Humanity, and to teach man the right idea of God,- to present his loving attributes before him in their clearest light and grandeur.

I saw his character displayed,
In beauties that will never fade;
Discerned the glories of his love,
Emblazoned in the Heaven's above;
From giant tree to tiny flower,
I traced a Father's loving power;
Each glory given to man, to prove,
That God is good,- that "God is Love."

I felt that He would not forsake,
A single being of his make;
That not a child would He restrain,
From Heaven's expansive, vast domain;
That none would be consigned or doomed
To Hades'(!) dark and fearful tomb;-
I felt, that all would be enrolled
Within a loving Father's fold.

I realized, that God would save,
Each erring child, beyond the grave;
That all within his fond embrace,
Would find a warm, and welcome place;
And in that gentle, sweet caress,
Would every soul in Love progress;
Advancing, in their upward flight.
To brighter realms of pure delight.

(22) "The lamentable fact cannot be controverted, that the unchristian doctrine of the soul's total annihilation in hell, and the destruction of its identity from a state of perfect happiness and heavenly enjoyment, has done much to retard the purity of the Christianity of Christ,- hindered the beautiful progress and reception of those forms which represent the humanities of Christ and God, our Universal Father, and isolated the affections of man from all the glorious and sublime attributes which compose the great character of the Divine Ruler of the Universe!

O! my Brother, I can conceive of no faith fraught with greater mischief and direr evil, than that which blasts the brightest hopes, and noblest aspirations of the human heart,- which seals the soul's purest affections with the icy frost and mildew of a cruel and unnatural belief, and transforms the God, which all Nature teaches us to love, into a Being of malignant hatred, cruelty, and revenge. Even that cheerless and unpromising belief in the existence of the God-given powers of the spirit with the material body, is naught compared with this Black Infidelity. Because, in the entertainment of such a doctrine, man feels, that his loved ones, who have passed away from the trials of the "vale of tears, are beyond the endurance of suffering and pain, and his life flows on in comparative ease and happiness, with this fortune faith and belief to solace and comfort him.

But how different is it with the other class of believers! With no shining ray of hope to light their darkened course along the stream of life,- with no golden sunbeams pouring into their hearts the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness, whose gleaming glory will eventually attract the soul to its supernal enjoyment of its radiant power,- with no finger of Faith pointing to the Rainbow of Promise above, to teach them the Divine Truth of God's great Word, that all will finally be saved,- they pursue and wander in the thorny, beaten

track of unbelief,— the temple of existence decorated of the jewels of Im-
Impartial Love, Mercy, and Goodness.

"Viewing these things, then, my brother, in their proper light, I truly feel, that my glorious ministry of Love did not close with the dissolution of the body; that it will here be evinced in all its heavenly purity, in teaching the soul its high and holy destiny, lifting it up above the dark clouds of despair which envelope it, to the bright, blue sky of a nobler Faith and Hope in Gods superintending Goodness and Love. I sincerely feel the weighty responsibilities devolving upon me, and faithfully will I exert myself to fulfil them. Earnestly will I labor in the celestial vineyard of my Lord and Master, endeavoring, with all power, to uproot the thorns and weeds which choke the sweet flowers of Virtue and Holiness. My ministry shall be extended to all,- knowing no sectional limits or bounds,- but embracing the great Family of God, from the least unto the greatest.

Also, will I labor in that sacred cause, which early engaged the sympathies of thy master mind and heart, and which has won for thee a bright, undying fame, to live through Time and Eternity, manfully will I struggle for the bleeding liberties of my country, and the whole world, to secure for all the blessed enjoyments of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Ardently and zealously will I toil to hasten that period, when the bright Sun of Liberty shall no longer be eclipsed by the black clouds of Slavery and Injustice, to desecrate the noblest works of God, but urge on that golden era when its resplendent glory and Light will shine o'er a world of redeemed from the thraldom of tyranny and oppression. Sacred and dear to me shall ever be the holy cause of Freedom and "Independence forever!" And when shall dawn that brilliant day, when the ponderous gates, which divide Time and Eternity, shall be thrown open to the mighty public below, no messenger shall wing its way quicker from the endless Shores, to earth, to proclaim the immutability of the Laws of

God and Humanity, than the humble spirit friend, whom you have, at this time, consecrated to the eternal delights of heaven. My efforts shall ever be given to crush and annihilate Error,- to promote the onward spread of the cause of Truth and Right:

O! zealously I'll work to win,
The Conqueror's golden Crown of Right;
To crush each error, quench each sin,
And plant in man the Truth and Light.
In every just and holy cause,
My heart and spirit shall unite,
That I may gain the sweet applause,
Of Him who rules in power and might.

The voice of mind shall loud proclaim
The glories of that Upper World,
Where Justice's bright, immortal Flag,
To spirit breezes is unfurled.
Its streams of love shall peaceful roll,
Across each desert place of earth;
To brighten every heart and soul,
With pearls of pure, intrinsic worth.

And gladly will I haste that time,
When man's untutored mind shall know,
The beauties of those realms sublime,
Which hover o'er the world below;
When all shall realize the power,
Of those who've gone to Spheres above,
Infusing into every hour,
The elements of Truth and Love.

(27)

And may our souls in love unite,
Progressing on to higher spheres;
Advancing to that Throne of Light
Where God in glory bright appears;
And there, in never-fading life,
We'll range the realms of Zion's Hill;
Engaging, in heroic strife,
To do our Heavenly Father's will.

And in the presence of the True,
Of this celestial world above,
I consecrate myself anew;
To God's eternal work of love;
I'll enter his great field, and sow
The seeds of Holiness and Life;
And joyful labor to overthrow
The Edifice of Sin and Strife.

O Father, give me strength to do,
The work which thou to me hast given;
That I may faithfully pursue,
The path laid out for me in Heaven;
And when shall break the golden seal,
Which hides this Land from mortal eyes,
O! grant me power then to reveal,
The glories of our Paradise.

"And now, my Beloved Friend and Brother, I solemnly swear fealty to the service of my Heavenly Father. In his great field will I till, devoting my developing power to the furtherance of every cause of Justice and Humanity. In this expansive House of God shall my voice be

raised, to plead his Justice and Goodness, and to present the glorious attributes of his unequalled character in their finest and purest features. Here will I zealously strive to represent and delineate the life and example of Christ to man's receptive mind, that he may understand his God-given powers and characteristics, and be led to follow in his brilliant and heavenly pathway, - to be guided by the beauty of his Christian teachings and unexemplified wisdom.

"The impressions of my fast-unfolding mind shall silently fall upon the inhabitants of the world below, to ripen their hearts for that resplendent millennium day, when the bright rays of glory from the Spirit-Life shall find its way into their souls, to gild with splendor the transient mundane existence. I will go forth into highways and byways of life, and hasten that time, when man shall realize the glorious ministrations of angels, - shall feel the cooling zephyrs of love wafted to him the fragrant memories of the "Loved and Lost," from that refined sunny clime, in which are engrafted all the elements of perfect happiness, progression, and enjoyment. My Labors shall be unceasing, never growing weary of well-doing. Upon that beautiful anchor, which you have presented to me, will I recline my fondest and dearest hopes, praying for strength and encouragement to perform my Maker's Divine Will! Thus onward to higher and purer realms will my delighted soul progress, drawing lustre and light from those shining Stars of Glory, which illuminate each Constellated Sphere of Angel Existence. In the happiness of others shall I ever reap the warmest and sweetest pleasure. My ministry, like to the earthly one, shall be to lessen and soothe the pains and sorrows of those bowed down in affliction, - to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, - to sever the heavy chains which bind the human mind in the shackles of mental slavery, and to prepare the spirits of man, through the Divinity of a harmonious and enobling life of Christian precept and practice, for a brilliant regeneration into an Eternity of Love and undying Bliss.

Thus, with my duties plainly pictured before me, will I enter the grand arena of the Spirit-World, and labor with its glorified hosts. And as I ascend to loftier spheres of Duty, will I impart a knowledge of my Ascension to those reigning in the circles of Existence below, that they may be benefitted by it, and know the Way to the Throne of God and Immortal Salvation.

And now, bright and purified Spirit of John Adams, do I tender my fervent thanks to you for the beautiful salutation which you have extended to me in this meeting on the Shores of Celestial Purity and Love. May our Labors be firmly united in an harmonious alliance, never to be divorced by the various degrees of Opposition and Prejudice,—feeling that what God has joined together, no power can break asunder. Thus, by framing a bond of Unity and Fraternal Discipline, our spirits will become companions in the great Cause of Truth and Progress,—their congenial affections a Garden of purest delights and social affinities, fragrant with the Blooming Flowers of God's Love and Goodness. And thus, through the heavenly sympathies of our harmonized natures, will others be attracted to spheres of congeniality, to learn of us the bright pathway to Happiness and Joy. That our souls may be exalted to prayerful duties and aspirations, let us invoke the Blessing of God to rest upon our future continued Labors of usefulness and glory:

(28) "Father in Heaven: We present our offerings and thanks-givings to thee, at this time, as an humble and feeble return for thy many crowning acts of goodness, showered upon us, both during the short period we sojourned upon earth, and since our entrance to the bright joys of thy Kingdom. We thank thee for this unity of spirit in thy heavenly Paradise,—for this happy co-operation of Labors in thy living temple of Holiness and Love. May we, O God, be mindful of thy many redundant Blessings, both temporal and spiritual, and cherish, in holy and sacred keeping, the rich and glowing attributes of thy exalted character. May we treasure in our hearts the brilliant jewels of thy immaculate Love and goodness, preserving

them in their pristine purity and beauty, by the sanctification of our lives and actions. We accord to thee the gratitude of our souls, for this glorious and blissful realization of a joyful reunion in Heaven,—for this bright translation from sublunary to celestial enjoyments and pleasures. O! Father of our Spirits, may our Labors be united,—our purposes one and the same,—the promotion and furtherance of thy Everlasting Truth,—the spread of that Gospel of Glory and Good-Will, revealed to the world through the blessed Mediator, Jesus Christ: May we exemplify to thee the sincerity of our gratitude for this conjoining of spirits, in the faithful dissemination of thy Immortal Truth, and in the zealous promulgation of thy Divine Word. Give us, Radiant Being of Love, the strength of thy strong Arm in every endeavor to promote the well-being of mankind, and to advance by thy holy work of Humanity, that we may not falter in our course of duty, by the counteracting influences of those minds enveloped in the black clouds of Ignorance and Prejudice. Enwreathe us with refreshing streams of wisdom and purity from thy ever-flowing Fountain of Love, that our souls may be watered with righteousness and holiness, and the germs of thy character firmly planted within, to yield in thy own good time, the glorious fruits of perfect goodness and virtue. Assist us, Holy Father, in hastening that brilliant era, when the Archangels' Trumps shall proclaim the millennium dawn, when the clouds, which have long wrapped the Mystic World in obscurity and doubt, will be dispersed, and the heavenly citizens of the Celestial Home will fly to those they love on earth, to bring them glad tidings of great joy, and enshrine in their hearts the treasured remembrances of their glorified Spirit-Life. May the down-trodden and enslaved, both physically and mentally, ever find in us, faithful, devoted friends, and earnest sympathizers and champions, that our efforts may aid in unshackling the bond, and setting them go free. And, Father, may our souls imbibe the glories of all thy lovely characteristics, that we may rapidly advance in the grand scale of Progressive Existence, and near unto thy Divine Throne. And may we speedily acquire all the elements of Spiritual knowledge, that we

the
may be enabled, when joys of Heaven are revealed to earth, to impress upon
the minds of man the soul's eternal destiny, and thus better prepare him for
an Unfolding Eternity of Bliss and Happiness. And may he be attracted near-
er to thee, as mundane life draws to a termination, through an exemplary
existence of usefulness and love, to live in unfading glory and light, in a
being, which shall never know an end. Amen.

(29) "After the utterance of this humble prayer by myself, the
beautiful spirit of thy beloved father beckoned the approach of the bright and
celestial being which had accompanied him in his magnificent passage from the mid-
and Upper Spheres, to salute the entrance of a Minister of God to the supreme
delights of their glorified society and companionship. And how shall I describe
to you the glorious beauty of that resplendent immortal, as she neared her-
self to me, to greet my exultant spirit to the wide and heavenly Fold of the
Great Shepherd? I feel, that no human language can be employed by me,
to sufficiently delineate to you the splendor of her countenance, - the effulgent
brightness of the garments which enshrouded her form of dazzling purity,
all living counterparts of the immaculate purity of her lovely spirit. Around
her head was wreathed a golden Aureola, whose great light and brilliancy
revealed all the crowning virtues of a noble and exemplary character. A life
of devoted service to the interests of mankind, - an existence of Christian precept
and practice, - aiding ever to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ, and earnest en-
deavors to aid the cause of Universal Freedom, at the sacrifice of life and
worldly goods, acquired for her an undying earthly Immortality, and an
Eternal Being of Happiness and Glory in the Highest Spheres of the Living
Home of our Father. Her fame is wide-spread, - her deeds of goodness and he-
roic patriotism are recorded on the pages of her country's history, and her
glowing example is written on the Tablet of every true woman's heart. By
the side of a faithful partner, - whose name is immortalized on the Scroll of
Fame, - did she labor, - giving counsel and advice when needed and required,
and assisting them in establishing the liberties of a country, which was

bleeding at every pore from the tyranny and wickedness of Britain's power.
Her efforts were ever lavished on where most needed, and her arms were ever
given to accomplish good among her surroundings. And after a happy unity
of body and soul with her dearly-beloved partner for many years, her over-
joyed Christian spirit disengaged her hold on earthly things, and soared a-
way to the great Assembly of God's Redeemed, to take its place among the
Ransomed Host, there to await the bright coming of those it had left behind
in the world below, and guard their glorious destiny and march to the
Home of Seraphs. And no fairer and nobler example of Christian Holiness
and Love, I venture to say, was ever given to man and woman for imitation
than that embodied in the life and character of thy patriotic mother, the he-
roic bosom-companion of John Adams, the Fearless Advocate of the Rights
and Liberties of Man. I do not eulogize too much in saying what I have
said, for all know how worthy of this feeble tribute is the brilliant and hap-
py spirit of the ever-to-be-remembered Abigail Adams.

(Oct. 16) "Surrounded by a high and ennobling circle of spirit in-
telligences, each one adorned with the heavenly virtues of their Divine
Master, the bright and joyous form of thy sainted maternal parent ap-
proached me, and, in the following brief communication, saluted me to
the Shores of Eternal Being: 'Youthful Laborer in the Vineyard of the
Great Shepherd: With joy and exultation animating my immortal
spirit, with the gratitude and love of God beaming in my heart, do I,
in the presence of this Brilliant circlet of the citizens of Heaven, welcome
you to the higher ministries of your pastoral life. Intently have I, with oth-
er immortals, watched thy pathway of earthly existence, - witnessed, with
joy and pride, thy rising star of ministerial glory, as it ascended the hori-
zon of Humanity, and which shone, in majestic splendor, o'er a laborious life
of Duty and Honor. Sacredly and faithfully have the spirits of the Eternal
Country guarded your heart from all prejudice and bigotry, and endu-
ed it with the expanding, impartial humanities, of Christ, the Man, and

God, the Father. Beautifully have our radiant impressions fell on your soul, when you knew it not, to beautify it with the vernal glories of a purer and happier life, and cause you to realize the high importance of that sacred mission, which engaged the noblest energies and capacities of your mind and heart. If, at any moment, you faltered in the arduous and responsible calling to which you were summoned; if you despaired to effect the will of Him "who had sent thee to thy holy mission," there would suddenly flit a ray of light across your soul, and "the still small voice" would echo, "Despair not in the cause of thy God. Enter still His vineyard, and prune the vines of all the dead limbs of Error, and engraft thereon the precious germs of Truth and Love, that they may take deep root, and yield, as a recompense for your zealous labor, a bountiful harvest. Let the life and character of Christ be your pattern and guide, and endure, like him, if required of thee, martyrdom for the sake of thy Heavenly Father's Kingdom. Bear his cross faithfully, suffering for the holy cause of Christianity, that it may work out for thee a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But thy shoulder to the plough, and uproot each noxious plant which blights the beauty of thy lovely mission, resolving to "be a hero in the strife" of Humanity. Bear patiently the lot which Providence has marked out for thee, remembering, that the murdered Jesus transmitted a brilliant example of heroic fortitude, and devotion, to future unborn generations, that you, and all mankind, might do the will of the Father on earth, even as it is done in Heaven; and thereby win the glorious reward which he won, - a princely crown and seat in the Celestial Kingdom of the all-wise and benevolent King of Kings."

"When thy soul would be inspired and elevated, at these whisperings of the still, small voice, and thy heart would take fresh courage, from oft-repeated evidences of Divine Love and Wisdom, and thou wouldst more firmly pursue the duties of thy noble ministry, resolved to win the fight of faith, or die to gain the victory. (17) In thy great work below, thy mind was not cramped or fettered by the chains of sectional prejudices or differences, but it ever ranged above a narrow and limited belief, and sought to enhance the glory of God, through an enlarged and widely-extended field of labor. Like the good Samaritan, thou never passed coldly by on the other side, from thy fallen and erring brother, bleeding from the wounds which a perverted nature had inflicted on him, but the hand of thy generous sympathy was ever lifted, to raise him from his degradation and sinful state, to the paths of rectitude and honor.

In the pursuance of thy Godlike mission, thou never retraded from thy rule of right, never deviated from the honest convictions of thy soul, but went on thy way rejoicing in the fullness of thy ministry of Love, - ever relying for strength to carry you through the popular storms of Error and Bigotry which assailed your noble efforts, and to achieve for you a glorious result, - the Laurels of victory and triumph!

"Few poor outcast from society ever found in thee a warm and devoted friend. In thy ministrations to the wanderer from the paths of virtue, thou never asked, "What persuasion art thou," - never sympathized with that cold, unchristian feeling, "I am holier than thou art," but thou saw in these fallen ones the "noblest work of God, created in His own image," and from the vial of thy deep-toned love and sympathy, didst thou pour into their wounded and suffering hearts the oil of consolation and cheer, and bade them, "Go and sin no more." With a pleasant and kind glance of encouragement for every child of God, - affable and impartial in the associations with thy surroundings, tender and loving in thy relationships with the world, yet loving thy affections from it, as thy pure soul flowed Heaven-ward to Him who gave, devoted to the cause of every Christian attribute and virtue, there won for thyself a congenial Circle of spiritual affinities, and transcribed on the immortal Cenotaph of Time and Eternity, an enduring memorial of thy heroic adhesion to the omnipotent principles of Eternal Justice and Truth, - that "what thou preached, thou practiced."

I rejoice, dear Pastor of God, that, through the wisdom and unsparingly of my Heavenly Father, I am enabled to raise my humble voice, and greet thee to the intensified joys of this world of everlasting progress and happiness. Here will the noblest sentiments of thy soul be verified in all their glory and majesty, - that God has created of one blood all nations of the earth, and cemented them together by the common tie of Equality! Here, in the mighty Congressional Halls of our National Legislature, is woman's voice heard pleading the crushed liberties of her sex; here, the brazen mask of Conservatism can no longer poison or stifle her noblest efforts for Humanity; here, the iron heel of despotic man no longer tramples on her rights and energies, - no longer retards the beautiful development of her educational and social capacities. But here do the bravest energies of woman, unshackled, unfettered woman, shine forth in all their conspicuous splendor and loveliness, as she earnestly defends her sacred cause with unsurpassioned fervor and eloquence, and pleads for the restoration of those high gifts and rights which God has made immanent in her soul. Here is she faithfully represented, herself, her bravest, her noblest Representative!

(18) "When a dweller in the mundane life, I was an active participator in its various checquered scenes, mingling in the scenes of my oppressed country, and strove, with all the power that a woman could command, to enhance its happiness and prosperity. I lived in a time when woman's noble efforts were ardently demanded by man in restoring the fallen liberties of a country, whose soil was being saturated with the purest blood that flowed from the veins of the martyred descendants of the Puritan Fathers and Mothers! And her faithful endeavors, in those days of trial and suffering, were rightly appreciated. Fearlessly, by the sides of those they loved dearer than their own lives, did they zealously labor, to accomplish the great ends of their illustrious existence, - the planting, on the virgin soil of "Young America," the infant germ of Freedom, that all, both man and woman, might enjoy the blessed result, - a rich and glorious fruition!

"I sincerely feel, beloved Brother in the cause of Humanity, that woman's sphere and influence is not merely confined to the narrow limits of the domestic fireside at home. I feel, that the clarion notes of her gentle voice should pour forth their eloquence from the pulpits of the so-called Houses of God, discoursing on man's relations to Deity and his fellow-creatures, the high and important duties incumbent on him, and pointing his soul the way that leadeth to the Living Throne of Grace. Her lips should there proclaim the Divine Word of God, - pleading for His Holy Kingdom, and unveiling the Christianity of Jesus Christ, - that the gentle mantle of his love may shed its radiating power on the hearts of benighted man, to lighten him onward to realms of glory and peace.

"In the Legislative Halls should her voice also be heard, defending her dearest and most sacred rights, with a resolute and determined mind, resolving, that "We will not be taxed, unless we are represented." By the side of man should she labor, giving counsel and advice in all the complicated and embarrassing questions which afflict a Congressional Body, endeavoring to overthrow all those giant evils of oppression and injustice, which pollutes the fair fame of a country, whose cause he pretends to espouse. There should she use the eloquent powers of her God-given genius, in the framing of wholesome and humane laws, which breathe of the fragrance of God's character and Love, and demand the passage of every statute, repugnant to the gentler humanities and susceptibilities of her heart and soul.

"At the Bar of the Judicial Tribunal, should the bright Star of woman's genius shine in all the blaze of auroral splendor, culminating to the grand centripetal focus of Humanity and Justice. There should the gentle echoes of her voice plead for her fallen and degraded brother and sister, inviting them back to the embrace of a forgiving Shepherd, to stray no more from his loving fold and flock. There should her "charge and verdict" be rendered against every system of wrong

and tyranny, ever tempering Justice with Humanity, and loving submissive obedience to all Statutes in direct harmony with the Laws of the Creator.

(19) "In behalf of all Reforms, should woman be allowed to give publicity to her sentiments, without the intervention of the "stronger sex." God created her an equality with man, and endowed her with the same glorious prerogatives, with capabilities and powers to engage in every pursuit and labor, advantageous and consonant with every cause, whose tendency is to improve the heart of society, to make it beat truer to the pulsations of Humanity, and to elevate the masses from their present state of degradation and error, to a full and conscious reality of that higher, destiny and life, to which they are all, individually and collectively journeying. And, although the present looks dark and dubious to woman, yet I am enabled to perceive, in the unexplicable windings of the omnipotent Future, a bright and happy day approaching for her, when the chains which have so long enslaved her noblest aspirations, will burst asunder, and her labors duly appreciated and sought for by those who are now endeavoring to prescribe her to a sphere of restraint and compulsion, saying unto her, "Thus far, and no further."

(22) "But, as sure as there is a God who reigneth omnipotent in the Heavens and in the Earth, and ruleth all things in the spirit of impartiality and justice, just so sure will He unbend the yoke of oppression which now galls the neck of "His best gift to man," - Woman, and place her on a platform, whose plank is Equality, and which shall endure forever. Woman is a being to love and admire, - a being created by the Supreme Ruler with moral and rational faculties equal to those of the opposite sex, and capable of moving on in the same arena of public life, engaging in its arduous exploits and duties. She is a being endowed with sublime traits of character, and need but be loved and treated kindly, to call forth the holiest affections of the heart. She has too long been considered by man as a mere

thing, - as a being upon whom unhallowed passions of his debased nature may be gratified. God has planted within her spirit a Paradise of purest affinities, and adorned it with the roseate beauties of His heavenly character. He placed within her nature the germs of a three fold agency, and sent her forth into this Material Creation, and bade her choose the two paths of pursuance, - the one which would acquire for her, through recorded acts of Virtue and Holiness, a happy transition to life in the spheres of Time, and a blissful state of existence in the realms of Eternity, or the other, which would grant to a life of unhappiness below, and an inferior state of development beyond the boundaries of Earth. But man has cramped these God-bestowed aspirations and longings of her soul, and thereby prevented her from entering those public Circles of Society, where the noblest talents and brilliant powers of rhetoric would shine forth in rays of intellectual greatness and goodness. On the public stage of life should woman be allowed to stand, and enact her part in the changing scenes of its great drama. There, in the modern Church, should be heard, distributing to the famished multitudes the Bread of Life, and pleading the goodness of God, advancing His Divine Word. In the Legislature, both State and National, should woman's presence be admitted, to assist in the framing of all Laws, compatible with the paramount Laws of the great Jehovah. At the Bar, should her ministrations also be felt, dispensing justice tempered with Humanity, to those who have so unfortunately been to wander from the ways of perfect goodness and purity. At the bedside of the sick and dying should her genial influence be bestowed, to soothe the pangs of disease, by administering such remedies as an knowledge of the case may demand, and to prepare the soul for a purified life beyond the reach and endurance of suffering or pain. Thus, in every noble field of Labor in which man is engaged, should woman also be permitted to enter, to share its joys or its sorrows, its

pleasures or its trials. With his labors should hers be united, assisting him in every goodly work of Humanity, advising and counseling in every embarrassing question of the day, and pushing forward the great car of Reformation. Thus wedded together in every good cause, will the peaceful bark of life flow onward in its winding course, until it shall progress to the fathomless depths of the Immortal Ocean, there to glide on its sparkling waters, with the Flag of Equality floating triumphantly on it. May God, my brother, prosper woman's redemption from the present prescribed limits, into which man's prejudice has bound her.

"Pardon me, my devoted friend, for thus addressing you at so great a length upon a subject which must be dear to every true woman's heart; for I feel that the sayings and doings of this Mighty Assembly of Representative Spirits, at this time, will be recorded on the Living Scroll of Immortality, to be transmitted to those who linger on the rough-beaten Shores of Time. And I feel desirous, that when the Recording Angel shall break the golden seal of the Book of Immortal Life, woman shall there see, written in letters of dazzling brightness, the devotion of the Spirit of Abigail Adams to the cause of her own sex; that her sympathies are with them, in their attempts to elevate themselves above their proscriptive bounds, to a post of honorable duty and action; that her spirit has not been indifferent to the struggles going on in the material world, to exalt woman to her God-designed position in society.

(23) "And let us hope, dear Minister of Truth, that, through our united efforts, and the hearty and willing co-operation of the faithful Representative Agents of God, we shall be enabled to bring about this coveted result. Let the talented energies of thy mental powers be given to this great, this Godlike cause, of Equality. Enlist the warmest aspirations of thy soul in behalf of woman, that she may enjoy unmolested, that noble heritage of Right, which her Heavenly Father has bequeathed to her. And let us overthrow every species of evil, which afflict the universe with their huge pall of blackness, and open a broad channel, in which the strong currents of Humanity and Love may flow on in an undisturbed and quiet course, until they find an inlet to the heart of every child of God. Let us push forward the heavenly mission of our God, that the souls of man may be riper in every good and virtuous quality, and be better prepared for that approaching era, when when the darkness and gloom of Error, shall disappear before the dawn of that Eternal Day of Truth, which shall nevermore be shaded by the night of Ignorance and Bigotry; when the clouds shall roll away from their inferior vision, and they shall behold the unclouded brightness of the Future State, - the glories of the Seraph Spheres of Existence! In fact, let us Labor to undermine the foundation of and strength of all evils, Wrong Education, - and rear up a structure, whose dome shall aspire to the Throne of Grace, and whose pulpit shall resound with the teachings of Christ, and the Divine Truth and Recorded Word of the Living God! And by thus extending his mighty Gospel, your soul will rejoice with exceeding great joy, in the conviction, that your are performing the will of Him who sent thee, and striving to dethrone Error from its ill-acquired jurisdiction over the empire of Truth, where it now seems to hold an undisputed sway and right, an unlawful seat in the kingly realms of Society. And by so doing, the intuitive powers of your soul will develop in the holier principles of Christianity, and guide it to the brighter circles and Spheres of peerless Land of Progression and Beauty!

"Now, bright-unfolding spirit, I commit thee to the work of thy Father. Thus with the glories of thy mission vividly delineated to thee through angel lips, will thou pursue thy routine of Duty, acquiring, in thy celestial progress, an exalted knowledge of the developments of the Spirit in each Sphere of Being, and the gradations of happiness incidental to each Circle.

"Push forward, Brother, in the work,
Which God to thee hast now assigned;
Let thy unfolding life reflect,
The bright effulgence of thy mind;
Shrink not from duties rumored here,
Before thy now enraptured sight;
But bold resolve, with heart and soul,
To triumph in the cause of Right.

"Within this Temple of thy God,
His Word Divine will thou declare;
And breathe the fervor of thy soul,
In lofty praise, and earnest prayer;
And every good and holy cause,
Which interested thee on earth,
Will still engage thy noblest powers
In thy unfolding angel birth.

(25) "May Gods rich blessing on thee rest,
In thy Progresive life above;
And crown thee, in thy onward march,
With His bright Coronet of Love;
And when the Lords of Heaven shall ope,
To "mortal" mans enchanted gaze;
And God shall grant him power to see
The glories of His Throne of Grace;
O may thy soul, endued with Love,
Fly on the wings of joy to earth,
And plant therein the germs of truth,—
The offspring of a nobler birth.

"And, that you may be strengthened in your appointed mission, and be enabled to pursue the heavenly work imposed upon you by the Giver of all Good, let the voice of woman now offer to the Eternal Throne of Grace, an humble orison,—a feeble testimony of the gratitude of our hearts, for this happy unity of spirits on the Everlasting Shores:

"O! thou Giver of every good and perfect gift,—thou God of Impartial Love, Mercy, and Goodness! We pour forth, to thy Eternal Throne, the fervent supplications of our souls, for this brilliant unity of soul in this World of Glory and Everlasting Progress. We offer to thee the homage and gratitude of our hearts, for the multiplied favors, with which thou hast crowned our spirits both during their stay on earth, and the period of their existence in thy Immortal Realms. May our souls be elevated to thee in adoring rapture for the unspeakable glories which thou hast unrolled on the ever-rolling panorama of the Heavenly Creation, to beautify the inceptive visions of thy immortal children with scenes of radiant joy and happiness, and unite them upward to a Higher Seat in thy peerless Kingdom of Love and Truth. And may we behold, in each unfolding beauty of the Celestial and Material World, the glorious work of thy Divine Hand, and adore thee, in spirit and in truth, through their sublime, harmonious laws. Give us, Oh God of Love, a thorough knowledge of those unchanging, immutable arrangings of thy Mighty Mind, that we may not retrograde from their laws, which thou hast instituted in thy sublime works of the gorgeous Temple of Nature. And may we feel, Father in Heaven, that infinite distance cannot separate thee from the children of thy Love, but that thou art everywhere, above, beneath, around, and within us, that thy tender mercies are over all thy works, purifying the hearts of the creatures of thy make, and drawing them nearer to thee, to form component essences of thy own glorious Self! And enable us, Divine Mind, to impress upon the inclined souls of those who are bowing down to the strange idols of Ignorance and Idolatry, thy sovereign goodness and mercy,—that the Spirit is progressive, and

will, in proportion to its interior development, inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. And Oh! Omnipotent Being, May our Labors be fruitful in with good deeds, our aims, to advance thy Kingdom of righteousness. May our hopes be centred in thee, who are the Steel Anchor of our Hearts, the faithful Pilot, to guide us to thy throne. May we plant in our spirits the germs of thy Divine Character, that we may nearer approach thee, who are all Divine and Perfect. And, Father, may the reflex of our purified thoughts cast their impressions upon those residing in the clayey tenement, and awaken them to the convictions of Right, - to the necessity of improving their higher natures within, and exalting their Interior Life to one of cloudless beauty and unequalled splendor. O may they, with the strengthening powers of angels to aid them, dissolve the chains of Error, which enslave the finest sympathies of the soul, and stand forth free in the enjoyment of those higher Liberties which God has imbedded in the life-giving Principle within... May they behold thee as thou art, not through the dark glass of Sectarianism, as a Being revengeful and vindictive in thy punishments, but through the light and grandeur of those divine attributes, recorded on every unfolded page of thy great Book of Nature. Hasten the time, when Ignorance, which has so long clogged the wheels of Progression, will be removed from the minds of man, and be accessible to the Truth as it is in Jesus; when Prejudice and Bigotry, and their collateral evils, will be swept away by the tornado of Enlightened Education and Opinion; when all grievous sins, which desolate thy noble works, will be swallowed up in the victory of Right, never more to desolate thy Temple of Goodness. And, O! thou Impartial Being, give us aid and support in every laudable undertaking. Assist us to elevate woman to that proper Sphere of Influence and Action, to which thou designed her, and from which man has dethroned her. May she be exalted to an honorable position in society, free to move in her own cherished sentiments and rights, free to move in the public circles of life, and to give countenance and opinion on the national and sectional questions of the day, and to declare, from the earthly pulpit, the Truth of thy Divine Word. Eradicate Slavery and War from every portion of thy Corporeal Planet, and urge the period, when the gentle Dove of Love and Peace can wing its flight over the vernal fields of an earthly Paradise, uncumbered by the warring of human passions. And, Father, I now commend this, the unfolded Being of thy immortal child, to thy eternal care and service. May he have strength imparted him, in the discharge of each mission of Humanity which thou may see fit to confer upon him, - to establish the glory of thy Kingdom among the Nations of the Earth, - to destroy the strong foundation stone upon which rests the mighty pinnacle of old formed theology, and creed, and rear up, out of their dishonored ashes, an edifice of Truth, whose towering dome shall reach the heavens. And to thee be rendered the homage and gratitude of our spirits for every good and perfect spiritual gift, now and forevermore. Amen. Left off reading to a circle of friends.

(Nov. 5.) "After the utterance of the Address and Prayer by thy beloved maternal parent, so enrobing and sublime in their character and tendency, I proceeded to reply to it in the following Language, very brief, but, I trust, expressive: Dear friend and sister in the Spirit-Life: The emotions of my soul cannot be described to you in Language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an adequate idea of the rapturous delight which permeates my unfolded being, in this glorious meeting with thy sainted spirit, and the joy which has attended it, in listening to the eloquent reception, which you have tendered to me, - your former earthly Pastor and Friend. Gladness and pleasure indescribable are pictured, in living colors, on every fibre of my soul, for this brilliant salutation by the children of Immortality, and gratitude, deep and overflowing, ascends the Throne of Grace, from a heart regenerated and purified in the elements of Love and Goodness. Transcendantly beautiful and sublime is this Consecration of my spirit by thee, to the courts of the Progressive World, because our earthly existence commingled in unity and friendship, and enjoyed all the hallowing influences of a congenial society, - a happy affin-

ity of Holiness and Religion, in its sacred relations. Often, in the earth-
life, have wandered by that- mansion, venerated and endeared by a thous-
and associations, memorialised on the tablet- of mine, and reserved the un-
sullied brightness of those animated spirits which once inhabitated it, and
who gave character and tone to many a noble deed of Humanity and Pat-
riotism. My spirit would catch the flame of their heroic devotions to the
principles of Right and Justice, and consecrate itself anew to the service
of every cause, which is the cause of God. A live coal from the altar would
touch the heart-strings, and tune them anew to the melody of those an-
gel spheres, to whose bright enjoyments those purified spirits had depart-
ed. In the waving grass, or the sweet-flower-beds, around this antiqua-
ted Castle of Happy Memories, I could still trace in vision the moving
forms of its "ascended" occupants, pursuing their accustomed avocations,
planting, in the congenial soil, the germs of a noble Industry, that oth-
ers may reap the reward of their toils, and cherish, with fond pride and
pleasure, their bright, transmitted Examples. Then I would pause in my
reflections of the bright memories of the past, and, as if inspired by the spirit
of the departed ones, I would wend my way to the hospitable mansion, which
still contained the beloved form of one dear to your heart, and allied to all,
by the tenderest ties of veneration, love, and impartial friendship. I well re-
member once calling upon him, some little time subsequent to the physical dis-
solution of a cherished son, and engaging in conversation with him upon sub-
jects which must, of natural necessity, be dear to every true and Christian heart
and which are, at this time, closely identified with our spiritual state of ex-
istence, and to which I now revert with intensified pleasure. The topics were,
Religion, and the Immortality of the Soul. Before, however, answering to the an-
xious inquiries of his soul, to the best of my feeble ability, as was our usual custom,
we bent the knee, and poured forth the homage of our hearts to the Throne of
Grace. Rising from our prayerful posture, your treasured son, John Quincy
Adams, turned towards me, and propounded the following interrogatory:

Brother Whitney: Often, when in my study, free from the embarrass-
ing perplexities of Legislative duties, and other complicated avocations, would
my mind dwell upon the great question of the Immortality of the Soul,- whether
or the spirit, after it has separated from its temporary abiding-place, is permitted
to hover around those loved ones it has left, a vigilant witness of their every action,
of their joys and afflictions, of their pleasures and pains, and inspire them with
ennobling truths and aspirations, through their impressive powers; or whether the
Spirit-World is isolated, by immeasurable distance, from the material one, situat-
ed in some far-off corner of the Mystic Land, invested in impenetrable doubt
and despair, with its inhabitants not cognizant of their sorrows or their happi-
ness, not ever-present to minister to their spiritual needs, or to elevate their souls
with glorious hopes, and inspired words of comfort and joy. These are subjects
which have much engrossed my thoughts in the calmer moments of my life,
and to not satisfactory conclusion can I arrive. What are your opinions,
Brother Whitney, on these momentous questions, and which, to my mind, are
of the highest importance? Can you present a solution to these great interrog-
atories?

(7) Brother Adams: The questions which you have asked me, are indeed,
as you have said, of high and momentous importance, and which have occupied
my mental capacities many an hour of my life. I feel that the Spirit-Land
is not separated from us by impenetrable space, that inward convictions of
my soul teach me that it is near us, and that our hearts are ever receiving
its pure and refined elements of divine inspiration; that its immortal den-
izens are ever eye-witnesses of our deeds, and that their happiness or misery
is enhanced by the measure of our virtues or iniquities. The Recorded Word of
God, and the glorious life and unexampled character of Christ, sustains me,
I think, in the advancement of such an idea. For, if we are to credit the truth
of the Bible, or view it in either a historical or an inspired light, we are to be-
lieve that angels once hovered o'er the haunts of men, and again commingled
in former associations and delights. And what once was possible, is not, in my

humble opinion, at the present time, improbable or impossible. On the contrary, 'tis reasonable to affirm, that guardian geniuses are continually hovering over us, and that our souls are constant recipients of their hallowing impressions and elevating instructions; that they are with us to solace our hearts when bereaving the loss of dear friends, and to bind up each tender aching chord, with the soothing balm of consolation. That they are near us, though, perhaps, unconscious to ourselves, inspiring us with hopeful visions of a glorious and happy future, and embalming on our souls the irradiating light and splendor of a holier and better life; that their sanctifying influences are about and within us, harmonizing our natures with melodious strains of Love and Unity, and embellishing each page of existence with sunny pictures of angel goodness and purity; that divine thoughts are unceasing in flowing into our minds, though we know not the grand source from whence they originate; that the strong chains of sympathy which united their hearts with those they love on earth remain unsevered even after they have passed beyond the confines of Time to sojourn in the Realms of Eternity, and attract them to us to mingle again in our sorrows, and soothe our infirmities with their healing presence.

'Tis said, that when the body dies,
The Spirit soars to Upper Skies;
To watch, from its celestial birth,
Over those it fondly loves on earth;
And brighten, with angelic power,
Each passing day, each fleeting hour;
That every soul may well prepare,
To sit in light and glory there.

To believe otherwise, Brother Adams, would, I feel, be approximating to a narrow and selfish infidelity. Holy Writ convinces me, that the laws

of God are one and the same, now and forevermore, and cannot, for a moment, be diversified or suspended, without tainting the Divine Immutability of his character. (14) And if the angels once glorified the souls of men with their inspired presence, and strengthened them with bright revelations of Love when faltering amid the stormier duties of active life, is it not consistent to believe, that, through the same beautiful powers, through the same harmonious laws of Nature, they can guard and solace our spirits in the trials of the day, and keep holy vigils around us during the peaceful slumbers of the night?

Often, like yourself, when retired aloof from the discordant din and bustle of the outer world, would I reflect upon the Immortality of the Soul, the various degrees of happiness which it would enjoy after its triumphant passage o'er the dark waters of death, and picture upon the canvas of mind the magnificent beauties which everywhere line the golden streets of Eternity, and the imaginary scenes of splendor which adorn and glorify its celestial inhabitants. And, during my reflective moments, beautiful and elevating thoughts would flow athwart my mind, inspiring words of love and consolation would roll their harmonious influences across my soul, gentle voices would utter joyous whispers of hope to my heart, each congenial thought and word, as I felt, were but the heavenly echoes of angelic minds. My whole nature would light up, at these superior influxings of divine intelligences, with the love and glory of God, and I would acknowledge the proximity of the Spirit World.

The ardent desires which we feel, Brother Adams, to know whether our departed friends are near us, and witnesses of our comforts and our distresses, are sufficient evidences to my mind of the close affinity of the Angel Spheres with the Material World. The innate longings which we experience to know of the happiness of our ascended loved ones, furnish to me satisfactory proof of their blissful guardianship, of their watchful presence; and the interrogatory, so repeatedly asked, Are our spirit friends near us, and cognizant of our earthly affairs, is often, unconsciously to ourselves, answered in the silent depths of the human soul. Purified thoughts are inflowing into our minds are ever the

gushing outpourings of superior intelligences,- the grand reflex of the Divine Mind. And they will continue to speak to us in their gentle intonations,- in that still, small voice, which quiets every discordant feeling and sentiment rankling in the heart, and attune its chords to the heavenly harmonies of Love and Affection. Let us feel, brother Adams, that the spirits of the just made perfect are ever with us, and that they are exerting upon our (their) salutary influences; that they rejoice with us in our prosperity, and sympathize in our adversity; that they are near to comfort us when we mourn,- to bind up the wounds which the stroke of Death has inflicted, and prepare our souls to unite with theirs in one Common Fraternal Union, to chant unceasing praises to the Lord of Hosts. And let us hope, that this daily commingling and interior secret communion with those passed away, will serve to disengage our hold on the things of earth,- rob death of all its terrors and its stings, and make us holier and happier during our continued pilgrimage below, and better qualify us for a high seat in the Kingdom of God. Let our lives be conformable to the blessed assurances of their beatified presence, that our deaths may be glorious, and our entrance to the holier duties of another existence, to greet the loved and lost, sublime and beautiful. Realize, then, dear Brother, that the spirit of your beloved son, whose recent departure from earth has wrung your heart with unutterable anguish, is present with you, and will ever be, until your soul shall burst the bounds of its mortal tenement, and ascend heavenward to join the society of that dear one, whom (for) you now deeply feel and lament.

"Ah! brother Whitney," he replied, "could I but realize the force of the beautiful truths to which you have given utterance, I should be the happiest man existing. And yet, the arguments which you have employed to support the fact of Angel Nearness, is, to my mind, very rational and convincing, and in perfect harmony with the pre-ordained laws of God. The Bible, as you have said, proves that Christ, and his Chosen Apostles, were grand receptive agents of for the control and guidance of guardian angels,

and that their soothing and congenial influences strengthened and aided them during many a dark and troubled hour of their mortal (20) life. And if they were thus watched and guided by the holy angels from the towers of their Celestial Zion, it is consistent for us to believe, that we also may be controlled by their divine ministrations, through the same harmonious laws and arrangings. And could my heart, brother Whitney, but realize and accept the fact of angels' ever watchful presence, Death, to use your own language, would be divested of all its fears and terrors, would Loose that hideous aspect with which an unnatural education has invested it, and present itself to the mind in garments of unspeakable sublimity,- as a golden key which unlocks the shining gates of Immortality to admit the soul to brighter and purer abodes. The thought, that Heaven's Immortals are daily accompanying us in our passage o'er the rough billows of life, and inspiring our hearts with holier thoughts and higher ambitions, is indeed a very beautiful one, and cannot fail to exert on ourselves a divine and consolatory influence. And could I but feel, that the spirit of my departed treasure,- and here the strong man wept like a child, (is) with me, noting my every act, and impressing me with (a) happier home, the heavy weight of grief which now afflicts my soul would be removed, and the aching void would be displaced by (the) sweet and happy memories of a glorious future life. But I will treasure the bright idea, for its beauty and sublimity, and the many hours of happiness and consolation which it (will) brings with it, and endeavor, through careful research and vigorous study, combined with the assistance of others, to firmly establish it on the Foundation-Rock of Eternal Truth."

"This is the sum and substance, dear sister, of that memorable interview with thy beloved son. Though it cannot be supposed, that the language which was employed at that time is identical, in every particular, with that which I have just recited to you, yet the ~~same~~ principles and the ideas embodied in that conversation are one and the same, as those which I have related; for the time which has intervened between that and the present, has eradicated, from memory, in a great measure, the exactness of the language uttered on that occasion, though the thoughts and sentiments advanced are securely seated on the throne of mind. That happy consultation

occupied little over an hour's earthly time, and was a fruitful source for profound study and reflection in after years. (21) I parted from him, but the lovely memories of that beautiful conversation lingered in the deep recesses of the heart, to mould its character for everlasting good. I now revert to it with great pleasure, to substantiate the force of the truths which were then uttered, and which to our minds were as brilliant hopes and blissful anticipations, and which to one is now a joyful realization.

"I thank you for the eloquent eulogium you saw fit to pass on my earthly labors, both public and private. I rejoice that they are thus approved by the celestials of Paradise, and that my ministry below has been guarded by their divine presence; that they have strengthened me in my faltering moments, and cheered me when trouble and sorrow disturbed the serenity of life; that they have been ever near, when tendering consolation to the mourning ones of earth, and inspired me with elevating and solacing hopes, that I might better minister them to the afflicted soul; that they have walked by my side, as watchful attendants of the day, and hovered o'er my head, as bright guardians of the night; that they have unerringly assisted me in every good and perfect work, and blessed my heart with the inspiration of the Ascending Spheres of Love and Duty; that they have prepared the soul, through a refined and godly life, to tread, without fear, the dark valley of the shadow of death, and to land triumphantly on the Shining Waters of Infinite Being, there to anchor my weary barque in the Port of Truth and Progression. For all these blessings, dear sister, do I thank the good angels.

"But for the grand source of all these manifest favors, — our Heavenly Father, — must I most especially direct the deep homage and gratitude of my overflowing heart. For, through the wisdom and perfection of his inscrutable Laws, are the Immortals of the Celestial Country brought in immediate contact with those who sojourn in the life below them. Let us adore Him for the unspeakable privilege He has granted to us, in permitting us to hover o'er the loved and dear of earth, — to wander in those beautiful haunts of our childhood, and render each unfolding scene more glorious and sublime by our inspired presence. Let us thank Him, in the earnestness of our progressive natures, for the impartial love and wisdom

He has displayed in each work of His Bountiful Hand, — for the splendor and beauty of each scene which he has invested in the Material Landscape, and still more magnificent glories with which He has clothed the Abodes of the Just and the Good, with the brilliant Rainbow of His Love and Promise sparkling in the Heavens, and tinting each joyous picture with the Seven Unfolding Spheres of Happiness and Progress. Let us acknowledge our dependence to Him for every good and perfect spiritual blessing; that we are sincerely grateful for all the manifold favors of His Hand, of which our souls are the willing recipients. Let us worship Him in spirit and in truth, and ever acknowledge Him as the Divine Father of the Whole Human Race, — as an Impartial Father, who will attract all His erring children in repentance and contrition to His Throne, and in forgiveness bid them sin no more, — as the Great Spirit, who is everywhere, all in all, infinite in His Paternal Character, — whose glory shines round about like a pillar of fire, warming and subduing all hearts unto Himself, — and whose love and wisdom is made manifest in the countless myriads of Mass which illuminate the galaxy of Heaven, in the wild and discordant bearings of the ocean, as well as in its calm and harmonious placidity of temper, and in the forked Lightning and the echoing thunder, in the expanding loveliness of the Vegetable Creation, and the deep-treasured wealth of the Mineral Kingdom, — all at the command and will of a Superior Being, before whom all Nations must bow in reverence, and worship Him as the only True God. To such a Benignant Parent, my sister, must we tender our sincere obligations for all the rich spiritual gifts which we are constantly receiving, to improve and benefit our immortal natures with their harmonizing influences. Let us award to Him the thanksgivings of our hearts, for his unnumbered Blessings, and ascribe all glory and honor to His Hallowed Name. And let us offer up to Him our unceasing oblations, and pray, that the inhabitants of the world below may acquire a more accurate and tangible knowledge of the Laws and affinities of the Inner Life, that the man may know more of the Happy Land to which Christ, the Saviour of Men, has ascended, and thus better prepare the germs of Immortality within for a beautiful unfolding into a state of Perfect Bliss and

And

Enjoyment. Let us hide, then, that rapidly approaching era, when our prayers will be answered, and hail, with adoring rapture and joy, the first few rays of Light which shall proclaim its glorious advent.

/27/ To the beautiful sentiments which you have avowed, in reference to the proper sphere and influence of woman, do I cordially assent, and my endeavors, to place her in that position from which she has been dethroned by a popular prejudice, shall be cheerfully loaned, until that happy period shall dawn upon the world. And in every good work, whose object is to ensure the well-being of mankind, and to advance the principles of Humanity, and the Higher Ordinance of God, will I engage, and employ the active powers of my Regenerated Being to secure Harmony and Love in all hearts, and hasten the era when the kingdom of our Father will come, and His will be done on earth even as it is done in Heaven. Gladly and willingly will I gird on my armor, and go forth into the field and battle against the foes of Truth and Progress, firmly resolved not to sheathe the sword, until our arms have achieved a glorious victory. With the mighty Army of Spirits arrayed in lines of supernal majesty before my unfolding Receptive Vision, will I struggle for Right and Justice, and to implant on the Immutable soil of Freedom and True Democracy the Star-spangled Banner of Peace and Good-Will. And in every cause, whose tendency is to ameliorate the deplorable condition of suffering humanity, and to develop the higher Intuitive Principles of the Immortal Soul, will I labor with true earnestness and vigor, and endeavor, thereby, to add a Crowning Light and Glory to the Shining Diadem of my Lord and Master. All this will I do, with the help of the Divine Power.

And now, beautiful Spirit, with I draw this feeble answer to a termination, poorly expressed, I am aware, but yet serving as a fervent illustration and testimony of the gratitude which I feel for the sublime reception, the cordial salutation, which you, and the dear partner of your happiness and enjoyment, have, at this time, extended to me. Your sublime teachings and counsels shall be treasured as bright pearls in my heart, and act as living incentives to aid my unfolding spirit in its ethereal progress to the Eternal Realms of Infinite Love and Perfection, to sit in glory with those bright Stars of Purity and Holiness, whose light once ammated the dark night of Error and Superstition, and

whose trail is still left behind, to guide other souls to brighter realms of Immortal Existence. Let us Labor, dear sister, to improve the means which God has bequeathed to us, to harmonize more perfectly our inborn natures, and to divest ourselves of every feeling of prejudice, provided such may have found an accidental entrance to our hearts. Thus shall we move on in the Spheres of Eternal Progression, our souls perfecting in knowledge and goodness, as they become qualified to enter on the more ennobling and exalted duties of the Higher Circles of Harmonial Truth and Wisdom, and ripening in all the adorning Excellences which crown the Paternal Character of the Divine Parent, as they near to His Celestial Throne! And in return for the kindness and interest which you have manifested for me, I will wreathe bright garlands of Affection and Friendship for thy virgin brow, that their fragrance may descend upon other hearts, and beautify them with the Sweet Flowers of Harmony and Virtue. May the crowning excellence of thy Immaculate Character leave their holy impress on the memories of those descendants which thou hast left on the Shores of Time, and incite them to emulate thy many virtues and heroic deeds, with which thy soul was truly eloquent, and thus preserve unsullied that bright, Immortal Name, which has been transmitted to them through the stainless life and example of their honored, illustrious Parent! Go forward, then, dear sister, in thy holy office, and Labor vigorously in the Cause of God, to dethrone Error, and enthrone Truth, feeling assured, that Right not Might will in the end triumph! Unfurl thy glorious Banner to the breeze, and hasten the World's Redemption from Sin! Let it not be withdrawn from the field of action, until all mankind shall exist under its folds of Peace, and Universal Love.

May God, sweet Spirit, crown thy life,
With rosiest beauties rare;
And leave, upon thy lovely soul,
The Impress of His care;
May glory mark thy upward flight,
To Spheres of Eternal Joy;
Where Happiness and Endless Light,
Shine forth without alloy.

May holy angels wreathe for thee,
Their chaplets, fresh and fair,
And place them on thy virgin brow,
To bloom forever there;
And may their gentle influence,
Cast round a fragrant glow,
Descending on the hearts of those,
Who dwell in Spheres below.

(Dw I.) And may the Star of Truth and Love,
Diffuse o'er thee its rays;
And draw thy soul to God on high,
In Everlasting praise;
And may our Father spread the sky,
When thy Immortal Mind,
Shall utter forth to worlds below,
Good-Will to all mankind.

Urge onward, then, that hallowed work,
Which God to thee hast given;
And aid the panting soul to find
The path which leads to Heaven;
And may thy Father's crowning smile,
Thy Spirit ever bless;
That it, in knowledge and in truth,
May rapidly progress.
May the light of Gods spirit shine evermore on thine own. Amen and Amen.

Thus, dear brother, closes the memorable interview with thy father and mother, on my entrance into the glorious delights of Immortal Being. I have

been somewhat lengthy in my recital to you, of the brilliant reception which I received when I launched my barque on the Sparkling Lake of Eternal Progression, but I am sure it will not prove irksome to your regenerated spirit, as it is closely identified with your own immediate interests. On the contrary, the just-recited narrative has been pleasing and instructive to you, and thrilled your beatified soul with unutterable joys, and elevated it with grateful emotions and heavenly ambitions. You now more keenly realize the bright reward which awaits to crown the faithful labours of those who vigilantly work in the vineyard of the Heavenly Master. You here discern prefixed before you the eternal glories which are to deck thy unfolding Immortality, and lead thee on to those more beautiful and sublime joys which glitter in the brighter fields of God's Refulgent Paradise of Bliss and Happiness. The nobler duties of thy earthly pilgrimage have won for thee an Immortal Recompense here, in the Celestial Home, while the mourning hearts of thy countrymen wreathe vernal Laurels of Fame and Gratitude for the dead Brow of thy material Body. All animosities and feelings of revenge now cease, and all vie to honor thy Lifeless remains, and to sprinkle tears of Affection and Love o'er thy consecrated Bier. The roses of Remembrance, strewed by fair hands of Gratitude and Sympathy send forth their vernal fragrance as incense to God,- but none so vernal or fragrant as that Undying Fame which thy virtuous deeds have wrought on thy Country's History, and embalmed on the Monument of Time and Eternity. Why, my brother, this suspension of antagonisms,- this withdrawal of hostile feelings,- where they but a short-lived previous existed? It is because memory is at work reviewing the eloquent deeds of the Brilliant Past, and flowing back to those hallowed days when earth was blessed with thy endearing presence,- when the radiant light of thy bright Star illuminated the world with its mellow lustre, now flashed away to sparkle in glory around the Great Central Sun,- the Throne of the Divine Intelligence! And thought is lost in profound admiration and wonder at the sublime, unwavering fortitude and heroic virtue which characterised the illustrious life of a man, who preferred the simple adornments of a meek and quiet spirit, who sought (2) to fear his God, and serve his country,- to all the splendid pomps (1) and pageantry of official distinctions and worldly honors. Proud and ennobled at fearless independence of thy spirit,- exalted in their own characters, through the immaculate virtues of

thine own, dazzled by the light and grandeur of thy matchless mind, and the brilliancy of thy unclouded Star of Fame and Honor, guided by the purity of thy wisdom and integrity, and the power of thy resplendent example of Youth and Progression, there wreath around thy memory the fragrant offerings of their Devoted Love, - entwine thy honored brow with roseate garlands of Human Affection, and resolve to imitate the adorning excellences of thy departed soul, that they

> 'May faithful serve, like thee, their country and their age,
> And leave an honored Name on History's gilded Page.

(18) Thus, reverenced and loved by thy countrymen, and remembered with tears of Affection and and Gratitude by the whole world, hast thou journeyed homeward to Heaven and Glory, where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling. Thy Spirit hast sought the haven of Peace, the Port of Eternal Happiness. At the Post of Duty, where thou hast bravely stood in danger's dark hour, didst thy soul burst its mortal cerements, and soar above to join the Representatives of a Higher Congress. Fitting place for the Old Man Eloquent to take His last look of the perishable things. In the seat where those so long and nobly battled in thy country's cause, didst thou fight Life's greatest battle, and won the victory. Wreathed with thy country's proudest Laurels, hast thy spirit found the Happier Shore, to receive the Immortal Crown. And may the bright memories of the Past be the brilliant standards of the Present and the Future! May the Immortality of the Past (earth) be the faithful Guardian of the Immortality of Heaven! And may thy happy soul develop in knowledge and truth, and thy future Fame be as sublime and brilliant, as thy Past has been bright and beautiful.

> From the fetters of earth hast thy soul ascended above,
> To meet in glory and joy those whom thou most dearly doth love,
> Where contention's rude billows can no more stain or mar,
> Thy soul's deepest energies, - thy bright rising Star.

> There, on the pages of Eternity's translucent chart,
> Are recorded the thoughts and the deeds of thy mind and thy heart;
> Which now thy bright spirit around (happy) seat doth assign,
> Within the realms of Love and Peace, around the Throne Divine.

> Thy country mourns for the Star which has faded from earth,
> Sighs again for the pure jewel, of great value and worth,
> And imploringly calls upon God to give back once more,
> The precious unfolded soul, which has found the Happier Shore.

(22) Hark! the cannon's deep thunder its booming echoes send forth,
O'er the high mountain-tops, and the lowly vales of the North;
While from the fair South there comes a low sob and a wail,
Because Freedom's "brave Defender" has pressed the "dark vale."

> Behold! Brother! thy country entwines around thy earth-brow,
> The proudest of Laurels, and garlands as spotless as snow;
> Unwilling therefrom to pluck a single flower or gem,
> Which encircles its translucent Fame, its gilded diadem.

> And see! with what noiseless footsteps each friend and each foe,
> Passeth by thy honored dust, lying in quiet state below;
> See Gratitude's deep tribute, and Affection's sweet tear,
> As they silently fall upon thy sainted bier.

> Hear now the rich encomiums passed on thy fair fame,
> The eulogiums pronounced on thy untarnished name;
> Hear the rich, thundering eloquence, which reverberates forth,
> From the Representatives of the South, as well as the North.

The Halls, where thy eloquent voice has so oft won applause,
In defending thy country's proud fame, - fair Liberty's cause;
In darkness and gloom is now shrouded, - in drapery long black,
For the bright spirit departed, which they fain would call back

See yon grey-haired Senator, as he rises to proclaim,
The virtues of that soul, which he could not break or tame;
Hear the exhortations, which roll from his heart and his mind,
About following the example which thou hast left to mankind.

Hear the beautiful instructions which fall from his tongue,
From the silent chords of gratitude unbosomed and wrung;
How undivided the attention which to him is lent,
As he records the bright deeds of the "Old Man Eloquent."

The sons of Carolina will no longer strive to bind,
The fervent gushings of thy heart, and thy high, gifted mind;
For now hushed and still is that voice, whose all-charming power,
Made, Tyranny to tremble, and despots to cower.

Those, who once on mortal earth were thy vindictive foes,
Now forget past hostilities, and finer feelings disclose;
And all strive to vie in showing homage to the man,
Who has fought life's great battle, and measured its brief span.

But listen! there cometh again over mountain and dell,
The booming notes of the cannon, and the slow tolling bell;
A large concourse is gathered beneath the Capitol's dome,
Ah! they are bearing the mortal to its New England Home.

(26) O! how silent is their march, and how muffled their tread,
As they wend on their way with the illustrious dead;
How sad is each countenance, as they look the last time,
On him who has passed to joys immortal and sublime.

A fitting place, noble spirit, for thy soul to ascend,
From the mortal things of earth to life which knows not an end;
'Twas well that grim Death should dissolve Heaven's tie from that form,
Where undauntedly it has stood amidst Sunshine and Storm.

Fitting season for thy soul to soar upward to Heaven,
On the eve of that day when to earth a Washington was given;
Appropriate time for thy spirit to mingle with his,
In a life of endless love, - and Eternity of Bliss.

But hark! there soundeth o'er ocean, and hill-top, and plain,
The deep rolling thunders and echoes of the cannon again;
They have now reached Massachusetts with their much treasured dust,
And are about to deliver up their most sacred trust:

And see the fast-rolling tears, as they course down each cheek,
Which their love and their gratitude doth silently bespeak;
See how fervent the affection which glows in each face,
As they bear the cold corse to its last resting-place.

Look! in good old Faneuil Hall thy mortal now Eloquent Eyes,
That the sons of the Bay State may take their last earthly gaze,
Ere it shall depart from those walls to the home of its birth,
With parent dust to commingle, 'neath dear Quincy earth.

The banners of liberty wave their folds at half mast,
Drooping for the loved spirit, whose earthly days are now past;
While the wide, surging ocean, in its heave and its roll,
Chants forth a solemn requiem for thy ascended soul.

Behold! the symbols of mourning are everywhere hung,
And thy fame, so resplendent, is pronounced from each tongue;
All honor thy example, and thy virtues proclaim,
And will teach their posterity to reverence thy name.

They cherish thy fame and thy memory with fondness and pride,
And make thy bright example their pattern and their guide;
They pray, that the mantle of thy life to them may be given,
To lead them upward to God, to glory, and to Heaven.

But hark! the deep muffled cannon, and the sad tolling bells,
Are echoing forth once again their funereal knells;
And with slow and measured march they are bearing the earth,
To the scenes of its childhood, - to the home of its birth.

That consecrated House, where, in lofty prayer and praise,
Thy soul's pure devotions have so often been raised;
Its arms now again doth extend, and wide opens its door,
To receive John Quincy Adams to its portals once more.

(Jan. 1, '56) The hallowing memories of the past now flow back to thy mind,
As thou lookest down from thy Home on that Earth's holy shrine;
Where thou so oft hast bowed the head in worship and in prayer,
And invoked on thy Labors God's blessing and care.

That loved House of Worship! O! how dear, how sacred to thee!
Where in deep veneration thou hast oft bent the knee.*
How joyful the remembrances which round thy soul twine,
As thou calleth to memory those hours so divine!

But see! a well-known form rises from the pulpit to pray,
For those left behind who mourn for the soul passed away;
And asks of his Father that the example which he hast left,
May descend on those hearts of his presence bereft.

How eloquent is the language which from his lips roll,
As he engraves that example on the tablet of each soul;
How honest are the tears which o'er thy dead body are shed,
As he portrays the high virtues of the soul that has fled.

The hands which to thee hath oft the Bread of life given,
Again breaks it for thee now thou hast passed on to Heaven;
And dealeth out to others, whose love with thine sweetly blended,
That they may seek the bright Port to which thou hast ascended.

But see! they're preparing to remove the inanimate form,
Free its mortal resting place, from life's sunshine and storm;
Friends thickly gather round, to take a last look of the clay,
Ere it is borne from their sight forever away.

* (2) The phrase, "bent the knee," is employed by brother Whitney, in a figurative manner, as it was my usual custom, in the earth life, to stand during the delivery of prayer. It is here used merely as a strong reference to the deep homage of the heart and soul, and to denote sincere reverence and devotion.

J. Q. A.

The sad countenances upturned to the bright heavens above,
Denote the strength of their affection, and the depth of their love;
While the trickling tears, which from the moistened eyes fall,
Commingle, like dew-drops of the morn, on thy funeral pall.

They mourn with sincerity o'er thy cold and clayey corse,
And deeply feel thy departure,— their sad earthly loss;
But pray, that the mantle of thy fame on them may ever rest,
That they, too, with thy virtues, may abundantly be blest.

Slowly and sadly they're moving onward to the tomb;
To deposit the mortal beneath its darkness and its gloom;
Another tearful look their tender feelings arouse,
And the body is committed to the dark, narrow house.

They leave that much hallowed spot with sadness and pain,
But feel, that what is their loss, is thy happy gain;
And hope, that, when the day of life with them is no more,
They will meet thy bright spirit on the Immortal Shore.

O! couldst they but deem that thy soul, unfolded and free,
Could still look down from its home, on things of mortality,
And watch the footsteps of those who so sorely do weep,
O'er the form which now slumbers in its eternal sleep;

With what exceeding rapture would their spirits be fired,
With what joy and what beauty would their hearts be inspired;
How their affections would rise to the Divine Throne of God,
To which thou hast soared upward, to receive thy reward.

And couldst they but believe that thou still to them can impart;
The sweet impressions of thy mind,— and the lessons of thy heart,
The tears which now course their cheeks in mourning for thee,
Would quicken into gladness and rapturous glee.

But the era will soon come, when, from thy unclouded skies,
Thy Living Voice will chant forth the glories of Paradise;
When the earth will again smile with thy wisdom and thy power
And grasp the bright gems which fall from Zion's Holy Tower:

We will turn from things below, to the beauties of this world,
Where thy bright Banner of Truth its broad folds hast unfurled;
Where happiness eternal, and pleasures most refined,
Now await to bid welcome to thy Unfolding Mind.

The matchless eloquence of thy voice will thunder no more
To make old Congress Halls with its deep echoes to roar;
For that soul, so noble and so just has aspired to a life,
Beyond the storms of contention and political strife.

But ah! forgive me, dear Brother, for thus speaking so,—
The beauties of thy mind will still reflect themselves below;
The world will again know that John Quincy Adams doth live
And is still Truths brave champion and Representative.

And those haunts of thy love which thy fearless voice has oft blest,
In proclaiming freedom to the captive, and joy to the oppressed;
Will still its all-conquering power give forth to the world,
That Liberty may triumph, and Slavery to ruin be hurled.

(12) And those, whom thou hast left on the mortal Shores of Time,
To mourn thy departure to the spheres of duty sublime,
Will still thy endearing presence feel hastening them on,
To the bright portals of Life, to which a parent has gone.

Every noble cause in which thy mind engaged on the mortal earth,
Will employ its gifted powers in thy high, celestial birth;
To guide the soul from the darkness of error away,
To the mansions of the just, where shineth Unclouded Day.

The beauties of the Lower world thy eye will still see,
In all their unfolding grandeur, and pristine purity,
And wander through each secluded haunt, each delightful shade,
And plant there the germs of thy Love, which earthly time cannot fade.

Impress on the hearts of those who wander from the Light,
To hate vice and ungodliness, to Love Virtue and Right;
And cleave to that path, which poureth to glory above,
To the courts of the Redeemed, to Salvation and Love.

Proclaim, in a voice of thunder, that by them will be heard,
That they Gods Holy Truth must revere, and keep sacred His Word,
That they, His Divine Requisitions, cannot disobey,
But what they most assuredly, the penalty will pay.

And thus may they feel thy endearing presence near,
To lead them on through the mortal to the Immortal Sphere,
And comfort them with thy influence in sorrow's dark hour,
And soothe each affliction with its all potent power.

And O! may they seek like thee, to win an undying name,
To preserve, unspotted and pure, their country's fair fame,
And strive with all power, which they can summon to command,
To wipe out sin and error from their dear native Land.

And may thy countrymen thy fame and thy memory cherish,
And follow thy brilliant example, which never can perish;
That, when the last earthly sands in Life's hour-glass are spent,
They may say, "This is but the end of earth, I am content."

Go forth, then, bright Immortal, in thy errands of Love
And disseminate to the world thy teachings from above;
Shrink not from the duties which to thy mind are mirrored here,
On the fair panorama of each celestial sphere.

Advance onward, in thy mission, my Brother and friend,—
Celestial Beings thy pathway forever will attend,
To commingle their labors of Redemption with thine own,
And follow thy unfolding soul to the dear Father's Throne.

But in advancing that era when the Lower world will feel,
The beauty of that Heavenly power, which all afflictions will heal
When to man will be expounded the Light and the Truth,
Which directeth to Heaven, to an Everlasting Youth.

Now, Brother, once more I pronounce Gods Blessing on thee,
On that new work of Love, which crowns thy Immortality,
And will pray, that thy Labors for good may meet with success,
And thy spirit forevermore in harmony progress.

Amen.

54 verses.

(15) With this poem, so beautifully and eloquently delivered, closed the brilliant reception of Mr. Whitney. Through the whole of it's recital, there were present many millions of the glorified Redeemed, who were as intensely interested in it as my humble self. It awakened in my unfolding being the holiest emotions, and brought to vivid memory the bright and joyous recollections of the past, and crowned with pure and holy delight my developing nature. It was indeed a happy season to my soul, as you may well suppose, to be thus honored and welcomed to the Spheres of Harmonial Progress by those who had passed on before me to their unnumbered beauties. It was a pleasure too boundless to be described, to be enabled to greet again the presence of dear parents and children, and to receive a cordial and sincere welcome by their sanctified spirits; to again behold friends, whose earthly labors were conjoined with mine, and to listen to the hearty appreciations which they bestowed upon my efforts to establish in the mundane world the lofty principles of Humanity and Truth, and to make the human heart an altar, at whose shrine, Love and Justice may worship. And O! if I felt happy and pleased in these evidences of Spirit-Consecration and Love, how much more was that happiness augmented, in feeling that perhaps I was not wholly unworthy of them; that I could safely retrospect the past, and indagate every action of my life, and realize, that they bespoke the truth of one glorious sentiment, Progression! I do not desire to convey to my readers the selfish and erroneous idea, that I (was) consider myself free from the frailties and imperfections of the mortal existence, or that I was exempt from those errors which are ever found in the wayside of man's chequered being, and especially in those whose peculiar situations of life were and are identical with mine own. But I wish to be understood in my remarks, as conveying the impression, that I feel, (convinced) the Book of my Material Life may be closely scanned by the world's inhabitants, and that no false or deceptive colorings will be found there engraved on it's humbly embellished pages; but, on the contrary, that they will there discover many truthful pictures, all of which are lined with golden linings, radiant with the halo of Progression and Immortal Truth. To have one feel sensible of their faults, is it not a high mark of virtue in such to acknowledge them? And if they are professors of intrinsic qualities, why is it not equally a mark of wisdom in such to let there shine forth, that others beholding their light and power, may be led to imitate and pattern after them. I am aware, that it is not generally the case with persons to attempt (to manage) their own defence, except when extreme circumstances urges such a step, but I think that the old adage, "Credit to whom credit is due," is as strikingly applicable, in its force and meaning to Individual Self, as it is (to those) who applaude and give credit to the justly deserved merits of another. And under the operation of that rule, have I departed from usual customs, and feebly inscribed here on paper, what I felt to be the virtues of my departed life, not because I felt or thought that there was any need of such record, for the noblest Monument of a man's character is that which is erected on the foundation of exalted actions and heroic principles, but because there was an indefinable pleasure in reverting to past deeds and enjoying the conscious pride that they were deserving of commendation, even by the humble individual, whose life they adorned. And as I now reflect, from my present Sphere of Existence, on the incidents through which I was called to travel in my outer life, through the harassing difficulties and perils of a political career, when I review the perplexing embarrassments and obstacles which everywhere surrounded me, and the secret conspiracies which were held to undermine my efforts for Humanity, yea, which threatened the destruction of my very existence, I am struck with unutterable astonishment at the firmness of mind and purpose, and the strength of determination and independence which were imparted to me, and which enabled me to surmount all impending dangers, and ultimately to achieve the victor's laurel of triumph; and I ask myself, in view of all these things, How was it, that I, (was invested with the power to) overcome those appalling difficulties and encroachments on the rights of man, and secured the highest wishes and aspirations of my soul? It was the voice of the Lord speaking to the nobler faculties of the inward nature, through the divine ministrations of His celestial agencies, imparting strength and encouragement to the tried spirit, and bidding it rejoice in the fullness and joy of the Holy Spirit. That silent voice I heard, and responded to it in the many deeds of humanity which a somewhat martyred life echoed forth. I can

(Fd. 5)

account for the great power which I possessed to overcome the many trials and difficulties which encompassed my earthly Labors, and to achieve the ardent desires of my heart and soul. I can now see and realize the means which were employed by my Heavenly Father, and the divine agencies imparted to me, to assist in that mighty and responsible work which engaged both my mental and physical capacities, and which enabled me to perform, in a measure, the duties which devolved upon me. Surrounded by the enemies of Humanity - environed by numerous difficulties and embarrassments, pressed, on all sides, by the foes of Republican Equality and Universal Liberty, denounced and stigmatised as a Disunionist and Agitator, I would ask, how was it possible for me to surmount these huge barriers and seemingly inextricable obstacles, without the aid and help of those superior intelligences of Heaven, whose harmonizing influences are ever extended to give strength and nerve to the arm of the weak, and whose gentle voices of Love are ever whispering words of encouragement to the faltering Spirit of earth, and to those who vigorously and earnestly seek to do the Father's Holy Will! I would ask, what power but the Divine, made manifest through his angels of Immortal Birth, could have sustained me in those dark hours of Tribulation, and led me triumphantly on in my way rejoicing, and enabled me to beat back those dark and angry waves of tyranny and sectionalism, which so threatened to check the life-current of Progressive Humanity! What Power, but the All-Potent, could have dismantled my soul of all fears and discouragements, released it from perplexing doubts and disturbances, and imparted to me the ability to aid in rolling back the black clouds of oppression and injustice which obscured the illuminated sky of Freedom, and to start the ever-rolling car of Progression on its sure and heavenly track! Under the guidance of these unseen Celestial Beings, is it to be wondered at, that I should be prepared to fight the great Battle of Right, and nerved to honorable Duty and Action? Though unacquainted, when on earth, with the fact of invisible guidance and direction, yet how rational does the thought appear to me now! A multitude of fancies and ideas roll athwart the mind, - the mirror of the Past, is ag with its pictures of joy and sorrow, of

triumph and defeat, is again upheld to view, - dangers and trials surmounted, and temptations overcome, all come rushing back to vivid memory, and I firmly, truthfully acknowledge the guiding control of Superior Power, who walked unseen by my side, and instilled in my soul strength and encouragement from their Immaculate Life! Now do all things appear plain and intelligible to me! Now do the trials of the Past rise up before me; - the clouds of opposition again roll their blackness across the surface of memory; but in how different a light do they present themselves to me at this time. How brightly and vividly stands forth the illumined picture of the Living Past, revealing to my now unclouded vision the transcendent loveliness of that Power which directeth all things wisely and well! Now do I thank my Creator for His wondrous display of Almighty Wisdom and Love, and render the homage of my heart to Him, for the manifold blessings showered on my humble earthly Life; thank Him, that my soul, through the fiery furnace of affliction, was better enabled (to pass the dark valley of the shadow of death) to refine its interior principles, - and to enter on nobler fields of Duty and Enterprise! Now do the tribulations of earth divest themselves of their deceptive colorings, and appear in raiments of light and glory - as refiners to purify the spirit of its grossness, and lead it to those shining realms of Peace and Happiness, where its watchful guardians of its interests stand ever ready to accord to it a joyful welcome! And O! could I have realized in the earth-life the guardian presence of the Beautiful and Loved of Heaven, and felt that they were ever present to me to inspire my soul with newer hopes and diviner thoughts, how would my soul when & nature have been exalted and elevated to that celestial world, where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling! The heavy, lowering clouds of animosity which encompassed my Labors, would have appeared as so many brilliant stars, all radiant with the Light and Love of Him, who permits his intelligent heavenly agents to watch over and guide the destinies of mankind; or as purifiers, to more beautifully draw out and develop the intrinsic virtues of the interior man! And as I traverse the fields of mortality, and discern, from my Spirit Home, the errors of poor Humanity, - and view the sins which abound in the high and low places

of earth, O! how my soul longs to find a way into the dark crevices of the human heart, to light them with the glory of God's love and Truth! — to tell the world's inhabitants, that a cloud of invisible witnesses are daily and hourly hovering over them, to bear attestation to every deed done in the body; that no act, however trivial and minute in its character or tendency, escapes the eternal vigilance of those watchful eyes, which never slumber; that every virtuous quality which crowns the corporeal being will be stamped by the Recording Angel on the pages of the Immortal Book, — the seal only to be broken, on the glorious resurrection of the Body, — when the soul, unfettered and untrammelled from the bondage of the corruptible form, will stand before the Supreme Tribunal of Heaven, to be judged in mercy and righteousness, by the ever-Presiding Judge! And when I gaze around, and behold villiany and wickedness cloaked under the sacerdotal robes of Religion; when I scan the soul and read the iniquity therein existing, and behold the sins of monstrous growth which draw nourishment and strength from the Ægis of an Assumed Sanctity, O how do I long and pray for that day, when the veil of ungodliness will be torn from public eye, and the true state of the heart be revealed to the world! Verily, I can safely say, the assumed garb of the Religion of Christ hides a multitude of sins!

If the inhabitants of the Celestial Realms possessed the power, at the present time, to unmask, to the Material World, the many vices which stalk abroad under the specious guise of virtue, what a hideous picture would be presented to the visions of mankind! What a fearful array of sins would stain the dark category of crime! How would the hearts of the pure and good be pained and shocked by the lamentable spectacle! Could they but go with me into the secret-portions of unbridled passions and low, grovelling sensuality, — descend into the dark dungeons and arcanes of crime and debauchery, and witness the black and evil deeds there extant; methinks they would feel with me, that there was great need and necessity of angels coming from their blessed abodes, to lift the sin-corrupted soul from the shackles of wickedness and despair into the light of Holiness and Purity; and more especially so, when the clergy, of professedly Christian denominations, refuse to obey those Divine Requirements which would seem to be impressed on their ministerial professions. Could they but follow me in vision to that section of the terrestrial globe, where the poor slave groans beneath the heavy yoke of oppression; where human beings, possessed with immortals souls, are sold from the auction-block like articles of merchandise; where the social and sacred relations of the family tie are annulled, and the wife is separated from the husband, and the children, yet in budding beauty and innocence, are torn from the mother's breast, at the bidding of tyranny and injustice; where the marriage-tie is disfranchised, and weak, helpless woman, is made to bow to the lust of the lecherous tyrant; I say, could they but follow me, and behold this humiliating spectacle in our nominally Free, Republican America, — O! I feel certain, that they would desire the benign presence of Celestial Powers, would invoke their precious aid, to assist in wiping away this stupendous, God-defying sin, which so foully blots the fair escutcheon of their beloved country, and renders it a "hissing and by-word" to all the Nations of the Earth! (12)
Could they but view, with the interior sight, the fearful scenes being enacted in the Red Dominion, where the demon of War is desolating, with his blighting influence, many lovely spots of Nature, and carrying nothing but wretchedness and misery to human hearts; where the noble image of God is transformed into a hideous fiend of passion and revenge; could they but behold their brother-man mowed down, like grass of the field, at the bidding of the arch-demon, O! if their hearts were not steeled against all the nobler impulses of Humanity, they would fervently, ardently pray, that the Angels of Peace and Love might descend to earth, with healing on their wings, and plant once more, in this bequeathed heritage of God, to Man, the fragrant olive branch; that the instruments of battle might be beaten into instruments of industry, and Nations learn war no more. And

to which a large portion of our fellow-creatures are subjected, and the "iron chain" in view of all the sin and iniquity which aboundeth in the lower world, is there not urgent need of the assistance of angels to aid in working out its salvation, and to point the soul to that Better Life, where it will meet, face to face, with those it loves? When we witness the degrading servitude, and physical bondage, which binds so many of the children of "Our Father" as bretheren in human shackles, we realize the extent and capacity of our great, but glorious mission, and feel, indeed, that we have a mighty work to perform. The War, which has desolated so long the earthly sphere, needs but the gentle powers of angelic love to sweep it forever away.

In the former part of this letter, I cited a few instances, to prove, that Superior Powers, more or less, have exerted their influences on the actors of mankind; the manifestations, which have so lately startled the world with their wonderful evidences of Spirit-Communion, are not of modern birth, but can be traced back to many centuries, in fact, to those dark ages of martyrdom, when earth was blessed by the sanctified presence of a Christ, a Socrates, a Plato, a Melancthon, a Luther, yea, a Pericles! Nor, as I stated before, was it necessary for me, in order to verify the truth of my assertion, to dive into the depths of the oblivious Past; and drag up the recorded proofs which the Hand of History has faintly chronicled on its pages; but to keep more in the immediate vicinage of the present time, - the age which breathed into being such noble Spirits as Washington, Napoleon, and a host of others, equally as noble. And in this connection, let me very briefly allude to again to the first-mentioned personages, - the Washington of America, and the Washington of France.

Probably, there has never existed, in the known world, or, at least, in the present age, two men more universally beloved, or more universally lamented, than were Washington and Napoleon. And yet history chronicles no instance of men who were more devoid of selfish interest or ambition, who studied more the high advancement and progress of those beloved realms, which a grateful people had confided to their guardian care! Both

(13)

loving the best of war, engaging in all its various trials and bloody scenes, both strove to gain the same object, - the future welfare and prosperity of their then-oppressed countries. And yet, with what malignity has our own corrupted Press, on both sides of the water, pursued their innocent victims, even beyond the confines of the tomb, invaded the sanctity of Heaven, and sought to throw the garb of calumny and misrepresentation around the fair form of a pure and matchless Reputation! With what ingenuity has it endeavored to control the public mind, and alienate the affections of the people from these noble Spirits of the Present Age! Particularly has the vituperation of the unchristian world been aimed at the unoffending head of the great, and I can truly say, the good Napoleon! How has his good intents and purposes been misconstrued! How black is the picture, which a revengeful, jealous public, has embellished on the pages of History! How dark the character which it has outlined to human gaze and perception!

The compulsory divorce from Josephine has been much condemned and lamented, even by his most intimate historical friends. But when we reflect on the sad consequences of that much-deplored and true act, we are compelled, of necessity, to throw the mantle of charity over around it. For when we review the long and sleepless nights of agony which he endured, - the many torturing days and hours of remorse and misery which he suffered; when we think of the motives which actuated him, true, perhaps, with a little of the spirit of self-ambition, we are disposed to drop our prejudices, and, like Christ, "forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven." For no one, who is, in the slightest acquainted with the history of Napoleon, will pretend to doubt, but what he was governed by purely disinterested motives, without that special regard to private advantage, which has ruled and swayed the actions of so many earthly warriors, situated in the same, but embarrassing positions, in which he was placed. Every one, who has given any thought or study to his ca

life, knows as well as I do, that no alienation of love and affection was interred in that heart-rending "severance" of the holiest of human ties. But to secure an heir to the throne of France, and thereby, as he thought, ensure its future prosperity and happiness, was he drawn into a commission of that sorrowful act. No heart can truly sympathise with the mental anguish which afflicted him; - no soul can faithfully realize the hours of deep distress which that noble heart experienced. To him alone who endured them, could their extent be felt and known. Let us forgive him for that and other erroneous acts, treasuring his virtues, and forgetting his faults.

But the reader may ask, What have these brief details to do with my immediate subject? I reply much; as I shall endeavor to show, that Napoleon, in his revolutionary life, was guided, more or less, by the superintending influences of Higher Powers. And in so doing, I shall not confine myself to knowledge gleaned in the earthly existence, but draw my inferences from some beautiful incidents and facts obtained during my brief residence in the Seraph-Realms.

Subsequent to my entrance to the Spirit-Life, and after the loved and dear had extended to me their many cordial welcomes, I felt a peculiar sensation creeping through the life-currents of my renovated being, and a chilly feeling, amounting almost to icy coldness, came coursing through every fibre of my spiritual frame. The resplendent beauties and transcendent glories of the Celestial Land all instantly disappeared, its lofty mountains and lowly dales, its sparkling streams and shining lakes, its everflowing fountains and warbling rills all receded from my interior view. The beauteous Birds of Paradise ceased carolling their harmonious notes of joy and love; the flowery vallies changed their smiling aspect of beauty and [illegible] into

had undergone, to my mind, a complete revolution. But the beautiful spirit of Lafayette, my still-faithful Instructor, who had not quitted his Post of Duty by my side, during the whole of my brilliant reception, turned to me, and said:

(16) "Dear Brother: Let not fear take possession of thy enraptured soul: Thou art to behold one of the most sublime spectacles which it is in the power of either mortals or immortals to witness. At the same time, your interior sight will be opened to all the horrors and enormities of a bloody battle. But they will lose somewhat of their hideous aspect, when you become aware of the good purposes of that mighty army, marshalled under the command of a brave and noble leader, who is marching them forward to glorious and triumphant victory. Also, will your "enchanted spirit" behold the faithfulness, with which Heaven's Celestial Agents guard and protect those who are vigorously Laboring to establish the happiness and well-being of their fellow-creatures. Now, Brother, witness the scene prepared for thee:"

Lafayette, then, for a few moments, disappeared from my interior sight; - the light and splendor of the Immortal Realms faded from my entranced vision, and, for a brief period of time, myself in the were hidden from view. On looking round, I beheld, middle of an extensive plain; before me, in the distance, towering numerous hills, or more properly speaking, high mountains. The sun shone clear in the calm blue sky above, with the exception of a few clouds interposing to obscure its radiant light, as if the heavens were alternately smiling and weeping over the scenes which were about to be enacted on the mortal stages of life. Soon my attention was drawn to a large body of men, with anxiety depicted on their countenances, moving to and fro, in solid phalanx, across the field, while a man, of noble bearing and majestic mien, was surveying them, with a

worthy and faithful army is at his immediate command. For thee, O beloved France, does thy Napoleon strike. For thee do I go forth to battle, to ensure thy future permanent prosperity and happiness, and to firmly plant the seeds of liberty in thy fruitful soil. For thee, O enslaved country, does thy Emperor and thy Son bare his breast to the ruthless fire of thy vindictive enemies, willing to lay down his life and fortune, to preserve immaculate thy glory and fame, the integrity of thy Crown, and to secure to thy unborn children the common blessings of peace and prosperity. And thou, whom art the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, the Great God of Battles: thou, who canst read the worthy purposes of thine humble child, O give him the strength of thy Almighty Power, to work out the salvation of his ever-fondly-beloved country. Spare the effusion of blood, and give to me that spirit of love and mercy which alone can conduct ~~me~~ to the Divine Portals of Immortal Glory and Bliss. May thy Holy Spirit rest within me, and disarm my soul of all selfish consideration. May the welfare and happiness of France be my only desire and aim. And O! Father Omnipotent, should'st thou see fit to strike me down, lift up my spirit to that heavenly habitation not made with hands, beyond the strife and turmoil of battle life, where peace and joy reigneth eternally. And now do I commit my spirit, and those of my beloved companions, to thy guardian care and protection, and ask thy divine blessing to rest on them and me, and to crown our arms with triumphant success."

As soon as these beautiful impressions had ceased flowing into my spirit mind, I turned my eyes to their illustrious author, and beheld him standing on my right, clad in all the accoutrements of war, ready to engage in all the many perils and dangers of a rapidly-approaching battle. And as I surveyed his noble, majestic form, and the fine expressions which were engraved on his well-moulded features, and read the manly, virtuous qualities, which were reflected from the silent depths of a still nobler soul, I thought, in the ardor and sincerity

(19)

of my nature, that man would ne'er look upon this like again. O! mighty genius, thought I, how little does the world know and appreciate thy true character! Regardless of life or fortune, losing all consideration for self, thinking only of thy country's future good, thou leaveth the sacred endearments of private duties and responsibilities, launchest forth on the troubled sea of battle, to release thy enthralled France from the monarchial grasps of a time-serving, tyrannical aristocracy! O noble soul! how hast thou been misjudged! How have thy generous motives been construed to represent the worst phases of cruelty and injustice! How hast thy noble nature been wronged, and thy well-meant actions vilely aspersed and calumniated! And as my unfettered, enlightened vision, descends into the innermost recesses of the Inner, Divine Man, and discerns the true nobility of soul therein abounding, I exclaim, in the fullness of heartfelt joy, O Nature! here art thou faithfully personified in this, thy noble handiwork, this Son of thy Divine Creating, fashioned in the clear Image of thy God, thy Supreme, Eternal Author! How art thy sacred mandates obeyed by this, thy most illustrious child! O Prejudice! how like the cankerworm wouldst thou strive to eat at the very vitals of a Reputation so honorable, so justly aspiring! But exalted spirit, Time will try thy worth, and Eternity will prove it. Future ages will know thee as thou art. The mirror of thy life will be held up to public view, from which will be reflected thy many heroic virtues, thy laudable and holy aspirations. The whole world will love and revere thee! Nations will acknowledge the greatness of thy character, and crown its purity and goodness! Historians will impartially record thy brilliant deeds, and embellish thy life with truthful pictures. The past hast reared thy monument, the future will engrave the inscription. Being under the impulses of an exalted nature, swayed by an honest determination to work out the redemption of thy idolized country, influenced by the imperative promptings of an unsullied conscience, the whole world will enshrine for thee a

noble epitaph,—will embalm the virtues of thy heart and soul on Memory's Tablet, and inhale the fragrance of thy much-cherished character!

As I finished my monologue, a deep and roaring sound came thundering o'er the battle-plain, and Napoleon started from his present position,—as I saw him,—mounted his war-horse, marched up to the front of action, rallied his men, and prepared them for the bloody engagement which was to ensue. "My comrades," he said, "you are on the eve of a great and important battle. 'Tis for you to determine, whether we shall enjoy victory, or suffer irretrievable defeat. The cause is noble for which you contend. Remember, it is for your country, your and fireside, your God,—for your country's future welfare! Let not despair fill your hearts; for it will beget defeat and ruin. Let the thought, that your cause is a just one inspire you on to complete victory, and nerve your souls with renewed vigor and devotion. And He, who is ever on the side of the just, will, I feel, give us the strength of His Right Arm, and lead us onward to glorious and honorable triumph. Onward, then, comrades, to victory or death!"

When Napoleon had concluded this stirring appeal to his beloved companion-in-arms, shouts of exultation rose from every quarter of the French Army, intermingled with loud cries of *Vive le Empereur!* The mornings of the cannon came louder and more frequently o'er the battle field, and all hearts were ready for the contest! There were exhibited to my spirit-sight all the horrid panoramic of war. Louder and still louder the heavy thunders of battle artillery came reverberating o'er lofty mountain and lowly dale; thicker and thicker grew the cannon's smoke, until the azure eleme of Heaven was nearly enveloped in its huge mantle of blackness. With desperate ferocity the contending armies rushed forward to mortal combat, regardless of danger or peril. 20/ The missiles of the Death-Angel fell profusely around, carrying woe and

destruction in their fearful train, and bathing the eager, thirsting earth, with the life-blood of many a noble heart. The groans of the wounded and dying commingling with the shouts of the living and the battle-roar of the cannon; the livid flames of desolated towns and cities, and the horrid yellings of nearly-infuriated fiends, all formed as fearful a tragedy as is possible to be enacted on the stage of human life. Closer and closer do the mortal foes gain upon each other, until they engage hand in hand in combat. Now was the battle to be decided. With anxious and intense interest did I watch the scene of strife, fervently hoping, that Right and Justice would achieve a sure and speedy triumph. With terrible carnage do they pursue the warfare, suffering severe and heavy losses on both sides. The army of Napoleon began to despair of success; but their exalted commander appears in their midst, exposes himself to hottest of the enemy's fight and fire, to rally and encourage his men with thoughts of home, of separated wives and children, fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. Again do they rewhile, freshly recruited with strength by the encouraging words from their beloved and adored chieftain, and march forward to "victory or death." Once have they been on the point of being routed; but the words of Napoleon, and thoughts of the sacred endearments of "Home, sweet home," inspired them with renewed vigor and energy to fight for their country and their firesides. With greater eagerness of heart and spirit do they push on the car of Battle; and again and again are they repulsed, and nearly defeated. The flying bullets, and other weapons of death come coursing through destruction the murky air, and many a faithful heart is made "to drink the bitter dregs of death, to save his Emperor's life! Once more does the insidious, cankering spirit of despair creep through the strong currents of their being, to coil its poisonous folds of defeat

around their brave and noble souls. There came a rushing sound, as of a mighty wind, invigorating my ethereal System with a sweet and hallowed influence. A halo of light and glory pervaded my Celestial Nature, - a holy and sanctified feeling diffused itself through my being, and instinctively casting my eyes above the Terrestrial to the Supernal World, I there was a silent spectator of one of the most beautiful and gorgeous spectacles which ever fell to the lot of human perception to witness. Situated in the Blue Heavens above, and not at great distance from the boundaries of Time, might, be seen a large assemblage of the choicest of Eden's Immortal Spirits, hovering over the just recited scene of contention and bloodshed, watching with deep and sympathetic interest, the movements of the belligerent powers. Among that gay and brilliant collection were the Spirits of the beautiful and loved, the just and the pure, the noble and the godlike, armed, cap-a-pie, with the sword of Right and Justice, with the helmet of Truth and Salvation, with the shield and armor of Eternal Love and Virtue! A glorious and mighty army was that marshalled, in holy phalanx, on Zion's golden Plains, under the command of a Divine Leader, the great God of Battles!

My Interior Perceptions were now opened to behold alike the joys and pleasures of the Celestial Universe, and the frailties and miseries of the Terrestrial Globe. And with ardent and sincere interest did I view the motions of that Glorified Body of Immortals, as they hung over the Blood-stained field of battle, to cheer the drooping, faltering spirits, of the, as yet, unconquered men of Napoleon's Faithful Army! Again my eyes beheld the rapid strides of war, my listening ear is awakened to frightful din and clash of arms. Towering above the heads of his beloved combatants, is seen the majestic, stately form of Napoleon, diselosing

himself to the heat and burden of the day, while over him were hovering the angels of heaven, urging him onward in his great career of glory and triumph. Surely, thought I, that cause must indeed be a just and worthy one, that can enlist the aid and sympathy of these inhabitants in the Seraph Life. I strained my vision to the utmost of its capacity, with the hope that I might catch a glimpse of some familiar countenance among that beatified throng. But as yet, I was unable to distinguish a single face, that was recognizable by me.

(23) Fiercer and fiercer grew the scene of desolation and carnage; and hundreds, who, a few moments ago, were overflowing life and health, were now a mutilated mass of disfigured and unrecognizable cases. The fatal shafts of death most faithfully performed their murderous work, and many a brave and noble victim resignedly laid down his valuable life for the good of his country. But this bloody battle is to close: Casting my eyes upward, I still perceived that Beatified Galaxy of Angels keeping holy watch over the Unbefeated Hosts of Napoleon. My attention, however, attracted to a peculiar movement in that Celestial Army. That gay concourse of Disembodied Beings are dividing itself into two distinct parts so as form a complete road, similar to that referred to in the earlier portion of this letter. In the far distance, my spiritual sight is drawn to a moving form of shining beauty gliding down this Ethereal Passage with great rapidity of thought. Harmoniously does it sail along in its beautiful course, until it stops in front of Heaven's Congregated Spirits. My power of vision enable me to discern, even beneath the accoutrements of war with which it is clothed, the form, features, and movements, of a female. As soon as she had reached her destined point in front, that Seamless throng of Celestial Love and Light, collected, in a complete circle, around that Seraph

form of Immortal Glory, to listen, with attentive silence, to the glowing words of truth, to which she was about to give utterance. Wielding ever and majestic, she proceeded to address the Heavenly Sanctuary in the following few words:

"Beloved Citizens of the Celestial Realms: Through your kind regards for me, and the strong interest and sympathy which you severally feel in the fearful scenes which are now being enacted in the Antimundial sphere, have you conferred upon my humble self the honor of Leader and Champion, to advise and counsel you in the important task which you have undertaken, and, aid in directing the full tide of our High Inspiration to those hearts who are heroically struggling to establish truly Republican Institutions in their dear native land. With joy and pleasure do I accept the honors, but holy office, feeling as I do, that the cause which we advocate is a just and noble one, though the measures to be employed to gain it, may be deeply painful to our Christian, peace-loving natures. Realizing a firm sense of our respective, imperative duties, convinced of the superior calling to which we have been summoned, assured of the sacred responsibilities which individually devolve upon us, - let us urge on our redeeming influences, that Right, Justice, Freedom, and Humanity, may triumph, remembering, that God often requires means painful and repugnant to His Holy Spirit, to justify noble ends and attainments. Through the Divine workings of His Immutable Laws, which are full of wisdom, mercy, and love, has the power, to govern, control, and rule the Belligerent Nations, been conferred upon us by Him. With a heart ever open to the wants of suffering, frail Humanity, with an eye ever vigilant to the struggles of Liberty and Right, has he permitted the supernal agencies of the Progressive

Heavens to hover over the field of battle, to inspire, with strength and courage, the many unseen souls, struggling for the freedom of their country. Acknowledging, as we do, a Fraternal Brotherhood, recognizing a God of Impartial, Universal Love, a Father who careth for all His children; holding to the eternal principles of "peace and good-will" to all mankind, - it is extremely obnoxious to the finer sensibilities of our souls to thus behold, from our Celestial Skies, the war which is now desecrating the beautiful handiworks of Deity; and sorely repugnant is it to our spirits to give countenance, in any shape, to all antagonisms, opposed to the Divine Principle! But when we reflect, that we are bestowing our guardianship in behalf of a down-trodden and oppressed people; that we are striving to overthrow tyranny and injustice, and assist a justly aspiring Nation to gain its inalienable rights; - when we reflect the great and ineradicable benefits which this battle, at present, seemingly disastrous, will work out in the future, we feel that, in lending our impressive aid, it meets the unqualified approbation of our Heavenly Father. (26) Let us strive to work out good to those living below us, - to establish harmony and love in all hearts at war with each other, and augment the glory and happiness of our celestial life, through the elevating influences of our fellow-creatures. Let us realize our debt of gratitude to Deity for the divine blessings we enjoy, and do naught that will expel His Holy Spirit from our midst. Let us cheerfully obey His sacred laws, and govern our actions by their wisdom and purity. And while we thus hover o'er this field of mortal strife and anarchy, while we are permitted to witness this melancholy and much-to-be-deplored state of antagonism, while the Overruling Power thus enables us to behold this sorrowful spectacle, O! let us bear in mind, that it is not when we war against, but against man's bad principles; that we come not to bring the sword, or

ray one against another, but to crown each contending soul with the Diadem of Love and Peace, and hasten this Bloody battle to an amicable close; that our purposes are actuated by purely disinterested and unselfish motives, aspiring to establish the Spirit of God in this elevated portion of His Terrestrial World!

"Then! Beloved Citizens of the Heavenly Home, let us inspire, in our undertakings, the Harmonial Principles of the Ascended Hero of Calvary,- the Martyred Prince of Peace! Let us draw nourishment and inspiration from the bosom of His Paternal Love, and imitate the mighty heroism of His Unexampled Character! Let us be guided, in our upward march, by the teachings of His Unexampled Life, and instructed in the grand, moral excellences, which crowned him as a Peace-Maker! Let us act under the exalted impulses which influenced His Labors, and study the elevation and improvement of our Brother-man, and endeavor to undermine the strong Element of war, to implant the Angel Dove of Peace in every Child of God! Let us, like him, know no line of demarkation in the advocacy of our Godlike principles, but extend to all the purifying influences of our coördinate exertions, and work all things to the good of fallen Humanity, and to the everlasting glory of God, the Supreme Father! Let us realize, that above and around us, are hovering the Celestial Representatives of Higher Spheres of Truth and Morality, guarding with earnest-faithfulness and intensity, our Progressive Beings, and among that bright-winged number, the star-crowned spirit of the Risen Jesus of Nazareth!- But towering above all, the never slumbering Eye of the Infinite One! And let us govern our motives for the good and noble according to the sanctified presence of those hallowed powers; and let not their holy natures be pained or distressed, by witnessing the slightest retrogression on our parts, from the glorious paths of Duty and Holiness!

Let us perform faithfully our individual duties, that they may look down upon us, and feel assured of our determination to sacredly fulfill our holy offices in all the various exigencies of our Spiritual Life! May our souls be divested of all inharmonious feelings,- our highest purposes being to elevate and ennoble those below us, and to concentrate our purifying sympathies in those hearts now raging with unhallowed passions.

"And now, cherished ones of the Summer Land, let me again enjoin upon you the necessity of earnestly pursuing your great and responsible avocations. Let us wave o'er this bloody battle-plain the golden scepter of Peace, and cease not our valuable exertions until Harmony shall be restored between the existing Belligerent Powers, and the Love-Angel again allowed to repose in the sacred domains of Man's Immortal Spirit! Then, let us onward to Duty! Everything breathes prosperously for success and triumph for our Common Cause! Unfurl our noble Banner of Truth and Love, and let it wave o'er a disharmonized, contentious world! Let its ample folds float above the heads of a war-stricken people, and let them not be furled, until peace shall reign again on earth, and its gentle Representative be enthroned in those hearts, now usurped by the demon of war and anarchy! O! let us then realize the importance of our great undertaking, and resolve to be true to ourselves and our God, reflecting, that He is ever on the side of Justice and Right, and will cheerfully and willingly give the strength and power of His Holy Spirit to assist those who assist themselves. And in this, and all future time, may we look to the well-being of our Brother-man, and seek to unite the One Right-

by of God in that land of peace and goodwill, which will endure through the interminable ages of Eternity. And thus, by advancing the highest interests of Humanity, we shall exalt our superior natures, and derive inward satisfaction, in knowing, that our labors have not been bestowed in vain, but been productive of everlasting good to those, upon whose hearts the refreshing showers of our regenerating influences have fortunately descended. And also, we shall be better qualified and prepared to ascend the Progressive Scale of Spiritual Development, to sit at the shining footstool of our common Lord and Master. Then, once more, and for the last time, let me conjure you to obey the imperative callings of the Voice of God and Conscience, and cease not in our Peace Enterprise, until we have gathered all the Nations of the Earth under the spreading wings of Infinite Love and Protection, and brought them to the Throne of the Divine One, before whom all knees must bow, and every tongue confess."

As soon as these sublime impressions* had ceased flowing their heavenly currents of thoughts into my celestial vision, I turned my gaze to the Supernal Spheres, and there beheld the Immortal Assembly dissolving itself into two separate bodies, and marching forward, in beautiful harmony and order, to take their appropriate appointed stations over the contending Armies. All the Spheres, with the exception of the Sixth and Seventh, and the three higher circles of the Fifth, were most faithfully and impartially represented. The purest inhabitants of the more advanced Spheres of Perfection and Happiness could not dispassionate to those scenes of bloodshed and desolation. They stood afar off, and wept, like the Lowly Nazarene, over this fallen Jerusalem of Error and Strife. But their congenial powers were enlisted on their subordinate Representatives, to give them "aid and comfort" in the accomplishment of their heaven-born designs. O! sublime was the spectacle presented to my enchanted sight;- glorious was the scene painted to my overjoyed, awakening soul! In the Celestial Spheres were seen the Angels of Peace and Glory hovering over the war-blighted field of carnage and passion, stirring, with all the holy influences which they can summon to action, to supersede the desolating progress of battle, and enthrone the lovely principles of the Prince of Righteousness and Truth in the hearts of the Antagonistic Parties! O! it was a sight that would make every humane soul weep fountain-tears of joy, and harmonize the contending elements of the Inner Nature, and make human life a celestial garden of fragrant pleasures and sweet memories! What an imposing contrast between that congregated Army of Heaven, and those opposing Armies of Earth! The one, living for peace and good-will, - and the other, for temporary fame and Enrichment! Let us prefer that good part, which shall not be taken from us!

My spirit-eyes again bent to the Terrestrial Planet, and still beheld the Demon of Destruction sweeping the war-field with his blighting march. Heroically, do the Battle Powers continue their carnage, manifesting a zeal and order worthy of a better cause! Bravely does Napoleon's Ar-

* I will here state, in this connection, that the impressions which have been transferred to these pages, are not hurry-drawn pictures of fatality, but those deduced from real and veritable facts. And I have learned, since my residence here, that the actual circumstances here related by me, transpired on the theatre of mundane life. and which were revealed to my vision,

way pursue the "eager flight," now retreating and now advancing. The battle waxed long and bloody. The plain was sanguine with the life-current of many a child of God. Heaps of both dead and dying were piled in one confused mass together, and the groans which rent the air from the wounded were harrowing in the extreme, uttering to the God of Peace, their united protestations against this Avenging Process of settling national disputes! Hist-hark! shouts of exultation rend the blood-red plains of battle, and Vive l'Empereur ring from the ranks of the French Army! Confusion and dismay are visible in the subjugated journey, while the heroic, victorious army, are inspired with gratitude and joy. Three cheers were given for their beloved commander, and the laurelled wreathe of Conqueror was placed on the lofty brow of the Emperial Napoleon! Again raising my eyes heavenward, I beheld the glorious ranks of the Celestial Army unite themselves in one glorified Body, while joyful echoes pealed along Erin's Peaceful Plain, over the cessation of these fearful hostilities. And amidst that beatified throng still appears the Chosen Leader of the Ethereal Assembly, no longer clothed in warlike accoutrements, but enrobed in the habiliments of Peace and Purity, with the burning Halo of Glory and Triumph encircling her spotless brow of Innocence! And O! pledge of the pleasure which thrilled my soul, when on her shining mind I read the immortal name of Joan of Arc, the heroic Maid of Orleans! Beautiful did she appear to my entranced vision, standing there, in her celestial robes, waving over the defeated, as well as the victorious armies, the olive branch of Peace and Love. Ah

NOTEBOOK THREE

No. 3

...pas-
...bers of the
...not to bring
...sent against
...ast sister, or sister

1956
(Mich) M
*Joan of Arc

Bequest of
Edward Saint
June 30, 1943.

A.D.P. C 164

longer does she appear to my mind clothed in her warlike armor, but as an Angel of Glory sent from the heavenly abode, to bring joy and happiness to her erring brother-man. With an air of triumph, she again turns to her beloved brethren in the Spirit-Life, and says: "Dear brothers and sisters: It is gratifying to my soul to inform you of the cessation of hostilities, for a time, in the lower sphere. The bloody battle, which, for many hours, has inundated a portion of the outer World with the life-current of God's children, has now ceased raging, and victory crowns Justice and Right. The belligerent Armies have now withdrawn from the contest; the foes, Republican Equality, have been subjugated, and the arms of Napoleon have achieved a triumph, and planted, on the soil of France, the primeval germs of Liberty and Independence. O! while we thus rejoice in the overthrow of tyranny and oppression; while we thus behold the triumphant supremacy of Right over Wrong, of Virtue over Vice, and Freedom over Slavery, let us keep in remembrance, that we are all the children of one Blessed Parent, that He has made of one flesh and blood all Nations of the Earth, and will eventually attract them to Himself, to repose beneath the sunshine of His Eternal Love and Protection! Let us not forget, that, while we sympathise with the victorious army, while it is our desire to crush out and annihilate anarchy and tyranny in all their hateful phases, through peaceful means and measures, - we war not against our brother-man, but against the unhallowed sins and passions which are locked in the dark and secret chambers of the human heart. As I have before declared, we come not to bring the sword, nor array father against mother, parent against child, or child against parent, brother against sister, or sister

against brother, but to establish peace and harmony where they are usurped, and to enthrone the principles of the Religion of Christ where they have been dethroned by popular errors and prejudices. Let the victories which we have helped to achieve, inspire us with fresh hope and courage, and lead us on to nobler exertions of Duty and Action. Let Love be the Presiding Goddess in your souls, and Charity, the bright Star, which shall mantle your efforts for just and noble ends, with celestial light and power. Now, I commit thee to the superintending guardiance of your Heavenly Master. May your future labors be crowned with your Father's approbation and smiles, and His Holy Spirit's pow create your tenderest affections and sympathies.

Advance, celestial army, on thy way
To glorious realms of Bliss and endless day;
Gird round thyself the mighty shield of Right,
And forward march to Freedom's holy fight.
"Death to all Error!" and "Death to all Wrong!"
Let be thy blazing watchword and thy song,
Until they o'er the immortal world shall sound,
And Nations catch the glad and welcome sound.

March forward in the ranks of Truth and Love,
And seek to draw all souls to God above;
Go, bid them every sin and wrong resist,
And 'neath our banner's ample folds enlist,
That they may gain a high and holy place,
Around the Father's brilliant Throne of Grace,
To live a deathless life of peace and joy,
When "tyranny" no more will them annoy.

18

O! let us labor for the common weal,
With an earnest will, and a faithful zeal,
Nor in our glorious mission pause,
Till all shall espouse our heavenly cause,
And war no longer pollute with its "Hand"
The loveliest scenes of fair Natures land;
Or cast its black mantle of discord and gloom,
O'er hearts, that, with love, eternally should bloom.

Again, I would ask, that the Peace Dove may reign,
In each soil which now decks our Immortal Plain;
And invoke our Heavenly Parent above,
To strengthen us in the spirit of love,
That noble promptings our hearts may incite,
And inspire us to honor the Truth and th' Right,
That we may achieve that Blessed reward,
Which awaits all those who serveth the Lord.

Go forth, then, bright army, and battle for Right,
For Freedom and Justice, for Truth and for Light;
Raise high your broad banners, that all may behold
The symbols which glitter on each waving fold;
And know, that the angels in heaven do come
To bring joy and peace to the desolate home,
And more firmly unite the children of God
In a bond, that is wreathed by Love's golden cord."

With this sweetly-expressed poem closed the beautiful address of that female Champion of Right and Justice. Perfect harmony reigned in the serene heavens during its brief delivery

while hope inspired the souls of all to perform that glorious mission which had been so ably delineated by the celestial spirit of Joan of Arc, the so-called Maid of Orleans. And here it may be asked, why, amongst the countless numbers which throng the celestial galaxy, was this spirit chosen as Leader and Adviser of that Mighty Phalanx of Heaven! I will answer the question with marked brevity, hoping, that it will prove satisfactory and conclusive to all investigating minds.

Apl. 2. Many years ago, when France was disturbed by severe internal dissensions, and under the Harrish dominion of monarchial, grasping England; when its (France) rightful heir, if I may be allowed to use the expression, - was dethroned by the then existing power, a young girl, of marked energy and character, presented herself to the disfranchised king, and told him that she was inspired by the Spirit of God to appear before him, and solicit him to carry on a war, whereby he might be restored to the Imperial Throne of France. Marvellous things, of a very stirring nature, were told him by her, - of such a nature, as to convince him, that something, more than mundane origin, influenced the actions of the Maid of Orleans. At first he deemed her wild and fanatical, and could not be persuaded to adopt what seemed to him, to be the height of imprudence and folly. But, nothing daunted, she pushed her intentions forward with great earnestness and vigor; under, as she felt, the inspired guidance of the Holy One.

A Committee of Investigation was appointed, to search into the purported inspiration of Joan of Arc, and to devise effective measures, if it should be proved that she was truly inspired to carry out her immediate demands. A careful and patient examination was had, - curious and remarkable facts were adduced, which led the Committee to infer, that she was a true "Apostle,"

sent from God, to release Enlightened France from its present tyrannical thraldom, and ultimately secure the triumph of Justice and Right. Accordingly, her requests were granted, mighty armies were raised, and at their head was placed this inspired female champion. Under the supreme guidance of the Infinite Power, under the direct control of the guardian angels of heaven, - inspired with a love of the right, the just, and the noble, did that valiant woman lead on those powerful armies to battle, to achieve the important undertaking, to which God had appointed her. And while obedient to these superior Agents, was she exalted to accomplish the grand end of her existence, - to achieve a triumphant victory, and place the rightful King upon the princely throne of France.

It is a fact but very little understood by the children of earth, that the soul or spirit is more or less a recipient of the heavenly influxings of the disembodied Immortality; that some, more than others, are pregnable to those influences to a great extent, owing to certain peculiar, nervo-conditions innate ment therein; that the body, which environs the spirit, is, but the mere mechanical agent, - the slave to the master within, obedient to its the calls and requisitions. The soul, the grand moving agent to the external machinery, is the mighty force which propels or repels the powers of the body, and renders them subservient to its wishes and desires. It alone is responsible for the acts of the outward. It is the garden which nourishes the germs of the good and the evil, the celestial magnet which attracts either the purest or the most undeveloped of spiritual affinities from the other life, according to its several conditions and capacities. The body has naught to do with the spirit, save only to fulfil its appropriate functions. All pure and generous thoughts, as well as evil ones, generate in the mind or soul, and the external machine, from force of

necessity, is obliged to obey their will and dictation. Therefore, the Spirit is the impressible agent which receives the radiant influences from the diviner spheres, and is acted upon by the Higher Powers, in proportion as its receptive qualities are prepared to their controlling influences. All Spirits are not created alike; each one is different in its susceptibility, in the construction of its organic principles, and in the quality and quantity of these nervo-vital fluids, which are highly essential to ensure a perfect and harmonious control of the Disembodied Powers. Thus it is, that so many organisms are inaccessible at once to the influences of the Heavenly Agents, and require a long and patient trial to fully develop these interior beauties,—to bring them to certain conditions and requirements, in order to render them capable of receiving the heaven-born instructions of celestial visitants, and of answering their holy desires and purposes.

The spirit of Joan of Arc was beautifully adapted to such harmonious guidance and control. The peculiar condition of its powers,—the well-balanced stock of nervo-fluids inherent therein,—together with the matchless purity and heroic virtue of her disposition and character,—rendered her susceptible to the glorious ministrations of angelic beings, who raised her up to be the Deliverer of France, and to assist in placing the rightful heir, tho' I must say an ungrateful one he proved himself to her,—on its regal throne. And while she obeyed the divine callings of the Celestial Ministers, and listened to the voice of the Spirit speaking within, world brilliant success attend her onward battle-march, and victory entwine its vernal laurels around her virgin brow. But when she assumed the dangerous responsibility of carrying on war herself, without the immediate assistance of her guiding genius, defeat ensued, and an ignoble physical death was the consequence.

Those who have given a careful and thorough investigation to the subject of Spiritual Communion, have been made certain of the fact that man's spirit is a free agent, empowered with divine prerogatives, all capable of advancing from the finite stages of development to more refined conditions of true spirituality; that two paths are opened before him in which he may enter,—the one leading to glory and unfading happiness, and the other, to transient misery and unhappiness. Also have been taught through their examinations, that the germs of free agency are not annihilated on the emancipation of the soul from the external encumbrance; that all its prejudices and errors are still there, and must undergo a species of refinement, ere it (the soul) is prepared to progress onward in the purifying elements of Divine Goodness and Truth; that nothing is destroyed or materially changed on its exit from the corporeal encumbrance, but that it retains all its powers and characteristics,—its peculiar conditions and harmonic influences,—the same as when enshrined in its terrestrial casket.

Therefore, believing these things to be true, is it not reasonable to infer, that the germs of immortality implanted within the spirit are not improved on its entrance to spheres of higher unfoldings and developments, that still it is permitted by the All-Wise Father to retain its former internal properties and receptive powers, which are necessary to empower it to hold direct communication with that more elevated order of intelligence, with whom it cannot come into immediate contact at once?—that still those properties are requisite to the unfolding spirit, to enable it to attract the higher intelligences of the upper spheres, that they may communicate their ideas through it to those who dwell in the lower

circles of existence. There is as much necessity for mediums in the Spirit-life, as is in the mundane one. The degenerated condition of those sojourning in the minor spheres, requires the Christian aid and co-operation of those unfolding in the higher and more exalted circles of being, that their hallowing influences may descend upon them, and lift the sin-polluted soul from its dark and gloomy state to brighter fields of Duty and Action. And I would ask, how can this can be done, unless it be through subordinate agents, whose spiritual organizations are so constituted as to easily and readily pregnable to the impressible influx of Heaven's Highest Immortals?

Of such a class of temperament was the heavenly spirit of Joan of Arc, the humble peasant girl, who was invested with such extraordinary power and ability, as enabled her successfully to lead on mighty armies to battle, and to accomplish the great desire of the Supreme Power which controlled her. History furnishes not another such example or instance of the interposition of Providence, as that one which records on its brilliant pages the inspired heroism of Joan of Arc! And though the wonderful power with which she was professed, was but very little understood "by the wise" in her martyred age of terrestrial existence, yet it was the advent of that grand series of interior communication which was to bless mankind long after her soul had ripened into the spheres of Celestial Progress and Perfection.

As I have stated before, the soul is the impressible agent which receives that influx-tide which is ever flowing from the All-Permeating Mind of the Divine, and those of His Heavenly Ministers, who are appointed to represent His Holy Word and Will; that it leaves the material life

with all its imperfections and imperfections, its sins and errors, and enters upon the duties of the higher one, with the same capabilities granted it to advance from out its dark and gloomy state up the Eternal Ladder of Endless Progression and Love;— that still the impressional powers which were inherent in its nature when vested in the Corporeal Form, are not lost when departed from it, but go forth to open into nobler unfoldings, to develops into grander enjoyments and diviner aspirations, and to be employed by the Almighty Power as a "living channel," thro' which the pure streams of His Wisdom and Love may flow to the hearts of His wandering children below; that still the germs of "mediumships" are requisite in the Future Life, as much as on earth, that the purest spirits, from the Higher Realms, may be enabled to waft their gentle waves of Light inspiration to those, whose errors and, have translated them to a low sphere of Spiritual Being; that still these mediuments can unfold into richer and broader developments, and be as advantageously employed for the benefit of mankind as when enshrined in the bodily casket.

Then, entertaining this view of the great and highly-important question, is it not rational to suppose, or rather, to believe, that the germs of media power, which existed in the beautifully-susceptible spirit of the Maid of Orleans, when enclosed in the earthly form, are as to necessary to advance, develops, and mature the soul, in the unfolding life, and to enable the more advanced of Heaven, to communicate their God-given, inspiring thoughts, to those, who require elevation to the more refined enjoyments of the Supernal Realms of Existence? Is it not, I would ask, reasonable to infer, that, in the great and momentous issues which affect the welfare and prosperity of mankind, like the battle, which I have narrated in this letter,

there should convene together a Celestial Army, whose object was to still the tearing billows of anarchy and strife, and carry the olive branch of peace and love to hearts, raging with the elements of passion and revenge; and that over that Army, should be placed a leader and champion, whose spiritual organism was such as to privilege the Higher Orders of Seraph Influences to control it at their will, and to impart to her instinctional ideas, that would enable her to carry out their peace-loving measures and requirements.

Joan of Arc was the one selected for that purpose, in the instance which I have related on these pages. The well-developed powers of her spiritual nature,- the high and elevated grade of happiness which she enjoyed, and the well-balanced conditions of her celestial organism,- beautifully adapted her for the great and important office of Guide to that Infernal Army; adapted her for that momentous and Christian undertaking because her receptive spirit was easily impressible to the unfolding instructions of Higher Minds, and well fitted to inspire the harmonies of the brighter spheres.

And, by the desire of the Heavenly Assemblage, was that valiant female "Soldier of the Cross" chosen as leader of that Holy Army,- whose purpose was to secure peace and harmony to the belligerent hearts of those rife with the black waves of revenge and hate, and to humanize the contending elements in man's erring nature. Nobly did they hover o'er that blood-stained field of battle, waving their glorious Banner of Peace and Fraternal Brotherhood, and earnestly endeavoring to quiet the discordant passions rankling within the human breast. It was a sight that filled my soul with tumultuous feelings of joy, and consecrated my spirit anew, as it were, to the eternal service of God and Humanity.

It was a glorious sight to see,
That heavenly army there displayed,
Along our Lion's Holy Plain,
In robes of Peace and Love arrayed;
And stirring, with angelic power,
To still the tempest in man's soul,
That rose no more its angry waves,
Across its peaceful life may roll.

Their holy banners streamed above,
That sin-corrupted battle-field,-
Their weapon was the sword of Love,
And "Justice" was their only shield;
Peace beamed in every angel face,
Good-Will inspired each heavenly one,
And all most truly sought to bind,
Each soul in one grand unison.

And as my vision gazed upon
That noble army gathered there,
Intently watching, o'er that field,
With fond solicitude and care,
My soul bowed down in prayer to Him,
Who's is enthroned in worlds above,
For granting us the liberty,
To hover near those that we love,

And to impart to them the way,
That leads to perfect goodness;-
The path, that pointeth up to God,
To Everlasting Life and Bliss

Where war no more will blight the soul,
Or poison its pure streams of love;
But where all Eden will resound,
With warblings from the peaceful Dove.

Like showers which fall from summer skies,
Upon the driest paths of life,
So that celestial army's care,
Fell on that bloody field of strife,
And sweetly calmed the fearful hate,
Which raged within man's heaving breast,
Until its pure, refreshing power,
Lulled every tempest-thought to rest.

O ye! who dwell on mother earth,
Who are the objects of our care,
Proclaim the holy truths to all,
Which we, from time to time, declare;
Go forward, and disseminate,
The peaceful doctrines which we teach,
Until each Nation and each State,
Shall feel the force of what we preach.

And may the virtues of each soul,
Be evidenced in every deed,
And the bright garden of the heart,
Be cleansed from every noxious weed;
That sweetest flowers therein may bloom,
And cast a fragrance o'er life's way,
That will the world with joy illume,
And light it on to Christ's day.

O! children of the mortal earth,
Remember, you're a work to do,
Ere you're prepared for that High birth,
Which waits you, when earth-life is through;
And to acquire a Heaven above,
Where purest streams ever flow,
you first must seek, through works of love,
To plant the germs of Heaven below.

Be up, and doing then, dear ones,
In this great labor of our Lord,
Remembering, that each work not,
Will bring with it its own reward;
O! work, till every cloud of sin,
Shall be dispelled by Truth's bright light,
And Peace triumphant reign within,
With War no more to curse or blight.

9 And when that earthly task is o'er,
Which God has given you all to do,
On yonder bright, celestial shore,
A nobler work will claim on you;
Where with the gifted minds that shine,
Around the Sun of Love and Light,
your souls with theirs will intertwine,
To labor for the Just and Right;

And march with them through endless spheres,
Through every grade of Spirit-Life,
Beyond the gloomy vale of tears,
Of mortal pains, or human strife,

To these abodes, where shadeless light
Envelops all things in lovely bloom,
Without the vestige of a night,
To mantle them in fearful gloom.

O! happy is the thought to those,
Who can this Gift appreciate,
That, when the soul throws, the clay
Which binds it to the mortal state,
Its power for good can still entwine,
Around the hearts of man below,
And keep him in those paths divine,
Where richest joys unceasing flow;

That still, with ever-watchful eye,
Can guard the destinies of earth,
And watch each changing scene of life,
As man's ascends the Higher Birth;
That still, can range the lower world,
And wander 'mongst its countless towers,
And drink, with ever-fresh delight,
The fragrance of their opening flowers.

But grander is that thought to all,
That, when death severs earthly ties,
It bears the Living Soul aloft,
To nobler mansions in the skies;
Where all dispersed ties will be
Conjoined in one great bond of love,
And separation never comes
To blight our Home of Bliss above.

There will the soul in triumph move
To nobler, higher destinies;
And travel through those countless orbs,
Which spangle the terrestrial skies;
And learn the laws which govern those,
Who tread their golden streets of love;
Discern the glories there prepared,
For all God's children here above.

O! do ye not, beloved ones,
Desire to reach that blessed sphere,
Whose beauties I've so faintly drawn,
Upon these humble pages here;
Do ye not wish for a high seat,
Around the Throne of Love Divine,
Where scenes of radiant bliss and joy,
Will ever on the Spirit shine?

Do ye not wish to roam with us,
Along the brilliant, star-throned sky,
Whose twinkling gems so sweetly smile,
As if to beckon all on high,-
Do ye not wish to know the laws,
Which guide the children of those stars,
And wander through the shining orbs,
Of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars?

O! if ye would desire to reach
Those joys, transcendent and sublime,
Their rudiments ye first must plant,
Upon the mortal shores of time.

By living for the good of all,
And spreading God's Almighty Cause,
Ye will achieve that rich reward,
Which waits all those who keep His Laws.

O! then, once more, let me entreat,
Ye all to flee the paths of sin,
And strive to do the Master's work,
That ye a golden crown may win;
Disseminate that Heavenly Word,
For which your Saviour bled and died;
And O! like Him, let peace and love,
Within your spirits deep abide.

May 6.

It will be distinctly understood by the readers of these pages, that, although the angels covered over the scenes of anarchy and strife, were witness to the painful and revolting antagonisms warring in the human soul, they acted not as defenders to these unchristian systems of settling individual or national disputes, but as gentle Ministers of Peace and Love, commissioned by the Almighty to stay the proud waves of dissension and discord, and to enshrine the Holy Spirit in those hearts beating disloyal to the noble teachings and principles of the Christianity of Christ. Seraphs, sojourning in the elevating circles of the Higher Spheres, are so pure and ennobling in their spiritual developments, that they cannot approximate to the unharmonious scenes of a battle-field, except to quell the stormy passions of depraved, degenerate natures, and to tune the soul to the heavenly music of Harmony and Love. They come not, as I have before written, to bring the sword

or to strengthen the bonds of hate and revenge, but to establish the glorious principles embodied in the illustrious life and character of "Him Crucified," - who departed not from the paths of Peace and Wisdom, but who endured and suffered all things for righteousness' sake. And although, their influences are not always so potent as to effect the holy desires of their Christian natures immediately, yet they enjoy inward satisfaction, in the conviction, that the germs which they plant in the unconscious hearts of their fellow-creatures, will sprout at some future time, destined to bless the incoming ages of the world, and to ripen and nurture the immortal soul for the Progressive Spheres of Eternity. They enjoy a realizing sense of the extent of their glorious work, and of the various obstacles to be surmounted to accomplish it; but Wisdom and Patience have taught them not to despair in their Divine undertakings, - not to falter in those heavenly duties, to the faithful performance of which their Divine Parent has commissioned them.

And never will those Angel Ministers pause in their sublime work of Redemption, while there is a single soul that needs to be saved from sin and error, and raised to the light of Immortal Truth and Salvation; never will they falter in their Christian course, while the desolating fiend of war blights the beautiful works of God with its hateful presence, or poisons the scenery scenes of Nature, with its foul, avenging breath. But steadily will they pursue the even tenor of their way, raising the drooping form of down-trodden and rejected Truth, and breathing o'er the scenes of frail Humanity those gentle attributes and harmonies, enshrined in the hallowed bosom of Deity and Heaven. Earnestly will they toil, until every heart shall bow before the

ture and living God, and acknowledge His glorious Word as Truth; until every soul shall be released from the dark shades of Ignorance and Intolerance, and True Education and Harmony dawns upon it: When the divine work of angels will be accomplished, and Harmony and Love will expand; where, discord and hate were rife; then the heavy, angry march of battle will no longer be heard, the smoke of the cannon will no longer be seen wafting its blackness to the skies; but peace and good-will will triumphantly reign in the human affections, and the crowning attributes of Heaven will be more beautifully blended in the harmonies of earth; then will the whole world, be but a grand reflection of the Upper Paradise, adorned with all its resplendent glories.

O! let us haste that glorious time,
When man from Error shall be free;
When Truth, immortal and sublime,
Shall Loose the chains of Slavery;
And Ignorance no more shall bind
The noblest feelings of the soul,
Nor sin no longer hold the mind
In its subjection and control.

Let us endeavor to uproot
Each noxious plant that thrives below,
Until the germs of Love shall shoot,
Where poisonous weeds now sprout and grow;
And let us seek, with power and might,
The form of error to efface,
That Love and Virtue, Truth and Right,
May sweetly flourish in its place.)

And when the soul shall soar above
To brighter fields of enterprise,
A higher work of Truth and Love,
Will crown its life in Paradise;
Where with the ransomed of the Lord,
It will walk 'mid scenes of heavenly birth,
And reap that golden, rich reward,—
The seeds of which were sown on earth.

There will it meet with those dear friends,
Who're long adorned the Eden shine,
Whose Love and Constancy still blends,
With those they've left on shores of time;
It will
And walks with them through each bright sphere,
Which decks the pure, seraphic cell,
And learn the pleasures which await,
Those who perform their Labors well.

Then, friends, if you would wish to reap
Those beauties of undying birth,
Remember, what I've said before,
That you must seek them first on earth;
And then, in fadeless power and love,
The seeds ye've sown on banks of time,
Will quicker sprout in Heaven above,
And bloom beneath our sunny clime.

Pardon me, dear reader, if I have encroached too severely upon your valuable time and patience, in presenting this somewhat protracted dissertation upon subjects that I felt warrant-

ed full and concise explanations, And if I have taken the liberty to advise, feel, that the Holy Spirit prompted me to seek a that
steps the Shining Excellences which shine around the fair forms
of Truth, Love, Peace, and Good-Will might be presented, with that
clearness of perception and precision which my humble powers were capable of portraying; and if I have advanced a single thought or idea that will tend to harmonize one contending passion in man's nature, or redeem a single wayward soul from the fetters of sin and error, I shall feel amply repaid for thus engaging upon those points that I feel must be clear to every true lover of Humanity. And my fervent prayers shall ever arise to the Throne of the Eternal, that the Christian principles embodied in True Christianity may be restored to consecration, practice, and man prove truer to the noblest instincts of His Better Nature, truer to the God-imaged being implanted within him, and truer to the Divine Author of Light, Liberty, and Truth. And let us all seek to overcome evil with good, to reclaim the fallen and degraded, to resuscitate the dying embers of despised Truth, and release the entangled form of Religion from that net of Error which the Hand of False Education has ingeniously wove around it. And thus, by studying the highest happiness and well-being of our fellow-creatures, we shall increase our own an hundred fold, and elevate our own immortal souls, through the ennobling influences of our Christian Labors; for, it is a true and beautiful saying, "that the love which goes out from one heart to bless another, will return Laden with gentle Blessings for the heart from whence it went forth." What an amount of instruction is conveyed in that simple but sublime passage! How fraught with well-meaning and useful lessons, how abundant with teach-

ings of Harmony and Wisdom! May we all realize its force, and feel, that the love which floweth out from our hearts to bless others, will waft back double and more fragrant blessings to the hearts of the donors.

13. Now, I will leave this portion of my subject, and return to the narrative of my vision. Then I will briefly explain one or two other things to the satisfaction, I hope, of all parties and pass from them to my celestial reception. This letter, already protracted beyond my primitive intentions, should now be brought to a rapid close. But, I trust, however prolonged it has been, that the points upon which I have dwelt, will prove interesting to every reader.

As soon as the vision of the battle was over, my spirit awoke from its trance-like state to the enchanting beauties of the Celestial Realms. The smoke of the cannon cleared away, and its thundering roar no longer wafted its frightful discord to my listening ear. No longer were heard the horrid shouts of a subjugated Army, or the wild enthusiasm of a triumphant Party. But where a moment ago the sight penetrated the untold horrors of battle strife and bloodshed, it now feasted on sublime pictures of Peace and Good-Will; and where the ear was assailed by the harsh jargon of discord and contention, the sweetest and most melodious music of Harmony and Love now greeted it. All the glories of Spirit-World returned to my enraptured gaze, and my soul revelled in the light and splendor of the Immortal Ocean of Truth and Salvation!

But O! what a magnificent scene awaited my unfolding spirit on its conscious return to the beauties of the Seraph Land! What a sublime picture was presented to my Spiritual sight on its awakening from its enchanted state. There, arrayed before me, was a mighty Army of Celestial Beings, accoutred in the familiar garments of war, while over it, hovered another, arrayed in the ha-

liments of Ethereal Beauty and Magnificence. Approaching nearer, what was my surprise and joy, when I recognized, in the first-named Army, the familiar countenances of many of those who had engaged in the great struggle, which, but a few moments before, had presented itself to my spiritual perceptions! With wonder-ment amazement, did I gaze upon that brilliant-assembled Band, gathered together in one grand mass, robed in their warlike accoutrements, that I might the better distinguish them, while over it hovered the Angelic Representatives of Peace and Love, inspiring it with their own radiant thoughts and impressions. In the centre of that brilliant concourse stood the noble, commanding figure, which my spiritual vision instantly detected as the great, the illustrious Napoleon; and those gathered around him, were the beloved ones who had fought with him in many a hard and bloody battle, to win for their endeared France the common blessings of prosperity and liberty, and to transmit them to her unborn children. Eagerly did they gather around their beloved chieftain, showering festoons of beautiful flowers at his feet, all radiant with their affection and esteem. On his brow rested a resplendent Aureola, studded with gems of sparkling brilliancy, and emblematic of the glory of his Immortal Mind; while on his shoulders perched a beautiful snow-white dove, with a little twig of the olive branch in its beak, as a double signification of Purity and Peace. Over his head, streamed many rich and gaudy banners, bearing numerous significant mottoes, the first and foremost of which were those of Love and Truth. In the "back-ground," glided a magnificent Lake, while on its silvery surface moved a beautiful barque, laden with countless numbers of glorified beings, - reminding me of the triumphant march of the soul o'er the ever-rolling Sea of Progression to the Port of Infinite Perfection and Bliss. In Napoleon's hand was a Scroll,

of Immortal brightness, which, when my eyes scanned it, he unrolled, and I read, written in letters of fiery gold, the following few lines:

"I battle, brother, for the Right,
To crush grim Error's power and might;
And seek the seeds of Love to sow,
Within the hearts of man below;
That hate, revenge, or fearful strife,
No more may check the springs of life.

"Peace is the banner which I bear;-
Love is the helmet which I wear;
Truth is the mighty sword I wield,
And Justice is my heavenly shield;
With these four weapons I will win
A glorious conquest o'er sin.

17 "Brother, on this Immortal Scroll,
Discern the duties of thy soul;
In every word and sentence seen,
The Love we bear our fellow-man;
Behold the tasks which await
Thy Spirit in the Heavenly State,-
The higher works which now control,
The powers of thy Unfolding Soul;
And O! may Love and Truth be shrined,
Within the chambers of thy mind,
That their effulgent light may fall
Upon the erring hearts of all."

As soon as I had read the beautiful lines written on this living scroll, the bright circle of Immortals which encircled the noble spirit of the Imperial Napoleon, separated itself, and their beloved Emperor of their hearts descended from his flower crowned Throne, approached my side, and, taking my hand, proceeded to address me in the following language:

"Exalted Spirit of John Quincy Adams: Through the mighty wisdom and love of my Heavenly Father am I permitted, at this blessed season of thy unfolding Birth, to congratulate you on your glorious exit from the fading things of earth to the divine glories of the Upper Sanctuary. In those consecrated Halls, where thy eloquent voice has so often plead the dearest rights of fallen Humanity, - where the generous sympathies of thy noble nature have wafted their Christian harmonies to the Throne of the Eternal, to be echoed back in sweeter symphonies to thine own heart, dearest - thy exalted soul leaps the limits of Time, to expand in immortal growth and beauty, beneath the elevating influences of the Higher Representatives of our glorious Spirit-Life! From the discordant wranglings of an earthly Congress hast thou departed, to take thy appropriate seat in the Nobler One above, among the brightest and most gifted intellects which deck the spangled galaxy of our Constellated Heavens. With these ennobling Representatives of Truth and Humanity will thou communingle, and inspire wisdom, knowledge, virtue, and goodness, from holy and sanctified communion with such as Christ, and His Apostles, Melancthon, Socrates, Plutarch, Channing, Luther, Servitus, and many others of these expanded minds, the glory of whose character is reflected, in rays of Divine Light and Love, throughout our Illuminated Spheres of Progression! Through Celestial Intercourse with such Exalted Intelligences, will thy soul advance onward in the

great work of thy Blessed Redeemer, and expand its interior powers with the Immaculate Love of the Infinite Father!

"Noble, dear brother, hast thou fought the great battle of Right, and victorious success has crowned thy Christian endeavors. Girdled with the armor of Truth and Justice, equipped in the harness of Freedom, and Humanity, with thy brow adorned with the unfolding garlands of Peace and Love, hast thou heroically contended against injustice and oppression, and evidenced to mankind, that "Truth and good works" will accomplish all things in due time, and work out for the soul and Eternity of Happiness and Glory! When the persecutions of vindictive foes assailed thee, and dangers threatened to check thy noble efforts for Right, fearlessly did thy Ship of Duty and Progress outride the black waves of hostile animosities, steering for the peaceful Haven of Humanity and Love, there to anchor itself amid the hearts and hopes of millions of persecuted and oppressed beings! When the heavy hand of tyranny sought to bind the generous sympathies of thy nature, and to crush out from the sum of human existence the noblest instincts of thy Immortal Soul, with mighty power didst thou rive the galling chains, and bravely stand forth first and foremost in the van of Universal Liberty and Brotherhood!

And, crowned in all these Christian Excellences, and God-like attributes, has thy spirit emancipated itself from its clod of mortality and sought the holy and sanctified presence of the Immortal Inhabitants of Heaven. Bright and beautiful angels have welcomed you to their Seraph Home, and breathed their sweet exhortations o'er the unfolding Powers of thy Soul! Inspired with the Spirit of God, and His Divine Truth, have they infused into your celestial being the Love-elements of their own, and grafted on the soil of your heart, the precious buds of Promise, to unfold in fragrant blos-

sons of Beauty and Holiness. They have presented to you their offerings of love and affection, in appreciation of the manifold virtues of thy exalted character.

20 "With thy soul opened in all the beautiful gifts of the Holy Spirit,- beating loyal to the dear interests of Humanity,- with thy interior nature softened to all the noblest qualities of the Infinite Character, has thy illustrious spirit broke from the thraldom of an earthly Congress, from all its political wrangles and discordant debates,- and ascended to the glorious Spheres of our Progressive World, to become a brilliant and eloquent Representative of Immortal Truth and Justice. There will thou labor, with those bright Stars of Wisdom which illuminate our Ethereal Firmament, and whose resplendent light and glory once adorned the Terrestrial Skies. With them will thou shed the light of thy countenance o'er the hearts of those enslaved in the galling fetters of Erroneous Education, and seek to relieve the sin-crushed soul from its painful captivity, and

> Plant it on that sure and steadfast track,
> Where it will neither falter, nor turn back,
> But steadily pursue, that bright celestial way,
> That beckons it to Spheres of Everlasting Day.

"The beautiful vision, dear Brother, which you have so lately witnessed, has taught a valuable lesson to your Ascended Spirit. You have learned, in what manner the angels of heaven guide and protect the public destinies of mankind, and that they are not insensible or careless of the struggles of those striving for Right and Justice; that they are ever near in the dark hours of trouble and trial,- descending, from their golden clouds of spiritual beauty, to

harmonize each discordant element in man's ultimate nature, and render it no longer a Garden of noxious weeds- but an Eden of fairest flowers and glorious delights. You have seen, with what faithful care and attention, the Guardian Ministers of Heaven control the wayward passions of every man, and how gently their sweet ministrations fall on the human soul, to still each stormy feeling, and to prepare it for nobler destinies in the Higher Courts of the Celestial Mansions.

"The battle, which your "enchanted spirit" has beheld in vision, was one which was fought on the theatre of mundane existence, many years before your bright soul found its way to Heavenly glories, and ere my nature had become tainted with that spirit of self-ambition, which led me to commit many errors of grave and serious magnitude. Animated, as I felt, with a deep and earnest love for my down-trodden and oppressed country,- impressed with the justice of my cause, and the sacredness of the mission which God had entrusted to my confiding care, I launched forth on the Stormy and heaving sea of battle, relying on the Mighty Arm of Heaven for protection, little dreaming, that but a short distance from the plane of material existence, there was another and more powerful Army hovering o'er that field of strife, watching, with vigilant eyes, the contending parties, and inspiring the Champions of Right to a glorious and brilliant triumph. Little did I realize, that the Heavenly Hosts of Peace and Love were gazing upon me from their Immortal Spheres, reflecting upon my own efforts the harmonious sympathies of their Celestial Natures, and aiding me in the hazardous enterprise, in which I had embarked.

"And O! dear friend and brother, could I have but more potently felt the presence of these Invisible Powers, and realized, that they were my Guardians of the Day and Watch-

vien of the Night, that they were unceasingly watching my progress
ver Life's stormy ocean, and recording every act on that Im-
mortal Scale of Law, which contains the Rule of Right for all
tions, and which none can disobey without reaping the penalty of
to such disobedience; - I repeat, could I have but realized all these
things, how many bitter tears of sorrow and anguish would it ha
saved my poor and erring nature! How many seasons of poignant
reflection and wretchedness it would have repelled, and relieved an
humble name of that odium and contempt which now entwin
their venomed folds around it! The Spirit of False Ambition would
not have stained my efforts, nor thoughts of self-aggrandisement ha
tinctured my mind, or poisoned the springs of that character, whi
was unfolding itself for Time and Eternity; but pure and holy
would have been my aspirations, - Laudable and just would have
been my every exertion for my country, while the Record of Her
tory would have impartially inscribed among the noble names th
gild her brilliant pages the humble one of Napoleon Bonapar
Garlands, of undying fragrance and beauty, would have wreath
ed an unsullied fame, and golden incense from the hearts of a
grateful world, would have ascended the Star-Gemmed Throne
of the Prince of Righteousness, to reward the benefactor in an
other and a better country.

"Often, when engaging in the fierce and bloody
strife of battle-life, - when the soul was perplexed and tried by
doubt and misapprehension, and everything looked dark and
dubious, with the horrid spectre of ultimate defeat and ruin
pointing its ghostly fingers at me, - would these gently steal
over my despairing nature a holy feeling, and a silent voice
would whisper within its encouraging notes of strength and
hope, and bid me "Trust in God." Then my whole being would

feel animated, as if from a spark from the Holy Altar of Omnip-
otence, and, at the head of my Marshalled Army, would I march
forward in the peerless routine of battle, and brilliant success
would be the grand result! Often did these voices speak counsel
to my heart, and sorry am I, that I heeded them not; at all times.
21. When I listened to these inward speakings of the Divine Voice, and
followed their heavenly instructions, victory would crown my laud-
able efforts; but when my motives became tainted with the poison of selfish
aspirations, and individual considerations haunted my patriotic
desires, - no longer could the pure and lofty from the Celestial Man-
sions approach me, to encourage my soul, and inspire it with for-
titude and strength; no longer could they come to cheer the spirit
with their unseen, Invisible Presence, and to walk unseen by
my side to lead me on my way rejoicing; but they stood afar off,
weeping over the adverse fate of one who might have been, if he had
only heeded the gentle whisperings of those Angel Ministers, who
appealed to Conscience and Reason, both truly good and great. But
resisting these shattered influences, and following in the lead of a too
ambitious and erring judgment, I fell from my high estate, and tem-
porary banishment, on a lonely, far-off isle, was the closing Tableau
of Napoleon's earthly life.

"O! could I but have realized
That angels, from their home above,
Were watching faithfully my path,
With fond, devoted care and love;
That every thought, and word, and deed,
Breathed forth by the undying soul,
Were registered, in lines of fire,
On Heaven's bright, Immortal Scroll;

"How many hours of bitter thought,
Of keen remorse, regret, and woe,
Would have been spared my erring soul,
While journeying on earth below;
Grateful hands would have entwined
Their roseate garlands round my name,
While History would have enshrined
Upon her leaves a spotless fame.

"Love for my country, in the first,
Inspired my heart for her to fight,
That storms, which had begun to burst
Upon her glorious sky so bright,
Might clear away before the Morn
Of Freedom's pure, unclouded day,
And anxious souls proclaim the dawn
Of Liberty's resplendent ray.

"But as success triumphant crowned
Its rich festoons around my soul,
Ambition's baleful finger sought
To bind me in its snaky fold,
And lead my spirit to its power,
To its accursed will and might,
And lure me from the Blessed Tower
Of Virtue, Holiness, and Right.

"O! had I listened to that Voice,
Which spake unto my soul within,
And cautioned me to seek for fame
Which "Immortality" can win,

How would the memories of the past
How fade in sweetness to my mind,
To bless me with the precious thought,
"That I had lived for all mankind."

"But God, the Father of us all,
Has every sin of mine forgiven,
And crowned me with the Blessed smiles,
Of Holy Angels in His Heaven;
Where, with them, I can upward march,
To battle for the Word of God,
And seek, through ministries of love,
To win a high and rich reward

"My lofty stand and high is raised,
Amongst the Noble and the Just,
Nor will its streaming folds be furled,
Till Error's form shall "dust" the dust;
But o'er the heads of sinning man,
Its noble "Stars" shall proudly wave,
Until all evil, sin, and strife,
Are buried in one common grave.

27th
And to the cause of Truth and Peace,
I dedicate myself anew,
And promise, that I will not cease
To labor for the Just and True,
Until the Star of Love shall shine,
Where darkness now obscures its light,
And guide the world to realms divine,

"And O! dear Brother, may the gifted eloquence of thy mind and heart still radiate thy beloved country, and teach its rulers to adhere to the divine precepts of the Inspired Jesus of Nazareth! Teach them to love God and their fellow men, and to obey the just requirements and demands Enid down in the Impartial Statute-Book of Nature and Nature's God! May thy voice of Humanity ring along the corridors of those Halls where man has so often feasted on the glowing eloquence of thy tongue, and hung with delight and joy on thy fearless appeals for Liberty of Speech and Universal Right of Petition; where thou hast bravely stood, amidst the angry thunders of party debate, amidst the blackening storm of personal antagonisms and individual controversy, and nobly asserted and maintained the sacred rights of that dear and beloved Commonwealth, which had bestowed upon you the inestimable privilege of representation upon the floors of a National Congress. May thy soul reflect its prayerful benedictions on all bruised and bleeding by the chains of physical and mental servitude, and the humanities of thy nature go forth in Love and affection to those enslaved in the fetters of sin and error, until the darkened places of earth shall be glad dened by the golden beams irradiating from the rising Sun of Truth and Life Immortal. May the haunts of Ignorance and Bigotry become enlightened with the teachings of thy Immaculate Mind, and the fountains of vice and iniquity purged of their uncleanliness, through the Christian counsels of thy apostles sent that, where sin now abounded, grace much more may abound."

"Crowned with the undying Laurels of history's earthly fame and honor, - loaded with the plaudits of a grateful people, - consecrated, alike with the smiles and tears of Love and Affection, - hallowed in the remembrance of the truly noble and

patriotic, thy Spirit has pathomed the dark waters of mortal dissolution, and landed on the Infinite Shores of Progression and Eternal Youth! At the Post of Duty, in the Halls of Legislation, nobly representing thy honored State, and advocating the broad and mighty principles of Humanity did the Messenger of God approach thy side, and broke thee pressure for that Celestial Congress, on whose floor all are privileged to plead the cause of Right, with none to molest, or none to make afraid.

"At the Post of Duty, where thy voice of eloquence,
Has oft sent forth its noble tones in Freedom's brave defence,
There didst thy immortal spirit soar to mansions of the Blest,
To recle among the loved and dear a calm and peaceful rest.

"Tired of the mortal strifes below, thy soul has broke away,
From mouldering scenes of mother earth, from things of mere decay,
And entered on the higher work revealed to thee in Heaven,
Where nobler ministries of love will unto thee be given.

And while contending for the Right, and pleading for the slave,
While hearing the "angry roll" of slavery's blackened wave,
Thy brave, exalted soul, equipped for Freedom's holy fight,
Severed from the earthly form, and heaven-ward took its flight;

"Where, among the ransomed ones of our Immortal Land,
Its powers, in radiant light and love, will evermore expand,
Progressing on to higher worlds of bliss and usefulness,
Where stars of glorious magnitude await thy fame to bless.

"Brother, when living in the mortal sphere, the world called

me a mighty warrior. Through seas of blood and carnage have I wandered, to plunge for my beloved, fair down-trodden country a path to future prosperity and happiness. Ambitions for the future good and welfare of the land I loved, led by the instincts of a too-aspiring mariner, I was drawn, as I have before written, into many inexplicable errors and difficulties, and finally, to commit the one great mistake of my life, for which there is not a shadow of excuse or palliation, a mistake, that must ever sully that fair fame which crowns the brow of the name of Napoleon, the Conqueror!

"But yet, to use your own beautiful and appropriate language, how little does the world appreciate and know of my good intents and purposes! How little does it realize the extent of the Heaven-appointed mission which was marked out for me by an all-wise Arm! Eclipsed by the dark clouds of popular error and bigotries, filtered by the black spirit of jealousy and selfishness, strongly bound to the chain of old theologies and dogmas, it cannot clearly discriminate the virtues from the vices, the lofty aspirations from the unhallowed ambitions.

"But thanks to the good Father, whose loving eye of wisdom is searching the hearts of His children, He will not permit these angry clouds long to roll their Cimmerian blackness across that portion of my earthly existence, which, as I feel, was honorably, justly aspiring! Even now I begin to perceive the bright star of my fame penetrating the heavy mists of superstition, rising out of the dark horizon of bigotry and error, soon to illuminate the whole universe of matter with a knowledge of the right and the just, and to enlighten the souls of man on those broad and mighty principles, for which, in my mundane life, I contended; that the voice, with its prophetic whisperings, "Posterity will yet do me justice," was no idle one, but a soul that breathed cheering words of hope and encouragement to the bruised and crushed spirit of the exiled Napoleon. And, God be praised, dear brother, that I am exalted here, in the presence of these Immortal witnesses, to vindicate my own honor, and to promise fealty to every good cause, which seeks the elevation of mankind, and to assist in laying that mighty corner-stone, upon which is to be reared the "Heaven-aspiring Temple of Humanity! Rejoiced am I for these blessed, oft-repeated privileges, to attest my gratitude to these "guardians of my clay-clothed material being" for the kind care and protection, and for the inspiring influences which they exerted over me, during my brief stay on the stormy sea of time.

"And do I, beloved friend, overstep the bounds of propriety, in thus enlarging upon a point that must be dear and sacred to my soul, the preservation of my earthly fame? Do I appear to cherish the spirit of selfishness or ostentation, when I wish to my name redeemed from that obloquy and contempt which an unrighteous, unforgiving world, has cast upon it? I feel that the response of your spirit will decide in the negative. Deeply sensible am I of my many faults and imperfections, and gladly would I embrace the opportunities to retrieve them. With sorrow do I recall those errors of my life, which hang like a black pall around my character, and I would endeavor to sweep them away, through the good works and Christian labors of my future existence! Who is perfect? He that is, let him cast the first stone.

"That nature, which was born and cradled amidst the heavy crash of political powers, nurtured amidst the tottering reels and fall of mighty thrones and empires, has not entirely lost that pride of name and honor which became an inherent element of its being at the very hour of its primeval birth; and that love, a constituted ingredient in my immortal spirit, blooms still in all its primitive splendor and glory, as at the very moment which

breathed it into animated existence. And that nature, guileless as the spark of Divinity within it, still adheres to its unalterable instincts of honorable fame, still jealous of its own good name and honor.

"The ancient proverb, that God orders all things wisely and well" may, I think be applicable to my own immediate instance. While enduring the trials of banishment on the sea-girt isle of St. Helena, I was enabled to look back upon the sins of my past life, and reflect how much I had left undone, and how much more good I might have performed, if I had but employed those expansive capabilities, which my Heavenly Father had laid at my disposal, to the development of my own spiritual powers, and to the elevation of the whole Human Race. The pleasant memories of many good deeds well done, of virtuous actions instilled into the human soul, of a lofty patriotism infused into the hearts of my beloved countrymen, cheered even the lonely hours of exile and sorrow, and gave a charm and zest to the gloom of my "perpetual banishment." And how much more would my happiness have been enhanced, how would the heavy trials of my lonely exile have been lessened, how much more pleasant would have been the unfolding memories of the past, could I but have looked back on a life that was fast drawing to a close, and realized that it had been untainted by the poison of false aspirations; that it had been exclusively devoted to the common interests of mankind, and to the perpetration of sound and healthy principles in my dear and beloved country!

"My banishment to the island of St. Helena has been regarded by many of my most ardent friends, in the light of a public calamity, and as an unjustifiable usurpation of the moral Right and Justice. It has been the prolific mother of many petty fears and animosities, and will furnish, I fear, sufficient pretext for a degenerate descendant to enthrall himself, at some future time, in a bloody war, that he may firmly plant his iron heel on the prostrate form of Liberty, and secure a permanent hold on the imperial Throne of France. But God, I trust, will avert so terrible a visitation, and obliterate the tyrannical usurper, who is seeking to gain a lordly supremacy o'er the bleeding liberties of that time-honored and beloved Commonwealth!

"But however others may view my temporary exile, I can only look at it now in the light of a great and glorious Blessing; for it was, through my condemnation to that lonely, sea-girt isle, that I was brought more in immediate contact with the spiritual, and in closer communion with Deity and my own thoughts. Far away from the exciting theatre of my exploits and engagements, - away from the trying scenes of bloody strife and battle, - surrounded by the wide and majestic ocean, I was enabled to draw myself aloof from the Outer World, - to hold secret and silent communion with my God, and invoke the Divine Pardon for my many sins of omission and commission. I was enabled to revert to the mistakes of my lifetime, and to discern, on the ever-moving panorama of the past, the shaded, as well as the bright pictures painted on its canvas. And God, even in that late period of terrestrial existence, pointed out to me an effective remedy, whereby I might correct the faults and errors of a past career.

"Often, when walking amid the few delights of my sea-girt home, my eyes would instinctively, to the cloudless canopy, above, and thoughts of a pleasant nature would flow athwart my mind, kissing it's Divine Architect, who is enthroned amidst its stars of unmeasurable glory and

splendor; and at night, when all Nature was hushed in grand repose, would I wander forth to gaze upon the calm blue skies, besprangled with countless gems of radiant light and beauty, and draw my thoughts from the uncertain things of life below, to the beautiful light and country beyond, where Shining Stars of Wisdom and Intellect awaited my glad coming, to greet my sorrowing spirit to the unnumbered glories of the Celestial Heavens. Then would I walk by the sea-shore, and, with my mortal vision, scan the broad and mighty ocean, thinking of that dearly-beloved country from which I had vanished, and longing to span its heaving bosom, that I might again espouse the righteous cause of my bleeding Brave; then would my mind soar above to that fathomless lake of Immortality, where, with my loved companions for guides and companions, I should glide along on its peaceful, sparkling surface, borne aloft to higher and more glorious shores by the ever-rolling billows of Eternal Progress. Then a holy and sanctified feeling would creep on my interior nature, all earthly aspirations would calmly sink to rest, and my soul would seek the Throne of Grace, to hold silent communion with its Maker. The faults and frailties of a past existence were all mirrored before me, and I resolved, that the few remaining days of my life should be devoted to the glorification of my soul, and to fit it for the Immortal Shores beyond the ebbing sea of time. I reviewed and re-reviewed my whole battle-career, and the brilliant conquests which I had won, and I fully determined, that, on the Island of St. Helena, I would fight the greatest battle, and win the proudest and noblest victory of my life, a victory over my own wayward passions! Surrounded by the kind friendship of a few noble souls, I commenced the glorious work of expurgation, and to better prepare my spirit for the

"mansions not made with hands." I sought to crush out each unworthy ambition from my nature, and to aspire only for those eternal ornaments and honors, which would entail happiness and glory on my Immortal Soul! Gladly did I set about my laborious task, feeling assured, that "he who wrestles may win." The Divine Voice whispered strength and encouragement to my spirit, and bade me not to falter in my heavenly undertaking; and in a short period of time I was able to perceive a thorough Reformation going on in my soul, - harmonizing all its contending elements, and fitting it for a more exalted destiny in the world to come. In fact, my sea-bathed home looked no longer lonely or dreary to me, but wore the appearance of a "little Heaven below;" blossoming with the fragrant flowers of "love to God and love to Man." I was prepared, when the summons should come, to enter upon my Winter Rest, - for I had fought life's greatest battle, and won the victory.

"You will not suppose, dear friend, and brother, from the tone of my address, that I was a believer in the Doctrine of Progression when on earth; for, in my unenlightened age, it was a subject that was very little, if at all, understood by the world. The knowledge, which I have imparted to you, on that particular point, was acquired during the time which has intervened between my Spiritual Birth and your own.[10] But I entertained the blessed hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave, where the soul would enjoy a reward commensurate with its development and live a life of eternal happiness and pleasure; where all would be introduced into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and reap the immortal recompense of "good deeds done in the body." And under the influences of these sweet and hallowing convictions, did I endeavor to improve the closing days of my exiled life, to harmonize every discordant feeling of my soul, and

qualify it for an elevated station in the Kingdom of Heaven, upon whose Throne is seated the great King of Kings, from whose Sovereign Presence none will be banished. And, that my Christian exertions on that island, was I prepared to enter on the celestial duties of the Higher Life, to meet beloved ones who had gone before me, to wait my entrance to their happy home, may I can truly and safely say, that, to the elevating influences of my banishment, I owe my present high and exalted station in the Celestial Empire. And if ever murmured at the decrees of Providence, or thought my punishment too great for endurance, the gentle breathings of the Divine Voice would whisper to my spirit, "As the Lord loveth those whom He chasteneth," and instantly the perturbed waters of my soul would lull to quiet repose, while up from its deep fountains would bubble the sacred stream of resignation, whispering, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Thus, the exile to St. Helena added a crowning weight of glory to my nature, proving the truth of that Bible saying, "That God doeth all things unto good and well," and that out of even evil will sometimes spring great and everlasting good. And I thank my Heavenly Father for the wondrous wisdom he has displayed, in thus afflicting His erring child, that he might be better prepared to stand in His Infinite Presence, to be judged according to his deeds.

"God, in His wisdom, saw 'twas well,
To afflict the erring child He loved,
That he might be prepared to dwell,
In brighter Spheres in Heaven above;
Where none, from His Immortal World,
Will ever banishment endure,
Or from their rightful seat be hurled,
Among the lifted and the pure;

But where, in Holiness and Love,
Each soul in union would unite,
Aspiring to the spheres above,
Where all is lost in endless light;
Where, in glory, the spirit freed,
Would soar to higher realms of thought,
And smiling Hope its nature lead,
To worlds, with fragrant blessings fraught."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded this portion of his admirable address, the following portent prayer was breathed by him to the Throne of Divine Grace:

"O God! I thank Thee for the care,
Which Thou hast ever shown to me,
That Thou, through trial, didst prepare,
My soul for Immortality;
I thank Thee, that Thou, in love, saw fit,
To banish me from worldly things,
That I might be prepared to sit,
With Thee, our Lord, and King of Kings.

"O! give to me a contrite heart,
May every act with Love control;
That Virtue, Godliness, and Peace,
May find a home within my soul;
Forgive each error and each sin,
Which stained my pilgrimage on earth,
And draw me nearer up to Thee,
The more I feel and prize thy worth.

O! may my Spirit deep inspire,
The holy influence of Thine own,
That I, in Heaven, may soon acquire,
A higher seat around Thy Throne,
Where living streams of Light and Truth,
Will on the joyful vision burst,
And they, who quaff its sparkling youth,
Will nevermore for wisdom thirst.

June 12th

And teach my soul to hate the wrong,—
To love the noble and the right,
That I may aid the Truth along,
And every heart to Thee unite;
Give me the strength of Thy strong arm,
To labor in Thy mighty field,
That every weed I may unplant,
Which in its pathway lay concealed.

And give to me, the blessed power,
To make my presence known on earth,
That I may lead man to that Tower,
Where Heaven flowers of glorious birth;
Where all in harmony unite,
To labor for Humanity—
That Truth, not Error, Right, not Might,
May gain the heavenly victory."

When Napoleon's spirit had ceased uttering this fervent prayer to God, he continued the concluding portion of his address to me as follows;

"Dear Brother: When the sands in the hour-glass of time were fast rolling away, my Heavenly Father permitted me to take a glance at that beautiful country on whose flower-wreathed borders my overjoyed, exultant spirit was soon to step. My interior perceptions were sharpened to the visible objects of the outer world, all its sorrows and trials, were, for the time being, lost in the moon-like splendor and glory of another and a better life, and my soul bathed in all those Elysian delights which can crown a Paradise of Perfect Happiness and Pleasure. Millions of angelic forms flitted before my observant vision,— sparkling fountains of transparent beauty, glistened in the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness, — the air was melodious with the music of seraphic birds,— while the whole Ethereal Atmosphere was laden with Celestial Love and Beauty. The soul was nearer Heaven than Earth, and longed to scale the time-beaten walls of mortal being, and soar above, to join, in Eternal life, the sainted children of God.

"When my perceptive spiritual powers were awakened to a full consciousness of the sublime realities of the Spirit-land, pictures, of indescribable glory, and dazzling beauty, were mirrored before my vision, and clouds, of marvelous splendor, enveloped my unfolding nature, behind which glimmered brilliant rays of light and wisdom, pointing me up to a land of Infinite Purity and Love. Trees, flowers, fruits, fountains, and temples, not formed by earthly hands,— far surpassing in moral grandeur and sublimity the beautiful ones of the World of Materialism, Dying Nature,— were arranged, in all their immortal colors, before my Interior sight, bathing my soul to come and bask beneath their never-fading glories.

Endless beauties were there arrayed,
Before my fast-unfolding sight,
And gorgeous glories then displayed
Revealed to me God's power and might;
Trees, myrtels, and deathless flowers,
Were scattered there in Paradise,
While gentle zephyrs, through our bowers,
Bore fragrance from the Upper Skies.

"Stars, of glorious beauty, shone
Before my new-enchanted gaze,
Inviting me to come and roam,
Beneath their warm and cheering rays;
Rich harbours and temples high,—
All made by any earthly hand,—
Seemed to inspire my spirit—or,
To the resplendent Seraph Band.

My fluttering soul longed to be free,
And soar to meet its mate in heaven,
Where ties, dispersed there below,
No more in glory would be riven;
Struggling, panting, it broke from earth,
And took its flight to worlds above;
Where, in the bright, celestial Birth,
It sought and found its kindred love.

"But, as my soul burst from its clayey tabernacle, more glorious beauties dawned upon my inward perceptions, than those which I have previously narrated to you. Hovering

my head, at a little distance from earth, stood the gloriously beautiful form of my dear departed Josephine, in supreme majesty and splendour, with arms unfolded, ready to greet the beloved, but thanks to the good Father, not the cooled embrace of her heart, in pure joys and eternal embrace. With flowing robes, of unimaginable brilliancy, and hair of golden beauty, playing around her lovely form, she stood prepared, in her spiritual home, to welcome the returning, but cooled spirit of her erring, but still beloved, partner, to her immortal companionship. [13] No shade of enmity or revenge, for wrongs endured, clouded her beautiful brow; but the smiles of forgiveness beamed from her cherished countenance, while, with one finger upraised, she pointed my spirit heavenward, where, in realms of surrounding glory, it would meet with its kindred mate of former years, again to be united in holy bonds which no power could alienate or separate. The bonds are prepared to throw off the mortal coil, and to enter on the brighter vocations of the future life, there to battle with Heaven's Potentate, to overthrow wickedness and vice, and to secure a victorious triumph. Brighter, and more angelic, grew her immortal countenance, as she portrayed the divine glories which were soon to crown my exultant soul, and the countless myriads of Celestial Beings that were standing at the portals of heaven, ready to bear my warbling, willing spirit upward to the home of the Blessed Redeemed! Nearer and nearer did she approach, more resplendent grew her shining form, until, overwhelmed in the dazzling brilliancy of the Seraph Realms, with the endeared name of her I loved the best,—with the exception of my mother,—dwelling on my glowing lips, my soul severed the thread of mortality which connected it to earth, overleaped the narrow

limits of Time, and ascended the Imperial Throne of the Most High, there to be enshrined by the side of my sainted Josephine, to enjoy eternal happiness and repose on the bosom of her undying love and affection.

"Most grand and sublime, dear friend, was my exit from the troubles and afflictions of the corporeal world, to the Welcome Home of Angels! Banished, by the wise decrees of Providence, to a lonely, ocean-bound isle, accompanied by the faithful and undying friendship of a few tried spirits of earth, - as well as of Heaven, my soul was better prepared to employ proper faculties to regenerate its nature, and to attract itself from external objects to the untold enjoyments of the Infinite Unseen. Separated by the fathomless waters, from all that I loved and cherished most dear, doomed to exile, as I felt, at that time, by a cruel, tyrannical edict, I acquired a distaste for the vain, deceptive pleasures of earth, and sought to lay up for myself imperishable treasures in Heaven, where moth nor rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal; but where the soul would commingle in all the social delights of an everlasting friendships, and enjoy the blessed society of the great and good departed on before me. I joyfully looked forward to the period when death would release me from my mental and physical sufferings, and the Angel of Love and Mercy fold me in its snow-white wings, and bear me to the Shining Portals of the Great Jehovah, to place me again by the side of my long-mourned for, ascended Josephine. And rejoiced was I when the Star of my life waned in its earthly glory, and took its flight from Terrestrial Spheres, to enshrine itself amongst the numberless millions in that far-reaching galaxy, which spans the glorious Celestial Firmament; rejoiced, that I was going to a

better country, where I should once more meet my beloved, but wronged partner, and listen to the gentle words of love and forgiveness, which would fall from her lips as in her erring, but still devoted Affection, rejoiced, that I was soon to join that "illustrious band of patriots," who had fought with me on many a bloody field of strife, and surrendered up their precious lives to God in honorable defence of their unsullied country, and to secure for it, and its children, the unalienable blessings of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"But, beautiful spirit, with all these happy pictures painted on my mind, there were clouds of darkness that would sweep across them, to obscure even their brightness. Remorse, for sins of commission, would roll its fearful blackness athwart the scenery, and deeds of dreadful character would rise up before me, which seemed to say, 'Repent ye, for the day of deliverance is nigh at hand.' Then ghastly figures of men murdered, to prop up the strong citadel of my political power, would seem to point at me, whispering, "This day shall thou be with us in Paradise; Prepare ye to meet us." And humbled and subdued in spirit would I bow my head, in reverential prayer, to Almighty God, asking pardon and forgiveness for rebelling against the holiest Laws of His Nature, and to receive my erring, but repentant spirit, to His Infinite Bosom of Mercy and Love! Thoughts, of a harrowing nature, came rushing like an avalanche upon my mind, - unprovoked acts committed to build up and strengthen the pinnacle of self-ambition, - all came back to memory, to torture, as it were, the life-long of my spirit, to prove to me, that the way of the transgressor is hard, and to prepare to render an account of my stewardship at the Supreme Tribunal of Heaven.

"The fervent appeals which went forth from the deep fountains of my heart, arose on the bright wings of love, to the throne of the Divine, and the Ministers of Bright-Eyes Lake sent answering response to my soul. In the beautiful language of another spirit, in like manner did the Holy Spirit speak to me:

"'Come unto me,' my Father spake,
Unto the children fondly loved,
'And drink from that Immortal Lake,
Which sparkles round my throne above;
Come, taste of its hallowed streams,
And ye shall never thirst again;
Their pure, invigorating beams,
Shall in thy soul forever reign;

"'Come unto me,' he further said,
'And eat the Bread which I shall give;
That Bread which will thy soul refresh,
And bid it evermore to live;
Come, gather round that rich repast,
Which I've prepared for all my make,—
Come, saint and sinner, one and all,
And of that bounteous feast partake.'

"And in regard to the remission of sins, the Representatives of the Divine Will uttered back the following response:

"Come nearer now, dear child, to me,
Thy God will never thee disown;
Thy sins are all forgiven thee,—
And bliss awaits thee round my throne;

Come, dwell with these effulgent stars,
Which shine so brilliant in my skies;
And see what I've prepared for thee,
In my far-reaching Paradise.

'Come, sit with that beloved one,
Who once endured the storms of life,
That he might be prepared to flee,
Beyond the sea of sin and strife,
To that Eternal Heaven above,
Where he would see his Father's face,
And dwell with Him, in endless love,
Around the star-gemmed Throne of Grace.

"He bids thee come to that high Mount,
Which shrines His own Immortal Lord,
And fly with him to that pure Fount,
Where streams of living water roll;
He points thee still to paths of peace,
Of wisdom, purity, and love,
And calls thee in his still, small voice,
To meet him in the courts above.

"Prepare, my child, to take thy flight,
Where sin no more thy life will mar,
Where error nevermore will blight,
The light of thy Ascending Star;
But where, through realms of boundless space,
Thy soul will travel on its way,
By Throning Throne of Love to grace,
And live with me an endless day.

"Thus spake the Holy Dove within,
In tones of gentleness and love,-
Assuring me, that every sin,
Would be forgiven in Heaven above,
If I would but prepare the way,
Through higher works and ministries,
To cleanse the soul of all its clay,
And fit for the Upper Skies.

"When my weary feet, first trod the Everlasting Shores, joy and happiness attended my earth-released spirit to its glorious abode among the angels. There I met my faithful Josephine, crowned with garlands of immortal flowers, while corsets of radiant glory, gemmed with diamond sparkles of intellectual worth and beauty, glistened from her sparkling frame. Ready was she to welcome me again to her loving embrace, and to breathe over my regenerated soul those words of forgiveness which I so longed to hear.

"But there occurred an incident on my arrival to the Shores of Being, which most especially pleased my overjoyed, disenthralled spirit. It revealed to me more forcibly than any other instance could have, ever, the wondrous wisdom and goodness of my Heavenly Father, in conferring those ties, which partly differences and individual consideration had severed, in one harmonious bond of Fraternal Brotherhood, Equality, and Love. It elated my whole nature, harmonized every interior quality, and inspired my animated being with warmed gratitude and affection to my Creator, for this grand manifestation of His loving-kindness, mercy, and forgiveness and the hallowed lesson conveyed to me through it,- to forgive, even as I may hope to be forgiven.

16th "When my soul had disevered itself from the frail tissue which bound it to the clod of mortality, and had become fully initiated into the glorious sublimities of the Immortal Creation, and after my dear partner and other bright spirits had saluted me, my attention was attracted to four or five brilliant star-like forms, which seemed to illuminate the Celestial World with the purity of their effulgent rays. Slowly they moved along from their radiant home of light and glory, surrounded by clouds of ethereal brightness, while the warmth of love and promise glistened in magnificent beauty over each seraph form. Overawed and struck at the grandeur of the spectacle, my spiritual vision was riveted on that resplendent Barque of celestial beings, moving majestically on the placid Ocean of Eternity, attended by a mighty concourse of glorified passengers. Presently, my vision is drawn to the few above-named, who had withdrawn from the accompanying circle of spirit-friends, and were approaching me. Soon they had approximated near enough for me to recognize even in their garments of snow-white splendor the familiar forms of those who, on earth, had suffered martyrdom for my sake, that the insatiable cravings of an inglorious ambition might be gratified and sustained.

"But it was not till they were by my side that the veil, which obscured their features from my interior perceptions, was drawn aside, and revealed to my horror-struck gaze the well-remembered countenances of those who had every reason to loathe and to despise me;- those whose material bodies were stricken low in mortal dispensation of the unfairness hiding of my power, and whose spirits were summoned in the Infinite Presence of the Great Judge, there to wait my appearance at His Supernatural Tribunal.

"But do I cast too severe reproach or censure upon myself, when I thus style such deeds as infamous and wicked? Do I pervert the rules of right or truth, in thus denouncing such acts as arbitrary, cruel, and unjust, and contrary to the high or humanities of the human heart? I know, that many of my most ardent and intimate friends will plead the commission of such deeds on the ground of necessity, to firmly instate myself on that personal throne which they considered rightfully belonged to me. But is there any law of Nature or of Humanity which privileges us to take the life of our fellow-creatures, that which we cannot give, and most especially, to exalt us to self-power or personal aggrandizement? Is there a single principle embodied in the Religion of Jesus, out of which we can raise the smallest idea, to justify the sacrificing of human life, yea, even in cases as many think, of stern necessity, or self-defence? Is there aught in the divine attributes of our Father in Heaven which would lead us to believe, that he would countenance the slaying of the mortal body by His children, into which He has breathed the breath of His Divinity, and which He alone can give and take away? I am aware, that many will aver, that, in some instances, "circumstances alter cases," and that self-defence is the first law of human nature, necessary to protect individual rights and justice, and to resist arbitrary power and encroachments. It may seem, in many cases, that a resort to violence, to maintain just and lawful rights, is unavoidable, and perhaps necessary; but it is none the less wrong and unharmonious with the divine Rules of Intercourse of the Ruler of Intelligences and Nations, and at variance with the sublime teachings of him who went about doing good, who sought to infuse the elements of peace and love into the hearts of his followers, and to preach the glorious, God like doctrines of non-resistance, to overcome evil with good, and, if the enemy smite thee on the one cheek, turn the other to him also.

"Joan of Arc, in her beautiful address to the Celestial Army, remarked, "that God often employs measures repugnant to His own Divine Nature, to justify noble ends and achievements;" but when we consider, that man, from the beginning was created a free, moral agent, endowed with sublime powers and privileges, and, in the language of a welcome spirit to you, "had the paths laid out before him, the good and the evil, - which he could pursue at pleasure, and that he, and he alone, must work out his own salvation," we feel that he is responsible, not God, for his aggressive acts, and must answer for them at the so-called Day of Judgment, or, figuratively speaking, at that time, when the soul shall stand in the presence of angels, to be known, even as it is known by itself. And those acts of mine which sent those unprepared spirits to the Supreme Court of Heaven cannot claim, I feel, the slightest justification or palliation, acts over which I have deeply sorrowed and mourned, and for which I have often sought the pardoning Power, that I might be prepared to meet them in the Heavenly life, to atone for my many sins. I will now return to them, and inform you in what manner they welcomed me to the unending enjoyments of the Immortal Realms of Being.

"When these beautiful and exalted seraphs were by my side, my spiritual sight was enhanced, the veil which eclipsed their immortal-crowned forms from my view was withdrawn, and I beheld standing before me in majestic beauty and loveliness, the ever to be remembered figures of some of my murdered victims! O! what unsupportable agony rent my soul as

I gazed upon them, and thought, that any arm lead assisted in slaying the mortal, and sending the immortal into the presence of the Judge of All! What fearful forebodings took possession of my entire spiritual nature as I beheld them, standing, in mighty judgment before me; and, as I thought, at that period of my development, ready to arraign me for the numerous crimes committed against their mortal bodies, and for sending their unprepared souls before the bar of the Supreme Justice. What agonizing thoughts pervaded the unfolding powers of my mind, as I recalled the vivid memories of the past, and reflected, that I had been, in many instances, an instrument of oppression and wickedness, and aided in commencing that series of infernal revolutions, which have brought so much misery and blood-shed upon my beloved Shores, and the world. And then I continued to aspire, as at first, to godly ambition, and for the perpetual welfare of my country, the scenes of anarchy, which have so often stained her virgin soil with the blood of her children, would have been, I am convinced, forever silenced, and when tyranny and slavery now rear their hydra head, justice and liberty would reign in their places, to bless posterity with those concomitant blessings which are but the outgrowth or offspring of this glorious unity. Had I not pandered to the selfish gratification of perverted power or personal emolument, how pure would have been the fame transmitted to the world, how illustrious a name would History have enrolled among her great and gifted men! The blood of the innocent and defenceless would not have rested on my hands, and the cries of widows and orphans been heaped on my head; but the fragrant blessings of human love and affection would have twined their rich festoons around my heart, and the world have paused its

highest encomiums on my worth, and mourned, at my departure, like one refusing to be comforted.

As my spiritual vision penetrated the souls of the bright angels standing by my side, I sought to read their feelings towards me, and to know whether they cherished the spirit of animosity or revenge towards one, who had now met them face to face, at the Tribunal of God, at the footstool of the Omnipotent Throne, before which all Nations and Parties must bow, and confess the deeds done in the flesh. At first a shade of sadness or gloom seem to cast its lowering clouds around each heart, and sorrow and grief to sit on each lofty brow; but these soon were away, — a halo of unimaginable glory and celestial splendor enluminated around each immortal figure, joy and love beamed from each forgiving nature, while the pleasant smiles of hope and confidence glistened on each brilliant countenance, and seemed to lure me on to a closer communion with their unfolded spirits, and to enshrine my own heart's best devotions and sympathies on the altar of their purified affections. With the finger of faith pointing upward, reclining on the anchor of Hope, wreathed in the undying flames of love and Forgiveness, they beckoned me, in a confiding manner, to approach them, and receive their warm and cordial embraces.

"The two foremost then came forward, placed my hands in theirs, and printed on my spiritual brow the burning kiss of affectionate love and friendship. On looking up, I beheld, imaged before me, the too-well-remembered features of those whose mortals I knew by the earthly names of Duke D'Enghein and Pichegru. I could not, at first, withstand these beautiful evidences of their forgiving dear-

actions and dispositions, and the strong will and the firm resolve, and copious tears bedewed an angel's face; and not only did tears of gratitude flow from the deep fountains of my own unchanged heart, but those dear ones who ministered unto me for joy over the one sinner that had repented, and found grace in the sight of God and the Redeemed of Heaven!! O! it was a spectacle that inspired my soul reverence and love to my God, and caused me to feel, more than ever, my utter unworthiness of such manifestations of His Almighty Wisdom and Goodness.

"When the first violent ebullitions of tears and repentance had somewhat subsided, the former spirit, Duke D'Enghein, — addressed me in a very familiar and friendly manner, assuring me of his entire forgiveness for my conduct in that affair, which was the immediate means of ushering his immortal soul into the invisible glories of the Spirit-land, and hoping, that, through the exalted influences of the Higher Life, our hopes and aspirations would henceforth blend together in a harmonious unity of mind and purpose, and all feelings of animosity and hatred be forever eradicated from our natures, — provided such there existed, by the sweet and hallowed communions in our Divine Home. I will not relate all the sublime exhortations which he breathed in my behalf, as it would require a lengthened period of time, so to speak, to do so; but, suffice it for me to say, that every word and sentence of his Christian welcome savored of the love of God, and of the Highest humanities of the Man, Jesus, and harmonized with all the intrinsic excellences which adorn the Paternal Character of the Infinite Parent.

20th "But before I leave this particular point of my address, I will present you with the presence of his exalted spirit, that he may attest to the truth of what I have been uttering, and pour to you, fraternity, and mine, distant as the soul rejoices in knowledge and virtue, under the sanctifying influences of the Immortal Life."

Napoleon here ceased, in his address, for a few moments, until the glorious, forgiving spirit, of Duke D'Enghein had arrived to the sphere of Being in which we stood. He bore in his right-hand a scroll of resplendent power and glory, similar to that which Napoleon possessed and unrolled to my spiritual vision. When he was near enough to me, Napoleon approached me, accompanied by my still faithful Instructor, Lafayette, and fraternally presented me to the far famed, celebrated spirit of that martyred child of God. When the usual preliminaries, attendant upon such an introduction, were over, my "welcomer" again turned to me, and said:

"You see, standing before you, the glorified spirit of D'Enghein; he, whose fair, great body was slain by my mortal arm, or, more properly speaking, by those who had enlisted in my service, and whose sympathies were strongly exerted in my behalf; one, whose wrongs and persecutions were many, as I have before spoken, has every reason to despise and reject me. I will not repeat to you his beautiful welcome address to me, and all the tender admonitions which outflowed from his generous, Christian heart, towards one who had so deeply injured him, but on that Immortal Scroll which he bears in his hand, you shall discern the words dyed

spirit of charity which animated his loving soul, and learn a beautiful lesson, — "to forgive those who trespass against us, even as we shall hope to be forgiven by our Heavenly Father, for trespassing against the Divine laws and Ordinances of His most Holy Kingdom."

The spirit of Duke D'Enghein, at this point, came forward, unfolded the dazzling chart in his hand, and revealed to my delighted gaze the following glorious truth, encircled in a circlet of brilliant stars:

"Faith, Hope, and Love,"
"But the greatest of these is Love, or Forgiveness."

Then the resplendent spirit, above named, with counte-nance beaming with Christ-like love, breathed forth to me the following few words:

"Beloved Brother: It is, with infinite pleasure and delight, that I am thus exalted to be introduced to your exalted spirit, on the shores of Immortal Existence, through the medium of one, who, when on earth, was consider-ed my mortal enemy, but who, in heaven, is now my most cherished and faithful friend. The circumstances, which led to my material dissolution, history has vividly chron-icled, and need no repetition by, here in the World of Har-mony and Love. All earthly feeds are now forgotten, and animosities, long cherished, are buried in the grave of the past, and numbered with the mouldering relics of dead and dying mortality.

"But you may ask, dear brother, if I readily forgave the Author of the injuries done to my mortal body, if, the moment I launched my barque of Spiritual life on the O-cean of Eternity, overlooked all past difficulties and insults, and cheerfully accorded at once a "full and free" pardon to "mine enemy" for his transgressions against my material form? I will most truly reply, By no means! It was through a grand and mighty series of refining processes that I was enabled to subdue and conquer my sinfulness and feelings of hatred, and prepare my spirit to "heap coals of fire" on the head of my persecutor, and welcome him at the Bar of the Almighty Judge.

"When my spirit first fathomed the boundless lake of Eternal Life, and my vision, sufficiently unfolded for me to discern the dead casket that lately encased my Immortal Soul, and when I perfectly understood the cause which led to my Spiritual Birth, my feelings, towards its immediate author, were those of rancorous hatred and revenge, and I resolved, that if I possessed the power, I would leave no means untried to redress the injuries done me. But when the angels, from the happy realms of thought, approached, to bid me welcome to their glorified abodes; when I listened to their gentle voices of love, and felt the warm breath of their inspir-ing presence around me, hallowing my new-born nature with their congenial influences; when I heard their repeated in-junctions, to cherish the spirit of love and forgiveness in my soul, and their exhortations, to unfold and develop its nob-ler affections, that I might enjoy with them the infinite glories of the Higher Worlds, I must say, that a new sensa-tion pervaded my entire Celestial Organism, the mechris-

from feelings of my nature were banished away, and the love so richly made, was changed to one more harmonious with the beautiful, God-like Spirit of Humility, Forbearance, and Love; in fact, to use the language of another, my soul had undergone a complete revolution, all its peculiarities were undermined, revenge and hatred were swept from its affections, and a strong foundation laid, upon which could be built the enduring fabric of a glorious and Divine Regeneration. Napoleon no longer appeared to me as an enemy, but as one, who stood needing my deepest sorrow and pity for his woes, and enlist my exertions in his behalf, to aid in Christianizing his wayward nature, and preparing him to meet his God.

June 21. "But although my feelings, through Divine Love and Benign influences, were considerably altered and changed towards my former enemy, yet it required some little time to wholly eradicate from my soul its earthly undergrowth, and inculcate those nobler, higher qualities of a perfect character, which are necessary to ensure lasting happiness and enjoyment to the Immortal Progressive Spirit. But the Divine Wisdom and Goodness of the Almighty Parent of us all, I was enabled, during the time which intervened between my Spiritual Birth and that of Napoleon's, to overcome all those bitter prejudices and feelings, to develop the loving, forgiving Spirit of Christ and the Father in my own soul, and to, more perfectly fitted to enjoy their Glorified Presence around the Throne of Light and Wisdom. I saw, like yourself, the glorious motto, "Love," emblazoned on the far-spanning Canopy of Heaven, and each one which crowned its Celestial Brow, but the all-radiant

reflection from the Divine Rays of that one Light, Resplendent Star! I endeavored to make that essential element a part of my nature, feeling, that, without it, I should not find favor in the sight of God and of His Holy Angels.

Therefore, I diligently set about my Divine task, imbibing, what I once thought to be, the immutable elements of any interior organism, and preparing my spirit for that higher and more exalted destiny, which could only be attainable through ministries of Christian love and forgiveness. Daily, yea, I can, with truth, say, hourly, I, in companionship with these bright angels before you, hovered on the head of the so-called great Napoleon, and vigilantly strove to sway over the unbalanced passions of an erring nature, and cause it to blend with these higher humanities and aspirations, embodied in the Immaculate Example of the Martyred Christ, and which alone can guide the soul from out the hideous darkness of long-nurtured sins and errors to the Immortal Regions of Infinite Glory and Love!

"But, as you may readily suppose and believe, it required a great amount of patience and unfailing confidence, to overcome all discouragements and obstacles which, of course, lay in my path, and plant in the spirit those seeds of Divine Regeneration, which would prepare the glorious way for fruits of Repentance and Salvation; and although somewhat baffled in my exertions through the dark inside of his inglorious ambition, and those worldly aspirations, which sought only earthly fame and honor, yet my spiritual vision was empowered to discern, that the few celestial germs, so opportunely sown in the soil of his heart, would, in the future, quicken into noble deeds and virtuous im-

prizes, and reward, both the Recipient and the Donor, in "the world to come." And when, in the providential interposition of our Divine Parent, Napoleon was banished from the scenes of earthly strife and confusion to the quiet, secluded haunts of the sea-environed Isle of St. Helena, and the favorable opportunities presented me to continue the heavenly work which I had so auspiciously begun; and the former hindrances being removed, his mind became more passive, and, therefore, more accessible to Higher Powers of Heaven; and that blessed work of Regeneration, which conducted the soul of Napoleon in repentance to the Throne of God, was brought about, more or less, by the intervention of Celestial Ministers in the Eternal Life, and qualified that contrite, repentant spirit, to ascend to the Shores of Immortal Purity, there to join Heaven's Immortals forever. One more spirit-dear friend, and then I close my address:

"When the light began to wane in the days of Napoleon's earthly life, the angels perceived that his soul was susceptible to their Divine Influx, and they sought to unfold to him a vision of that beautiful country, whose perpetual and ever radiant glories had already begun to dawn upon his exultant spirit. Gently did the pure light from seraphic minds, fall on his heaven-bound nature, to lead it onward to that brighter land, where the Celestial compass points Eternity, earth-tried souls to Fields of Infinite Rest and Perfection. Successful were they in their endeavors, and Napoleon's enlightened vision perceived the opened arms which were extended to receive his elated soul in their cordial and fraternal embrace, when it was freed from material and afflictions. Later and later grew the

light of Napoleon's earthly day, until it entirely ceased in its glimmerings, and his emerged, exultant soul was borne aloft by the waiting servants of the Most High, and laid on the virgin altar of His love and affection. The very air was tuneful with harmonial music,—the whole Celestial Atmosphere was laden with flowers of Ethereal purity and fragrance, while the archangel's lyre was versed with notes of Divine Wisdom and Goodness, as this our Redeemed Spirit was wafted upward, on angels' wings, to the Eternal Heavens, there to be forever enlocked in the endless fold of Almighty Love and Protection."

Here Duke D'Enghein paused in his sublime communication, and, addressing towards the Spirit of Napoleon, took him kindly by the hand, and blessed it, while he pronounced, on both our Immortal souls, the following tender, Christian exhortation:

"Brothers: May the same godly spirit of forgiveness toward your enemies animate both of your progressive Natures, as that which you have seen displayed since your brief pilgrimage in the Future Life. May the bonds of eternal amity be strongly cemented together by mutual attachment and consent, and your souls softly forth in the same glorious, Christian cause. May you heap coals of fire on the head of your enemies, bless those who have despitefully used you, and subdue the threatening waves of antagonism and hatred, through that generous spirit of love and fraternity, which breathes of the Divine Harmonies of the Infinite Nature, and worketh all

things to the glory of God, the Father. May the light of thy wisdom descend upon the earth-bound soul, to illuminate it with the love of God and Man. And O! may all the exalted attributes which crown the Infinite Character, also adorn thine own, and be the means of elevating thy immortal spirits even above thy present state of happiness to the all-radiant glories and splendours of the Eternal Worlds beyond. May thy souls inspire wisdom and goodness from the Almighty Mind, and that wisdom and goodness, through thy influences, be reflected on other beings that they may be simularly blest.

And hence the glad and welcome day,
Which guideth to Immortal Day,
Where endless light, and joy, and love,
Await the ransomed soul above,
And Progress marks the spirit's rise,
To higher worlds and nobler skies.

"Go on, then, dear brothers, in thy boundless Universe of Duty and Truth. Thy Heavenly Father has crowned thee with the excellences of His Holy Spirit,- endowed thy minds with wonderful intellects and capacities capable of unfolding into great good for mankind, has adorned thy nature with vast intellectual powers designed for thine own individual improvement, and for the elevation of mankind. Use them to a great advantage, that the many talents with which God has blessed thee both may be employed for the benefit of those who have not. And that thy Godlike Labors may be crowned with glorious victory, I will offer, in behalf, an humble, but heartfelt invocation to the Throne of Grace:"

233

On the conclusion of this last sentence, a concourse of spirits formed themselves into a brilliant circle above us, while another assembled around us, to listen to the elevating prayer breathed forth by that noble forgiving spirit. With us, dealing with gratitude and adoration to the Most High, we humbled ourselves before the Throne of God, while the Spirit of Duke D'Englein gave utterance to the following feeling and effective invocation:

"O! Thou Great Dispenser of all good: Thou Father of our Spirits, and Divine Author of our Being: We would bow ourselves before Thy Eternal Throne, to offer thee our fervent thanks for the unnumbered spiritual blessings which thou art ever conferring upon us, for the improvement of our social and intellectual capacities, and for the elevation of those whose natures are warped by error and sin. We would return thanks to thee, O Father of Love, for the light which thou hast vouchsafed unto us,- in opening our eyes to the Truth of thy glorious Gospel, and for the blessed promises of thy Revealed Religion, which bids us to look up to thee as our Staff and our Stay,- as the sure and steadfast Anchor, upon which we can safely rely for support and consolation in each trial and difficulty,- as the Pardoning Power to whom we can look for remission of sins and for immortal peace and salvation. We thank thee for the light of intellect which thou hast given unto our Spirit-Life,- for the brilliant Star of Wisdom which thou hast seen fit, in thy Infinite Love

and Goodness, to transfer from the Terrestrial to the Celes-
tial Skies! O! may the influences of his pure and exalt-
ed Spirit-Hand with the Celestial harmonies of Heaven, and cast
around a halo of light and glory which will be felt by all
who shall come under its hallowing power. Impart to him strength
from on high, and a meek and quiet spirit, full of thy
Love and tender-mercies, that he may perform with
fidelity and earnestness, the glorious ministry of Reconciliation,
to which thou hast appointed him. Aug 1 May his eloquence
true still plead the rights of mankind, and his heart ever
beat true and loyal to the high and generous instincts of
manly and pure. Illuminate his soul with light from
Thy Sun of Righteousness, that its warm beams may
into newer life and activity each germ of Holiness
Beauty which lie deep in his affections. May the earthly
Halls of Congress ring with his clarion notes of eloquence
as the voice of the Almighty, speaking through the mouth of
His ministering angel. May the hallowing impressions of
his gifted mind descend upon the rulers of the Land from
whose service thou hast now called him, and influence them
to high and Christian duties, to nobler ministries of Love and
Devotion. May his blessed streams of Wisdom fall on the
waste places of earth, to make the desert blossom as the rose
and to smile with beautiful flowers of thought and affec-
tion. Grant, in answer to him that understanding which will guide
him aright, and aid in the perfecting of his intellectual
powers, and in the advancement of his expanding soul to
loftier realms of glory and light. And O! may he be a
shining light in thy Kingdom, a bright star of Wisdom

and Purity in thy Celestial Heavens, and a princely gem in
thy crown of glory and Power. May the soothing influences of
his Spirit-life be felt wherever they may fall, subduing all
discharmonizing feelings, controlling all hearts with their an-
gelic power, and blessing those who are crushed and bound in
the heavy yoke of mental as well as physical bondage. May
he seek to improve the present degenerate state of Society
by pleading with earnestness, the glorious ministry of Reconciliation,
to elevate humanity above its now-existing condition,
and to advance the glorious cause of Christianity, for which
a martyred Jesus contended and was crucified, and in the
defence of which, many other noble souls have yielded
their life-blood." May he realize the full im-
portance and importance of his glorious and godly mission, and
be ready to wipe out wickedness from the world, and engage in the
noble work of Reformation. May the earthly affections of the people flee unto
that they may expand in beauty and bloom in fragrance, till they
be ripened in fruits of Repentance and Salvation. May he prove
a faithful pilot to the world, launching his strongly-built
ships of Truth on the heaving sea of Error, sailing ever against
the wind and tide of opposition, and with that of enlighten-
ed opinion, braving every storm and dashing of sectarianism
and fanaticism, fearing no evil or shipwreck, but moving above
on his glorious and triumphant course, gathering many pas-
sengers to pilot it to the sure haven of Eternal Rest. May he
preserve unwavering confidence in Thee, in all his endeavors
to establish Thy Truth on earth, and to promote the cause of
peace and good-will, where discord and hate are now ram-

pant. May he exist in that mighty band of Reformers who are seeking the welfare of the whole Human Race, and re-vealing the Divine Principles of our great Gospel, - the Fatherhood and the Eternal Brotherhood of Man! May the ex-emplary virtues of his earth-life be more gloriously shadowed forth in his unfolding Immortal Existence. May Heav-en descend upon his country and the world, and teach it children a glorious lesson of sublime constancy and heroic devotion, to right, under the most trying and difficult exigencies of mortal being, - such a constancy and devotion to eternal principles as the world loves to witness, and God delights to honor. And O! Father of Light and Love, may all imitate his beautiful example, adhere firmly to his precepts of universal Freedom, and profit by the Christian counsels and instructions which a virtuous and noble life has stamped on the Immortal Pages of History. Bless him in his present ho-ing. Shower on his soul thy ever-living streams of wisdom and goodness, and crown him with thy Immaculate Love. May he realize the boundless extent of his ministry of Truth, that his attention must not be wholly absorbed in the little Unit-World below, - but that his labors should take a wider scope and action in this beautiful Land of angels, to be for-ever continued through the Progressive Ages of Eternity, that his assistance should be given, in raising the sinful and erring from the inner spheres of Progress, and starting them on the true track of Reform. May he reflect the light of his intellect on such as may require it, guiding them out of the ways of darkness into the path of Truth and Purity, and thus enlarge, through such heavenly works, eternal peace and happiness on his Immortal Soul. And bless, Almighty Father,

the spirit of our other beloved brother, who has redeemed this saint, - under circumstances most beautiful and sublime, to the radiant joys of heaven, and to the enduring happiness of the World of Progress. May the Spirit of Charity and Forgiveness animate him in his work of redemption, and exalt his soul to still higher ministries of Christianity. May the smile, in common with us all, to establish a perfect unity of spirit in thy great work, and to bless all causes in the one mighty and everlasting cause of Humanity, which cause alone belongs to thee. May he continue the "good fight of faith," and march forth to battle for the Right which is to win for him, not the wealth or spoils of empires or kingdoms, but a home, in his beautiful Father-land, around thy radiant Throne. May he be joined in spirit with the just made perfect in their progres-sive ministry of love, and be prepared, through his exalted labors, to meet the excellent and good in higher spheres of happiness and pleasure, to engage with them in their more elevated and ennobling duties. And crown his Immortal life with the bless-ed light of thy great Word and Truth, and with the sanctified society of holy angels from the upper Realms.

"O! may we firmly seek to do thy great and mighty will,
To plant thy Everlasting Truth on Zion's Holy Hill;
And draw each erring nature, each sin-polluted soul,
Within the Infinite Expanse of thine Almighty fold.

"And, Father, give us strength and power to do thy Immortal work,
That we in it may never falter from duty never shirk;
Implant within our breathless souls the Spirit of thy Love,
That all may feel our influence from our Light-house above.

"And bless this child of Thine, departed from the vale of tears"
To join the spirits of the blest- in their Immortal spheres,
Adorn, with thy pure attributes, his bright- unfolding life,
That he may guide the feet of man from scenes of sin and strife.

"To that- Eternal world of bliss, to which thou hast- called him now,
To hover o'er the hearts of those who mourn for him below,
Where endless life and happiness will be the glad reward,
Of those who faithfully upheld the living Truth of God.

"And may the Halls of Congress, when he bravely off hast- stood,
To teach his glorious principles of Eternal Brotherhood,
Ever ring with his skentician cries of lofty eloquence,
In championships of human rights,- in Freedom's brave defence.

"And where his silent- influence falls, may its all-absorbing power,
Dispel the heavy clouds of error which on the spirit- lower,
And light- it- on- the ways of sin to realms of Holiness,
Where joys all radiant- and bright, await- it- there to bless.

"O! Father, may his soul inspire the glories of Thy Mind,
And nearer draw himself to Thee, around Thy Throne Divine,
Where he will meet- the wise and good, the excellent- and great,
And mingle in their friendships there, in their Celestial State.

"And may he have a beacon-light to guide the mariner o'er,
The dashing waves of ignorance, and error's rock- bound shore,
To that- Eternal Port- above, where, with the loved and blest,
He will find a peaceful haven,- a glad and welcome Rest.

"May sweet-eyed charity and love attend his onward flight,
To higher spheres of Blessedness,- to realms of endless light,
Where, with the spirits of the just, the noble, and the good,
His soul with theirs will sweetly blend in a glorious Brotherhood.

"And may he listen to the voice which wisdom speaks to him,-
Which tells of an undying love which cannot- die nor dim,
And hear those gentle tones of Thine, inviting him to come,
To find within Thy parents arms a long and happy home.

"Now, dear Father, I commit- these children to Thy care,
And pray, that- their pure works may other souls for heaven prepare;
Thus, through their ministries of peace and rich benevolence,
Raise them to loftier planes of thought,- to higher eminence.

"And to Thee, O God of love, do I return thanks for this Divine Privilege of Holy Communion with Thy Immortal Children,- for this glorious interchange of thought- and affection. And to Thee be ascribed all the glory and homage for every blessing which we enjoy. Amen."

When D'Eyghein had concluded his sublime Address and Prayer, he disparted from my spirit-vision; but not, however, until I had made a fitting reply to his salutation, and assured him of the deep hold his beautiful words had gained in my affections. All during the delivery of his communication, I was surrounded by a brilliant- cloud of light, beyond which my sight- could not- then penetrate. But- as soon as the above vision was completed, D'Eyghein waved his spirit-hand, and the cloud slowly disappeared, disclosing, to my enraptured view, a

sparkling River of Life and Beauty, winding in magnificent curves, along the vast expanse of Heaven, on its shining bosom, rested a resplendent barque, laden with glorified beings from the higher worlds of existence, and ornamented with numerous significant mottos, emblematic of the purity and glory of their Divine Life: over the heads of all floated a splendid banner, adorned with numerous devices, while at the helm stood a glorious spirit, well known in the history of the world,- pointing "the finger of faith" upward, as an assurance to those below him that- "faith and good works" will accomplish everything, and lead the soul through innumerable hardships and trials to the haven of Celestial Rest, where a reward, commensurate with its own inner development, will be its eternal portion. I gazed long upon the transparent splendor of that fair Female Form, and was enabled to recognize, through the power of Impressive Influx, the noble and intelligent Spirit of the great, the good Melancthon! Another reclined on an Anchor,- the glorious Typification of Hope, while many "sat at his feet" to drink in the heavenly streams of knowledge outflowing from his exalted mind, and to catch the Divine Sparkles of Love and Wisdom, which fell from his angelic lips. He is known to the world as a bold and independent advocate of Truth,- as a man who heroically braved the overwhelming tide of public opinion to serve his Maker's cause, and who has transmitted, through his brilliant writings,- bequests, of undying worth, to the civilized and Christian Community. Although has he borne up amid the persecutions and condemnations of the who could not appreciate or comprehend his progressive ideas, "thus furnishing" to adopt his own gifted language, in his sublime constancy and heroic devotion to the cause of God, "a testimony to the worth and immortality of human nature, which more than outweighs the wickedness, of which the Apostles of Unity so often seem to be victims." I beheld him still as a Representative of Humanity and Love,- as an Exponent of the glorious destinies Eternal Progression, and a Champion of the godlike principles of Universal Brotherhood. I saw a noble band flocking around him, basking in the radiant sunlight of his hallowed inspiration, and learning wisdom and Holiness from the Divine Purity of his Nature. I saw him as the Defender of the weak,- the Redeemer of the fallen, and the Sympathizer of the crushed.

I saw, in his exalted soul,
Each noble attribute combined;
Love, Truth, and Holiness controlled,
The powers of his expanded mind.
The weak, the crushed, and bruised heart,
Still felt his glowing power of love,
Which bade all fears from them depart,
And bids to crown their souls above.

In that noble countenance, beaming with an angels love, in that commanding intellect, overflowing with intelligence and wisdom,- in that great heart, beating in harmony with the harmonies of the Divine Nature,- in that exalted, radiant soul, endowed with every virtue of heaven, in whose affections were impressed the sublime qualities of the Infinite Character,- I saw and recognized the illustrious spirit of William Ellery Channing! On his head rested a glorious diadem, spangled with gems, of great brilliancy and power, reflecting light and beauty on surrounding intelligences, and hallowing each heart, which felt their all-penetrating influence; over him hovered two angels, in a circle of

stars, of unmingled glory and magnificence,- Confucius and Zoroaster,- who, I am told, were the "guardian geniuses" of his mortal being, and who inspired him with those golden thoughts which are entwined, in fragrant garlands of undying worth, on the immortal pages of refined literature. A little above them waved a beautiful banner, with these inscriptions engraved on them, ranged in the following manner:

"Progression."

"Love is the Ruling Law of Heaven."

"Truth is mighty, and must prevail. Error is mortal, and must die."

"Faith, Hope, and Charity, are the guides to endless happiness."

"This is my beloved Brother, in whom I am well pleased."

"God is Love."

"He who would seek for happiness, and endless life above,
Must seek to sow within their souls the seeds of Truth and Love.-
These noble qualities combined, in one transcendant whole,
Will every other attribute in harmony control."

There were, also, beautiful little children, full of innocence, youth, and beauty, whose earthly parents were early called to surrender us to the guardian care and guidance of the angels, and to that mighty flock of Heaven, of which God is the Great Shepherd. They bore in their hands flowers of various color and beauty, in which were typified the purity and loveliness of their seraphic life. There stood arrayed the martyrs and sages of the past, as well, those of more modern times; there I beheld the Washington and Jefferson of early Virginia, and Franklin, Hancock, Warren, and others, our own loved Massachusetts; the

Regents of the Revolution, and the Fathers of the Republic; there was me, whose soul, like mine, departed life in the midst of congressional duties, and who "my friend Brigham" will recognize as his venerated relative, Elijah Brigham! There was the noble Miller, and the true Reformer, Luther; the martyr Servetus, and the great and good Socrates; the Apostles of old, and the Apostles of late; in fact, there were assembled together the illustrious spirits of all who had lent their noble efforts to the cause of God, still engaging in their eternal labors of love, and inspiring the hearts of the erring with the Beauties of Holiness; still were they teaching the ignorant, redeeming the fallen, and breathing sentiments of divine love and hope to the persecuted and enslaved; pointing the afflicted soul to a "home, sweet home," where kindred ties broken on earth will be unexpectedly united, and angel children chant the eternal, peaceful repose of the spirit.

There were the noble and the great, the Martyr and the Sage, Whose names, in lines of golden worth, are traced on History's deathless page, Assembled, in one glorious band, on that brilliant bourne of life, Engaged in struggles for the right,- in Freedom's Holy Strife.

Love beamed in every countenance, inspired each angel heart, And all were joined in unity, that naught can ever part; Light, from their radiant minds, cast round its sacred glow, And fell upon the souls of those who dwell in realms below.

Their still small voice of heavenly love, fell on each minor sphere, And whispered to the children there, Come, seek our presence here; Come, labor with us in the work of Holiness and love, And enjoy the blessed fruits of a happy life above.

Thus, these sainted ones do speak, in soft tones of gentleness,
Inviting all to come to heaven to seek for endless bliss;
There, blooming in immortal life, in a glad, eternal Morn,
The soul will join its "kindred ones" to heaven before it goes.

And may these Blessed promises, uttered from the Land of Light,
Keep us in the glorious path of Duty and of Right;
And prepare the soul to soar to the mansions of the Just,
When its long and last adieu it shall speak unto the dust:

And may the Light which God has given his children now to,
Be procedure of their good, and guide to happiness;
And aid the sin-crushed soul to find "the straight and narrow way"
That leads beyond the gloomy grave to bright, Immortal Day.

And O! if my vision expanded, and my soul leaped for joy, at the sublime spectacle pictured before me, how much more was my delight enhanced, in beholding the glorious, sainted spirit, of one whose unrivalled life and example is written, in monuments of Immortal Virtue and Greatness, on all the ages of the Past, the Present, and the Future! Towering above the spirits of the "Just made perfect" was seen the Divine Form of the "meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth," surrounded by numerous satellites, of unsurpassed beauty and intelligence, who, like the planets encircling the sun, were revolving around that glorious luminary of Light and Wisdom, absorbing the intensity of his own Celestial Nature. On a beautiful Cross, that significant Ensign of his heroic martyrdom, he was reclining, singing to me, "how bravely he bore the Cross of Life, to win the victor's immortal crown." Over his head, was seen a snow-winged dove, bearing in its parted beak, a vernal wreath of olive leaves, an emblematical representation of Peace and Innocence, while at his feet reposed prattling youth, drinking in the radiant smiles of his love and affection. As my vision feasted on that brilliant group of joyous infancy, collected around the "Saviour's Throne," the sublime saying,

"Suffer little children to come unto me,
and forbid them not,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven,"

uttered by him nearly nineteen centuries ago, came rushing to memory, and I saw, in his glorified personage, the same noble and exalted character, the same child-like simplicity and virgin purity, the same Friend and Brother of the weak and helpless, the same unerring Star of Truth and Hope, as when he trod the rough-beaten course of Terrestrial being. There were clustered the Patriarchs of old, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and Solomon, "in all his glory," stood arrayed before the "great Apostle," redeemed of all his imperfections and frailties of the mortal being, and clothed in the habiliments of Virtue and Holiness. There knelt all the Master Minds of the Past generations, whose examples have been handed down to us as models patterns of true moral excellence and goodness, and whose virtues are as Monumental Statues to the world, on which are engraved a sublime heroism and devotion to the cause of Truth. On the brow of Christ rested a splendid Aureola, which bespoke the glory of his mind, in which were enshrined diamonds of incomparable brilliancy, arranged in beautiful simplicity. In the centre, encircled in a circle of gems, appeared the single motto,

"Love;"

but in that simple word were embodied all the Christian excellences which rendered his martyred life so transcendantly grand and sublime, and crowned him with immortal laurels and deathless honors.

Aug. 6. It will not be expected, from what I have written, that Christ was in immediate companionship or communion with the saints or that Celestial Bargue, or enjoyed with them their own sphere of heavenly existence; for all noble and great as they were in their nature, yet they were not so unmarried as to be able to tread with him the same golden courts of Immortal Being, or to enjoy that Divine order of Happiness and Glory, which unsurpassed trials and martyrdoms of earth, together with a long series of progresses and developments in heaven, prepared for him; but they were not, however, deprived of hallowed influences of his Holy Presence, or of communication with his Exalted Mind; for high above them, from the Watchtowers of the Upper Zion, soared that Glorious Intelligence, that Sainted Hero of Calvary, breathing, as of old, sublime strength and encouragement to the great Flock of God, inviting them to nobler aspirations and loftier destinies, to Mansions in his Father's House. Deep in their souls still reflected an almost divine light from that Luminary of Wisdom and Purity, calling all to come and worship at the Shrine of Truth, and to walk a closer walk with God. Jew or Gentile, Saint or Sinner, were alike pregnable to the commanding influence and Christian power of that No Respecter of Person. And as I beheld him, in his glorified home above, invested in the Celestial Panoply of Christian Nobility, inviting all to "take up his cross" and follow him, the history of his past life, the noble fortitude and unwavering confidence in God which he manifested, the patience with which he bore his terrible trials and persecutions, the godlike spirit of Forgiveness which he displayed throughout his martyred career, and especially, in the "East, dread agonies," on Calvary's Height, all, all came reverberating back to memory, and I acknowledged, in that Resplendent Form, situated in the far Ethereal Heavens beyond, the Resurrected Christ of Old, the Friend and Brother of all, "who has gone as a forerunner of mankind into the mansions" of Immortal Glory and Bliss, to reap there the sublime reward of his martyred labors.

Thanks be rendered to God, Christ's spirit is not dead; but walks abroad at "noonday," cheering the scenes of his past Labors, and hallowing them with his deathless inspiration. He lives in our hearts, and in our undying sympathies and affections; lives in the noble teachings which he has transmitted to posterity, in the Immortality which is declared from earthly trials and sufferings, and the Immortality which is the Christian's reward in heaven. He lives immortal as the "Rock of Ages" upon which he has erected his Temple of Truth, and will continue to live, till the "Sun, moon, and stars, shall pass away, and Time shall be no more; surviving even, in fame and honor, the "wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

Immortal will thy Spirit live,
Through each unfolding Age;
A deathless fame thy works have given,
In History's golden Page.

To-day he is doing his Father's mission in the earth, where he early drank the dregs of sorrow and affliction, and where an

ceremonious death reminded his pious Editors. Unseen of mortals, he silently walks the "course of time," stopping by the weary side to breathe peace and hope to the lowest down, and encouragement and strength to the faltering heart. Beautifully his "ministering spirit" unites the erring soul to God, and wins from him a divine sympathy to the enslaved and fettered, speaking unto the Oppressor, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee:" He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him:" "Break the chains of the oppressed, and let them go free." To the mourner he speaks comfort and joy, and bids her look up to heaven, where she will again meet with the departed of earth, and dwell with them in everlasting holiness. And in all the arenas of crime and debauchery, in all the haunts of sin and wickedness, where the hallowing influences of a Friend's love are most required, does his sanctified power extend, inspiring them with a love of the right, and to obey the Holy Ordinances of God; to do the will of the Father, and to heed his great and good commandments. With that noble band of persecuted Reformers, who are aiming to establish the heaven-born principles of Universal Brotherhood among the children of men, is he associated, breathing divine hope and strength, and a glorious triumph in the end for their new persecuted Christian Cause. O! let us not strive him from the closets of our hearts by any evil act of ours, but unite the cherished sentiments of his Ascended Spirit, and walk in the illustrious footprints of his unstained life; remembering, that they (the only) are safe "guideposts" to endless happiness, peace, and glory, and that, "except ye possess the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his."

7. I have thus extended, to a considerable length, this portion of my subject, wandering, somewhat, from the main point, but I trust, that the vision which I have related, and the illustrations I have made, will prove as interesting to the reader, as the former was to the beholder; as it will serve to enlighten the mind on the intensely glorious, which await the soul on its redemption from the body, and the immortal happiness which is the recompense of good deeds done on earth. I will now return to the Departure of D'Englehem, and to my subsequent interview with Napoleon at that period of my Spiritual development.

As I have written, when D'Englehem had finished his inspiring Prayer, he departed from my vision, accompanied by the society of glorified beings, and took passage on that Barque of Immortal Life, for the appropriate sphere of angelic existence for which his noble, forgiving spirit, had so eminently qualified him. Slowly it receded from my sight, with its glorious host of intelligent life, until

Was hidden from my spirit-view,
That noble barque of "Angel Youth,"
With all its bright, celestial crew,—
The Representatives of Truth.

Inspiring music burst along,
The radiant spheres of life and love,
As that immortal angel throng,
Departed to the realms above.

The sweetest songsters of our land,
Trilled forth their fairest notes alone,

As welcome to that heavenly band,
Of glorious Purity and Love.

To me they waved their gentle hands,
Beckoning my soul to hasten on,
To their all-radiant happy lands,
To which their spirits now had gone.

Farther and further from my sight,
That Brilliant Barque pursued its way,
Until, in clouds of dazzling light,
It was absorbed in endless day.

But O! the light of each pure mind,
Which hovered round that Barque of Love,
Left its bright rays of hope behind,
To lead me to their worlds above.

Deep in the chambers of my soul,
Flowed their pure, ethereal power,
Inviting me to come and dwell,
With them in their Celestial Bower.

And through their Influence Divine,
I'll seek to guide the world aright,
Until the Truth in all shall shine,
To bless them with its quenchless light.

When D'Enghein departed, that same brilliant cloud of light which surrounded me during the delivery of his

congratulation, again encompassed my spirit form, shutting out from my view the gorgeous splendor of the upper spheres. Rhosheim once more approached me, and, in the following few words, closed his long, but intensely interesting address:

"In that beautiful salutation, Brother, you mark the Christian spirit of love and forgiveness which characterized the glorious address of Duke D'Enghein on my entrance to the Heavenly Country. In that sublime welcome you realize the force of the Christian exhortation, 'Forgive your enemies,' 'Bless those who despitefully use you.' In his spirit of Charity was concentrated all the noble attributes of the Divinity, and all the Christian graces of that good Man, whose whole life was one of love and forgiveness, and whose won a sublime triumph in the conquest of his enemies, were so gloriously manifested as in the last, grand struggle of the soul!

"Many have averred, that there were palliating circumstances, which render that crime less odious in features, and less heinous in its nature, in consideration of the fact, that D'Enghein was studiously and secretly plotting the destruction of my earthly throne, and the taking of my mortal life; that it was done to the preservation of my own existence, to the interests of the cause which I espoused, and above all, to the maintainance of the integrity and purity of the Spiritual Throne, that I should order his assassination in the way which I did. At that time, circumstances seemed to favor my cause, and to throw on the great unfairness of the act the semblance of justification. But there was a Higher Power than mine, that gently does according to its wickedness, and with impartiality and mercy.

"In working of all impartial law, both human and divine, in contravention to the fundamental principles of True Christianity, and the holy teachings of its Great Embodiment, - in opposition to the sacred instincts of Human Nature and Right, and to the stern, imperative voice of Conscience, was the spirit of Duke D'Enghein hurried from Time into Eternity, to answer an inglorious end.

Aug. 9th "But that act so wicked in its nature, has been repented of, and forgiven by the Almighty Father, and the Bright Spirit, who was so suddenly ushered into Immortality, through my aid and instrumentality, has prevailed pardon and peace on my soul; - thus teaching us, one and all, in his Christian example, the sublime lesson, to "go and do likewise," and to "heap coals of fire on the heads of our mortal enemies"

"Thus, immortal spirit, have I addressed you at great length, and travelled over a large extent of ground, in order to show to you the glories of my welcome, and to prove the beauties of Forgiveness, by illustration of my peculiar case. It has unfolded a glorious truth to your mind, which will serve as a Golden Rule of Duty to you in your future Labors, as a bright incentive to aid in restoring love and harmony to the revengeful, belligerent nature of man. In the instance of D'Enghein, you perceive the triumph of love over hate, of the higher attributes of the soul over the baser passions of Human Nature; in his example, you witness a divine victory, and the glorious results arising from a sweet communion with angels. On his birth into the spiritual country, retaliation was the all-absorbing passion of his being, - the One Idea and Thought of his Progress-

give Mind; but under the regenerating influences of Celestial Intercourse, all these animosities and discordant feelings were eradicated from his soul, and the noble element of Love preserved.

"Thus, over the unconscious spirit of Napoleon, hovered, in a halo of light and glory, that Goddess of Love and Forgiveness, the Guardian of my closing days, and the Star of Hope that was to gild my Future Being, and prepare me to meet my God in His Divine Sanctuary. Sweetly fell the softening influences of his soul upon my own, refining all its inferior elements, and moulding its affections to the impress of Love and Reverence. And thus, under the tutelary care and unseen guardianship of this holy angel, together with the blessed impressions of other powers of heaven, was I guided along the rough course of mortal existence, - through the numerous trials and mental anxieties of my united Life, - and, finally, to the Haven of Immortal Peace and Joy, There to receive a cordial welcome and salutation from the ransomed, and meet -

The immeasurable band of heaven,
To whom Immortal Life was given,

and dwell with them, in glory and happiness, on the sunny banks of the River of Life.

"And O! beloved friend and brother, may the beautiful visions, and evidences of spirit-power and love, which you have beheld since your celestial entrance to Immortal Life, work out for thy soul everlasting felicity and enjoyment, and be the means of raising every man from darkness into light and happiness. May thy country still feel thy radiating influence, guiding her into paths of true greatness and prosperity. While

not thy light which God has given thee under a bushel; but
let it shine forth, that all, beholding it, may be led to glorify
their Father in Heaven, and, among all his all-penetrating pow-
er, be brought to a knowledge of the truth, as transmitted through
the stainless life and example of Jesus Christ, whose exalted sp-
rit "whose eyes have now beheld" in his glorious Paradise. Let the
vision of the battle teach you the protecting care of angels, with
what faithfulness they guard the progress of Right, and the
strength and power they possess in the accomplishments of their
heaven-born designs. May it also inspire you with a determi-
nation to hasten the period, when war shall be known no more,
when its implements shall be beaten into implements of peace
and industry, and the flowers of Harmony blossom where the
weeds of discord flourish.

Now, must I draw this long, but interesting
interview, to a speedy termination, by pronouncing on your behavior; and what, by an enlightened community, have been
voted dead" the richest of Heaven's blessings. May all that hasdenominated and stigmatised as crimes, are beginning to wear the
purest and fairest which falleth to the glorious lot of unremitted practice of virtues. I am no apologist for Napoleon's misdeeds.
tals, be thy eternal portion! May thy exalted soul seek pleas I am aware of his many imperfections and errors of his mor-
ure and enjoyment in doing good, and in comforting those what being, and would not seek to hide them under the cloake of
are bereaved; in reclaiming the unfortunate and erring, and apologies; but would have them stand forth, in bold relief, to
pouring the healing balm of consolation and hope into the the gaze of the world, as examples of that great moral, which
wounds of the sorrowing and afflicted; in inspiring philanthropic breaches us, that Immortal Fame and Honor can only be won
sentiment below, and benefitting the morals of the community through virtuous aspirations for the public good. Through our
unity; and finally, in reclaiming society from the slavish grasp of exertions for the common weal and happiness of all, in
of error and bigotry, and in spreading, to the extent of your the instance of Napoleon, there is strong reason to believe, that thro-
er and ability, the Institution of Christianity, and the great gos in many cases actuated by self-considerations, in his bat-
pel of Peace and Good-Will, which will prove a "Healing to tle career, strongly interspersed, however, with an interested
the Nations." Brother, this is thy noble mission; perform it faithfully and well, and a blessed inheritance, in the Upper Kingdom for his endeared country, which was bleeding at every pore
will be thy recompense.

"Advance, my brother, on thy way, and let thy glorious talents prove,
Thy strong devotion to the cause of Christian truth and love;
Let Faith and Hope inspire thee still to pursue the right and true,
And to perform, with willing mind, what they hands now find to do.

"Disseminate the principles for which our "Brother" died,
And his example ever make thy pattern and thy guide,
And seek to spread those sentiments of Virtue and of Right,
For which he gave his noble life on "Famed Waterloo's Height."

Thus closed this long and deeply interesting interview with the Spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose acts, in many instances, I can safely say, without any deviation from truth, have been wrongfully judged by the world. But I rejoice to see, that public opinion is changing, and reclining, more and more, in his favor, and what, by an enlightened community, have been

were levelled at it. But how prone has man been to pre-
sent the dark side of the picture, without turning to that bri-
ter side, which reflects the transcendent loveliness of Immor-
tal Virtues. How mechanically has public opinion shown it-
self in its partial delineations of the character of Napoleon!
How unwise and unchristian has been the policy which it has
pursued! How eagerly has the Hand of Criticism caught at
every evidence of his corruption and his judgment, that it
might enroll it on the Pages of History, and stamp it on
the Living Records of the Present and Future Generations! B
the generous Hand of Benevolence and Impartial Love is era-
sing these dark lines of a cramped age, and moulding, in
their place, the impress of Justice and Right. Under the in-
fluences of a progressive sentiment, and an enlightened pu
lic opinion, the prejudices, which have so long entwined their
poisonous folds around the the historic fame of Napoleon, a
fast disappearing, and the virtues, as well as the faults, an
now being vividly and impartially portrayed by the pen
of the historian.

Yes, Noble Soul, to use thy own words, "Posterity
will know thee as thou art." The excellences of thy nature are
written in enduring lines on the Monuments which thy
many good deeds have reared, - lines which the Hand of Time
can never efface or fade.

The Hand of History will unroll,
The virtues of thy noble soul,

in Immortal wreathes of unfading beauty and fragrance
while tears of sincere affection and gratitude will sprinkle the
mortal urn.

NOTEBOOK FOUR

№ 4

Aug 11. 1856.

Bequest of
Edward Saint
June 30, 1943.

Ac. D. R. c 164

I should here state, that when D'Eyghein had concluded his soul-inspiring communication, Pythagoras, and others, who had accompanied him on the same glorious River of Life, and who had, also, suffered somewhat from the ambitious career of Napoleon, advanced forward, and addressed me in a lofty strain of eloquence, breathing the same divine spirit of love and charity as that which characterised their Heavenly Associate. Their language was couched in beautiful terms, and adorned with brilliant gems of thought and wisdom; inspiring in its tone and manner, and elevating in its nature. Earnestly did they pour into my listening ear the tale of their earthly sufferings and injuries, and the Christian measures which they adopted to eradicate, what they also thought, in the formative stages of their spiritual development, to be the inherent elements of their human nature, and tune the discordant chords of the soul to the divine music of love and forgiveness. Like D'Eyghein, they at first were fired with the spirit of hate and retaliation, and fully determined to avenge the uncalled for indignities committed * against their respective persons in the most feasible manner which should present itself to them; but the purifying influences of Heaven, and frequent intercourse with the Intelligent Powers of the Higher Circles, refined and subdued the grosser passions of their nature, and they received, without the unanimity, so to improve and harmonize the elements of their celestial beings as to be prepared, when Napoleon's last struggle with earth should come, to welcome his unfolding soul on the flower crowned Banks of the River of Progression, and to extend to him a cordial greeting, becoming the spirit of consideration and love. It was then, that the mystery, which had long shrouded the physical death of Pythagoras, was clearly

unravelled to my mind, and, from his own lips, learned, that Napoleon was the instrument by which his spirit was ushered into immortal being.

Aug. 12th When these radiant spirits had in turn addressed me, and recounted their several interesting narratives, relating to their earthly existences, they assembled, in harmonious concert, around the Immortal Form of the Redeemed Napoleon, while flowers, of surpassing beauty and fragrance, fell in heavenly showers at their feet from the Upper Gardens of God. The air was filled with silvery music from the Diviner Realms, while around our overjoyed souls meandered a mellow flood of lofty inspiration, reflected from the expansive Mind of the Supreme Intelligence, thro' the Higher Organs of His Ministering Angels. The atmosphere was melodious with love, the glory of the Lord shone around,— while angel tears, glistened, like dew-drops, on the surface of each spirit,—

"Oer the one sinner that has repented,
And had found grace and favor in the sight of God and the angels

Seraph symphonies floated through the radiant air, bearing on their gentle murmurs the golden echoes of Peace and Love. All hearts were tuned anew to the melody of the Heavenly Spheres, and from their silent depths

Was heard that silvery, sweet-toned voice,
Which breathed of harmony and love;
And made each ransomed soul rejoice,
Which had aspired to realms above.

It would require a long period for me to recount all the

magnificent beauties which met my spiritual view, in that glorious vision of those sainted spirits, and to repeat the many beautiful sayings which fell, like glistening pearls, from their seraphic minds. But may it be sufficient for me to say, that their communications were fraught with charity and forgiveness, and abounded in intellectual gems of great moral worth and excellence; That these gorgeous beauties which surrounded them were but the typifications of that Divine Spirit of love which has been so gloriously exemplified in the sublime messages which their respective Angelic Minds have shadowed forth. I will now occupy but a very few moments of my readers' time, in reciting the brief, but I trust, appropriate reply which I made to Napoleon's long and heaven-inspiring congratulation. Advancing towards him, I placed his hand in mine, and proceeded to reply as follows:— The surrounding intelligences still encircling, in harmonious unity of soul, our Immortal Spirits:

"All" Radiant Spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte: With intensified delight have I listened to your glorious welcome, and feasted on the immortal truths, which have been reflected from the resplendent Star of thy gifted intellect. Intently have I hung on the glowing eloquence which has been emitted from the splendor of thy mind, and caught the sparks of intellectual light and wisdom which fell from thy lamps of knowledge and truth. Fervently have I garnered them home to my own heart, and treasured them among those priceless jewels, of immortal worth, which angels fingers have entwined, in sparkling diadems, around the affections of my unfolding Nature! Pleasant is this salutation to me,— refreshing are the words of love and counsel which thou hast imparted, falling, like the soft-

and radiant beams of the morning sun, on my exultant soul, as diffusing joy and happiness wherever their grateful sunshine may have fallen.

"The world, brother, I now realize, has not done thee justice. Cruelly has it treated thee, and (as I have written before) "construed thy actions and motives to represent the most debased of cruelty and oppression." It has heaped opprobrium and condemnation on thy public acts, and assailed the sanctity of thy private character. The pen of the historian, in recording thy life, has ever deemed an unworthy partiality, careful only to present the dark phases of thy checquered existence, and refusing to draw aside the veil which would reveal to human perception the bright and sunny side of life's tinted picture.

"But O! pleasant must it be to thy spirit, to gaze from thy glorious home on the Under World, and perceive the growing public sentiment of the enlightened masses returning in thy favored side. The prejudices, which have so long swayed the public mind, and poisoned, as it were, the sympathies of the people, are now being removed, by the onward march of progressive ideas and liberal principles, and the world is beginning to know thee as thou art; beginning to realize that thou hadst virtues as well as faults, noble aspirations as well as ill-regulated ambitions; and with thee, O noble Napoleon, I can see, through the prophetic eye, that rapidly-advancing period, when the resplendent star of thy fame, which has shone so brightly on many a scene of action, will arise out of the darkness of prejudice and cramped opinion, to shine more gloriously brilliant when the clouds shall clear away. Already is it ascending the firmament-sky of historic immortality, to twinkle there, in divine splendor and power, among the many luminaries of light

and glory, which illumine its brilliant galaxy, destined to rise higher and still higher, until the world shall realize the strength of its mighty light, and all hearts feel and acknowledge its illuminated power!

"Thy country loves thee as no other can. Her children have gathered thy slumbering mortality home to themselves, and bid it to eternally repose on the faithful bosom of its beloved France. No unhallowed foot dares profane its sacred bed, no tongue dares

"Strike Brightly on the Hero that's gone;

but amid the hearts of those thou lovest so well are thy earthly ashes enshrined, even as the remembrance of thy noble deeds are stamped on the imperishable monuments of thy country's greatness and prosperity. Her children twine garlands of affection around thy consecrated urn, and mothers teach their youthful ones to lisp the name of Napoleon in love and reverence, and also, to treasure in memory the sublime virtues of his faithful partner, Josephine! No, illustrious saint, — thou art not forgotten, nor will thou ever be! Embosomed in the sacred soil of thy endeared country, in the midst of the "faithful and few" who bravely fought by thy side in her cherished cause, will thy mortal dust enjoy an eternal, peaceful repose, with naught to molest or make afraid, while thy ransomed, exultant spirit, will hover over its sacred destinies, and breathe wisdom and humanity to its rulers, and hope and strength to the oppressed and crushed.

"The clouds of opposition and prejudice are breaking away from the radiant sky of thy political fame and hour,

and revealing to the world these brilliant stars of Historic Immortality, from which are reflected the light of honorable deeds and virtuous actions. And let us hope, that the errors and mistakes of a life time will all be eclipsed by the golden splendor of immortal virtues, and that these pure and virgin truths will irradiate the hearts of mankind with a perfect understanding. The world will yet honor these as their deserverts, and enroll their own glorious name with that of America's well beloved Son, the Immortal Washington!

"My interview with D'Aubigne, Pickeyn, and others noble spirits, has taught me a glorious lesson of Christ like Love and Forgiveness, and enthroned in my immortal nature the beauties of Holiness and virtuous aspirations for the good of all. It has taught me to forgive mine enemies and to inculcate lessons of piety from their Christian examples; taught me to breathe forth to my persecutors, and to the persecutors of truth, the same Divine spirit and meek eyed charity, and to overcome evil with good; taught me to heap coals of fire on the heads of mine enemies, and to pour benedictions and blessings on the hearts of those who despitefully use me; taught me, in fact, everything which is noble and just, and how to aspire for those more elevated Realms of being, where the purest rests of Heaven reside, and where the soul is wrapped in a perfect Elysium of Immortal Happiness and Glory.

"In the beautiful vision of the battle which has been mirrored before my enchanted gaze, I have learned in part the sublime manner which angels guide the destinies of Nations, and inspire the hearts of those struggling for their dearest God-given rights; and through Messengers of Peace and Good-Will, and Representatives of

the Divine Gospel of that fearless Exponent of Truth, Jesus of Nazareth, yet the Almighty Father privileges them to hover o'er the enslaved and enslaved, and to breathe strength and comfort to their drooping hearts; to assist them in every laudable enterprise and duty, and to buoy up the despairing energies of human nature, to nobler works in the great field of Truth.

"In that sublime vision, I behold the evidences of Superior Agency, and the wonderful wisdom and love displayed by the Supreme Being in the accomplishment of His glorious designs. In it I see the manifestations of Omnipotent Power and Goodness, and the works of an All Wise and Benevolent, Who must, from the very Divinity of His Nature, desire the eternal happiness of His intellectual children, and that happiness which can only be attainable through a Divine Intercourse with the Angelic World. In it, I realize the glorious guardianship of Celestial Powers in the heavy seasons of trial and difficulty, and the all potent influence which they command o'er the hearts of mankind; I behold, also, the faithful care and protection which they administered to me in the espousal of my bleeding country's cause, and the angelic devotion and constancy which they evidenced in my behalf. And in all, I admire the control and guidance of Supernal Intelligences, that they possess the power to instruct and guide the children of the sublunary world.

"And O! immortal spirit, glorious must be the thought to those who can realize it, that the unseen witnesses of heaven are in daily communion with them, breathing around their souls the hallowing impressions of their Immortal Life; that they are near to comfort and strengthen the desponding soul, and send it on its way, rejoicing in the fullness of the Lord, and in the bright hopes which such assurances shadow forth to the

human mind, that they are in close proximity to the inhabitants of the mundane world,

Breathing in their listening ears,
The glories of their radiant spheres,

and lifting the soul heavenward to God, where it will enjoy more immediate intercourse with His Holy Spirit, and unite its labors with the sanctified and redeemed on the Infinite Shore.

"I thank thee, brother, for the rich instruction and advice which you have breathed forth unto my spirit, and for the Christian exhortations which have fell, like dew on the morning flower, from thy brilliant mind, upon my heaven-inspired nature. I say, I thank thee for these proofs of thy love and regard, and shall endeavor to improve and elevate my social and intellectual powers by them, and thus prepare my spirit for higher intercourse with the more exalted minds of the Celestial City.

Aug. 15. "Now, bright angel, must I draw this feeble Answer to a speedy termination, by adopting your own language, and pronounce on your beautiful spirit the choicest benedictions of heaven. May you continue to progress in the divine excellences of thy Heavenly Master, and drink bountifully of those healing waters which flow from the well-spring of Salvation, by which thine own glorious nature may be perfectly cleansed and purified of all its errors and imperfections. And may all feel the soothing influences of thy radiant power, aiding them in the regeneration of their being, and guiding them out of the bondage of sin and corruption, into the paths of virtue and holiness.

"Go forth, my noble brother, into the world, and let thy light shine in the dark recesses of crime and wickedness, that its sweet and congenial rays may warm into active being the elements of piety and holiness. Let all mankind feel the blessed power of thy glorious mission, and hear the trumpet tones of thy eloquent voice breathing liberty to the captive, hope to the desponding, afflicted heart, and peace and good will to the revengeful nature. Equip thyself with the harness of Truth and Salvation, and gird around thy [illegible] armor of Peace and Love, and march forward in the Christian fight of Faith, - in the bloodless battle of Right and Justice, resting assured, that, with a firm determination and steady will to win the victory, your heavenly cause will in the end sustain a glorious triumph.

"Equip thyself, my brother, in the armorly of Right,
And, with the mighty hosts of heaven, march forward in the fight,
Seeking, with thy power and might, to break oppression's chain,
And draw the crushed and bruised heart to Truth's Heavenly Plain.

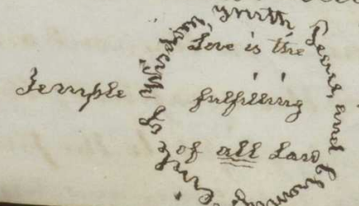
"Let thy holy influence fall on the bleeding, wounded soul,
And still the angry waves of sin which loudly lash and roll,
And strive to heal the wounded heart, and dry the mourners' tears,
With joyful words of Love and hope from Heaven's Immortal Spheres.

"Teach the wayward, wandering ones, that the path to perfect bliss,
Lay through a virtuous holy life, through deeds of Godliness,
And that, to win a golden crown in the Angels' Home above,
They first must seek to make their hearts the home of Peace and Love.

"And now, dear brother, I pronounce on thy soul a blessing here,
Before these glorious witnesses, the seraphs of thy sphere,
And trust, that, in thy heavenly flight to the purer worlds above,
Other hearts will sweetly feel thy holy power and love."

With this address closed my present interview with the beautiful and exalted spirit of the illustrious Napoleon. But there was one more scene to be enacted in this immortal drama ere the celestial curtain was prepared to fall, - one more golden link in this bright chain of ethereal communication, which had not as yet been broken. At the instant I had completed my reply to Napoleon, the effulgent cloud of light, before spoken of, again slowly separated, revealing to my delighted gaze, a magnificent Temple crowning the Celestial Skies, and filled with an immense concourse of beings, of as rich and noble intellects as ever adorned the different Ages of the world. There were also beings from the different planets which sparkle in the Terrestrial Heavens, mingling there in the society of the good and pure who once were enshrined among the ephemeral things of mortal earth. On closer inspection, I was enabled to recognize, in many of these bright spirits before me, the familiar countenances of those who had presented themselves in the great Vision of the Battle, and who had so valiantly fought under the guidance of Napoleon, assisted by the Imperial Forms of Heaven. In the centre of this Intelligent Group was seated, on a Brilliant Throne, the resplendent form of a female, clad in robes of ethereal whiteness. On her brow reposed a dazzling Crown of Glory, inlaid with glistening jewels, with here and there a sprig of the evergreen and olive branch, while the following words glistened in the centre, arranged in beautiful symmetry, thus:

"Immortality."



In her hands she carried a magnificent coronet, also inlaid with brilliant jewels, with one single word enshrined in it;

"Progression:"

Descending from her star-gemmed Throne, she approached my side, and placed that Immortal Crown of Glory on my brow. In her "spirit form" I recognized the radiant Leader of the Celestial Army, the heroic Joan of Arc!

For a little while, there was a sacred stillness, as that glorious Dove of Peace chanted forth the following melodious symphonies to my enchanted spirit:

"Unfolding Star of Light and Love; I am rejoiced that this Blessed opportunity is offered me to strew a few fragrant flowers of thought in thy spirit-path, and to crown thy noble brow with this Brilliant Wreath, - the undying evidence of Angelic Affection, presented to thee in behalf of the Immortal Children of Heaven who have watched thy devotion and constancy to the eternal principles of Truth and Justice, and thy unwavering confidence in God in every hour of trial and discouragement.

"As a testimonial of angel regard and esteem, - as a token of high appreciation of your noble labors in the mighty field of Humanity, and your fearless championships of human rights, enlivening in thy life the glorious principles of Progression, I am commissioned to present, O Intuitive of Wisdom, this little evidence of celestial approbation and love, hoping that its gems of great beauty and light will reflect immortal radiance on thy soul, and aid thee in thy intellectual march to grander abodes in the Infinite Realms.

"In this magnificent temple, grander by far than any terrestrial Earth, behold the emblem of Justice and Truth. It contains many noble souls like thine own, whose labors of love have won for them a glorious reward, and in whose immortal companionships thine own regenerated spirit will unite in beautiful community and blending.

Aug 16. "In those seraphic forms behold the Ministers of Love, - the Representatives of the Divine Will, - the unflinching Champions of Right and Justice! The brilliant Diadems which adorn each exalted One reflect forth the glory of each Immortal Mind and the Christian attitudes which crown each Progressive Character. May thy disenthralled soul inspire the radiance of their light and power, and prepare to assist them in their devoted ministrations of Love and Benevolence.

"Angel eyes have gazed from the Immortal Life on thy earthly existence, and inspired thee with strength and hope in the accomplishment of thy great mission of Humanity. Truly have their Compassionate influences fell on thy heart, and aided it in its heroic struggles for Right. Incessantly have their harmonic powers descended on thy noble soul, breathing to it wisdom and love, and throwing around each finite quality a halo of glory to quicken it into noble life and activity.

"Faithfully hast thou served thy country and the world, and stamped on their history gems of enduring worth and beauty which have immortalized their Author for Time and for Eternity. Heroically didst thy soul brave threatening dangers and persecutions for Humanity's sake, and withstand the angry storms of hatred and revenge which beat against thy noble Labors of love. But fearing God more than man, thou sought to fulfil his Divine Requirements, to Exalt up His Temple of Truth

and Justice on earth, and thereby win that everlasting recompense which is the result of glorious works of Charity and Love!

"May the Star of thy immortal Name gild, with its brightness, the future hopes of man, and reflect on all hearts the the beauty and power of its benignant Beams! May they behold in its effulgent light the foreshadowing of future universe and glory, and the only true path which leads to immortal fame and distinction! May the precious mantle of thy virtues fall on those high in earthly office, and teach them to hold in sacred remembrance the Laws of God, and to cherish in their own souls the lessons of purity and wisdom which thou hast taught them through thine example and the purity of thy Godlike Nature!

"Bright Star of Hope and Promise: Be still a Beacon-light to thy country, that shall safely guide it o'er the shoals and quicksands of political animosities and sectional jealousies, a pilot that shall steer its noble Ship o'er the tempestuous waves of Slavery and Oppression, into the peaceful Harbor of Universal Freedom and Humanity

"Still labor for thy country dear,
And teach its rulers how to win,
A higher office in our sphere,
Where comes no party strife nor sin;
Yes, tell them, that thy spirit still
Can labor in its country's cause,
And teach its children to fulfil
Obedience to Heaven's deathless Laws.

"And let not thy noble mission be confined to so small a compass, or thy generous Labors limited to a given space or Locality,

but let it range the wide Universe of Matter, as well as the boundless Universe of Mind and Immensity, let their sainted influences fall on the depraved and sinful nature, and hallow each affection with their gentle impressions.

"Breathe comfort and joy to bereaved and disconsolate, and wisdom and hope to the illiterate and fettered soul, inspire the heart of the poor and bleeding slave with visions of that glorious day, when the chains which the oppressor has forged will fall from his captive limbs, and the pure and balmy air of Heaven bear on its silvery wings the joyful songs of Freedom; when America and the World will no longer be besmeared by this blighting curse and God-defying sin, and not an inch of her beautiful soil be marked to the footprint of the slave; but hasten that period

"When o'er the heads of the true and the brave,
Freedom's bright banner in triumph shall wave,
When no longer the groans of the poor bleeding slave,
Shall utter their dismal wail;
But when fair Liberty's glorious strain,
Shall send its glad echoes o'er America's plain,
Blighted no longer by this fell curse and stain,
And all shall shout, All Hail, All Hail!

"Now, beautiful Spirit, must I conclude my brief welcome to you; but not, however, without following the example of other glorified beings, and invoke on thy redeemed soul the choicest benedictions of our sunny realms. May that shining crown which decks thy happy spirit be a talisman to thy [illegible] soul, to remind thee of the Divine Work to which thy God has appointed thee, and of the unmistakable evidences of angelic attachment and esteem.

18th "May the vision of the Cattle teach thee the love and goodness of thy Heavenly Father, who privileges His immortal children to hover o'er the inhabitants of earth, and to inspire them with their holy presence, and guide them along in their course of duty. May thy ministering care be extended also to the citizens of the terrestrial globe, and breathe o'er the hearts of those groping in darkness and over the inspiring tide of thy sacred influence. May thy lips pronounce the glorious sentiments of Peace and Harmony, and teach erring nature to love God and Man, and to live and act up to the Christian principles embodied in the Religion of Christ.

"May thy charm hymns of Freedom echo in the Legislative Halls of thy country, and waft pleasant melody to the enslaved children of God. May thy Spirit life be but the grand reflection of the earthly one, increasing in splendor and glory, as thy soul runs along in its immortal course of celestial being, and ascends the Infinite Regions of Progressive existence! May thy Celestial Robes drink in the cheering stream of light and love, which flow from the gushing fountains of the Infinite Breast, and partake of that Bread of ever-living life, that thou mayst be refreshed and strengthened!

"Now, beautiful Spirit, must I tender to thee a short farewell. I depart on my heavenly way to that bright home, in which I move, and which cherishes many glorious saints in its divine embrace. And when thy unfolded vision has beheld more of the sublime beauties of the Heavenly Home, I will come to thee again, and, in companionship with these Exalted Ministers of Grace, will bear thy Heaven-born Spirit to its

appropriate Seraph Sphere. May God's blessing rest on thee, and crown thy immortal brow with unfading laurels!

"God's blessing, brother, rest with thee,
And follow where thy soul shall move,
Through these bright orbits of purity,
Where beams our Father's throne of love.

O! may thy spirit fast progress,
And quaff the living streams which flow,
From that blest Fount of Happiness,
Where all eternal Life will know.

Go forth into the boundless field,
Spread now before thy vision here,
And let thy calm be unveiled,
To all the children of each sphere.

And and those on the shores of Time,
Who grope in error's thorny way-
Prepare them for thy realms sublime,
To dwell with thee in nightless day.

And now, bright spirit, I'll ascend
To my abode in spheres above,-
Again I'll come to thee, and blend,
With thy clear soul, my seraph love."

With this beautiful address of Joan of Arc, closed the long and interesting chain of angelic communication, com-

menced under circumstances most glorious and sublime,- at the first with the inspiring vision of the battle, and of the guidance of celestial hosts, then following, in rapid succession, other magnificent scenes of exalted interest and beauty, whose glorious harmonial influences elevated my spirit, and caused to me realize most sensibly the importance of faithfully performing the great work in which my earth-released soul had now enlisted. I saw before me innumerable minds, of exalted goodness and intellect,- of expanded purity of soul and purpose,- of noble virtue and enlarged sympathies and affections, who had attained a high and ennobling sphere of ethereal being through their laborious ministrations of duty and love, and in their brilliant examples, I read the lesson of my future life,- a lesson of exalted and inspiring inculcation. In the mirror of their purified spirits, I discerned the reflection of immortal virtues, and those crowning attributes and graces which had led them on from one sphere of progress to another, until, in the Higher Realms of Wisdom and Purity, they enjoyed the Immortal friendship and society of the noblest and most elevated Intelligences.

The few moments, (thus to speak,) which had been employed in my glorious welcome to the mansions of light and love, had taught me more of the wisdom and love of God, more of those sublime laws which govern human nature, as well as terrestrial and celestial being, had taught me clearer how to aspire to loftier ambitions and nobler attainments, than all those perplexed years which went to make up the sum of my earthly existence; for on the tablet of each soul I read the inscriptions which their own immortal lives had wrought, and to my unclouded vision was unrolled that mystic scroll of human life, upon which were inscribed the more hidden mysteries of the progressive nature of man, and

in all, I beheld the philosophy of Immortal Being, and the aspirations for which the soul must seek, in order to enjoy a lofty state of happiness and bliss.

Joan of Arc did not retire from my spiritual sight, until I had uttered a brief "return" to her inspiring communication, and assured her of my regard for her noble sentiments, and of the zeal interest which they had awakened in my soul. My reply was as follows:

"I thank thee, noble Spirit of Joan of Arc, in behalf of these celestial citizens of the Holy City, for the beautiful token of angel love and esteem which you have presented my newborn spirit; also, I sincerely and heartily thank thee for the rich and Christian counsel and exhortation which you have so bountifully lavished upon me, and for the divine blessings which your gifted soul have poured upon my head; and I promise you, that the bright Diadem, which you have placed upon my brow shall never fade in glory or splendor, or dim in that lustre and brightness, which is but the intrinsic reflection of thine own immaculate virtue, through any act of mine; but pure as the Virgin Robe which entered my soul into Immortal Presence, will I retain this coronet of angelic love, and keep it sparkling and bright as this golden Lake of Eternal Life, which is bearing my exultant, ransomed spirit, to Higher Mountains in the Progressive Country, and the influences of my presence shall shine in other hearts, seeking to do good, and harmonize the discordant elements of human nature, and thereby attain the more unfolding spheres of celestial development, and enjoy the social companionship of Higher Minds in the Upper Lands.

I will now bid thee a short adieu. When your way, and mine. May thee, thy chosen companions, attend thee to thy glorious home, and dear with thee and them the well wishes of my humble spirit, the prayerful blessings of John Quincy Adams!

"O! may thy sacred influence shine,
Around the hearts of all mankind,
And purify each gem within,
Of all uncleanliness and sin.

"And may the light of thy pure mind,
In every spirit be enshrined,
And love, the noble trait of all,
Upon each erring nature fall.

"May God, His richest blessings shed,
Like holy ointment on thy head,
And breathe that love which cannot die,
To guide thee nearer unto Him.

"And may the noble, pure, and wise,
Attend thee to the Upper Skies,
To Eternal Thrones with Thine own,
Around the Father's radiant Throne.

"Go, then, bright angel, on thy way
To mansions of unclouded day,
And in those spheres, learn what you can,
Then teach it to your brother-man."

When this reply of mine was completed, these glorified be-

ings prepared to take their departure to their respective spheres, to join their kindred affinities. The fourth, fifth, and sixth circles of spiritual being were faithfully represented, each individual bearing some beautiful emblem of their appropriate sphere of existence. Some of the most prominent characters, as known in earthly history, I will mention:

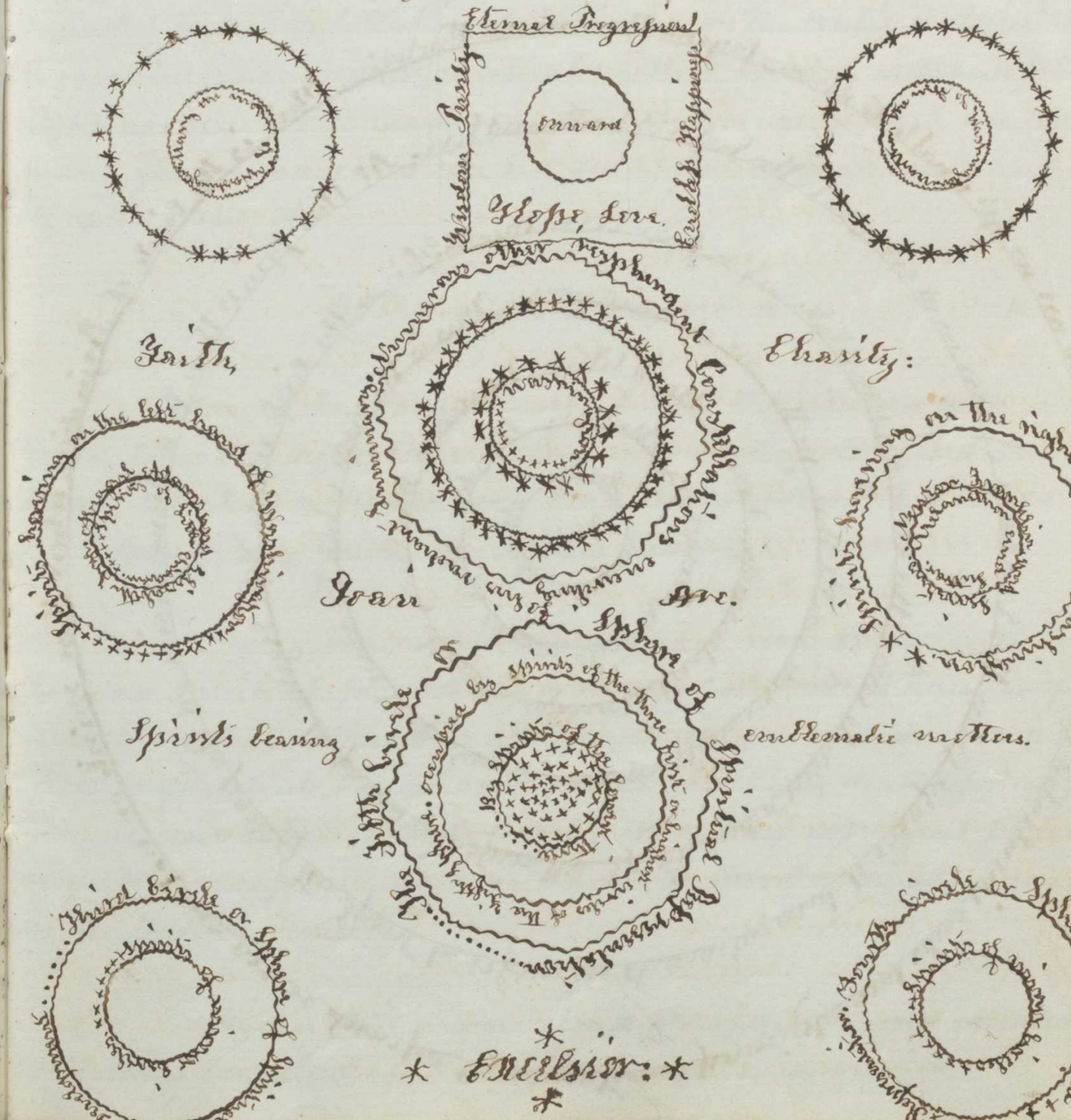
70

Sixth Sphere:

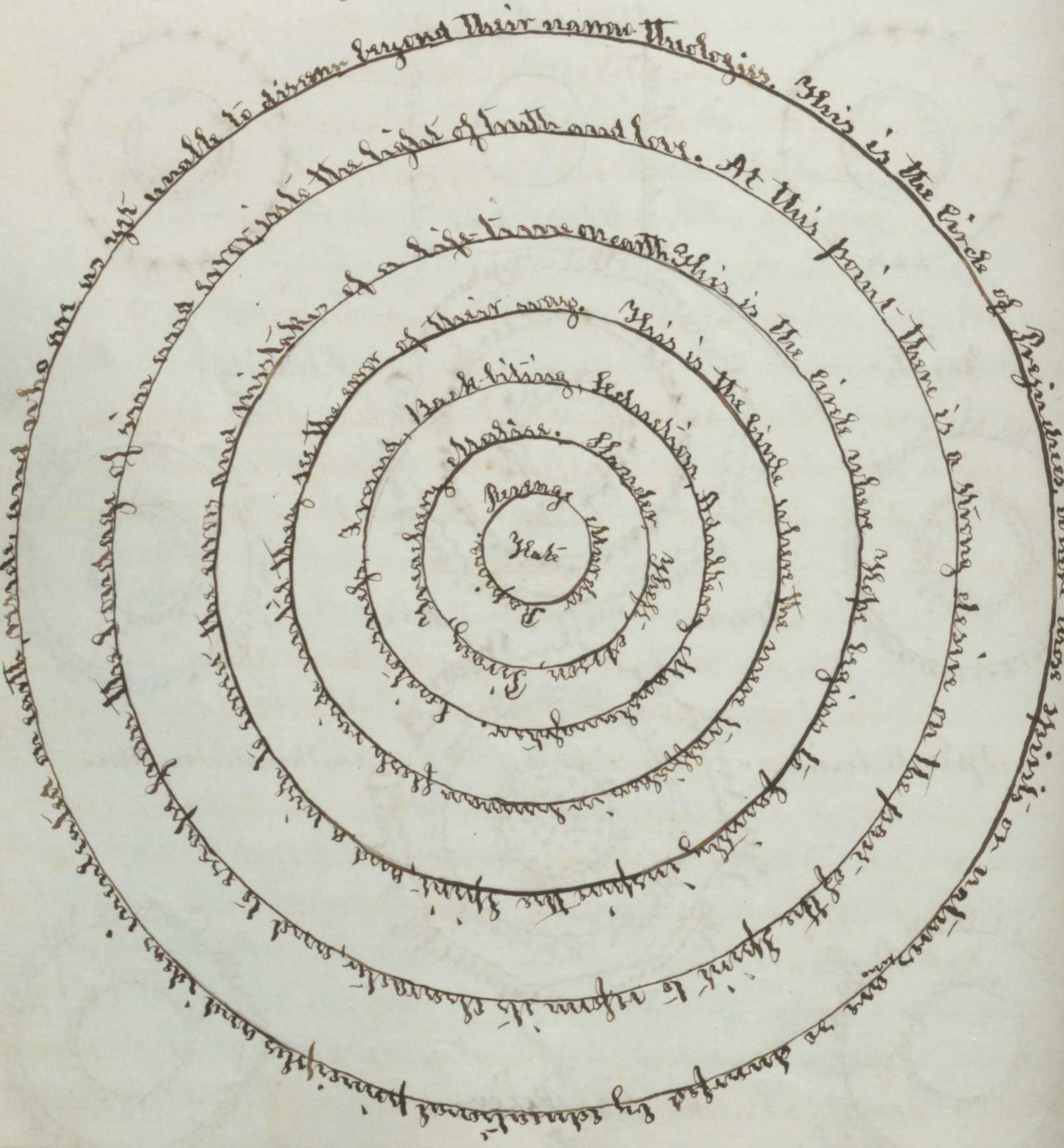
Melancthon, Jerome,
Luther, Newton, Archimedes,
Plato, Aristides, Franklin, Themistocles,
Channing, Witherspoon, Clarkson, John Murray,
Milton, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Penn, Swift, Doddridge,
Burns, Swedenborg, Johnson, Henry, Hentchinson, Fox, Wesley,
Cromwell, Putnam, Whitney, Hamdish, Robinson, Carver, Samoset,
Nottingham, Nelson, "Red Jacket," Franklin, Plutarch, Wise,
Bunyan, Dryden, Broadwell, Whitenburg, Fulton, Watt,
Andre, Hamilton, Pinckney, Rogers, Clark, Rich,
Williams, Jefferson, Munroe, Washington,
Voltaire, Rousseau, Manchester, Wells,
Lafayette, Jay, Brewster, Fox,
Dwight, Bewkish, Hope,
Spurzheim, Rice,
Davis,

and many others, whose names are not immortalized in history, but who, in the language of a beautiful spirit of earth, are none the less noble because less known. Then there were female delegations in that consecrated Temple of Immortality, whose noble spirits have given tone and character to society, and wielded a far more powerful influence on public morality than the opposite sex. Then

were the fortunes of the early martyrs, who had nobly stood by them in the heat and burden of the day, and endured with them their trials and persecutions; there were also the patriot mothers of the Revolution, who sent forth their sons to battle for their country, with the blessings of their fond hearts, resting on their beloved heads. Then were Mary, the mother, and Martha, the wife, of our hero Washington, bowing over him, in a rainbow of stars, thus:



I have thus endeavored, as far as possible, to present a faint idea of this sublime picture, as it was portrayed to my immortal vision. All the spheres, with the exception of the second and seventh, were faithfully represented. My soul was not as yet prepared to behold the Highest Circle of Existence, or to penetrate the lowest degree of spiritual happiness. The second sphere, however, a short period afterward, was opened to my view, thus:



Aug 22, In the first-named pictorial representation, the reader will perceive in the centre a small girdle in which is inscribed the honored name of

"Washington!"

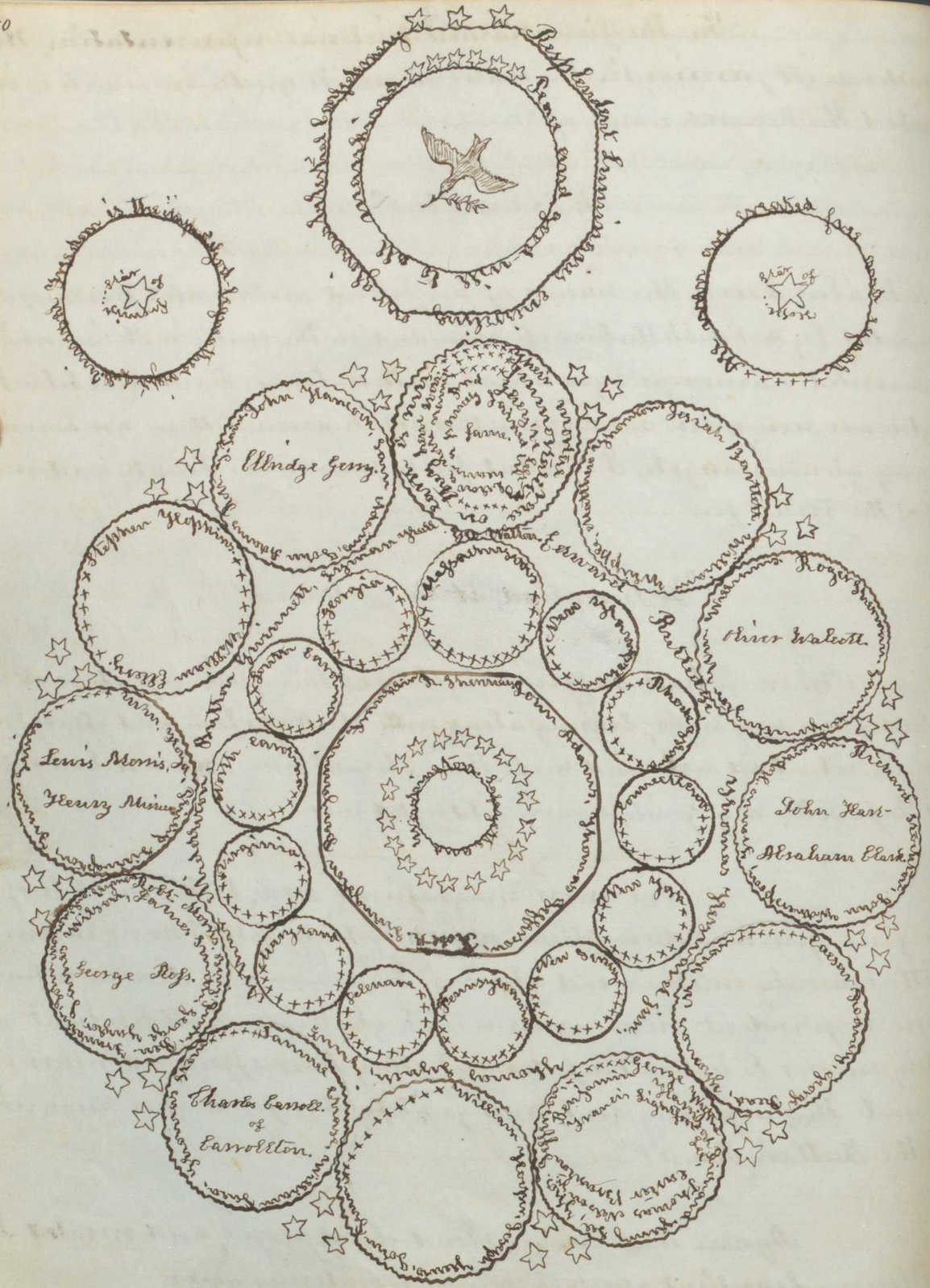
while above hovers the names of his beloved mother and partner, surrounded by a Constellation of Stars, and in the centre "a device" upon which is inscribed numerous symbolical mottoes. On each side and below Washington, are seen a few names enrolled, while around them are hovering many glorious angels. I can but feebly portray the beauty and sublimity of the scene; for

"To be realized, it must be seen;"

When I had sufficiently beheld this glorious picture, it vanished from my sight, bearing along with it Napoleon, and other bright spirits who had welcomed me to their eternal home. When it had departed, Lafayette, my Guide, again addressed me:

"One more magnificent scene, brother, will be opened to your spiritual perceptions,- a scene, which will, I know, inspire you with heavenly emotions and glorious aspirations. In it you will discern a few of those resplendent luminaries which glisten, in deathless light and glory, in our Celestial Confederacy! May their effulgent power illuminate thy aspiring soul, and qualify thee for higher mansions in the Father's House!"

Again that magic cloud disappeared, and revealed the following beautiful spectacle to my wondering gaze:



The beholder will here recognize in the drawing on the opposite page, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, as they appeared to my enraptured vision. It will be seen, that eleven different States of the American Union are represented, by small circles connecting one another, in which are enclosed the names of that noble band of men, who boldly, and fearlessly resisted the encroachments of Britain's Power, and inscribed," on that Immortal Scroll of Liberty, their signatures, by which they disclaimed all allegiance to a Foreign Potentate, and hoped, that, through their unabating Labors and endeavors, America would become an asylum for the oppressed of all classes, sects, and colors. Two other States are represented in a circle of names underneath, while under them appear thirteen small circles, enclosing the names of the different States which were represented in the earlier American Congress. In the centre is seen a small octagon "device," in which appear the <u>coat-brigniels</u> of the "brave five" who presented the Immortal Declaration for the ratification of Congress, while underneath, in a circle of stars, glisten the honored names of

"Washington and Lafayette:"

At the top of the page is seen another octagon figure, bearing the following motto:

"Resplendent luminaries enobling our glorious Celestial Confederacy:"

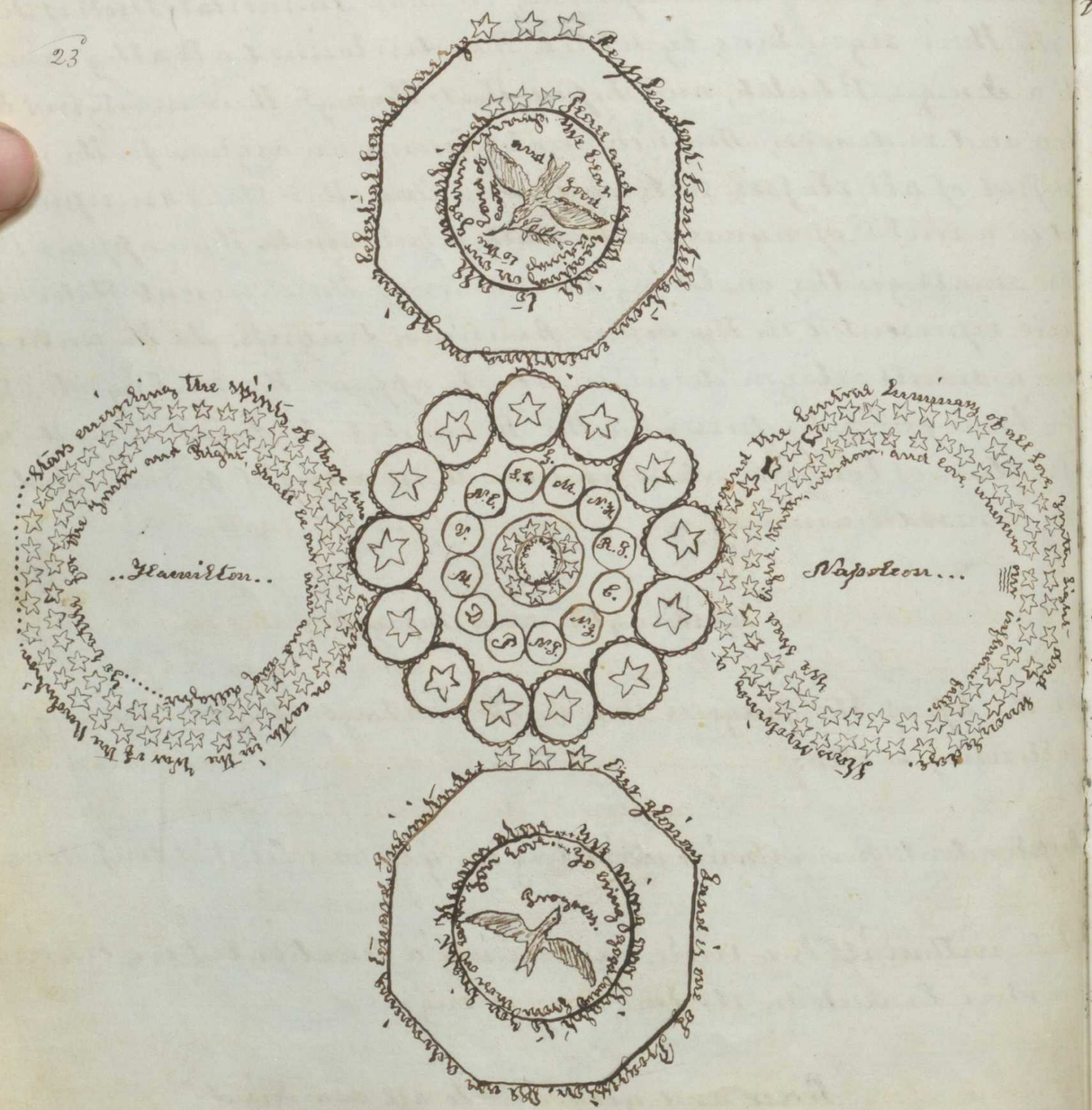
while within it is a circle enshrining a beautiful Dove, bearing an olive branch in its beak, over it engraved

"Peace and good-will to all mankind."

On each side of the last-named symbol, is a small circle, within each of which are seen two stars,

"The Star of Promise;" "The Star of Hope;"

while on the outer circle glitters the following appropriate motto,



"Universal Freedom is the universal God-begreathed right of all!

"All men are created free and equal!"

Below the emblem of the "Dove" is seen another circle, adjoining the seven States, in which the Angel of Love and Truth has inscribed the following appropriate lines;

"Where mortal race on earth is run,—
Immortality crowns them won;
They've left below a noble name,
And gained in Heaven a glorious fame."

and in the centre of the Dove-Symbol appears the beautiful and stirring motto,

"We bear healing on our wings,
And good tidings to the loved ones of earth."

On each side of the large girdle, which is represented in a miniature drawing on the opposite page, is seen a double octagon cluster of stars, bearing inscriptions, and intending to represent the positions of the spirits as they were imaged before my vision. The "cluster of stars" on the left-side of the "girdle" containing the figures of the Declaration of Independence, on the exterior of which I have written,

"Stars encircling the Spirits of those who labored on earth in the War of the Revolution,"

represents that noble army of brave men, who fought by the side of

Washington, Putnam, Lafayette, and other "generals," in the great b
ttles of the Revolution. In the centre appears the historic name of

"Hamilton:"

while on the outside of it is inserted the beautiful conclud
lines:

"To battle for the truth and Right,
Shall be our aim and chief delight."

On the right hand side is the other octagon clusters of stars, in th
centre of which gleams the name of

"Napoleon:"

on the outside I have written, (that all may understand the meanin
of the emblem:)

"Stars revolving around the Central Luminary of all Love, Truth, Ri
and Knowledge."

In the centre around Napoleon's name, is inserted the beautiful em
blematic motto:

"We shed Light, Truth, wisdom, and Love, wherever our influence falls

Below all, and immediately under the large device is another oc
gon figure, containing a small circle, in which is enclosed anoth
er beautiful Dove, bearing in its beak the significant motto, "Pr

gress, and winging its flight upward. On the outer circle is written
this sentence:

Aug. 28,

"Unspeakable Land is one of Progression. All are advancing towards
Infinitude."

while on the inner one, encircling the Dove, appears the following couplet
of lines:

"We wing our rapid flight to your bright Heaven above,
To bring good news to you from those on earth you love."

But O! if happiness unalloyed was my sweet portion on beholding that glorious assemblage of angels convened in holy communion above, how much more was that happiness enhanced when my spiritual eyes turned to a brighter scene, - that is to my Angel, and there read the approbation of these celestial citizens, of my labors on earth.

Hovering above that Immortal Band was seen floating, in the Ethereal Atmosphere, a splendid rainbow of Stars, in which was hovering an Angel of Light and Love, bearing in her hands from a mystic Scroll. Overarching the Rainbow was a Brilliant, encircling in grandeur, sublimity, and strength of power, that dazzling orb which illuminates the World of Matter. Its glowing rays penetrated every circle of Heavenly Existence, and diffused its hallowed light and warmth within each soul. It represented Infinity, - the Supreme Intelligence, - the Divine Author of all things. Over it was inscribed one single sentence:

"The Sun of Righteousness:"

Between that glorious Representation and the Rainbow was written the Scriptural allusions

"I am the Staff, the Stay of all:"
My Light on every soul shall fall:

* * * * * * *

I am the Sun, whose power alone:
Can lead my children to my Throne:

I am the Shepherd and the Way:
Whose finger points to endless day:

My Arm alone can happiness,
Dispense unto the fatherless:

I am the Anchor and the Shrine:
On which the Widow may recline:

And find, in its all-strengthening power:
Sweet peace and hope in sorrow's hour:

I am the Lamp, whose beacon-light,
Shall keep my children in the night:

And draw them nearer unto me
To spend in Heaven Eternity:

I am the brilliant Star of Love,
Whose light points all to things above:

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"I am the Hope to all mankind,
In me the soul can comfort find:

"To me all hearts in faith can turn,
And Truth, and Love, and Wisdom learn:

"Come near, my children, and seek rest,
Upon thy Father's loving breast:
And bathe within that golden tide,
Which round my Throne of Grace doth glide:

"Come, bask beneath the radiant beams,
Which from my Sun of Glory streams;
And quaff, the crystal streams of Love,
Which flow from my pure fount above.

"Come, erring children, one and all,
Before thy Saviour's footstool fall,
And hear that voice, which spoke of yore,
And bids thee still "Go, sin no more."

\+\+\+\+ \+

"Come to thy God in penitence,
Ye wanderers from the Shepherd's fold,
And hear his gentle lips pronounce,
Forgiveness on the guilty soul.

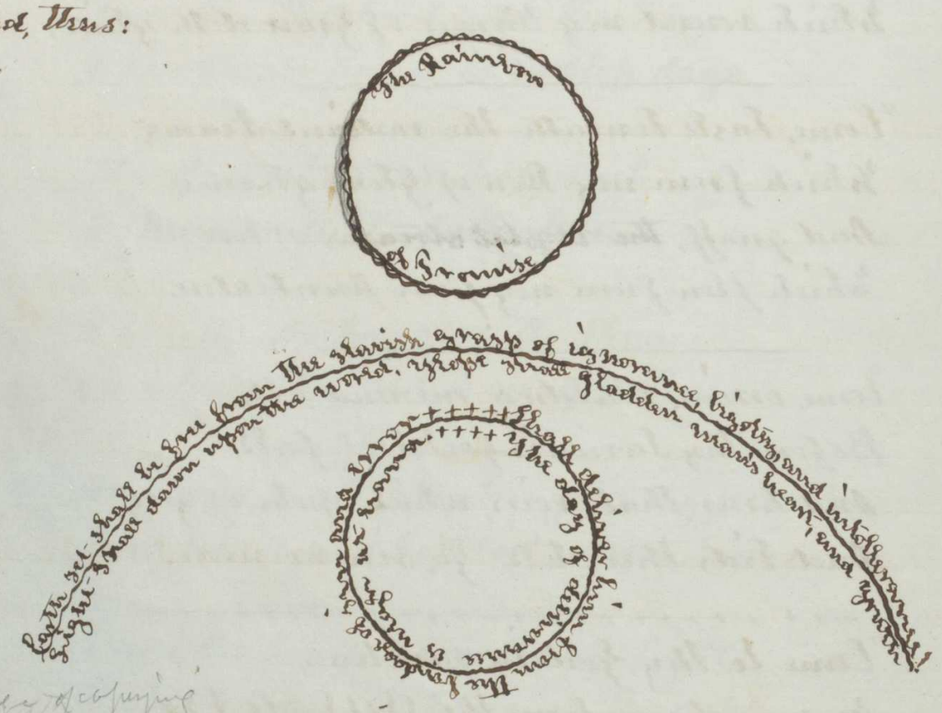
\+\+\+\+\+ \+

"Come hither to His Holy Mount,
And drink from the Eternal Fount,
And seek of Him, and Him alone,
Immortal Peace around His Throne."

When I had read these sixteen beautiful inscriptions, all typical of the boundless Love and goodness of the great "Sun of Righteousness, my vision again turned to the "Rainbow of Hope" and beheld the following motto, glistening, in a circle of resplendent light, over it:

"The Rainbow of Promise."

while underneath it, in another circle, the following words were inscribed, thus:



Aug. 29 This glorious scene, so transcendantly beautiful in all its various and changing aspects, is beyond even the power of feeble illustration or description. But the one scene, most pleasing to my spiritual eyes, was that representing the angel with the Scroll, and situated in the centre of the Bow of Promise.

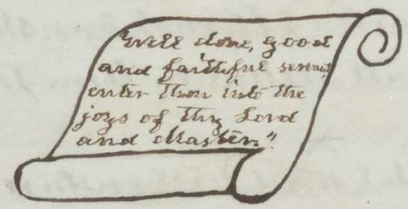
It will be remembered, That the scene which I have attempted to describe to the understanding of all, was portrayed to

my interior sight situated above the sublime picture of the Fathers of the Revolution, and beaming on the sanctified spirits of those who had so generously contributed to my celestial happiness, through their divine communications of salutation and welcome:

When I had finished reading the very beautiful motto which encircled the Bow of Promise, my attention was attracted to the angel before mentioned

Who slowly began to unroll
The glories of that mystic Scroll,

to my spiritual perceptions, on which was engraven that sublime Biblical saying and Divine Approval, thus:



It will be noticed, that on the above significant emblem, is written the motto of approbation:

"Well done, good and faithful servant,
Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord and Master."

On each side of the Scroll appear several stars, revolving, in harmonious beauty and splendor, around that Angel of Glory and Love, in which were enshrined many brilliant Minds, of exalted and inspiring wisdom and intelligence, whose glowing light and power were but the radiations of that resplendent Orb, which shone in

such glorious majesty and magnificence in the Supernal Heavens beyond.

Below the "Messenger of the Mystic Scroll" appeared two other celestial figures, each one of which was reclining on two strong pillars, over which was written, in letters of fire:

"The Church of the Living God:"

Beneath the pillars were disclosed other appropriate and significant writings to my vision:

"The Pillars of the Temple of Immortal Truth!"

*

"The storms of Error and Bigotry may fiercely dash against them,
But firm as the Rock of Eternal Ages shall they stand,
Until all mankind shall recline on them for strength and support."

*

"Truth is immortal, and will endure forever!"

"O! Brother, may thy soul recline,
On Truth's immortal holy Shrine."

My attention was again drawn to that Blessed Saint, who carried the Immortal Scroll in her grasp. Around her I beheld collected numerous beautiful children, playing, in unchecked freedom and joyous innocence, at her feet. Each one was crowned with rich festoons of flowers, of fadeless bloom and fragrance, and seemed to drink inspiring light and wisdom from the Harmonial Nature of that Virgin Saint. Presently, that Scroll again unfolded, and revealed to my interior senses the following brief address:

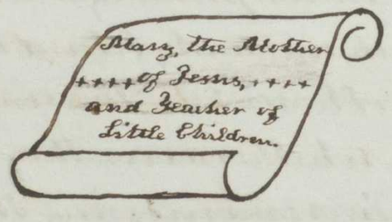
"Immortal Spirit of Truth and Intelligence: Nobly hast thou performed thy Father's work on Earth. Bravely hast thou contended for Universal Right,—battled in the glorious warfare of freedom, and gained, through thy noble exertions, a triumphant victory. Receive, O Brother, from the Divine Author of thy being, the recompense due to thy exalted deeds. Receive, from the lips of the angels, a glorious welcome to their congenial society, and blessings on thy ransomed spirit. Enter still the vineyard of thy Master, and faithfully toil in the mighty field of Truth and Salvation. Walk humbly with thy God, and "unite a closer walk" with Him, through the ennobling Labors of Love:

"Behold, Redeemed Christ of God, in the Celestial Circle below, the companions of thy future life, the bright attendants of thy illustrious spirit. With them, will thy intelligent nature unite in their ever advancing ministry of Truth and Benevolence, to assist them in the promulgation of that Divine Gospel, in the espousal of which, one, dearly beloved by me, and all mankind, surrendered up his noble soul to Heaven, to reap the Martyr's Reward! Go with them whithersoever they goeth, and conjoin thy sympathies with theirs, remembering, that, in unity of soul and purpose, there is strength and support to the cause which we advocate.

Go, then, on thy errands of peace and mercy, bright angel of light and wisdom; advance the Word of thy Master, and preach the Gospel of Truth and Salvation, as revealed through His Son Jesus. Enlighten the universe below with the illuminated teachings of thy ennobling intellect, and strengthen all hearts in the service of Freedom and Humanity. Remain still a pillar in the Temple of God, and a support to the True Christianity and Religion of Christ. Depart now on thy exalted

mission, my Brother, with the noblest Blessings of Heaven's Immortals enwreathing thy spirit brow. May the few thoughts which you have read from this humble scroll add a little to that congenial tide of inspiration, which has already breathed divine courage and hope to thy soul, and aid thee in all thy lofty endeavors and aspirations for the more elevated conditions of spiritual existence. Farewell."

When I had completed the reading of this soul-inspiring communication, intense was my desire to know its celestial Author. No sooner was the thought conceived, than it met with a ready response. Again that beauteous scroll unfolded, and revealed to my astonished and wondering gaze the following immortal title:



And O! judge of my infinite surprise, when in that beautiful personage, I read a name, renowned in Biblical and history, one of immortal celebrity, honored in memory by all Christian denominations:

"Mary, the Mother of Jesus,
and
Teacher of Little Children."

30th Yes, there far above me, in the azure dome of high heaven, hovered the all-immaculate spirit of the divine Mother of Jesus of Nazareth, of whose sublime character and undying constancy to her beloved Son in the most agonizing hour of mortal life, I have read much in Scriptural History, and dwelt in long and deep admiration on her heroic virtues, and the unwavering fortitude which she maintained in the most trying difficulties and exigencies of material existence. Hovering over her, in a star-mirrored Circle of Glory, was her illustrious Son, who, like us all, first drew inspiring lessons of wisdom and piety from the devoted affection and love of a true and faithful Mother! With meek and glowing eye did he gaze on the angelic form of that fainted Parent, still hallowing in his Immortal Nature those maternal teachings, which were instilled in his expanding Mind in the bright and sunny Morning of his Infant Youth.

I saw her, as imagination has often pictured her to my mind, decking the serene heavens above encircled by groups of the beautiful and glorified Saints of Paradise, and shedding over all the gentle fragrance of her benefient counsels and exhortations. I saw her winding the hearts of lovely youth and innocence, with the halo of her Christian influences, and embalming in each little shrine and cell, the never-fading flowers of Truth and Wisdom. I saw her as a teacher of all, as a glorious Sun, around which little stars of beauty and innocence might revolve, and eternal power and lustre from its ever-resplendent light. And brighter and clearer than all of possible, to her, I beheld the Ascended Christ hovering around her, drinking in the pure fervor of her divine eloquence, and learning even now, as in days of old, inspiring intelligence and purity from the spirit of her who first taught his infant lips to breathe the endearing appellation of

"Mother!"

In the two visions which I beheld of the immortal personages, I was able to correct many erroneous impressions, to my satisfaction, which have existed in the world, in regard to the "mysterious conception of Mary," and the birth of Christ, and which are rampant among several religious denominations of the present age. In him I beheld the embodiment of everything which is lovely and glorious, as the great Apostle of Truth, and Disciple of our Heavenly Parent, as clothed with the meek and lowly habiliments of mortality, and invested with the seraphic glory of an angel; as one, who was created, like all of us, with a nature which was human, and, therefore, liable to err, who was subjected to the trials and infirmities of "the flesh," and who nobly endured them all in the cause for which he was sent into the world to accomplish; but I saw him divested of all false attributes, in which the erroneous education of man had placed him, as wearing the Divine characteristics of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

And God be praised, that the period is rapidly approaching, when man will rightly understand and appreciate the teachings of Christ, when the light of Immortal Truth, of which he was the first exponent, will shine with undimmed lustre and power in all hearts, and lead them on to a perfect understanding of his glorious doctrines; when all mankind will recognize, in the unfolding Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, the Heaven-lit Star of Promise and Hope, which is to guide the weary, way-worn Traveller over the shoals and quicksands of Error, by the vernal banks of the River of Life, where flourish, in immortal bloom and beauty, the flowers of Truth and Progression; when the world will be purified of all sin and ungodliness, and God, the Father, be enshrined in the affections of the soul. And let us each one give our assistance to such a Divine Work, remembering, that the light which is within us must not be hid under a bushel.

Sept. 2. In the whole life and character of Jesus Christ, the discerning, intelligent, and investigating mind, will be able to perceive the wonderful and striking evidences of the inspired control of Angelic Beings, and the perfect harmony which exists between the teachings advanced in his manifested era, and those advocated now by the Supernal Ministers of Heaven; and mankind cannot gainsay one mode of communication, without rejecting the other, for the same rule is applicable in both instances. The same Divine Laws, through the spirits of the Blest were empowered to communicate to the noble Jesus in his day of trial and agony, exist the same now as then, and privileges these unseen witnesses to hold sweet communion with the children of mortality. To believe contrary, would, as I have written in the earlier part of this communication, invade the character of Deity in the dark mantle of distrust, and not Him of the unlimited attribute of His glorious, His Eternal Immutability and Unchangeableness!

And I would ask, has the world grown so immaculate in public morality, or so liberal and charitable in Christian sentiment and principle, as no longer to need or desire the hallowing influences of these sainted Powers, which breathed hope, strength, and fortitude, to the tried spirit of the great Pilgrim of Truth, Jesus of Nazareth! Has it so far advanced in the mighty elements of true Christianity, as to require no further readings from the Future Land, to cheer and encourage the "weary, way-worn Traveller," in his pilgrimage and search after the Well-Spring of Immortal Truth and Salvation? Has the soul of man become so enlightened in the elementary principles of Right Education, that it needs not the Christian instructions of Supernal Intelligences, to guide it in the true path of duty and virtue? Has the world become so conservative and bigoted in its numerous creeds

and theologies, as to fancy it needs no further light from
than that which is deduced from the few pages which go to
ups that book, called the Bible? Has its attention become so
ed to creed-making, and to the building up of strange doctrines,
not to be able to perceive, that there is ever beyond the narrow li
its of that little Bible, a mightier Text-Book, upon whose unfold
pages are clearly written the more perfect evidences of truth and
gelic ministrations; or has it turned so deaf and obstinate to the
sublime entreaties of Nature, that it will not listen to that Divine
of Inspiration, which is breathing as in times of old, its Divine
mones to the children of earth, and inviting them onward to high
researches, and to more elevated conditions of social, moral, and
tellectual development? So sorely so refined, and the great heart
community so pure, that the rich teachings of the Celestial Min
isters can impart to such nothing new, or add any thing to the
sublime
Compound or Admixture of Truth and Error, which will give it
additional value in their sight?

O Man! construe not this language to represent irre
rence for the Bible, or its many glorious teachings. Look at it, with
charitable feelings, as the outpourings of one, who, unwarped by pop
ular prejudice or bias, is better enabled, than heretofore, to discrimi
nate between the true and the false, and to present to the world clear
er conceptions of that Book, which it has been taught to reverence,
in the whole, as direct inspiration from the Mind of the Infinite!
Irreverence the Bible! God forbid it! I love it too well to speak ir
reverse than respectfully of it!- or to forget the sweet and fragrant re
membrances which so fondly twine around it, when, on my sainted
mother's knee, I listened to her gentle voice of love, as it first and ear
ly breathed its Scriptural lessons of purity and virtue to my soul, and
taught me to follow in the illustrious footsteps of the good man, Je-

[* The Old Testament as connected with the new]

sus, whose heroic life and example she so vividly pictured, and ele
vated, in sublime embellishments, on my then unfolding youth
ful mind? Can I ever forget that I owe my present station of spi
ritual happiness to the Christian teachings deduced, in my early life,
from that Historic Record, in which are inscribed so many glori
ous truths, and so much to elevate and develop the affectional nature
of the soul? O no! Far be it from me to forget what I owe to this
Blessed Book! It is the love which I bear it, that makes me desi
rous that man should understand it rightly, and learn even as
I have learned, to distinguish the Truth from the Error, and to sepa
rate the dross particles from the pure and refined gold!

And I thank my Heavenly Father, that the light which is
now breaking from the Celestial Skies, will tend, in a great, yea, in
an immense degree, to harmonize the conflicting ideas of man, and,
finally, to achieve that glorious and honorable conquest which we
so much covet, that the bright Star of Truth, which has so long
been mantled in darkness and gloom, is now appearing above the
horizon of Error, to bless the visions of the seeker after knowledge
with those first-glad rays, which are soon to illuminate the
whole Terrestrial Universe with their Inspiring Light!- and to
guide all in the paths of Peace and Righteousness, whose paths
alone can conduct the soul to realms of Immortal Glory and
Happiness!

And in this Divine Light discerned those magnifi
cent ideas and reiterations of Truths embodied in the God-
like teachings of the Sainted Christ, as well as that resplendent
stream of inspiration, which was felt and acknowledged by
him in the unregenerated age in which he lived, and which
has never ceased pouring its radiant influxings into the world,
since the grand Ascension of that noble Spirit to the abodes of
Celestial Blessedness, although the hearts of man have not, until now, been fully

prepared to receive it, or acknowledge it as coming direct from the Primeval Source of all Good!

Sept. 3, Rejoice, O ye Nations of the earth! in the glorious light which is dawning from the Sun of Righteousness! Rejoice, ye who mourn the loss of dear friends, that Heaven is opening your ears, and that the unseen inhabitants of its Celestial Spheres are ever near, to breathe their own loving messages of cheer and consolation, and bid you look upward to their Blessed Home where all the lies dispersed below will be united in that bright world of Truth and Bliss above!

Rejoice! O ye Exiles and Wanderers in the darkness of infidelity, that the light, from this resplendent Sun of Truth is shedding its mild and benignant beams on your soul, to warm into noble activity its latent powers and convince you of its own glorious immortality! Rejoice! that the Philosopher's Stone of your long and ardent seeking has been found, and that "the pearl of great price" is confided to your spiritual keeping by the Infinite Father! Rejoice! That the Stream of Time has found an inlet to the "Ocean of Eternity" whereon the Messengers of Heaven can glide to this little Planet below, laden with bright messages of Truth and Remembrance to those they fondly love!

Rejoice! O ye who are inmates in the School of Error and Bigotry! that the Heavenly Teachers above have found their way to earth, to break the slavish chains which bind your souls, and disseminate those principles and doctrines advocated by Christ, which will elevate and develop the affections and sympathies of your higher nature, and closer bind your souls with the Beautified Spirits of Heaven! Rejoice! "that the day of deliverance is nigh at hand," when you will be released from the bondage of error and sectarianism, and feel the radiating influences

of that all powerful Light, which is destined to eclipse, in its triumphant glory and splendor, all jurisdiction and bigotry, and search out of human existence the rankling, poisonous weeds of error which so vigorously flourish by the way-side of man's earthly life! Rejoice! that the Cloud of Error and Wrong Education is shrinking in its former might and power, and waning in its borrowed glory and strength, and that Truth will triumph, and Right prevail in the end!

Rejoice! that angels from above,
Come laden to your mortal earth,
With messages of Truth and Love,
And jewelled words of endless worth.

They come, and bid you all rejoice,
In the Light which God has given,
To listen to the still, small Voice,
Which Inspiration breathes from Heaven,
And bids you look beyond the bound,
Where flowers, of rich and various hue,
Are clothed in bright, immortal bloom,
And watered by celestial dew.

× × × × × × × × × × × × ×

"They come, from their seraphic realms,
And bring to you these precious gems,
That on your souls you may indite,
The living Text of this New Light,
That others may, through you, forsooth,
Acquire a knowledge of the Truth,
And learn the path which guides above,
To endless happiness and Love."

Rejoice! O ye downtrodden victims of tyranny and oppression! for the period is nigh at hand when thou shalt call no man thy master, and none shall call thee slave; when the God of the Right and the Just will unloose thy captive chains and bid thee go on thy way, rejoicing in thy rightful heritage Freedom! Rejoice! for the glad dawning of thy enslaved liberties is resounding from the archangel's trump on the Hallelujahs of Zion, soon to bless thy bleeding hearts with its redeeming echoes!

And rejoice! O all ye children of earth, at the propitious signs of the times! for now indeed is the Scriptural Millennium dawning on your once-benighted visions, and a New Light is breaking, from the Ethereal Skies, on your longing hearts! Rejoice! for the veil which hides Heaven from your view is now rent in twain, and the spirits of your departed friends speak to you in their unmistakable voices of love, and spread before your enraptured eyes the Resplendent Scroll of Life, upon which is written your immortal destinies! Rejoice! Saint and Sinner! Bond and Free! Believer and Sceptic! for the light which you are now receiving, in the entrance of which, you will find eternal happiness, peace, freedom, and glory!

Pardon me, reader, for this protracted Exhortation! I will now return to the closing portion of my vision of Mary and her Beloved Son!.. When my spiritual, had sufficiently feasted on this enchanted spectacle, and my soul had inspired the rich streams of knowledge outflowing from that sublime address of the Mother of Jesus, those two radiant spirits passed from my sight, and left me to ponder on the glorious sublimities to which I had been an eye-witness! So elated was my spirit with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, for the unspeakable glories which

He had prepared for me in His Divine Mansions, that I resolved to attest it, in the presence of the angels, by offering an humble invocation to His Throne of Grace:

4th "O! thou Supreme Source of all Light and Life: To Thee, and Thee alone, would thy humble child return his sincere acknowledgements for the glorious blessings which thou hast crowned his immortal soul, on its Birth into thy mansions not made with earthly hands. I thank Thee, O Parent of All! for the Light which thou hast vouchsafed unto me, and for the overpowering evidences of thy love and Goodness which thou hast manifested unto my ransomed spirit during its brief sojourn in thy Heavenly Courts. Teach me more of Thee, Father, and of the sublime Beatitudes which adorn thy Infinite Character, that I may draw myself nearer unto Thee, and inspire the immortal radiance of those virtues which crown thy Transcendant Nature. And O! may the sanctifying influences of that noble Man, whom thou sent into the world, clothed with the power and majesty of thy Holy Spirit, and whose effulgent form thou hast presented to my unclouded vision, breathe around my developing nature their elevating inspirations, and teach me to better fulfil the duties which thou hast imposed upon me. O! give me strength of mind to successfully perform the responsible obligations which rest upon me, to navigate the mighty Ocean of Truth, and bring up to the eager gaze of man those brilliant pearls of thought and beauty which among its profound, but not fathomless depths. May the work which thou hast given to me to be performed with a steady determination, and a cheerful alacrity, and with a will to accomplish it according to the best powers and capacities of my spiritual being. Make me meek and contrite in spirit, walking humbly in the paths of peace and pleasantness, and investing my soul in the garments of charity and well-doing. Crown each act with thy Divine Approval, and

make me more and more worthy to associate with thy Ministers of Truth in their beneficent labors, and to assist them in their redeeming works of love. Inspire, with the inspiration of its high mission, my soul, and implant in its several capacities and powers the strengthening influences of thy All-Potent Spirit, that it may be enabled to advance in the elements of intellectual, social and moral improvement, and thereby approach nearer to Thee, whom are the Embodiment of all Truth and Love. Empower me, O Ruler of the Nations! if it pleaseth Thee, to plead the cause of Universal Liberty in the Legislative Halls from which I have recently taken me, and to teach the "Representatives" of my beloved country to honor the Higher Ordinances of Deity before which all earthly enactments become null and void; to speak to them in the language of a distinguished son, "that no government is respectable which is not just; and that, without unspotted purity of public faith, without the piety and morality, no forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give Tone or dignity to religious or political society." And avert the horrid calamities of war both domestic and foreign, and plant therein the inestimable blessings of peace and unalloyed prosperity. Privilege me again to utter my unalterable, unwavering sentiments of freedom to the children of earth, and to inspire them with a divine strength and courage in the discharge of their Christian duties, which is to carry hope and joy to the poor slave, and waft the inspiring breath of freedom to the oppressed and down-trodden victims of tyranny throughout the world. O! may the light of Thy Almighty Truth, shine, in unclouded radiance, in the dark recesses of error and superstition, illuminating each soul with the genial rays of inspiration, and guiding all aright in thy fear and admonition. And finally, Father may all Thy children, both of the immortal and the mortal world, improve the privileges within

their sphere of attainment, of social, intellectual, and spiritual culture, and be ready and willing to impart the wisdom which they possess, to those which have not, and thus be prepared, through good works, for a noble calling in the Immortal Life, and for that rich reward which is due the faithful laborer in thy vineyard. And thine be all the praise and glory for every blessing. Amen!

5th This humble prayer terminated the long and deeply interesting chain of communications, commenced with the sublime picture of the battle, and of the assistance of the Celestial Army, and closed with the magnificent "Tableau" of the vision of Mary, and Jesus. I am aware, that I have wandered somewhat from my main subject, and unfolded not an immense space, to clearly present to my readers an adequate description of the glowing beauties I had witnessed, and the means to be employed by others to attain them. But I trust, that however simple has been the language I have used to convey a proper conception of these sublimities to the minds of all, they will be sufficient for the purpose for which I intended, in their presentation of these visions, viz., to do far improve the condition of society, that mankind may be better prepared, through the enlargement of the affections, and the elevation of the sympathies, for a more immediate communication with the world of angels, and to fit the immortal soul for those everlasting pleasures and delights which adorn its Progressive Spheres. I hope, that, at least, my well-meant efforts will be appreciated, if they do not result in the accomplishment of that good for which I have presented these Celestial Delineations. And I fervently pray, that the hearts of man may be prepared to feast on the effulgent glories which now are dawning on them from the Land of Seraphs, and fitted for those exalted circles, where wisdom, purity, and love, in their crowning attributes of true inhabitants, and where peace, the

highest aspiration of Human Nature, inspires the soul, from one degree of glory to another, and leads it upward, through more elevated walks of Infinite Progression and Bliss!

Now, kind and attentive reader, with your permission, I will, to employ a common expression,

"Put on my thirty-seven league boots"

and take a harmless retrogressive step to where I left my honored friend, Peter Whitney, and give the "ultimatum" of his sublime salutation; then pass on to the more glorious greeting in this living Chain of Inter-Communication, and to the final close of this very-protracted Letter.

When Mr. Whitney had concluded his cheering message to me, ending with the beautiful poem which I have recorded on these pages, in which he followed the passage of my earthly remains from the city of Washington to the Town of Surrey, the glorious Spirit of my Heavenly Guide, Lafayette, again addressed me, in the following manner:

"In the beautiful Spirit which has just addressed you, recognize one of the purest angels of heaven, and most devoted Ministers of Truth and Salvation. Behold, in his unfolding soul, a former Teacher of Thine, under whose Christian instructions, thou hast often sat in earthly Temples, and drank in the inspiration of his spiritual eloquence, and the prayerful benedictions of his noble heart:

"Behold him now, in his native heaven, as the Teacher of

all, as the same glorious soul of earth, who went about doing good, comforting the mourner in her trials and bereavements, dispensing happiness and consolation wherever he went, breaking the Bread of Life to the famishing and hungered, and breathing a hallowing influence wherever his sainted presence is felt:

"Behold him still as a Minister of the Gospel, and a faithful Preacher in the Temple of the Most High; as one whose soul is found up in the common interests of Humanity, and in the welfare and happiness of the whole Human Race; as one whose spirit-life is elevated to the improvement of the intellectual powers of man, and to the elevation and enlargement of his spiritual nature; in fact, as one whose love for his fellowcreatures is as boundless as the ocean of Eternity, and as unmeasurable as the same divine sun that glistens in the noon-day sun:

"Behold him gracing the shining walks of the Heavenly City, garbed in the lovely habiliments of meekness and simplicity, and adorned with the intrinsic jewels of Christ's goodness and purity; behold him in the character of a true Christian, divested of all false, ostentatious pride or pretension, pursuing his noble ministrations of love, and restoring to consciencious practice his honest professions; behold him, as descending into the Abyss below, bringing the ignorant and unlettered out of darkness into the broad light of truth and wisdom, and the erring and sinful into paths of peace and virtue: as silently and unobtrusively moving along in his humane avocations, dispensing charity to the spiritual poor, and hope to the sinking, despairing soul:

"And may thy spirit unite with his in this Temple of the Ever-living God, and labor with him in his ministry of Salvation and Love. Obey it's still, but true voice to the high instincts of Humanity and Right, and breathe to the chil-

dress of earth its lessons of piety and wisdom. May the knowledge which you have gleaned during your brief sojourn in the realms of the just elevate your Progressive soul to higher works in your Father's Kingdom, and to more firmly knit the bonds of Fraternal Brotherhood and Love:

"I repeat, then, my Brother, the reception language of thy Angelic Welcomers: Go forward in thy high vocation, for the Celestial Home thou will find a great work to do, commensurate with thy individual efforts and capacities, rendered doubly potent to thy Interior Vision, through its unfolding spiritual powers and developments. Enter the hamlet of the poor, and the palaces of the rich, and dispense alike to all the food of Righteousness and Truth. Bind up the broken hearted, cheer the disconsolate, and, Samaritan-like, pour into the wounds of those fallen by the way-side of life the healing ointment of Love and Charity, and thus be prepared to enter the Upper Mansions of Glory and Bliss, to join the noble Spirits of the Past, whose noble devotion to Truth and to God, has rewarded them with a princely seat in His Celestial Kingdom."

When the radiant Spirit of Gilbert Motier de Lafayette had completed his beautiful exhortation, the bright form of Peter Whitney closely approached to my side, and, with united heart and hand, I proceeded to reply to his long and deeply-interesting reception address, in language, of marked brevity, and, I trust, of clearness of thought and satisfactory expression:

"Beloved Minister of Truth and Salvation: With intensity of interest and feeling have I listened to the glowing words

of wisdom and love which your exalted soul has breathed into my awakened spirit, and caught the Divine Sparks of Inspiration which have been reflected from the light of thy heavenly teachings, and the purity of thy Celestial life:

"Words cannot convey an adequate expression of the unbounded gratitude and delight which animates my fast-unfolding nature, in feeling and believing, that the Angels of Love have deemed me worthy of so grand a reception as that which has greeted me on this, the glorious Morning of my Spiritual Birth, and Resurrection of the Soul from the trammels of the corruptible body.

I thank thee, immortal Spirit of wisdom and love, for thy beautiful and sincere welcome; thank thee for the harmonious expressions of sympathy and affection which you have manifested in my behalf, and for the sweet remembrances which your joyous salutation has conjured up: thank thee for that brilliant ritual which has brought to mind the active memories of the glorious past, and for the valuable instruction which you have imparted to me:

"Most happy, O Minister of Grace, am I to be able to renew thy friendships and acquaintance on the Shores of the River of Life, and to cultivate thy spiritual society in the many mansions of the Father's Kingdom. Rejoiced also, am I, to labor with thee in the everlasting mission of Truth and Salvation, to become with thee a Pupil and Teacher in that Church Universal, under whose protecting shadows the mighty Flock of the Great Shepherd will eventually be gathered together in the Spirit of Harmony and Love:

"In that earthly temple, where the light of thy Christian teachings has so often penetrated, to gladden, with its power, the desert places of man's unlettered heart, will thy hallowing

influences will be felt, softening the harsher elements of his nature, and preparing his soul to receive higher evidences of its immortality, and clearer testimonies of the worth of the Christian Religion, and its harmonious identity with the incoming revelations of Celestial Minds:

20th "And not only will thy spiritual presence pervade the hearts of thy former associates and followers, or limit the sphere of its influence to this little temple of pleasant memories, but, ranging the endless Ocean of Immensity, its Divine Power will penetrate each dark avenue of man's nature, and render each soul of itself a Temple, devoted to the spread of Truth and Christianity:

"Your narrative of the glorious welcome which you received by the celestials on the Birth of the Spirit to its Higher Life, and among them, my sainted father and mother, has inspired me with unbounded gratitude and love to the Source of all Good, and filled my whole being with exultant, adoring rapture, and elevated it far above the lower regions of thought to higher planes of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding:

"I rejoice in the Light, which you, and other bright angels, have given to me, and shall employ it to the improvement and spiritual elevation of my own intellectual and moral capacities, and to the advancement of Christian principles and sentiments among the whole United Family of Man. Never shall that Light be hidden under a bushel, but, as far as lay in my humble power, shall it spread, until all shall feel the intensity of its radiant beams:

"The sweet and hallowed remembrance to which you are recalling have allusion, in the course of your welcome Address, as a season to me then of bereavement and sorrow, is vividly painted, in your

ful recollections, on the canvas of memory, and has awakened in the tenderer chords of my soul a glad, responsive thrill. Will indeed do I remember that cheering conversation, which brought so much hope and joy to my heart, and consolation to my sufferation and trust.

"That holy interchange of thought and sympathy, that sweet communion of soul with soul, that glorious and fair chain of fond hopes and anticipations, connected together, in golden links of future aspirations and re-unions, - all, all are most gloriously realized, and Heaven has given to my fond eternal embrace, the dear ones of my first affection and love, and assured me of their angelic guardianship and protection:

"During the little while of my existence on earth, you and I were drops in the Ocean of Eternity, - I saw even there much to benefit and expand the immortal gems of piety and virtue in the soul, and to prepare it for the more glorious unfolding of its highest powers in the life to come; but the knowledge which I possessed at that time, relative to the progressive state of the spirit after it has crossed the Jordan of Death, was but meagre and indefinite, compared to that which I have gleaned through my daily intercourse with the inhabitants of the Realms of Eternal Glory and Happiness.

"I know that angels do watch over and guide the destinies of those they love, and impress on their hearts the gentle impress of their loving hands; that, in the laborious duties of the day, they are near, to encourage all with their sweet counsels and exhortations, and breathe divine cheer and hope to the persecuted disciple of Truth; that, in the sweet stillness of the night, they hover around, and in low, soft breathings, assure the unconscious soul of their watchful care and presence, and throw around it the arms of their love and protection:

"I know that they can control the spirits of man,
and aid him in the formation of a true and exemplary char-
acter; that they can speak to him in their unmistakable tones
of tenderness and affection, and inspire him onward from one
degree of happiness to another,- from one sphere of intellectual
and moral development to more ennobling unfoldings in
the Higher Planes of Spiritual Existence:

"I know, that they can come from their abodes of peace above,
And visit those dear ones on earth they deeply love and love,
To stamp upon their souls the impress of their holy care,
And bid them, while they dwell below, for nobler joys prepare:

"I know, that they can cheer the heart, when with sorrow it is pressed,
By pointing to that Better Clime, where the soul will be at rest,
And bathe beneath the golden light, which from the Sun of Glory pours,
And gather up the wis-dom-pearls which line the Heavenly Shores:

"I know that they can visit earth, and leave their influence there,
And strew in man's life-beaten path, bright flowers, of fragrance rare,
And gird each mortal walk with the splendor of their power,
And guide the spirit home to God,- to His Immortal Bower.

"I know that they can soothe the soul, shackled by oppression's cord,
And guide it to the God of love, the All-Impartial Lord,
Where, around His Throne of Grace, all the earth-bound will be free,
And enjoy the blessed fruits of Heaven-born Liberty:

"Dear Minister of Truth and Love, the little while I have
dwelt in Heaven,- the short space, which has been occupied in the

unfolding of my interior capacities, has presented clearer views of
my spiritual nature to my mind, and unfolded better to my under-
standing the mysterious, unalterable laws, which govern the natural,
as well as the celestial creation,- than even the closest studies of earth
have shadowed forth,- no matter how protracted the stay, amid the ma-
terialistic things of ephemeral life, might have been!

"The sleepless, unclouded eye of the spirit, has beheld
the mysterious guidance of guardian geniuses, and the glorious re-
sults of their invisible control; it has seen the face of the invalid
light up with holy joy and cheer, as the Angel of Love and Mercy
bent over the couch, and imprinted on the fevered brow the tender kiss
of hallowed friendship and affection; it has seen the ministering
spirit of some loved departing one, as it cooled the burning cheek
with the breathe of their inspiring strength and devotion, and hov-
ered over the fleeting soul, "in its last, final struggle" of earth, to bear
it, on the wings of transition, to a world of everlasting felicity and
glory; it has seen the "glory-crowned throng," as it wended its heav-
enly flight through the ethereal atmosphere to the loved and dear
of earth, bearing in their hands crystal goblets, brimming with
the waters of Eternal Life, for the thirsty, Truth-yearning soul: it
has seen the heart of the sinner made to leap with gladness, and
the despairing soul of the infidel and sceptic to light up with the
genial rays of hope; in fact, it has seen a "world of joy" in its brief
existence in the Spirit-Life:

"And my listening ear has caught the celestial sym-
phonies of angelic harps, as their strings echoed to the music of Celes-
tial Harmony; it has listened to the low, sweet whisperings of spirit-
lives, as they welcomed the ascending soul home to their fraternal
companionships, and bade it eternally dwell in the radiant king-
dom of peace and love; it has heard the acclamations of joy,

they quivered from a thousand tongues, and spoke of the redeeming influences of the glorified saints above; it has heard the prayers of the righteous, asking for celestial visitations, and listened to their swift responses wafted back from the Home Eternal:

O! Brother, glorious is the vision which your prophetic words have painted on my enchanted, delighted. In its fairest imaginings is pictured to my mind a blissful future reality. Through it, I am enabled to perceive the first glad rays of that blessed Morn, when the bright portals of the Heavenly City will be thrown open for man's spiritual entrance, and his soul walk with angels companions in their celestial courts, when his spirit will thankfully drink of that inspiring flood of light which emanates from the ever-shining Star of Truth, and bask beneath the orient beams of the newly-awakening Sun of Righteousness; when his heart will throb responsive to the high promptings of Humanity, benevolence, and Love, and the immortal teachings of Christ and His Disciples, for which they suffered martyrdom and persecution, dwell therein:

"I rejoice, that my inferior sight can behold the joyous dawn of that glorious era, when the resplendent Bow of Promise will span the whole ocean of Immensity, with its seven prismatic colors, - Hope, Truth, Love, Peace, Good Will, Virtue, and Salvation, - sparkling in the benignant rays of the dawning Sun of Righteousness, reflecting light and knowledge on the heart from the seven unfolding Spheres of Spiritual Progression: I rejoice that the dawn of the millenium is nigh at hand, when the reign of Truth and Love will commence on earth, and the sacred beauties of the Kingdom of heaven be unfolded to man's spiritual view and understanding; when the Blessed Land of Eternal Blessedness will be disclosed to his benighted senses, and its adoring multitude of rapt celestials shed their holy influences around his heart, made sad and dreary by its contiguity with the cold realities of a selfish and material world; when they can come and speak words of cheer to all, and illuminate their pathway to heaven, their everlasting, happy home, - with flowers of perennial beauty and unfading brightness:

"Hail, Brother, hail, the glorious dawn
Of that eventful, heavenly Morn,
When angels, from their home above,
Will speak to those on earth they love,
And bid them listen to that Voice,
Which tells them all in God rejoice,
And welcome to their homes of earth,
The temples of the Higher Birth:

"All-hail! the day is nigh at hand,
When the Ethereal, Bright-robed Band,
Shall paint, on man's interior sight,
The glories of this Land of Light,
And break the Slavish bands, which bind
The powers of his unfolding Mind,
And point him to a world above,
Where Saints will crown him with their Love.

And O! sainted Spirit, if my soul bounds with unutterable joy and expectation in the bright prospect before me; if my heart beats with rapturous feelings and blissful sensations at the thought that I may be able to commune with those I have left, at some future period, how much more are these anticipated joys and plea-

mes enhanced, when I reflect, that, perhaps, my humble influence can aid in hastening the happy dawn of this much-coveted, long-looked-for Millennium Day; when man will hear the far-echoing sounds of angel footsteps, in their "comings and goings" forth on their errands of mercy and love, and know that they are encompassed round about by a cloud of unseen witnesses, who carry in their loving hands the living Book of Judgment, on whose immortal pages they impress, in fiery words, the good and evil deeds done in the complete body:

"With all the power which I can command will I promise to employ in the onward advancement of this Heavenly Light, and to bring in holy contact Heaven and Earth, to establish a celestial telegraph between the two worlds, on which may flow bright and happy messages of Truth and Love, and sweet remembrances of affection and esteem; to hasten that golden era, when earth will no longer appear cold and cheerless, a fit abode to the liberated and persecuted soul, but a bright and beautiful habitation, rendered doubly so to the believing mind, by the strengthening presence of guardian angels, and the comforting assurance of their invisible watchfulness, and their ever-unfolding guidance and love:

"When every home will entertain,
Some Pilgrim from the Holy Plain,—
Some loving one, whose gentle soul,
Has wrote its name on memory's scroll,
And left a sacred influence there,
Of watchful guardianship and care,
To gild each heart with angel love,
And light it on to heaven above:

"I will most cheerfully buckle on my armor and shield, and enter the mighty field of Duty and Right, and wage eternal warfare against these two formidable enemies of Human Progress, Error and Superstition! With these, in this far-reaching Temple of Heaven, will I continue the work begun on earth, and disseminate those God-given teachings and principles, for which a Jesus suffered and endured an ignominious physical death, and in the promulgation of which many other exalted souls have surrendered up their lives as "living sacrifices" to God:

"While I enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God, I will not forget those who are groaning under the heavy yoke of oppression, and to whom this great and inestimable blessing of freedom is a stranger. In silence, but with power and might, will I visit these sorrowing children of tyranny, and abuse, and shed a heavenly influence around their bleeding hearts, and revive their temporary bondage, by pointing their souls to a land of liberty beyond, where chains are never forged for the limbs of any of God's children, and where the enslaved and fettered become free the moment their weary feet cross the boundary lines which divide Time from Eternity:

"In the Legislative Halls of my country, shall my voice ring with strains of freedom, and utter its fierce denunciations of human oppression, and evils, of every nature. No sin, however finite or monstrous, shall ever "elude the pursuit" of the eye which never slumbers, but "dragged to the moral gaze" of the awakened community, it shall be divested of its cloaked deformities, and divested of all its hypocritical colors. It shall be my province "to move the hearts of the people" to a sound, realizing sense, of their country's danger, in nourishing in its bosom, the Monster, Slavery, and to warn them to flee from the wrath to come. With God's help, I

will grapple with this hideous serpent, grown to such gigantic size, and aid in crushing it out of human existence, nor shall my soul be satisfied, while my spiritual eyes behold "the last, agonizing, death coils" of this monster, ere more to terrify into life, to poison the moral atmosphere of Humanity with its steady virus:

"Now, angelic being, will I stand my humble answer to close, simple, I am aware, have been the words with which I have clothed my language, but, I trust, they will prove sufficient to convey to you a finite delineation of the lively emotions and feelings which thrill my overflowing heart, in consideration of the sincere welcome which you, and your celestial associates, have extended to me. In conclusion, I can only say, that their glorious benedictions and counsels shall be treasured by me, and employed in the development of each moral attribute of my nature, and in the promulgation and spread of unifying Truth among the benighted nations of earth. May God, beloved Minister, sanctify this re-union to our everlasting good, and crown us with the glory of His Holy Spirit, forevermore. Amen."

25th With this reply concluded the Welcome Salutation of that True Christian, Peter Whitney. During the whole of its delivery we were encircled by a high and exalted group of Heaven's Celestials, who attested their extreme happiness and delight in our first reunion in their marked attention and earnestness of manner.

When my answer was uttered, at the moment of its conclusion, showers of flower-wreathed garlands fell at our feet, Eden with the perfume of celestial love and appreciation. Over our heads still floated a glorious band of angels, with golden

harps in hand, chanting melodious music of their spheres, tuneful and wafting their inspiring symphonies along the fragrant air of Heaven.

But to attempt to describe all the brilliant scenes which burst upon my enamored vision, attendant upon my entrance into the eternal joys of Paradise, would be utterly impossible, were I disposed to do so, at the very protracted stage of this letter, and therefore must content myself with relating only a few of the sublime beauties which welcomed my earth-emancipated spirit in its aerial flight to the realms of glory.

Time furthermore warns me that I am encroaching too much upon the valuable powers and patience of this medium, and thus perhaps preventing other intelligences from giving forth to the world their own external evidences of spirit direction and guidance. Bear with me, O Sainted Powers of Heaven, a while longer, in the humble, but Christian undertaking, in which I am engaged, and then, through a suspension of my control, Thou will be better enabled to accomplish Thine own loving purposes and intentions, and present to mankind clearer testimonies of celestial individuality than even I have done!

It will not be expected by my readers, that I can possibly state all the names of the different spirits who greeted me on the shores of Infinite Being, or relate the many beautiful passages and sayings which were wove into this long and most magnificent chain of communication. It would require an almost endless period to perform even one-half of the sublime teachings which were advanced by the angels in their reception address; and surely, the very limited life-time of a child of earth would hardly have sufficient to convey even a little of the supernal beau-

ties attendant upon the introduction of a spirit into its Immortal Home. Indeed, the Seraph life is but one grand Reception-Day; each hour, measuring Eternity for a moment by the divisions of Time, brings some new spiritual acquaintance with it, to congratulate one another on their release from corporeity.

In my presentation of these Angelic Communications and Welcome Addresses, I do it with the hope that it will bring some wandering soul back to the right fold, and lead it in repentance to the Father's Throne; that it will furnish incentives to all to improve the time allotted to them on earth, in planting in their souls those immortal germs which are to expand forever, and to prepare them for a higher unfolding on Eternity's Shore, so that, when the spirit bids farewell to its mouldering mortality it may feel itself eminently qualified to enjoy the elevated companionship of the good and excellent on Zion's Plain, and to be welcomed home to their eternal society by the approving benediction of "Well done," "Well done!"

O! may the soul prepare below,
To tread those Shining Walks above,
Where infinite joys eternal flow,
And every heart is filled with love;
'Tis only through a noble strife,
A struggle 'gainst the power of wrong,
That we can gain that Higher Life,
Where we shall meet God's Ransomed Throng.

Remember, you cannot abuse,
The powers which God to you has given,
You cannot scorn, cannot refuse,
The light which cometh down from Heaven,

And think Angels an equal seat,
With those who've suffered for the Right,
Or on the Bliss-ful shore to meet,
The good around the Throne of Light.

27th

In order to attain the goal,
Where dwell the excellent and great,
On earth below, th' immortal soul,
Must seek to gain that happy state,
By Laboring in the boundless field
Of Truth, Humanity, and Right,
And wielding, with resistless shield,
The sword of Justice and of Might.

Then rally in each cause of Love,
Ye who desire a joyous seat,
Around the brilliant Throne above,
To sit at our dear Father's feet,
Where the pure and virtuous dwell,
And glory sits upon each brow,
Where none will breathe a last farewell,
And Heaven is our Eternal Now!

'Tis there th' immortal soul will meet
With those it dearly loved before;—
'Tis there around the mercy seat,
'Twill greet the friend, and also foe;
The Heart of Discord will be tuned
To the heavenly music of the spheres,
And every face will light with joy,
Bedewed with affection's holy tears.

I must now pass onward in my long recession communication, by recording on these pages the brief, but glorious salutation of one other Immortal Spirit, whose brilliant life and example is written, in glowing deeds of valor and honor, on the Eternal Scroll of Fame, and deeply engraved on the monuments of gratitude, in a Nation's heart and affection.

That exalted spirit, that noble heart, beating with the love of the great Father and the pulsations of a true Humanity, that form, of ethereal brightness, decked in the flowing garments of Purity and Truth, stood majestically before me, prepared to welcome the new-born spirit of John Quincy Adams to the World of Infinite Peace and Joy!

It will be remembered, that, in the earlier portion of this letter, I related the meeting with Lafayette, who was accompanied by the glorified spirit of George Washington in his celestial passage from the Upper Spheres of Heaven, but who remained behind when he had reached a certain circle in the Spirit Life, until the first-named immortal, together with others, had extended to me a divine salutation to the spheres of never-ending peace and progression!

Furthermore, it will be seen, that I made mention, at a later point in this message, of the name of Washington in connection with that of Napoleon, to prove that, in his illustrious public career, he was sustained by the strengthening influences of invisible beings, who aided him in the accomplishment of that great work of American Independence, which had early enlisted the powers of his mind and soul:

And now, that illustrious spirit, that "God-send" to mankind, that noble Sage of History, on the anniversary of whose Mineral Birth-Day was this very long letter commenced, approaches

my sphere of development, to welcome me to his blest society, and the never-ending friendship of his "trust-worthy compatriot," and thus to close up, with his beautiful greeting, this splendid Celestial Introduction to the Mansions of Purity.

30th My most faithful Instructor and Guide, Lafayette, then recedes from my sight for a brief period, and in a few moments is seen returning, accompanied by the beautiful spirit of him, who, when on earth, bore the name of George Washington, and whose illustrious life bears unmistakable evidences of the great principles of the doctrine of Progression, and conclusive proofs of the watchful attendance and guardianship of the ministering powers of Heaven. Nearer that Beatified Immortal approximates to me, with the kindred spirit of Lafayette leaning upon his arm, until they reach my circle of affinity, when the last-named illustrious personage waves me an introduction, on the Shores of the Heavenly Country, to the exalted spirit of George Washington!

But he comes not from his sphere of development alone, and attended merely by spirit of Lafayette, but other glorious celestials accompany him, among whom appear his beloved parents, and the sainted partner of his joys and sorrows of earth, while over him, a little distance from the circle of affinity in which we stand, hovers a band of purified beings, on glancing at which, my soul was able to perceive the familiar countenances of many devoted friends, who heroically struggled by his side in the memorable War of the Revolution.

And there, to my vision, were they still, watching, with former interest and solicitude, the immortal destinies of one, whom they delighted to call on earth their Commander and Chief. With a deep, earnest, and honorable love, born in their hearts amid the trials and agonies, and in defence of a just and noble

cause, in the espousal of which the good Washington bore so conspicuous a part,- the mere separation of the soul from the material body, did not quench the sparks of that love, nestled in the immortal spirit, through protracted seasons of unprecedented distress and suffering; but became more pure and refined in its spiritual contact with its own congenial affinities.

I saw them entering still by the side of Washington in the new bloodless field of Human Rights,

Contending for the cause of all,-
The cause in which our fathers fought,
That Heaven's black and heavy pall,
No more may stain the land their blood has bought.

Their love for freedom and humanity I perceived was as strong as when they fought below on the bloody battle field, for the equal rights of all; yea, that love was stronger, and far more beautiful and intensified than it possibly could have been when they traversed the theatre of mortal strife and contention; for now, through the keen, discriminating eye of the spiritual perceptions, are they enabled to see and to better understand the weaknesses and failings of Human Nature, and the remedies to be applied to heal them of their present unhealthy conditions.

Bound in a glorious band of Brotherhood, do they labor together in the same divine cause, to work out the redemption of their fellow-creatures from the bondage of iniquity and corruption. Untiringly do they watch over their oppressed brethren, and breathe consolation and cheer to their wounded hearts. With a love that knows no alienation, do they guard the gloomy destinies of their slavery-stricken country, and labor with Christian might

and zeal, to overthrow the greatest curse to its rising prosperity and progress, and implant in it a government which will dispense to all the rightful blessings of Liberty and Peace, and under which all may find unmolested protection and happiness!

It will be seen, by turning to the commencement of this communication, that I stated, when Lafayette and Washington first made their appearance to my spiritual vision, they were clad, not in the garments my mind would have conjectured they would have been, but in full military costume, similar to that worn by the patriots of revolutionary times.

It will be well to state, in this particular connection, that immortals are empowered with authority and means to make themselves visible to their friends in any shape or manner which they please to suit their own wishes or intentions. Out of the thin, light texture, which forms the ethereal atmosphere, they are able to create, or to form at will, any shape, appearance, or color, which may be necessary or essential to more clearly identify themselves to their personal or individual friends and acquaintances.

Oct 1, [illegible] Thus it was in the instance of Washington and Lafayette, who presented themselves to my mortal vision, accoutred in the habiliments of war, that I might better be able to recognize them in their new home, and to distinguish them from the many millions who were sailing, on the wings of eternal love, through the balmy atmosphere of the heavenly country.

And also, in the great vision of the Battle, the spirit form of Joan of Arc was clad in military costume, similar to that in appearance and color worn by that noble, heroic woman, on that ever memorable occasion, when at the head of a powerful army, she valiantly marched, guided by the invisible powers of heaven,

against a foreign usurping nation, to place on the Imperial Throne of France an ungrateful monarch.

But as soon as they had answered their loving intents and wishes, and had clearly presented their individuality to my mind, they laid aside, on the volatile application of the will-power, their "battle-accoutrements," and invested themselves in their "Ascension Robes," - those snow-white robes, in which I had always supposed the angels were clothed, and emblematical of their purity of heart, and the holiness of their mission.

God be praised for these evidences of His almighty wisdom and goodness! Here, in His "many mansions," the immortal soul, a part and parcel of His own Divine Spirit, - the essence and quintessence of His Express Image, - unfettered and free from the trammels of the corruptible form, can permeate the vast expanse of mind and matter, - visit the friends on the terrestrial globe, and, out of the gauze-like air of our balmy atmosphere, manufacture at will, those necessary identities and conditions, - clothe themselves, to the interior sight, in those garments, similar in appearance and shape to those worn on earth, which are essential to individualize perfectly the spirit to the internal capacities of those to whom they are desirous of making themselves known.

And I am informed, that the eye of prophecy, - which is the eye of the spirit, - is able to fathom the mysterious windings of the future, and discern the blessed proximity of that golden era, when the world will be so far improved in public morality and refinement and thought, that its children will be better qualified to enter the kingdom of heaven, and to entertain, while below, its immortal inhabitants in their homes of earth; when those bright citizens from above, will wing their celestial flight to the boundaries of time, laden with the most precious remembrances of their harmonial sphere, and all

will feel themselves fully prepared to receive them; when mortals will behold, in their every-day life, the bright spirits of their loved, departed friends walking by their sides, as visibly to their outer senses as when on earth, and feel their cooling breath of affection as they whisper consolation and peace to the heart -

God grant the era soon may come,
When man shall fully realize,
That angels, from their sainted home,
Can guard him with their watchful eyes,
And elevate his soul above,
The terrestrial things of mortal time,
To yonder realm, where Infinite Love,
Pervades each soul in Eden's clime.

And I know that every believing Christian heart, will respond to this prayer, uttered in deep sincerity and truth, and trust, - that will aid in hastening the period when the glorious beauties of heaven will be more visibly exemplified on earth, and love, the highest attribute of Deity, find a congenial home in each heart, and be the controlling element of each action; when, in each home of earth, saddened by the departure of some loved one, will still be seen the cherished form, and the gentle accents emanating from the unbodied heart, and the silent voice of long-tried affection and sympathy; when the arches of the lovely, as well as the lovely, will echo with the sounds of angelic goodness, and each soul therein made glad by the celestial teachings and words of comfort breathed forth by the "adoring multitude;" when the ever-bound spirit will hear the tones of redemption whispered by Immortal Minds, as, with the finger of Faith and Hope, they point it onward to Salvation and to Heaven; and

finally, when every soul will become so immaculate and refined in its spiritual condition, that angels may readily find a welcome habitation within, and light up into living fire the slumbering embers of truth and virtue, and breathe, with pure and ennobling thoughts, the sweet spirit in man's channeled nature; when every heart can, with sincerity and fervent regard for the truth, offer the following sublime prayer:

"I thank thee, O God, that thou hast blest me with a knowledge of thy holy kingdom, and that the purity of my heart and outer life is such that thou hast vouchsafed unto me the guidance of one of the stars from out thy celestial galaxy, to be a heavenly light and ministering angel to my soul through time and into eternity. Keep my heart bright, and bring me into sweet communion with thee day by day, and crown my spirit, in its emancipation from corporeity, with an elevated seat by thy throne of grace, to dwell with thee through endless ages. Amen."

But pardon me for this digression from my original subject. I will attract now the attention of my readers to the inspiration address of George Washington, who has been so appropriately styled, by a noble patriot of earth, but now basking among the Heavenly Pleiades, as a Man who was "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

When Lafayette had spiritually introduced me to the sainted spirit of George Washington, with whom my acquaintance began on earth, that glorious seraph approached me, attended by his "faithful host" of archangels, and having like others of the innumerable caravan, clasped my spirit-hands, briefly addressed me as follows:

"Exalted spirit of my John Quincy Adams! Glorious are the teachings which the immortal children of heaven have breathed to thy ministering spirit, on its entrance to the refined enjoyments of the celestial kingdom! Beautiful have been the golden thoughts which they have sprinkled in thy spiritual pathway and inlaid in the unfolding affections of thy awakened soul!

"Bright and fragrant are the flowers of eternal love, which they have entwined in priceless garlands for thy immortal brow, and sweet has been their perfume, which has ascended as incense to the Throne of the Living Father. Around your earth-released spirit have fallen their beneficent counsels and benedictions, like the gentle drippings of summer rain on the thirsty earth!

"Already has your emancipated soul deeply imbibed the living waters from the Eternal Source of Truth, and bathed in the cooling streams of salvation and love. Gently have the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness poured their radiating light and influence on your newly-awakened life, and illuminated your nature with their all-permeating power!

"Sublime has been thy introduction, O inspiring Spirit of Heaven! into the land of sunny memories and glorious delights! In the Halls of thy country where, with faithfulness and honor, thou hast most nobly served her highest interests, God called thee from thy Post of Duty to an elevated office in His Celestial Republic where, still to labor for Humanity and Truth!

"Thy life on earth bears the glorious evidence and proof, that thou wast a Progressive Man! Born and cradled amid the heavy thunders of the American Revolution, early nurtured in the severe school of experimental trial and trouble, thy soul was better enabled to imbibe, from experience, the elementary principles of Progressive Truth and Justice, and to preserve, pure and unstained, the equal rights and immunities of all.

"It must be a great source of happiness and comfort to thee, dear brother, to be able to retrospect thy past life, and reflect that thy many good deeds and faithful services in the cause of humanity, have merited the approbation of the angels in heaven, and won for thee so glorious a recompense as the brilliant welcome which you have received.

"Under the guidance, and (to thee) unconscious control of the highest and most devoted of celestial intelligences, with the strong aid and assistance of thine own progressive capacities, is it to be wondered at, that thy material life should bear such unmistakable proofs of spiritual advancement, and that thy soul was abundantly able to bear the storms of political antagonisms?.

"Faithful and true have these Blessed Ones proved to thee, and unfettered as thy soul in the dark hours of thy earthly life, the strengthening influences of their inspiring presence, and the immaculate purity of their love and affection. With unsleeping vigilance have they guarded thy rising destinies, and proved thee to possess fame and renown.

"But out of the numberless millions which throng the star-environed heavens, there was one particular luminary selected from the ethereal Essence at the moment of thy Primeval Birth, to be thy future guardian angel, and to walk side by side with thee, through the rough stages of thy terrestrial existence.

"That noble spirit is one well known to historic fame, and immortalized on earth, as well as in heaven, for the unbounded good which he has performed to mankind, both in the dark Age in which he lived, and in the incoming ages of the world, which has realized, and will continue to realize, through all future time, the purity of his brilliantly transmitted life and example, as well

as the glorious fruits of his great and Godlike work of Spiritual Reformation.

"Thy Interior sight has not as yet beheld that sainted form in its Seraph Home. The moment thy spirit emancipated itself from the outer tabernacle, that guardian angel commissioned a wife of bright immortals, moving in their own sphere of harmonious affinity, to go and attend thy heaven-born soul to the radiant Kingdom of peace and joy, retiring itself for a few moments, to await thy blissful coming, and to grant to thy immediate first first privileges of a glorious welcome.

"And now, dear brother, it is my most pleasant lot, in the closing scene of this magnificent greeting, to introduce to your spiritual notice this immortal personage, and reveal to you the name of one, which, I know, will awaken in your soul a thrill of intense delight, as well as feelings of deep and earnest gratitude to the celestial being who so faithfully proved thy Guardian of the Day and Watchman of the Night, and unerring Guide of thy whole life.

"Behold that noble, that exalted spirit, in its native heaven, still discharging its highest function of its immortal being, and beaming, the same as when on earth, to emancipate the whole family of man from the thraldom of ignorance and error; see him, as with beaming eyes, and a countenance radiant with holy love and intelligence, he gazes from his high habitation, on the beloved spirit of one whom he employed as an instrument to advance the great work of Humanity, and the sacred cause of Liberty.

"Possessed of indomitable firmness and courage, and a persevering will to perform any good work in which he might engage, endowed with great strength of mind, and a spirit of intellectual, moral, and moral progress, he stands the mighty era of Ref-

ennation on its progressive track, amid trials and dangers seemingly insurmountable, and, in the age in which he dwelt on earth, almost unendurable; but that noble, adventurous spirit, guided not by unyielding difficulties and persecutions, bowed to the unerring will and dictation of a large numerical majority, but bearing God more than the persecutions of Man, living Faith and Humanity more than earthly life, he moved along in his glorious sphere of duty, planting on the Eternal Rock of Ages, the foundation of Church Universal, supported by the pillars of Immortal Love and Holiness, and beneath whose capacious dome the whole family of man might gather together, and worship, in spirit and in truth, the same God, the same Eternal Being and Father and Mother of All!

"And now, from his elevated station in the kingdom of heaven, he spans the world of ephemeral things, with an expanded sphere of vision, and views, with delight, the triumphant success of his well-laid plans. The seeds of Truth and Progression which was sown by his hands, have taken deep root, and, with untold pleasure and joy, the Celestials patiently reaping a golden harvest in their blessed fruits. All true-hearted, devoted Christians, cherish his earthly memory with pride, - emblem on their hearts the virtues of his heroic nature, and imbibe, within their souls, the sublime attribute of firmness, so essential in the adversary of an unfortunate, but true principle, and who was so gloriously illustrated and intensified in the immortal character of thy invisible ministering spirit.

"But I will no longer keep thee in suspense as to the earthly name of thy guardian angel, who so faithfully guided thee in thy pilgrimage below; and whose immortal destiny, with ours, is eternally interwoven with thine own; but ere my mortal breathes forth his honored name, thy celestial vision shall behold the glory of his radiant countenance, and feast, with rapture and delight, on the glowing virtues reflected from his immortal soul. Cast thy expanded vision upwards, and behold the Protector of thy life, and the Heaven light of thy spirit!"

At this juncture, Washington ceased in his Welcome Address, for a few moments, while, with his finger, he pointed my spirit upward. At that instant, my vision was attracted to a beautiful cloud of light, - sparkling, with great lustre, beneath the gorgeous beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Within the centre of that dazzling cloud, was seen a Star, of the first magnitude, surrounded by twelve satellites, of equal power and beauty. On its nearer approach to me, I was empowered to perceive, that those brilliant orbs enveloped the resplendent forms of exalted intelligences, full of life and joyous activity.

When that glorious Star of Immortal Life had reached a given point in the celestial sky, it ceased its harmonious flowings, while off of its smooth and glistening form glided three Stars of glory, and, floating away on the light, silvery atmosphere, of the ethereal Heavens, approached nearer and nearer our sphere of Progression, until they hovered, in magnificent splendor, a little above our heads. Then gently they ascended to my spirit vision, until each spirited figure was revealed to my overjoyed soul; and, then collecting together in a beautiful circle, they nearer approximated to my side, until their radiant features were perfectly visible to my sight. And on the glowing mind of the one in the centre I read the name of my illustrious Guardian, - the immortal name of

"Martin Luther:"

while those encircling him, alike honored for their devotion to duty and right under trying emergencies, bore the well-known names of

"Ma Lauréthan, Dryden, Burns,
Servius, Franklin, Archimedes, Themistocles,
Penn, Swedenborg, Galileo,
Bunyan, Milton."

When these glorious personages had reached my sphere, the spirit of Washington then advanced to the side of Luther, and, waving his hand, motioned me to approach him; then, uniting our souls in the bond of affinity, he introduced me to the beautiful spirit of Martin Luther, and his intelligent circle of celestial companions, in the following few words:

"Privilege me, John Quincy Adams, to introduce to your spiritual acquaintance and eternal society, your Guardian Friend and Defender of earth,—Martin Luther;—whose firm adherence to the immortal principles of Right, you have read much in history, and whose life was devoted to the cause of Reformation, and to the spread of true and liberal Christianity among the children of the Terrestrial Globe!

"Permit me, also, to introduce you to his distinguished associates and co-workers in the great cause of benevolence and love, whose Christian deeds are written, in glowing epitaphs, on the immortal pages of history's literature, and whose sublime teachings are as household words to the mighty family of man. All but two of the illustrious twelve left the abiding-place below many years before my soul was born into the ephemeral tenement for the body habitation into which my spirit has been so auspiciously ushered. The other two departed material life when my mortal body was comparatively young in years, and when my earthly star began to culminate in the sky of political fame and honor.

Oct. 4. "With fidelity has thy Ministering Spirit hovered near thee, in fraternal companionship with his glorious circle of twelve, and strengthened thee in many a dark hour of trial and woe, and smoothed thy way to tread the troubled waters of political life. In a halo of celestial light and glory have they floated above thy head during the heavy night of agitation and persecution, and inspired thy heart with a divine courage in the performance of thy noble duties—never so gloriously realized as when the foaming billows of oppression and tyranny were at their highest tide.

"Even when thy valuable earthly life was threatened by thy ministerial foes, the enemies of Progressive Truth and Liberty, their still small voice whispered its gentle utterances of hope and future triumph in thine ear, and bade thee, go on in thy momentous work, keeping in sacred remembrance the holy cause of him, who suffered persecution and an ignoble death for Truth's glorious sake, but who never flinched, according to the transmitted records of Scriptural History, from those divine principles of Right in which he had embarked his highest aspirations.

"The delightful, much-coveted privilege of introducing you to the faithful friendship of these, thy ministering guides, is now reserved for me. In their future eternal society with your immortal soul reside, and through the pure, refining influences of their Christian companionship, elevate the high-born affections and sympathies of your aspiring nature, and sometime still to be an instrument with and for them to hasten on the joyous advent of that day, when the light of the great Gospel of Truth will find its way into the dark crevices of man's heart, and revive, into living fire, the sparks of Eternal Truth and wisdom which lay dormant within. Welcome, then, thrice welcome, to the ever-enduring society of these Beacon-lights of Intelligence and Purity!"

When Washington had concluded this Introductory Address, he advanced to the spirit of Martin Luther, and presented him

to one as my earthly Guardian Angel; then in turn he introduced me to his glorified companions, who individually welcomed me to their exalted circle of spiritual friendship.

When these happy scenes had concluded their earthly greetings, Washington, for a moment, retired one side, when, further approaching me, and opening the introduction to his immortal presence in the following very few words:

"Devoted Brother in the cause of liberty and Truth: When thy soul traversed the thorny hedges of mortal being, I was indeed thy Guardian Angel. At the hour of thy first birth, my soul, in its flight from heaven to earth, hovered over the infant bud, and, through the eye of vision, was enabled to perceive, that its future unfoldings would be glorious and sublime, and fragrant with seeds of immortal goodness and honor.

"I was also privileged to discern, in that little germ, the immortal fruitions of purity and virtue, and great strength of power and influence, and that it only needed the careful guardianship of angelic powers to develop its beautiful qualities, and open, into full maturity, the most exalted capacities of its internal being; that, through the influences of the Agents of heaven, it could be so purely unfolded, as to be employed by them as an unconscious instrument to accomplish great and everlasting good:

"Therefore, attracted to it by the spirit of affinity, I hovered over and watched, with constant care and attention, the development of that precious seed of Promise, - watered it with the dew-drops of celestial love, and tenderly guarded it with a more than parental affection, until it should flower in manly beauty and virtue, and send forth to the world the fragrance of its pure and beneficent influence, and the glory of its emigrant power.

"Nor was I disappointed in my anticipations; in the steady firmness of the youthful spirit, I saw presaged the future greatness of the Man, and the deep-rooted germs of a noble development; and I beheld, with pride and satisfaction, the seeds early planted in thy nature springing up into vigorous plants, and bearing, in their maturer years, the golden fruits of Humanity and Truth. And with a vigilant eye have I guarded your destinies, watched with anxiety your private as well as public career, and inspired your soul with strength, and bright visions of success, when it faltered in its Laborious duties.

"Now is it my unspeakable pleasure to welcome thy spirit home to the abodes of light and purity, - the precious plant, which spread so auspiciously beneath the holy guardianship of angels, has been transplated from earth to heaven, and engrafted on the Tree of Immortal Life, there to blossom in greater power and splendor, and unfold immortal fruits of celestial enjoyment and happiness. Thy Heavenly Father has visited out to thee a glorious recompense for thy well-performed work below, and awarded to thy freed spirit a high seat in His Holy Kingdom. May thy soul aspire to still higher spheres of heavenly existence, through wider-extended fields of Labor, and a more universal communication of the mighty doctrines of Eternal Brotherhood and Love.

"Welcome now, radiant spirit of light and purity, to this Temple of the Most High God, and to the purified companionship of its celestial worshippers. Welcome to its immortal congregation, the children of the one Immortal Parent! Welcome to our flower-lined bowers, - to the Land of sunny streams, - to the Holy City of the Pilgrim's search! Welcome to the many mansions in the Father's House, and their unspeakable glories! Welcome to the presence of thy beloved Friends, Children, Brothers, Sisters, Friends, - to the Whole Immeasurable Caravan! Thy Guardian Genius bids thee welcome, thrice welcome, to an Eternal Home in Paradise!"

7th When the Spirit of Luther had closed the introduction to his mar-
and cordial address, by which my released soul became united to his in
everlasting glory and happiness, the following brief reply was echoed fr
my mind:

"I thank Thee, radiant Spirit of Love, for these manifestations
of thy regard, and for the convincing evidences, with which you have
visited me of your celestial guidance and control. Grateful above all
do I feel to my Heavenly Father, for vouchsafing unto my earthly
life so resplendent a "Light" from this Star-bestrewed Galaxy, and
for other glorious proofs of Almighty Wisdom and Power!

"And to Thee, bright Guardian of my existence, and to these, thy
revolving satellites of light and purity, do I offer the fervent outpouring
of my spirit for the sweet exhortations and counsels which you silently
and, to me, unconsciously, impressed upon my heart, and for the strength
and courage which you imparted to my soul on all occasions of trial
and persecution:

"O! had I possessed the knowledge, when on earth, that I was su
rounded by so elevated a class of immortals, who were instructing and
guiding my feet aright amid the various contingencies of life, - had the
great Father but unclosed the gates of heaven to my conscious perce
tions, and privileged my eyes to behold the gleaming of my loving
hosts, - still greater, it seems to me, would have been my wish and st
dies to advocate the broad principles of Universal Brotherhood, and to
redeem my country from its foulest stain and curse. But it was reser
ed for others to witness the dawning of that era, when angels would au
dibly speak to the children of earth, and consciously impress them with the
endearing contiguity.

"And in return for thy manifold favors, and for the unremitt
attendance of thy spirit through the hours of bitter trial and suffering,

can only say, I thank you. I rejoice, that I have the opportunity, in the presence
of these glorified beings, to thus attest to you the fervent gratitude of my
soul, and to promise eternal fidelity to those immutable principles, which
your hands aided in planting in my nature, and which have become as fixed
laws in my spiritual being.

"To thy pure society has my Heavenly Father called me, to
commingle in its refining influences, and to elevate my soul through the en-
nobling atmosphere of love which surrounds thy radiant circle of affinity. The
work which engaged the capacities of my mortal being, and which your cel-
estial power helped to strengthen, shall occupy still the energies of my high-
er life, and cause me to feel more than ever, the importance of sacredly
fulfilling my appointed mission.

"O! may our souls in union blend,
Around our Father's Throne of Light;
And work together to extend,
The cause of Liberty and Right.

"And let us seek, with all the power
Which we, as Sons of God, possess,
To hasten on that glorious hour,
When Truth and Love the world shall bless;

"And every soul shall feel the worth
Of this great Blessing to us given,
And hold communion, while on earth,
With those whose onward passed to Heaven.

"Now, bright Guardian of my life, do I wed my labors of love and be-
reverence to thine. Even as thou wert associated with my life before, so will

our spirits unite in our Christian cause of Love and righteousness, on the Shores of Everlasting Bliss. Thanking you, and my Heavenly Father, for the guardianship and guidance of the glorious past, and for the bright glorious visions and promises of the Present and Future, I pledge myself my humble talents to the support of Truth's great Gospel, and to the perpetuation of the doctrines of Peace, Love, and Fraternal Brotherhood, among the children composing the great family of man. Accept again the sentiments of my overflowing nature, and gratitude, the depth of which human Language cannot convey,

"Not words, express, nor tongue speak."

With this address closed my opening acquaintance with the illustrious spirit of my Guardian Genius, Martin Luther, and his celestial companions. To say, that I felt a considerable degree of pride, on being informed of the name of my exalted Guide, would be stating that which all must well know; and elevating indeed must be that life, which is guided by such a brilliant array of spirits, as that which encircled the heavenly form of the noble Reformer, the Eloquent Defender and champion of despised, insulted Truth! Martin Luther!

It may well be stated, that, when the form of Luther first presented itself to my vision in the Star before-mentioned, it was clad in habiliments similar to those in appearance worn in the days when it haunted the earthly casket; but when he had concluded his introductory message to me, he cast aside this vestment, and arrayed his shining form in a long, flowing robe, of transparent brilliancy, excelling, in transcendent splendor, and power, even

"The glory of the King of Day,
The brightest luminary of the Starry West."

Oct. 9th. After this beautiful transformation, this glorious congregation of spirits encircled themselves around my form, mingling in the society of those who had welcomed me hitherto to their Celestial Bowers. Then floated on the spirit-air the sweet, musical tones of angelic love, as they broke from the harmonious strings of a thousand harps, as they were touched by the gentle fingers of loving seraphs; while from their lips were wafted the songs of redeeming praise, as welcome to my unfolding soul:

"Welcome to our glorious Land,
Our Land of peace above
Where Gods eternal, Bright-robed band,
Sing songs of endless love.

"O! welcome to the home of peace,
Where sorrow never reach;
But where the soul, from earth released,
In Truth's Glorious Gospel teach.

"Rest on each heart, O radiant-one!
The glory of thy light,
And seek each spirit to control,
With Purity and Right.

"Thrice welcome to our Paradise,
O Child of Truth and Love,-
Among the stars which crown our skies,
Enthrone thyself above!"

When this song of Welcome was finished, and after my introduction to Luther, and his exalted companions, the Spirit of George Washing-

ton again advanced to me, and continued his Greeting in the following beautiful language:

423 h

"When dwelling amid the trials and embarrassments of mortal being, it was my lot, as you are well aware, to engage in the commotions and strifes of the bloody battle-field, and war against the usurped might and power of the oppressor and wrong-doer. At the head of a small, and, I might say, an almost powerless army, I marched forward to fight my country's battles, strengthened and assisted by the united wisdom and patriotism of as glorious a Body of Spirits as ever assembled in Congressional Convention, in the United States, or in any government of the habitable globe.

"Suffering from the encroachments and oppressions of foreign powers, and from the tyrannical usurpations of a licentious monarch, — suffering from the heavy taxes and other acts of special inhumanity imposed upon them, — that noble and patriotic Body of Spirits, — known to Fame as the First American Congress, — assembled together, and resolved to sever the bond of union which allied them to the mother country, and disavow all allegiance to the hereditary monarch who swayed the eastern empire with his misrule, and disgraced the royal throne of England with his "Imperial Presence!"

"And never was there a more worthy cause, which required the honorable attention of a class of minds, than that which called forth the active energies of the patriots of the Revolution. Conscious, by all law, human and divine, that they were in the right, — enduring sufferings and penalties wrongfully inflicted, — assured by the fact, that all men are created free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, — feeling that monarchs, Presidents, or Governors, or rulers bearing whatever nomenclatures, should derive their power by the consent of the governed, — they u-

nitedly resolved to resist the overbearing insolence and persecutions of a perverted Government, and to form themselves into an independent Nation.

"Therefore, these noble Intellects convened together, — in one harmonious Body, — knowing, that in Union there is strength, — drafted a Declaration of Independence, — the sublimest feature of which is that which declares the Christian principle of Universal Freedom, — enrolled, "without fear and trembling," their names thereon, and thus, through their fearless avowal of rights, crowned their brows with immortal laurels, and embalmed their virtues in the remembrance of the just and good:

"In the framing of that Declaration of Principles, it was the intention of its Originators and Signers to have its broad and ample shield cover, with equal protection, the whole family of man, without distinction of color, or caste. With the eye of Justice, and by the Laws of Nature, they saw that but One God, — a No Respecter of Persons, — governed all his children with impartial love, and that He had created them with certain and inalienable rights, among which is the just and glorious right of self-ownership!

"And, believing in this self-evident truth, did these Immortal Minds seek to frame a Government under that sacred instrument, whose principles and doctrines should perfectly harmonize with the Divine Laws of Nature and the Moral Government of God, and under which, they indulged the hope, that all would find peace and protection, and fraternally dwell together in a great Family of Brotherhood, as the children of the one Impartial Father should dwell!

"But ere this instrument was signed, sealed, and delivered, the world, which absolved, by written promises and declarations, these patriot children of 76 from all allegiance to the British Crown, they were uttering, in more potent tones, their thundering remonstrances against all tyranny and oppression, on the battle plains of Concord and Lexington, at Monmouth, Yorktown, Saratoga, and lastly, that grand finale to the dra-

ma of the Revolution, on the heights of Bunker Hill, and reading, as they hoped, with their purest life-blood, the future eternal liberty and prosperity of their fondly beloved and idolized country!

Oct. 10th "And by the consent and approbation of these Liberty-Loving patriots, was I placed at the head of the American Army and Navy, to assist in working out the salvation of my country, and to pave the way for placing "Young America" foremost in the ranks of free Republics; why life was spared to a sufficient length of time on earth, to see the independence of my native land achieved, and the stepping stone laid for a free dissemination of the God-bestowed blessings of universal, Religious Liberty, and Unlimited Freedom to all.

"Soon after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, as you well know, the then "little colonists" established themselves into a separate Government, draughted a Constitution to their liking, and, as they thought, at that time, consistent with the circumstances of their unfortunate condition, and hoped, under its provisions, to enjoy perfect freedom and unmolested prosperity; but how sadly were they doomed to disappointment!

"Instead of seeing the Constitution, which they loved and revered on earth, a strong arm of protection for all, a shield to the defenceless, and a Hope to the weak, they saw it subverted to unholy ends and purposes, to answer the unchristian designs of a wicked Oligarchy; they saw it employed to strengthen sins of monstrous growth, and to screen and give countenance to, the hateful system of human slavery; and now, from their high and elevated home in heaven, it is their fervent desire and wish, yea, their intention, to extricate from that instrument every clause which seems to lean in the slightest toward oppression and injustice, and make it, what it should be, a Constitution of Principle and Equality.

"With us, dear Brother, Constitutions, Compromises, and Unions are as mere atoms or nonentities, when the mighty question of Human Liberty

is involved. When they cease to embrace principles consistent with the fundamental laws of God's Moral Government, they are not worth preserving, and, therefore, in the common course of Nature, must die.

"A Union which owes its strength and vitality to the perpetuation and endurance of human slavery, cannot, nor will not, secure the sanction of the Christian; and he who says, 'I will help sustain and preserve such a guilty alliance,' is either unpardonably ignorant of the essential principles which should constitute a true and liberal Union, or proves himself a hypocrite. Man cannot serve God and Mammon too. He carries not the true Christian in his heart, when it is robbed of its two highest attributes, the love of God and love of Man. A Union, to receive the approbation of the Most High, must be consistent with good deeds, and redolent with the sentiments and sensibilities of Humanity.

"The brave spirits who framed the Declaration of Independence, and the signers who immortalized it through their signatures, as well as those who gave time and effect to the so-called Federal Constitution, have nearly, if not all, passed away from earth to their respective spheres in the Heavenly Home. Unseen, but not unfelt of men, they hover over the destinies of their once-beloved country, and weep scalding tear-drops of sorrow and pity over its many sins and imperfections, and pray to the Ruler of Nations for its speedy deliverance.

"But through the eye of prophecy, they are able to discern, that, in not distant day, the Union which they cemented together by their blood and tears, and hoped to see pinnacled of its greatest glory and immortality, will be shattered to pieces on the Rocks of Disunion, and that this, the hydra-headed Monster, Slavery, will receive its fatal death-blow; and joyous and delight in the thought, that, in this moral warfare of right and justice, this work of humanity and principle, the angels in Heaven, God's Ministers of Grace and Salvation, can assist in bringing about so glorious and desirable a consummation; for they perceive, that

only through a dismemberment of the American Union, can the slave trade, and all its innumerable enormities, be established forever from this Country of States.

"And shall we make the Redemption of a guilty, wicked Union, the first and highest consideration of our Spiritual life, in this struggle, when the happiness and welfare of our Brother-man is concerned? Shall we remain dumb and insensible to the agonizing wails, wafted every morning on the zephyrs of heaven to the Most High God, from the bleeding and crushed hearts of three millions of His persecuted children, and make the salvation of the American Empire, Republic & Country, our only, all in all, - even a secondary consideration or minor theme?

"Shall we remain silent and indifferent to the loud utterances of the poor slave, against this infringement upon their just rights, shall we, priest and brute-like, pass coldly by on the other side from our wounded Brother, groaning under the inflictions of the oppressor, and say to him, "O! we cannot unshackle your hands, and give you your freedom, for if we do, the pillars of this great and glorious (?) American Edifice will loosen from their foundations, and finally crumble to atoms on the Rocks of Disunion? We will not release you from your captivity, for, by so doing, we shall oppose the true "intent and letter" of our "Godlike" Constitution, but if you escape from the service of your master, we will bind you hand and foot, and send you back, and thus fulfil the sacred obligations of that Constitution transmitted to us through the blood of our fathers!"

"Brother, will we not rise in the majesty of our strength and power, and disclaim such unholy feelings from our nature? Shall we not to remember, that there are higher Constitutions than those of mortal framing, whose immutable ordinances are written down deep in the silent chambers of our Human Nature, and which are as immortal as

NOTEBOOK FIVE

No 5

Bequest of
Edward Saint
June 30, 1943.
A.D.P. C164

the Infinite Hand which traced them? Shall we disobey the higher instincts of our sympathetic nature, rebel against the Laws and Requirements of the Divine Government, cringe and knuckle to the infamous enactments of man, and to the requisitions of a hastily framed Compromise, which, from its very partiality and injustice,

"Has now to live but an ephemeral existence,
And then pass away to be numbered with the things that were!"

Shall we be treasonable to the Infinite Paternal Government, for the sake of preserving in unity this American Family of States, and the further maintenance of an unrighteous Covenant, and thus prove a traitor to our consciences, to our interior convictions of right and justice, and above all, a traitor to the Most High God, — the Supreme Ruler of the Boundless World of Universes, — before whom

"Kingdoms and Empires are as moments,
And Presidents and Kings as mere sweeping tides!"

O no! For me, I should sincerely hope and pray, that my right hand might forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, ere I permitted the Constitution of any country or people to stand between me and my higher senses of right, justice, and humanity, and especially between my Conscience and my God! On the brow of Nature, and in the deep recesses of the soul, the Hand of Deity has written His Immortal Code of Laws, — unalterable and immutable as His own Divinity, and none can change, amend, or modify them!

"The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, when they had attained a pre-eminence in point of imperial wickedness and licentiousness, — as Scriptural History informs us, — fell from their high estate by the visitations

of natural penalties, and the righteous judgments of an Overruling Providence. Rome, also, furnishes another instance of the visitation of retributive justice, and that no individual or individuals can retrograde from the Higher Laws of God and their Spiritual Being, and expect to escape the fixed penalties attached to such transgressions.

"And can the modern Sodom and Gomorrah, the Rome of the Western World, America, whose National Treasury is glutted, I might well say, with the blood-earned wages of unpaid children, and whose Government

"Is full of rottenness,
And all manner of uncleanliness,"

indulge in the flattering, delusive hope, that the heavy judgment which fell upon those ancient cities, will be averted from her, whose guilt is equal, yea, infinitely greater, than theirs? Does she think, that, even-handed she can escape the vigilant, sleepless eye, of that Infinite Father,

"Whose Voice is heard in the rolling Thunder,
And whose Might is seen in the fiercest lightnings,

and that He will turn a deaf ear to "cry of mortal agony" which is daily borne on the "four winds of Heaven" to His Throne of Justice from the almost broken hearts of His sorely crushed children?"

At this point in Washington's address, our attention was again attracted to another brilliant cloud of light rapidly sailing toward us, appearing, also, on its glorious surface, myriads of celestial beings. Nearer it approached us, until it poised over our heads, when its heavenly passengers glided from it, formed themselves into a beautiful circle, and floated along on the fragrant atmosphere to our radiant sphere of glory.

In its immediate proximity, what was my joy and surprise on beholding in those bright celestials the form and features of precious ones of Ferney, doomed by man, but not by Deity, to wear the yoke of slavery and oppression. In their countenances were seen the "melting glow" of happiness and joyous activity, while from their exultant, emancipated spirits, were reflected boundless gratitude to the All Prospering of Persons for their deliverance from the corrupting influences of Slavery and its wicked Apologists.

There they were arrayed to my vision, released from the bondage of tyranny, and the power of the oppressor. No longer were my ears assailed by the blanching echoes of their once enchained limbs or the lash of the slave-drivers whip. No longer did their agonizing cries and shrieks rend the air, or the low sleepless sobbings of broken hearts rise up in avenging tones to Him, who will make the oppressor tremble, and the wicked to flee from before his sight.

Whose Arm is strong, whose Will is Right,
And all whose laws are just and wise;
Whose Strength can crush th' oppressors might,
And "win that cause" which man defies.

His Arm can break the heavy chains
Which bind his children down to dust;
Omnipotent His Spirit reigns,
And will defend the right and just.

But the glorious heavens rang with the songs of Freedom, and the anthems of the free; along the corridors of our Universal Temple

were heard the shouts of a disfranchised people, rejoicing in the glorious light and eternal liberty of the children of God. No more do they dread the coming of the morning, or fear the approaching footsteps of the lecherous tyrant. Far beyond his tyrannical reach and power are they now, enjoying,

"In their native heaven,
The godlike virtue which was driven from earth,"

and dwelling in the bright sunshine of Infinite Love, where warm and penetrating beams find a congenial home in every soul, and enrich its soil in intellectual wealth and worth:

There, when the weary are at rest,
And the wicked cease their wrongs;
Dwell they with the loved and blest,
Singing everlasting songs.

But O! what glorious picture is that which paints itself upon my enamored vision! Far above these children of Liberty hovers again the anointed Jesus, the Archangels of the Skies, encircled by those seraphs of light and Wisdom, his Twelve Chosen Disciples of old! Yes, I repeat, His Twelve Chosen Disciples!

But I do not wish to be understood, however, that these twelve Disciples enjoyed the same degree of happiness or development as their beloved, Anointed Master, or that they moved in the same sphere of action and duty; and although nearly nineteen centuries have passed away since these stars were assigned to the celestial firmament, yet they are not all so far developed and unfolded in the Spiritual Universe as to be able to enjoy the glories of that Heaven, which

enshrined the Immortal Soul of the persecuted and betrayed Jesus of Nazareth!

"Even Judas, the Betrayer, and the Suicide, who reposed at the foot of his sanguine act, has only as yet been able to reach the second circle of the third Sphere of the Progressive Heavens; and thus became more susceptible to the influences of Higher Intelligences, and better prepared to the exalted society of His Betrayed but Risen Brethren; but during the nearly nineteen hundred years which have rolled away into the vortex of the past, that sinning, but repentant soul, has been slowly progressing in the elements of goodness and knowledge, under the pure direction of Elevating Powers, and the ennobling ministrations of the "Anointed Christ;" from his lips he has received pardon and peace, as well as forgiveness from the God of mercy and salvation:

When the Spirit of Judas broke from the trammels of the corruptible body and unfolded into the Higher Life, it rose but a little above the sublunar sphere, to the first circle of development in the Spiritual Heavens. The wicked act of Judas, and the last sinning act of his terrestrial existence, that of self-murder, prepared his sinning soul but for a very inferior grade of happiness in the Higher Spheres of celestial being, and for a meager intercourse with the more elevated class of intelligences; but as his spirit became better acquainted with the laws of his interior life, and repented of its many sins and imperfections, it was enabled to advance out of the darkness and shadows of spiritual death, into the pure atmosphere of angelic love, although the seemingly long time which has elapsed, would, to mortal minds, appear sufficient to place his spirit even beyond the Third Sphere; but ah! the temporary life on earth, mantels the character and unfolding of the best powers of the soul for a considerable period in the future State; and no one can degrade the high

er faculties of their moral nature, without suffering the consequences of such degradation.

How important, then, it is, that all should strive to improve their talent in earth life, and study to improve and unfold each capacity of their being, and to live "holy and acceptable in the sight of the Lord," that they may enjoy at once a most exalted seat in the kingdom of heaven, remembering, that a single wicked act or wilful disobedience of the laws of God, may blight the happiness of thousands of long years in the Eternal life, and greatly retard the progress of the spirit:

In the instance of Judas, over eighteen hundred of your mortal years have elapsed to perfect his soul for the sphere which he now occupies. The repentance at the eleventh hour proved of but little avail to him; The mistakes of a life-time could not be wiped away in a moment, nor his soul be fully prepared to walk in the society of the pure and virtuous of heaven. I for one should distrust the wisdom and impartiality of the laws of my Maker should I realize that a life of crime and a life of virtue were at once equalized in the realms of glory. The discipline of my whole mortal existence would appear to me to have been useless, if I felt, that, no matter how I lived, if I repented at the last hour, it would prove sufficient to ensure for my soul as elevated a position in the Eternal World, as though my life had been one of strict devotion to the sublime principles of Christian Brotherhood and love; but, in justice to my Heavenly Father, I will say, that a clearer understanding of His Laws has taught me, "that as we sow, so shall we reap."

The long period of time, which has rolled away into the labyrinth of the past, has not, I rejoice, been mis-spent by this ever-burning spirit, but has been employed to the improvement

and elevation of his nature, and in perfecting his soul to stand the same golden cords of eternal life with his injured Brother, the self-sacrificing Jesus; and now he is so far advanced in his spirit-home as to be able to enjoy the companionship of the children of the Divine Heaven, and to gain better access to the purifying influences of "Him Crucified."

When the spirit of Judas was prepared to adorn the Divine Circle of Intellectual and Moral Being, and thus to receive more perfect access to the society of the Sainted Christ, great was his unspeakable joy and delight, with eyes beamed with teardrops of sincere affection and love, and a soul throbbing with true repentance and contrition, he bows his head in veneration to the Throne of Divine Grace, and utters forth his fervent thanks to Almighty God for "this glorious change of heart:" Then looking upward, he beholds, in the brilliant heavens beyond, the glowing spirit of that immortal being, whom his selfish nature betrayed for the paltry thirty pieces of silver. Timidly and affectionately that noble soul gazes upon his betrayer below, with no reproving look trembling on his beautiful countenance; Then on the unbroken air is wafted the loving thought from the Mind of the Seraph Jesus to His "fallen Disciple," Judas:

"Come up to me:"

and with this assurance he advances to meet His persecutor and Saviour of old, who awaits, with opened arms, to enfold his once erring brother on the bosom of his purifying love, and to assure him of his forgiveness; at that moment the attendant angels sound their heavenly harps, and sing their songs of redeeming praise, while their tears of joy commingle with those of the weeping fe-

sins, in the one sinner which repenteth, and findeth grace in the sight of God and the "Son of Man." Then slowly Judas raises his tearful eyes to his beloved Brother, while from his overflowing heart thus issues the question of aftmanas:

"Beloved Master, can I forgiven by thee?"

and brightly does that sublime attribute of forgiveness, the most glorious trait of his manifold life, shine forth in his sweet response, as, with fond and loving look, he echoes his memorable answer of the past:

"Thou hast said!"

16th 71. It has been presumed by many writers in the philosophy of Spiritual Communion, that disembodied spirits cannot visit the spheres above them, or hold direct intercourse with their celestial inhabitants. This idea is, in one particular sense, erroneous. The children of the lower circles of spiritual development are not debarred from the society of the higher order of intelligences beyond their sphere of being, or prevented from holding pure and ennobling conversation with those superior minds, more advanced in Spiritual Love and Truth, and whose chief desire and pleasure it is to instruct, to elevate, and to help develop those who require their assistance.

The good Father has so wisely arranged his Omnipotent Laws of Heaven and the Laws of Affinity, that His truth-seeking children of the Immortal Spheres can acquire knowledge and wisdom of the more elevating minds beyond, and thereby become qualified to enjoy with them the friendship and happiness of the excellent, the great, and good; but I do not wish to be understood, however, that the

spirits of the different spheres are empowered to journey into the very highest, or to hold immediate, direct communication, with the exalted Immortals who inhabit them; but each spirit is privileged to enter the next sphere above the one which it at present occupies, and seek the communion which it may have with its intellectually and morally progressive people; beyond that its affinity cannot carry it, until it is so far developed and unfolded in the harmonies of Heaven, as to be fully qualified to seek its congenial associations in the higher ranks of our endlessly progressive life; thus, an angel which requires instruction beyond that which its own circle of being is capable of furnishing, may pass into the sphere above, seek converse with its celestial citizens, gain the knowledge which it needs, and then return

"To its own homestead,
To move and have its being,"

until prepared "to sit in glory" in the more radiant realms of everlasting life; but if the information desired should happen to be beyond the capacity of the inhabitants of that sphere to impart, then the knowledge-seeking spirit is clothed with authority and power to commission another to advance still higher, and so on, until the intelligence sought for is gained. Thus our Heavenly Father has placed at the disposal of all the means of Reformation and of acquiring a highly intellectual education, if they will but employ them to a good and proper advantage.

In the sublime instance of Judas Iscariot is the truth of what I have here written fully corroborated. Dwelling in the lowest sphere of existence when he first ascended to the Spirit-land many years had passed on their winding way ere his soul was ready prepared to seek his Beloved, but Forgiving Brother, and to

hear from his sainted lips that beautiful motto which I have inscribed on these pages:

"Come to the Throne in penitence,
To wanders from the Shepherd's fold,
And hear His loving Voice pronounce
Forgiveness on the guilty soul;"

and when the nature of Judas was so far exalted above the materialism of earth as to be fitted to join the Ascended Christ in his Seraph Sphere, is it to be wondered at, that the meeting was one of unmingled joy and happiness on both sides?

Never did mortal eye, nor immortal vision, penetrate a scene more glorious or sublime as that one of the meeting of Judas with Christ. It was a spectacle such as the angels delight to weep tears of joy over, and to sound their trumps of salvation; and in the very moment the former found access to the enrobing presence of Jesus, that glorious celestial Magnet, to which the spirits of the pure, as well as the undeveloped, are sympathetically attracted, his soul has been advancing in the elements of purity and wisdom, and, ere long, we hope and pray, will be duly qualified to enter the mansion of glory and peace which enthrones the seraphic form of "the meek and lowly Nazarene!"

It was in the fourth sphere that I beheld the vision of Christ and his Disciples. At this call he assembled the chosen twelve together, that He might present this beautiful spectacle to my soul, and evidence the great and glorious truth, that he is still the friend of the oppressed, and the champion of the crushed and the down-trodden; that still his efforts are given to further the cause of Humanity, and to strengthen the bonds of brotherly love among the children of God's great Family. Now, dear

reader, I will return to the vision of Jesus and his Disciples, as they appeared to me hovering over that man-possessed class of intelligent beings spoken of in the preceding pages:

When my spiritual sight had dwelt long upon this dazzling scene,—these two glorious bands of happy angels,—Jesus again unrolled the Immortal Scroll which he carried in his grasp, and revealed to my soul the following beautiful mottos:

"These are the children of my Father;
Let not man dare oppress,
What God Himself has created;"

When unrolling that Shining Charter of Human Rights still further there appears other mottos, breathing love to the whole great Family of God:

"Heaven is the Garden of Liberty;
The flowers of Freedom sweetly blossom therein,
And all who gather them,
And taste their fragrant sweets,
Shall evermore know the pangs of tyranny;
Death is the angel friend of the slave,
The welcome messenger of the crushed,
And the Harbinger of Rest to the weary,—
The King of Terror to the evil-doer,
And the Love-Angel to the true Christian."

Still further unrolls that Scroll of Light and Glory, and again my bewildered vision is blest by the following cheering and prophetic

motto, breathing encouragement and strength to the spiritually as well as physically lame:

"In my Father's House,
The spiritually dead shall be made alive."

Then appears that beautiful saying, recorded on the undying pages of Biblical History:

"The Truth shall make all free;"

Then follows a sublime exhortation to my humble spirit, and a blessing on my future labors:

"Go forth, ye Disciple of the Most-High God, into the ways of the world, and seek to rescue thy Brother-man from the oppressor and bring him home to God, and to the enjoyment of the glorious liberty of His ransomed children:"

"May the Blessings of Peace and Love smile forever upon your soul, and the Holy Spirit of our Father visit you, even as it has visited us," in the performance of your future duties:

When I had finished reading this Lastly-inscribed motto, the Band of Brotherhood which surrounded the glowing Luminary Christ, dissolved itself, each one composing it stepping to their own appropriate sphere, - fervently praying, for that Blessed period, when they shall be eternally joined with him in spirit in his radiant circle of Being. Then slowly ascended the dazzling spirit of the Divine Jesus, - his Brow adorned with a resplendent Crown of Glory, un-

til, in the blue canopy of the Ethereal Skies, his sacred form was lost to my Spirit-view:

After this band had departed, my attention was again attracted to the little circle hovering above our heads. One of its number leaves its companions, and approaches my side, bearing in my hands a small folded letter, which, on being opened, was found to contain the following sweet lines:

"Accept the purest love of those
Whose bleeding cause your soul espoused,
Whose deep-inflicted wrongs and woes,
Your noblest sympathies aroused.

"May angels, from their spheres above,
Immortal virtues on thee shed,
And pour the nectar of their love,
Like summer dews upon thy head.

"May God, our Father, Friend, and All,
His richest Blessings on thee shower,
And aid thee still to disenthrall,
Oppression's black and hated power.

"Plead still for those who suffer wrong,
And groan 'neath Slavery's galling chains,
And cease not, till fair Freedom's song,
Shall thrill each heart with its sweet strains."

When I had finished reading this poetical benediction, the sublime

picture of these happy angels who fasted from my sight, and Washington again addressed me, continuing his communication from where he left off:

18th "Far from it. America, proud, pampered, guilty America, can no more expect mercy, in her prosperous wickedness, from the hand of Deity, than can the vilest wretch of earth expect to enjoy equal happiness and bliss with the most refined and elevated in the kingdom of Heaven. The Parent of All cares no more for the unity or perfection of a Family of States, where the prosperity or welfare of a single child of His is concerned, than the meanest worm grovelling in the dust beneath, cares for the multitude of people passing to and fro in the busy world above it.

"God, the Eternal Father, has commissioned us His Ministers of Truth and Justice, to a great and important undertaking. He has invested us with power and authority to perform so-called miracles and wonders, all governed, however, by the immutable laws of nature and heaven, and to influence and guide the actions of our "invisible agents" below, and aid them in their Christian struggles for right and truth. He has bade us arm ourselves with the weapons of Justice, and to come to the rescue of our struggling brother man. His call is imperative and binding, and we must, and will obey!

"We are able to discern, that period rapidly approximating, when man will take up arms against his brother-man, and go forth to contend with the enemies of Republican Liberty, and assert, at the point of the bayonet, those rights, of which a large portion of their fellow-creatures have been deprived. Again will the soil of Bunker Hill be saturated with the blood of freedom-loving children, and its noble Monument, that solemn attestation of

heroic will and determination, will tremble, from summit to base, and base to summit, with the heavy roar of artillery, and the thunder of the cannon. The agonies of that eternal war will far exceed those of the whole Revolution, while the cause contended for, equally if not exceed, in moral sublimity and power, that which the sons of '76 fought for.

"But when the smoke shall clear away, and the fearful tones of the cannon be heard no more, then will man realize fully the blessing resulting from the mighty cause, for the accomplishment of which his soul so valiantly struggled, and enjoy in peace and repose the glorious inheritance of freedom. No longer will his eyes meet with those bound in the chains of slavery, or his ears hear the heavy sobs of the poor and oppressed child of God; but ever a hand dedicated to the principles of impartial liberty, the King of Day will rise and see, and infuse its pure and congenial rays into every heart, unfettered by oppressions power.

"In this eventful revolution of principles, what the patriots of the past failed to accomplish, their descendants will perform, with the timely assistance of invisible powers. By their side will the heavenly hosts take, imparting strength and fortitude in each hour of desponderency, and urging them on to a speedy and glorious triumph. Deploring, as they do, the existence of slavery, and the means to be employed to purge America, yet their sympathies will culminate around the cause of Right and Justice, and strengthen those

"Who seek to set the captive free,
And crush the monster, Slavery."

In this approaching contest, the twin-sisters, Catholicism and

Heaven,- of course, will join hands, and sally forth together in the same unrighteous cause. Every effort will be made,- even to the reviving of all the horrors of the Inquisition,- to accomplish their impious purposes, but to no avail. The Truth will prosper, and the Right prevail; it is written on the Iron of the Present, and the Future will stamp it on the records of reality. He who attempts to alter the decrees of Providence, or to contravene the ends of His Divine Work, will find

"That his house will be full of trouble,
And he attend his footsteps on earth,
Whereon his lot may be cast."

(20th) "The picture, I know, which I present, is indeed a hideous one. You may think that I speak with too much assurance, when I thus boldly declare and prophesy the future dissolution of the American Confederacy, and the downfall of that grandic Structure,- Human Heaven. But this idea or knowledge, had not its birth in a moment, or an hour, but has been the result of nearly half a century's existence in the Republic Life. With vigilant watchfulness have I guarded the destinies of my country,- carefully scrutinized its rising progress, and have thereby become thoroughly convinced that it cannot long exist under its present Federal Constitution, and the pressure of that great Democratic sin,- Slavery!

"But I will draw a veil, for the present, over this seemingly frightful picture, and wait the approach of that era, when I shall be called to this field of action, to labor in the great work of human freedom, in which every child of Heaven will become sisters and brothers; and, in the meantime, we will seek to impress the hearts of the desponding and wretched, and prepare the struggling children of

earth for that mighty warfare in which mortals and immortals will bear so conspicuous a part.

"You, respected friend, and brother, have been called to many important offices in the Councils of the Nation. With firmness and determination have you sought to guide aright its destinies, and to maintain the honest, well-intended principles of the Founders of the Government. Perilous times you stayed, threats you defied, fearing your God, and seeking to obey His holy commandments;- for all of which a just reward will be meted out to your soul in its everlasting home, and eternal happiness and glory will illumine your spiritual pathway through the Spheres of Progression.

"Let us hope and pray for the deliverance of our beloved country from the thraldom of the tyrant,- and also, while we hope and pray, let us remember to act! Let us exist on our armor of right, and resist in this Year of Principle, carrying the sword of Justice in our hands, and the glorious attitude of Deity, love, in our hearts! Let us repose our confidence in God, and in the justice of the cause which we espouse, remembering, that, when God and His angels are on the side of right and truth, none can be against us!

"It is now my province and unbounded pleasure to bid you welcome to the society of the exalted and true in their mansions of glory, who join with me in entailing eternal blessings on your soul, and rejoicing in so important an acquisition to their Ranks of Love. As thy spirit becomes better acquainted with the Laws of thy celestial being, it will understand the greatness of its mission, and endeavor to faithfully fulfil it. Go forward, then, on thy ennobling mission, with the prayers and blessings of angels to godden thee, and the Spirit of the Lord to mantle thy soul. Despair not, if thy work does seem laborious; but rely on thy perseverance, and the strength of that Divine Being, who will accomplish all things to his liking. Wishing you

eternal happiness, and speedy progression, in your heavenly home, I shall now close my Welcome Address; hoping, however, for an endless unity of spirit in our future ministrations.

G Washington

30th Thus closed the long and deeply interesting Reception Address of George Washington,- the so-called Father of his country,- on the anniversary of whose Primeval Birth-Day this predicated letter was begun and with his Welcome Communication do I close this celestial Greeting and Introduction of my soul into the deathless glories of the Immortal Life. Through the whole of this sublime,- and, to me, deeply affecting- salutation, I was blessed with visions from different circles of spiritual being, who were anxious to testify, through their presence, a united sympathy in my behalf, and to breathe inspiring courage and strength to my new-born spirit in the highly-important work which now had dawned upon its more exalted state of existence. And now, on the close of this Welcome, my attention was attracted to a multitude of other angels assembling together from their respective spheres, preparing to make a magnificent descent to the circle of being in which my spirit had received this Individuality Greeting, to furnish me with a practical illustration of the truly exalted and Christian work which would engage my future Labors. What numerous were the ways in which they presented themselves to me. Some soared on the River of Life in splendid barges, some were enveloped in clouds of surpassing brilliancy, some descended like falling stars, while others came floating on the Ethereal atmosphere with graze-like wings attached to their sight and airy forms, created at will,- by means of which they sailed through the air of the spiritual country in all the beauty and splendor of Disembodied Seraphs. But ere I relate this closing point of the present Letter, I trust my readers will bear with me for a few moments while I record my very brief reply to the Welcome Message of George Washington:

"Immortal Spirit of Wisdom and Truth: With attentive ear have I listened to your instructive address, and drank in the pure, inspiring tide of eloquence and truth which has outflowed from thy exalted Mind. Pure and earnest is the gratitude which ascends from my heart to the Throne of Divine Grace, for this glorious greeting, and that I am privileged to form anew the acquaintance of those long entered on the duties of the Higher Life, and to cultivate the immortal friendship of the excellent and good sojourning in the "many mansions of my Father's house."

31st "Exceedingly pleasant has it been to me to receive these kind and testimonials of spirit-approval and remembrance, and that the angels have deemed my public and private acts on earth worthy of so glorious a welcome as that which they have granted to me upon my entrance into the delights of Heaven. Again do I greet the friends of my earlier youth, and those of maturer age; again do I clasp the hands of fond and idolized parents, and rest in the angelic smiles of beloved brothers and sisters; again do I behold the forms of long mourned-for children, and rejoice in the thought, that I shall enjoy their eternal companionship, never more to be separated from them by

"The stern Avenger's breath,
Whom the wicked shrink and call
As the King of Terrors,- Death."

And again do I shake the cordial hand, and receive the sincere salutation, of George Washington, and accept his assurance of an eternally continued friendship, begun so auspiciously on earth, amid so many disheartening trials and difficulties, calculated to unite ill-truth-seeking hearts in an everlasting bond of fellowship and love, and to accomplish that mighty, benevolent undertaking, which they had engaged their active powers. And rejoiced am I, that you have considered myself worthy

of your spiritual nature, and of the most glorious and sublime Celestial Institution, which you, and other purified spirits, have erected on-ward as a reward for the humble deeds done in the body."

"For many long years before my spirit-journey from its mortal tabernacle, I secretly entertained the wish and hope, that the day spark of my earthly life would go out on that ever-memorable, which gave birth to thine exalted soul, and re-kindle into an immortal existence

By the side of the excellent, the noble, and the great,
Whose deathless spirits long have entered the Ethereal Skies,
And mingle ever more in the friendship of America's Son,
The exalted, the Beloved, and the good Washington.

That prayer was in part answered; for, according to the ancient method of computing time, (Old style) my soul ransomed its mortal tabernacle with the joyous dawn of thy Primeval Birth Day,

When, from its aged form, it broke away,
And soared above the things of swift decay,
To join thy spirit in the Land above,
And sit with thee in thy great work of Love."

"Though, beautiful spirit, it cannot be expected, that I can, in my present state of development, endorse at once the principles to which you have given utterance, and perceive with you the coming events of the seemingly shadowy future, yet, I trust, as my soul progresses in the learned edge and wisdom of the spheres, under the pure and elevated instructions of their immortal children, to be able to discern all things with clearness of perception, that nothing may interpose to prevent the receptivity of truth in my unfolding Spiritual Nature.

"With anxious eye will my soul watch over my State-beloved country, and seek to guide its rulers aright in the path of wisdom and humanity. Silently shall my spirit-steal from its beautiful heaven, and often visit those consecrated Halls, which, at this moment, contains my venerable clay, inspire the hearts of the People's Representatives with a love of Right and Justice, and again raise my humble voice in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed of my native land, and of the whole world.

"Sincere and ardent prayers shall be wafted from my soul to my Father's Throne, that He, with the aid of His Celestial Ministers, combined with the efforts of those on earth, will avert from my country the horrors of an impending Civil war, which your interior sight now perceives in the future, and by which you are led to predict the visitation of natural penalties, the consequence of infringing upon the sacred obligations and requirements of God-instituted Laws and Commandments; and while I pray, I shall also remember to act.

"With the humble ability which I possess, and through the exertions of my freely influence, do I solemnly promise you, in the presence of these intellectually and morally-progressive children of heaven, that I will be true and faithful to the great callings of Humanity, and to the highest instincts of my immortal being; that the Eternity which is now my being, shall be employed in advancing the social and moral nature of man, and in cultivating the human spirit in my own soul, with the seeds of everlasting righteousness, and Truth, and Love; that my soul shall not rest, until every stray sheep is brought, in repentance and contrition, back to the Shepherd's Fold, and all equally enjoy the glorious Blessings of peace and godliness. Then my soul will rejoice with unspeakable great joy, and mingle my tears of gladness and exultation with those of the purified and more perfect, over this sublime Redemption of the Nation; and all hearts, thus united in one glorious bond of Brotherhood and Love, will echo with

celestial songs of everlasting praise and thanksgiving to Him, who is all Forgiveness and Mercy.

Nov 1st "The glorious example which shone out in your noble life on earth will be like a brilliant light to future ages, around which the liberty-loving children of God will rally to attract strength and lustre from the intensity of its power. All those who prefer freedom to slavery will turn to the brilliant life and example of George Washington, and discern in his pure and lofty patriotism, his immortal wisdom and firm judgment, a standard around which they may safely culminate and be guided on to sure and triumphant victory.

"And may thy noble soul, lofty in its aspirations and immortal, continue to speedily progress in all the brighter forms of spiritual life and to throw around each undeveloped spirit the pure and beneficient influences of thine own. May the star of thy fame steadily increase in glory and power even in this, thy Immortal life, and reflect on other hearts the purity of thy eloquent deeds and intrinsic virtues. May the mantle of thy power wave over thy Heaven-protected country, and wrap each soul in the outspreading folds of Universal Brotherhood and Love.

"Advance still, glorious spirit of George Washington, in thy benevolent labors for Humanity, engaging in that immortal warfare of principle, whose aim is to secure the rightful blessings of freedom to all, and to expunge from every nation statutes or laws unharmonious and repugnant to the Divine Ordinances of God's Moral Government. May thy Eternal home be resplendent with noble deeds and virtues, even as the glorious Past has been crowned with the unfading laurels of Immortal Fame and Honor.

Go forth, thou servant of the Lord,
And arm thyself with His great Word,
Assemble, to this Holy Fight,
All those who love the Truth and Right.

Go forth, and to the Shepherd's Fold
Return each wandering, erring soul,
And cease not, till the angels sound,
The joyful peal, 'the Lost' are found.

Work with thy former strength and might,
In Freedom's consecrated Fight,
And rally to thy sacred cause,
Those who love God, and keep His Laws.

When dangers, dark and dreary, lower,
And Slavery's black, gigantic power,
Seeks, with remorseless arm, to bind,
And fetter Man's Progressive Mind,

O Then, immortal spirit, fly,
From thy Celestial Realms on high,
And let thy patriot counsels flow,
Unto the struggling ones below,

And like them, that thy watchful eye,
Will guards thy country's destiny,
That thy strong arm, with potent might,
Is raised, oppression's power to blight:

And may thy influence ever be shed,
Where Slavery rears its Hydra head,
Until the Monster's power is crushed,
And every bitter wail is hushed.
Then earth will smile with Freedom's glow,
And be a "little Heaven below."

"Now, in the presence of the Sun,
Again I promise to pursue,
The holy work given me to do
Most faithfully and well;
Nor will I, in my labors cease,
Until I've gained the soul's release,
And virtue, happiness, and peace,
In every breast dwell.

"My country still shall feel my power,
In every dark and troubled hour,
Which on its destinies may lower
Directing it aright:
My soul its humble aid shall lend,
The cause of Freedom to extend,
And every heart in Love to bind,—
In Truth's great work unite."

"With this your return to your beautiful address, and your many sincere congratulations, do I close my brief reply, hoping, trusting, that this sublime Introduction will more perfectly cement our hearts together in the great work of Human Redemption, and thereby form the Truth of that oft-quoted assertion of one of the world's most-gifted Minds, that—in "Union there is strength," and that, by a harmonious combination of spirit in a great work, a splendid victory will attend our labors."

With this response closed my Introductory Interview with the Spirit of George Washington,—the man, who has been justly considered and termed, as first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. It was indeed, as must be supposed, exceedingly pleasant to

with the glorious spirit of the Father of his country, whose noble, exalted deeds, have won the applause of the whole world, and gained the deep admiration of both friends and foes; whose immortal virtues and generous actions are written in unfadeable lines upon those imperishable Monuments which they have reared in every true and patriotic heart, and which increase in brilliancy and power, the more they are studied and understood; and, pleasing must be the thought to those, who, at this hour, are struggling for the common rights of all on the already blood-stained plains of Kansas, and for the perpetuation of human freedom everywhere,—to feel, that, while they are surrounded by the black waves of despotic oppression, with an unfaithful Judiciary, and a still more unfaithful,—if possible,—Government against them, they can look upward with the eye of Faith and Hope to the God of Justice, and know that He is with them in their heroic struggles, to breathe the Inspiration of His Holy Spirit in their despondening hearts; to feel, that they can turn above, and, through the intuitive eye of the Inner Sense, discern the lofty noble and exalted spirit of the Father Washington hovering over them, in majestic splendor and might, on Kansas Plains, bidding them God-speed in the glorious and Christian work of their country's salvation. Such a cause, in the sublime language of Massachusetts' elevated, Statesman Senator, thus sustained, by the invisible hosts of heaven, is invincible, and, therefore, is immortal. With God and His Ministering Servants thus arrayed in unconquerable hostility against wrong and oppression, fear not, ye valiant, struggling children of right and freedom, the poor, weak arm of the tyrant and oppressor:

Suffering sons, bleeding on fair Kansas' Plains, in the holy cause of all,
Let not oppressors powerful arm thy noble hearts appal,
For God and Angels are with thee to guide thy souls along,
And breathe inspiring hope and cheer, and bid the weak be strong.

Towering above the heads of all, appears our Washington,—
He whom the world delights to call Columbia's noblest son,—
Imparting courage unto all who struggle for the right,
And seeking, in this mighty work, each spirit to unite.

His loving voice again is heard, with holy lessons fraught,
Bidding all to heed those rights for which their fathers bravely fought;
And, with their humble power, to seek to crush this monster stain,
That, in the land bequeathed to them, fair Liberty may reign.

Then, falter not, ye loving ones, in Freedom's holy fight,
But forward march in thy good cause, and gain the crown of Right;
For angels stand, on Zion's Plains, in mighty ranks arrayed,
To give to you, in each dark hour, their strengthening power and aid.

If dangers, dark and heavy, lower, and seem to breed despair,
Then spirits, from their spheres, will pour, their watchfulness and care,
Will strengthen every faltering heart with their benignant power,
And make the tyrant, in his might, to tremble and to cower.

The love of angels with thine own in unison will blend,
And with this, will those Higher Powers, Truth's glorious cause defend,
Until the stars of Heaven shall beam o'er a Land of Liberty,
And every heart shall waft to God the anthems of the free.

Then rally, ye who love the right, and wield the victory sure,
Come forth into the battle-field, and fight this giant sin,
And He who rules, in majesty, the armies of the skies,
Will crown you with a conquest sure, and give the victor's prize.

I will now return to the beautiful visions which greeted me, while

spirit to the Resolution of Washington, and to which I have alluded in these pages.

When the spirit of Washington had retired from my sight, my attention was attracted upward to the company of seraphs, before alluded to, who were advancing near unto me, accoutred in warriors' habiliments, and bearing numerous magnificent banners, on which were glistening many beautiful mottos, and devices, appropriate for the occasion. Suddenly, at will, a splendid arch was formed, in the centre of which rested a snow-white dove,—the emblem of Innocence, while above it floated a pure and sparkling stone, in whose jeweled face was seen that glorious and characteristic motto,—the well-known attribute of Deity and Heaven:

"Love:"

while by the little dove was displayed the significant and high appropriate device:

"Purity and Innocence:"

Disappearing all, in a brilliant, rainbow circle, appeared the sublime and gratifying motto:

"Heaven is the reward of the True:"

My spirit-sight was now drawn to a powerful seraph, who was moving towards me with great velocity, bearing in his hand a splendid flower, in which were the following words, arranged together by glistening pearls of virtuous beauty: and reflecting, from their dazzling light, a sweet benediction on my soul:

"Well done, thou faithful servant, enter now
Into the holy joys of thy dear Lord,
Mount-anew thy consecrated brow,
Into the service of thy Master's Word."

7th
11

When this beautiful spirit disappeared from my sight, and my attention was attracted to another seraph wending his way toward me with the velocity of lightning, surrounded by a group of angels, clothed in robes of immortal brightness, and carrying in their hands various significant banners, and other devices, - all of which were adorned with emblematic mottos, characteristic of the crowning attributes of the different Spiritual Heavens. But the first-mentioned spirit carried in his hand an unopened book, of dazzling beauty, on which was traced, in letters of gold, the simple sentence:

"The Immortal Book."

When this radiant spirit, and his angelic companions, were near enough for me to be able to distinguish their features, O! what was my great joy and delight to recognize many of my former friends and acquaintances, who acted with me on the broad stage of Spiritual life, and who have left their enduring impress on the annals of history, and on the age in which they lived. On the shining brow of the former, - he who carried the Book of Life, - was traced the glowing name of that good and illustrious patriot:

"James Munroe:"

while, from his surrounding companions, were reflected the following well-known names:

Charles Carroll, Patrick Henry, John Adams, William E. Channing. Andrew Jackson, James Madison, Edmund Pendleton,
Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, William Penn, Philadelphia, City, Christ Triumphant,
"James Munroe:"

When my vision had sufficiently beheld these gifted minds of heaven, the two circles parted, and James Munroe advanced from out of them, and neared to my side, with the now opened book in his hand, on the central page of which, as it was held up to my view, was written the following sentence:

"Progression
Is written in each soul."

Turning over these mystic pages, my interior vision was blessed by

the beautiful Scriptural quotations, thus arranged on that Book of Immortal Life:

"Friend of God:
He sees how by works a man is justified:"

When He desired to know the earthly name of any spirit, it was instantly written on the forehead. In each countenance before me I read that most beautiful attribute of the truly Christian and exemplary character:

"The Love of God:"

Again, the devoted spirit of James Munroe turns these brilliant pages, and discloses the following Biblical attestation to the above attested truth, which, in the past, savored of a strongly prophetic declaration, and which now, to my mind, was the unfolding of a glorious reality:

"And they shall see his face,
And His name shall be in their foreheads:"

Again, as if to testify to the truth of the prophecies which had been related to me by the spirits in their different reception addresses, my attention was drawn to the following passage:

"These sayings are faithful and true:
And the Lord God has sent his angels,
To show unto his servant
The things which shortly must be done."

In describing the glorious life which had dawned upon my disembodied spirit, the following passage was pointed out, in which, to my mind, was contained a volume of meaning:

"And there shall be no night there:
And they need no candle, neither light of the sun:
For the Lord God giveth them light:
And they shall reign [exist] forever and ever."

The immortal hand of Munroe now writes the following beautiful and consoling sentences:

As righteousness exalteth a nation,
So does it the individual:

Thy good works
Have won for thee everlasting glory and honor:"

"For every generous, noble deed,
Heaven will bestow its fairest meed:"

"Thy work on earth was nobly done,
Thy work in Heaven has now begun:"

"O! may thy ransomed soul with holy angels now unite,
In sowing, every where, the seeds of Justice, Truth, and Right;
And breathing o'er the hearts of man the gentle notes of Love,
Inviting him to come and dwell with saints in Heaven above."

But it was not to be my unfortunate fate to enumerate

the beautiful scriptural quotations, thus arranged on that Book of Immortal Life:

"Friend of God:
Ye see how by works a man is justified:"

When I desired to know the earthly name of any spirit, it was instantly written on the forehead. In each countenance before me I read that most beautiful attribute of the truly Christian and exemplary character:

"The Love of God:"

Again, the elevated spirit of James Munroe turns these brilliant pages, and discloses the following Biblical attestation to the above mystical truth, which, in the past, savored of a strongly prophetic declaration, and which now, to my mind, was the unfolding of a glorious reality:

"And they shall see his face,
And His name shall be in their foreheads:"

Again, as if to testify to the truth of the prophecies which had been related to me by the spirits in their different reception addresses, my attention was drawn to the following passage:

"These sayings are faithful and true:
And the Lord God has sent his angels,
To show unto his servant
The things which shortly must be done."

In descending the glorious life which had dawned upon my disembodied spirit, the following passage was printed out, in which, to my mind, was contained a volume of meaning:

"And there shall be no night there:
And they need no candle, neither light of the sun:
For the Lord God giveth them light:
And they shall reign [illegible] forever and ever."

The immortal hand of Munroe now writes the following beautiful and consoling sentences:

As righteousness exalteth a nation,
So does it the individual:

Thy good works
Have won for thee everlasting glory and honor:"

"For every generous, noble deed,
Heaven will bestow its fairest meed:"

"Thy work on earth was nobly done,—
Thy work in Heaven has now begun:"

"O! may thy consecrated soul with holy angels now unite,
In sowing, everywhere, the seeds of Justice, Truth, and Right;
And breathing o'er the hearts of man the gentle notes of Love,
Inviting him to come and dwell with saints in Heaven above."

But it would be an utter impossibility for me to enumerate

ever one-millionth part of the glorious beauties which embraced my entranced vision, and, therefore, kind reader, with your permission, I will withdraw from this portion of my narrative, and give to you the subsequent events which transpired in this brilliant vision of angels:

8th 11 When all the seraphs, who were to accompany me in my journey to the lower circles of existence, had assembled together, again the resplendent form of the beloved Lafayette stood before my view, approached my side, and breathed forth to me the following very brief communication:

"Dear Brother: The immortal hosts of heaven have now congregated together to attend you in your celestial flight to the lower spheres of being, that a practical illustration of your future heavenly labors may be afforded you, and awaken in your bosom-bom sorrow and devout aspirations for the common good of all. In the little while of your existence in the mansions of light and purity you have seen, how

"The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
The pious soul in Heaven rewards,"

and how a faithful obedience to the Divine laws of the Infinite Government remunerates the devoted servant in the Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace. May the glorious beauties, to which you have been an eye-witness, while their impressive lessons on your fast-unfolding mind, and inspire you onward in that Christian mission, which angels have so ably depicted to you, and to perform it faithfully and well. May you sympathize with the sorrowing and unlit-

ed wherever they may be found, whether dwelling in the circles of inferior development below, or sojourning amid the sins and errors of the mortal sphere. May thy noble soul breathe not of the atmosphere of sectionalism, but a broad nationality, recognizing but one Presiding President, and all mankind as children of one Imperial Father, and belonging to one united Nation. May thy good works shine forth forever in thy Spirit-Life, and thereby elevate thee to higher enjoyments in thy Master's Kingdom."

When Lafayette had concluded his brief address, a wide opening was made in that brilliant assemblage of spirits, and down the ethereal passage floated many beautiful forms of near and dear friends and kindred, the two foremost of which I recognized as being my beloved

"Father and Mother,"

who, on their close proximity, joined hands with mine. Then came other valued relatives, dear to a parent and brother's heart, who also enriched my spirit,

"And breathed around their holy powers,
To gladden my unfolding soul;
Interwreathed my brow with friendship's flowers,
And timed my name on Eternity's scroll:"

When this brilliant convention of Immortals separated itself into several divisions, each one guided or controlled by some highly intelligent spirit. But there were three divisions which most especially invited my spiritual attention, who were directed by celestials of indescribable beauty and splendor, and on whose lofty, expansive brows glittered

flowers of dazzling power and glory. The two foremost were supported by females, - on the first of which I read the following memorable, ever-to-be-remembered title:

Perseverance:
Emblem of Truth and Love:

while, from the glistening diadem which adorned her beautiful forehead shone the following appropriate French quotation:

"Toi Donne cause:"
"I have a good cause:"

The glorious Seraph which controlled the second division now presented herself to my inward view, - and in her radiant countenance, beaming with the purest angelic love and most refined intelligence, I read the learned name of

"Joan of Arc,"
"The Child of Humility:"

while, from the resplendent Tiara which beautified her immaculate brow, was reflected the simple sentence but, at the same time, redolent with volumes of Christian meaning and sentiment:

"The cause of all is my cause:"
"What is done of God my soul will espouse:"

Towering a little above these two divisions appeared the third, commanded, thus to speak, by a very highly developed immortal, in whose expressive countenance was indexed a lofty virtue, a fervent devotion to Truth, an unparalleled wisdom and judgment, and a strong adherence to the immortal cause of Justice and Right. In his hands he bore a magnificent Flag, on which was imaged the "Finger of Truth," pointing upward, while underneath sparkled several little stars, beautifully arranged in the form of letters, composing the following couplet of words:

"Ever Onward!"

Above the "finger of Truth" is seen a cluster of stars, over which appears the sublime motto:

"The Light of Truth forever shines,-
No avenue so dark but what its brilliant power can find an entrance."

My spiritual Guide read in that noble spirit the underlying name of the beloved

"Washington:"
"The Defender of Right,-
And Denouncer of Wrong:"

while on his exalted Brow glistened a Crown of Glory, in which was entwined a beautiful French motto:

"Dieu defend le droit:"-
God defends the Right!

But I will not diverge from my main subject, and make another attempt to enumerate to my readers the magnificent glories which everywhere encompassed my spirit, for such a procedure, on my part, would be utterly futile and useless; enough, peradventure, have I related, to give

to all a meagre insight into the branches which adorn the Spirit's Pathway of Progression.

10th/4 When my soul had sufficiently fathomed the sparkling depths of the mighty Ocean of Intelligent Life before me, and penetrated the glowing beauties of the celestial panorama pictured before my interior vision, the radiant spirit of my sainted mother addressed me as follows:

"My dear son: Gratifying has it been to my soul to witness the brilliant reception which the spirits of the just, the good, and the exalted, have awarded to you; and O! sterling is that pleasure enhanced, when I reflect, that perhaps you are entitled to it, through the faithful performance of your various duties of earthly existence, and through the noble, exalted deeds, which were reflected in your private and public life; and that no sweet benedictions been pronounced on your ransomed soul to give it joy and gladness, and cause it to beam with gratitude and delight, even the attendance of such a brilliant aggregage of wisdom and purified intelligence, would have been, of itself a sufficient mark of approval on your Christian labors, and loyal devotion to the undying principles of eternal truth, universal freedom, and unbarbed justice.

"With unwavering steadiness and constancy, which only maternal love can feel and experience,- with a gratitude which only a mother's heart can respond to,- have I watched from my translucent home, the progress of thy mutimental existence,- anxiously guarded thy Congressional career, impressed thee to faithfully discharge the respective duties of your public life, and rejoiced, with exceeding great joy, with thee, when my spirit beheld thee elevated to the highest, meridian point of National Honor and Confidence, and felt, that your patriotic deeds had, in a great degree, merited, and rendered you intrinsically worthy of

so exalted and eminent a gift; and though earthly honors and emoluments are but perishable treasures, yet the victor who wins them in the espousal of a good cause, will reflect immortal credit on his soul, and wear them as pure, enduring trophies, even in the great battle of Human Rights, while he who gains them, through dishonorable ends, and in vindication of an unrighteous cause, will only heap upon himself perpetual infamy and contempt, and more beautifully contrast the bright reward of Virtue with the hideous recompense of Vice.

"Knowing, as I do, dear son, the numerous temptations and snares which beset the weary mariner on the tempest-tossed sea of political life, the many entanglements and insidious arts which are employed to compromise virtue and integrity,- it was not without a great deal of anxiety, that I watched your progressive public destiny, and sought, with maternal affection, to beat back the seemingly irresistible, of popular prejudice and opinion, which threatened, at one time, to engulph thy noble barque beneath its heavy breakers; battling for them unpopular principles with a gigantic power working against you,- defending the divine cause of universal liberty, and the rights of all mankind;- threatened often with destruction of material life, and persecuted by the enemies of progressive ideas and sentiments; stigmatized with every epithet which human malignity could devise, or invent;- yet, proud am I to say, that,

"Above them all your soul aspired,-
With holy emulations fired;
And won at last the priceless crown
Of spotless fame and pure renown:

and as my spirit beheld your rising greatness from the Immortal Sphere,- discerned, with what nobility of soul and purpose you repelled the fiery darts of malice and enmity which were hurled at your Christian labors, and the strength of will and determination which you

manifested on every occasion which demanded the eloquence of your pen, and the heroism of your nature; when I saw, with what elevated faithfulness you fulfilled your God-appointed mission, I could not but exclaim, and echo the voice of the Infinite Parent to His Son Jesus, in days gone by:

"This is my beloved Son
In whom I am well pleased;"

and glad am I to pronounce a mother's approval on your earthly labors, and a benediction on your soul; and O! greater is my joy and gladness, doubly is my happiness increased, to feel, that a Higher Power than mine imprints His mark of approbation on your past fondest works and breathes to your newly-awakened life an imperial seal in His Kingdom of Righteousness; while, from the lips of His Ministering Angels, there issues, with entire unanimity, the welcome verdict of

"Well done! Well done!"

Now, dear son, a living host of spirits wait to attend you in your pilgrimage to the spheres of inferior development, to more fearfully illustrate to your mind the extent of your heavenly mission, and to enable you, through force of example and illustration, to better understand and appreciate the importance of your glorious work of regeneration; that, through your labors, you may exist in reforming the erring and sinful, and reflect, in every soul the effulgent glory of His Light, and the truth which is within Him. God be with you forevermore, my son, and inward to thy endless progressive soul the richest recompense due to each well-performed act, and crown thee with His Holy Spirit."

When my dear mother concluded this affecting benediction, the strings from millions of harps were struck by the gentle hands of angels, whom the sweetest music, to which mortal or immortal ear could listen, while blended with it, were harmonic strains of love breathed forth by the voices of the just, in the following unanimous salutation: Spirit Thompson

"Welcome, brother, to the land
Where the weary sink to rest,-
Welcome to the spirit-land,
To the mansions of the blest.

"Welcome to the heavenly home,
Where the sainted Jesus dwells;
Welcome with us there to roam,
Through the fragrant Eden dells.

"Welcome to the band of Heaven,-
Heaven which never bloom to die;
Welcome to the Seraph Bowers,
Where sweet spirit-zephyrs sigh.

"Welcome to the Father's House
To the Kingdom of our Lord;
Where He, the faithful soul endows,
With a pure and just reward.

Welcome, faithful servant, now,
To the joys of Heaven above;
Bathe thy consecrated brow,
In the Jordan streams of love.

"Enter, saint beloved and true,
On the work is thee assigned;
Faithfully thy duties do,
With a cheerful will and mind.

"Him thy soul will we attend
In the sphere of life below,
That your work with us may blend,
And us join to overthrow."

At this point the whole celestial army, visible to my spiritual sight, was suddenly enshrouded in a magnificent cloud, tinted with all the beauties of that Bow of Promise, which, as Scripture informs us, the God of heaven placed in the heavens, as a token of confidence to His children, that He will no more destroy His world by the watery element; and while my vision gazed upon that splendid, Ethereal cloud, with this Celestial host encircling it, it presented a faithful parallelism with the former-named one, inasmuch as it reminded me of the contiguity of that blessed period when the material world will no longer be deluged by the black waters of sin and error, or enshrouded in the darkness of intolerant sectarianism and bigotry; when every heart will discern the brilliant Bow of Promise spanning the whole moral heavens, and be reminded of those written assurances of Deity, that He will have all to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth:

O! may the promised time soon come
When Truth in every soul shall glow;
When sin no more shall find a home,
Within God's heritage below.

When the resplendent cloud, above mentioned, had completely enveloped us in its

radiant glory, I became conscious that we were slowly descending from our elevated plane of being, and moving toward the inner circles of development; - again disappeared from my view the soft, mellow effulgence of the higher spheres, the sweet, harmonious warblings of the Birds of Paradise, which, till the while, enlivened the air of heaven with their musical strains, now ceased altogether; the balmy fragrance of celestial flowers no longer wafted their pleasant sweetness to my soul, or fanned my spirit form with their perfumed zephyrs; the delightful symphonies, echoed from a million harps, floated away on the "dying distance," and left no reverberating sound to gladden our downward passage to the dominions of the uninterested and erring soul; lower and lower did we descend, denser and denser grew the atmosphere around our Ethereal Circle, while the light and glory of the more elevated spheres departed from us; and we were surrounded by a partial darkness, nearly equivalent to that of twilight; and had it not been for the brilliant corus-cations reflected from our illuminated cloud, and the transparent splendor of each glory-encircled seraph, we should have been, in a small degree, involved in this partial night; but the bright and radiant beams, emitted from our glorious cloud of light, threw around a pure and refined influence, and penetrated even the moral darkness which environed our River of Life. Suddenly, after having traversed an immense space, we paused before a gigantic structure, of circular form, resembling in shape and appearance, a huge fortress. Within it, moved a large body of animated life, which, on closer observation, were composed of those, whose natures were cramped by intolerant sectarianism and educational principles, and whose capacities are fettered in the fortress of Bigotry and Error. On a more rigid examination, and from the surrounding darkness and gloom, I became aware, that my spirit, at that particular period, was moving among an inferior grade of developments, whose mental powers were dwarfed by ignorance and superstition; and though many of them had been citizens of the Spirit-country for centuries, yet their shackled condition had prevented the light-

of Gods truth from finding a pleasant avenue to the inner chambers of their darkened souls; and on glancing again at this grand vision, I became aware that my spirit-guide, for the time being, in

"The Circle of Prejudices and Error:"

There were seen many thousands who had long travelled in the darkness of spiritual death and desolation, and in the mire of superstition and infidelity. There were seen the faithful Representatives of all the different unhealthy creeds of the past ages, still bowing to their sectarian idols, and still wandering in the night of past opinions and prejudices. Here was the bigoted Infidel, still groping in the gloom of a narrow scepticism, and even doubting his own present immortal existence, a living and bright reality. Still he sees through a glass darkly, and is incapable of discerning in his soul the rudiments of everlasting, unfolding improvement, and that God has endowed his spiritual being with certain sublime attributes, all of which are capable of more perfect unfoldings and developments. He still believes that his incorruptible body will waste away, like a vapory cloud, in the lapse of ages, and that its present individualized existence will prove, in the ultimate, a nonentity. His soul's affections calloused by the deeply-instilled prejudices of the unenlightened Past, his sympathies deadened by the irrational dogmas of the undeveloped age in which his mortal life was spent, no bright glimmerings, from the Star of Truth, have, as it were, been able to force an ingress into the dark recesses of the deathless spirit, to illuminate it with their all-potent influences, and to illuminate its onward pathway of Progress. The Voice of Reason has spoken its tender accents into his error-bound mind; but he turned a deaf ear to her counsels, and would give no heed to her sweet admonitions; therefore, he groped along in darkness, seemingly impenetrable to the glorious Light of Truth Immortal; and yet there has been a constant progression going on in his soul

for the better, though perhaps imperceptible even to his own unenlightened and blinded senses.

But the infidel was not alone in his darkened state of being; there were many others, of opposite creeds and doctrines, fettered in that gloomy fortress of unbelief and error, who, as yet, have been unable to recognize the truth as it is in Jesus, and to behold, beyond their present limited ideas and sentiments, a more glorious and happy destiny awaiting the ransomed soul in the spheres of light and purity above. There were individuals composing the various Nations of the terrestrial globe, still tenaciously clinging to their respective erroneous doctrines, and each one claiming his own as the right and true one. Turmoil and discord, were, of a natural consequence, the result of this strenuous clashing of opinions; intelligence and ignorance were strangely blended together, both seeking to gain the mastery, and to perpetuate error and sectarianism.

But there was one scene which met my vision, which most especially pleased and gratified me. Above the most undeveloped mind was seen a spirit of great intelligence and power, whose interior capacities were cramped, however, by the baneful influences of past errors and prejudices; but he does not find his affinity or congeniality with the lowest of these minds, for a few hundred years' existence in the Higher Life has considerably enlightened and advanced the more ennobling powers of his soul, and he is now emerging out of his present state of intellectual debasement into the purer atmosphere of Light, Truth, and Wisdom. And yet his earthly life was not without its great and good results; for, through his aid and influence, a reformatory movement was impelled onward in its pure and triumphant path, which the world, at the present day, is beginning to realize and admire, and which will reward the Reformer with the Crown of Glory; but the errors which he imbibed, and the strongly-prescriptive doctrines which he advocated, more than balanced the good which he done, and cramped the intellect, and debased the nobler faculties of his nature. The veil of error, which has so long obscured in darkness, the

higher faculties of his being, is now, thank God, being removed, and the light of heaven is breaking through the clouds of his once-shrouded mind. On a nearer approach to his spirit, I was enabled to distinguish the never-to-be-forgotten name of

John Calvin:

while on his lofty brow there were traced, in glowing letters, the following beautiful words:

"Unto Thee long my soul has found,
And Truth Thee sought, and now have found."

But another scene now diverts my attention. From a long distance above us, is seen wending a beautiful spirit, on whose countenance we beheld the glorious attributes of Love and Benevolence. On his immediate proximity, the name of the martyr,

"Michael Servitus,"

became distinguishable to my celestial vision. When he arrived in front of Calvin, the subjoined beautiful lines were imaged on his expanding mind:

"I come, dear brother, to impart
The truth of God unto your heart,
And aid you in your glorious flight,
To Higher Spheres of Love and Light."

The spectacle, to which I now became witness, was beautiful to behold, and one which I never expected to see, when dwelling on the earth-life.

Again was evidenced another sublime instance of forgiveness to my soul, another glowing record of the triumph of love and good-will over the lower elements of weak human nature, and the magnificent victory of the nobler attributes of the Man over the petty foibles of frail Humanity. Michael Servitus, whose material form was destroyed through the intervention of John Calvin, - whose immortal soul was introduced into the society of heaven through his criminal accusations and religious intolerance, - now comes, from the flowery groves of his celestial Paradise beyond,

The hand of fellowship to extend
And breathe to him redeeming love;

and assure him of his forgiveness as far as that benignant attribute was conferred upon him. It was a spectacle such as the angels delight to witness and admire, and to register, on the living Book of Life, as brilliant examples, worthy of universal imitation and guidance. To witness such a scene, must inspire and elevate the soul above the wicked animosities and antagonisms of the erring nature, and ennobles thereof and hate therefrom; it is a sermon in itself, - more potent and commanding in its influence and power than thousands of such objurgations as are delivered once a week from Protestant lands, and which, as a general thing, are well understood by the intelligent perpetrator; for, in the former instance, the higher impulses of the soul were appealed to, through practical, familiar observation, while, in the latter, only the outer senses are enabled into requisition, which, like a little flower, of ephemeral birth, lose the fragrant lessons which such objurgations are intended to teach, in a short time, - leave no lasting impressions upon the mind, - but fading away, like the rose,

"To waste their sweetness on the desert air."

God's sermons are written everywhere! In the glad morning, when the golden sun first tips the edge of yielding east with its smiling beams we read a sermon of His goodness and love, who causes the light of His radiant orb to shine upon the just and the unjust, and to gladden the earth with luxuriant vegetation, and inanimate life; and at night, when it calmly sinks to rest behind the western skies, our hearts instinctively return to the written declarations of deity, and the force of that beautiful parallelism seems to our memory, when the bright sun of truth will emerge from out the horizon of error and prejudice, and illuminate the scene of moral desolation and death with its beneficent rays, never again to be obscured by the night of ignorance and superstition. In the forked lightnings, we read a sermon of God's might and power, and in the rolling thunders, of his majesty and strength. In the forest towers, and flowery groves, echoing with the warbling of a thousand musical tongues, we discern the love and charity of Omniscience, who has invested his Natural Creation with so many wondrous beauties to elevate and ennoble the affections of the children He has created in His own Divine likeness, and draw out the worshipful powers of their hearts in behalf of the Infinite Engineer; in all these unfolding works of Nature, we trace the handiwork of Jehovah, and see written therein those immortal sermons, by which we are brought into more immediate contact with their author, and which teach us, by beauty of argument and illustration, the purest lessons of piety and wisdom!

Nature! It is the only true and living temple of the Most High God, wherein he is sincerely worshipped "in spirit and in truth," and where His excellencies are sounded, and His praises sung. The roaring cataract thunders forth His mighty power, and the meandering rill murmurs His generosity. The lashing waves of the Ocean echo His majesty, and the calm, placid waters, of the Lake reflect His purity. The birds of the air chant thanksgivings to His holy Name, for providing for their wants and necessities, while there was one above them who "had not where to repose His weary head;" even the beasts of the field, in mute eloquence, found their feelings of gratitude:

All things, dear Father, do declare,
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and care;
On Nature's face, in every land,
Is traced the Impress of thy Hand.

The murmuring rills reflect thy Face,
The Ocean speaks thy tender praise,
While the sweet songsters of the air,
Resound thy mercies everywhere.

The stars, which twinkle in the skies,
Tell of a love which never dies;
While sun and moon, with their pure light,
Good sermons on the soul indite

On earth below—in Heaven above,—
Thy works bespeak thy ernning love;
While Nature sounds thy holy name,
And sings thy Everlasting fame.

O! give to each a grateful heart,
That all may know thee as thou art;
That every soul may worship thee,
As thou, O God! shouldst ever be.

Man, O Man! in sincerity and truth, shouldst thou worship the Author of thy being! Always frown the discords of the outer World, 'tis fitting that thy soul should commune with its Maker in His holiest Jab-

earth,- the great Temple of Nature! With the calm, blue sky, stretching thy head,- the humanit beauties of the flowery kingdom shedding their balmy fragrance around thee, and the sweet, harmonious warblings of the bright-plumed birds above, 'tis well, that thou shouldst there inspire the holy and tender worries of thy God,- seek closer converse with him through the noble works of His Creative Hand, and attune thy heart to the plenary inspiration of Nature's Songs! Here, O God! is Thy only true Temple - Thy holy Church Universal! Nature, with her thousand voices, speaks thy everlasting praise, and the benevolent soul echoes her cheerful response! From the tallest and most majestic oak of the forest, to the humblest flower of the valley, are written the undying sermons of Life, traced by thine own loving Hand! Here the Christian soul unites the Harmonies of thine Infinite Nature, and prepares itself, through its interior communings with thy natural works, for that Higher Tabernacle above, in which are many glorious mansions!

When the glowing spirit of Michael Servitus had reached a certain point in our cloud-environed Circle, the bright form of John Calvin rose upward, from its present sphere of influence, to meet him. When within a given distance of each other, Servitus unrolled a splendid chart which he bore in his hand, and revealed to our delighted gaze, the following beautiful lines:

"My soul, dear Brother, will progress,
In wisdom, love, and holiness;
And learn the way to purer skies
Where dwell the excellent and wise;
For even the fetters which now bind
The powers of thy expanding Mind,
Unriveted by Truth will be,-
No more to chain thy Liberty."

Then Servitus knees, with a form of fire, the following sweet poetical thought, which reflects a sublime idea, and, resplendent with consolation and hope to the erring soul:

"My soul is strongly over-borne,
But what a spark within is found,
By which the angels can inspire
Into a living flame of fire,
The power of Truth; whose radiant light,
Is never wholly lost in night,
Or darkened by the clouds which seem,
To hover upon each gentle beam.

"O! Brother, long thy feet have trod,
The Error's darkness path below;
And now, the Truth and Love of God,
Within thy soul begins to glow;
Celestial Minds will lend their aid,
And urge thee on thy way above,
To realms, where angels stand arrayed,
To crown thee with immortal Love."

Again was traced, on that Divine Scroll, by the hand of the Seraph Servitus, an assurance of his forgiveness, as far as it lay in his power, for the unfortunate part which Calvin played in the tragedy of his closing earthly life:

"On this undying Scroll of Light,
"Forgiveness on thy soul," I write;
While God, the Righteous Judge above,
Has spoke His Pardon and His Love."

My interior vision now turned to the spirit of Eabin, whose face lighted up with joy and hope as he listened to the glorious words of Seniors, and inspired the sweet hymns of charity, truth, and love, which fell from that sainted martyr's lips. As he gazed upon the beautiful form of the Father, beckoning him to the higher walks of intellectual and moral life,- his soul longed to burst the mortal bonds which encompassed it,- and to dwell with him in his radiant Kingdom of Light, Truth, and Wisdom; but his spirit was not then qualified to bear with him the same elevated plane of immortal existence, or enjoy that exalted and unfolding degree of happiness and glory which is the reward of the enlightened and truly Christian soul. His nature was not yet sufficiently purified and refined, to span the moral sublimities of the Higher Heavens. Old doctrines and errors still clung to the "skirt of his garments," and a long series of instructions and progress were required to instill into his soul the sentiments of a true spiritual education, that he might, with a clear and discerning vision, behold the living Truth of God, and thereby plant his feet upon the immovable Rock of Universal Brotherhood and Love. But, through the teachings of Higher Minds, and the developings of unfolding Consciency, is his intelligent spirit awakening out of its present state of moral darkness, into the full light and splendor of Unfolding Truth! Like the rose-tinged of the east his first-unfolding vision beholds the Illuminated Sun spanning the Celestial Skies above, inviting him to come and bask beneath its silent beams, and to worship at the feet of the God-Sun Shield of Truth! He sees, that its pure and refined light shines for all, and gladly, the comes forth to drink of its sustaining inspiration, and to bathe in the divine glory of its all-penetrating rays! Under the guiding influences of the Enlightened Intelligences which illuminate around the great Central Intelligence, he is seeking the roots of error and prejudice which bind him in that huge fortress,- breaking down all barriers which interpose between his soul and its receptivity of Truth,- and soon, O! soon, will he safely land

on the immutable platform of Universalism, embracing sentiments and principles!

It will be distinctly understood, that, although Eabin moved, at that period, in the circle of Originaries, yet he was not associated with the more ignorant and superstitious class of Beings existing there; for this sphere, like the others, was divided into different degrees of development, classified into six respective circles, as follows:



In the first or inner circle, the reader will perceive that I have written:

"The Circle of Intolerance:"

Here the most unenlightened and unenlightened exist, those, who in all ages of the world, have lent their unholy aid to the perpetuation of extremely anti-Christian doctrines, and who were led away with the strong idea, that, in sacrificing the lives of those who opposed them, they were doing service and honor to God. Among this class of spirits, I was able to recognize many, but not all, of those, who were violent partizans in the unfortunate

"Massacre of St. Bartholomew:"

I earnestly gazed around, expecting to behold the prominent instigator of that dreadful deed; but she was not there. Her soul was not, as yet, qualified to breathe even that lower zone of life... On entering at the second degree of that sphere, the vision meets with

"The Circle of Prescriptive Bigotry:"

Here a very limited order of spirits now and have their being; those, who would prescribe another for a difference of belief, and entail misery and every species of martyrdom upon their antagonists, to further their own prescriptive sentiments. Here were seen many, who, when on earth, actively engaged in an unrighteous crusade against Truth and Justice, and exerted, to the utmost, their fettered capacities to the support of unfeeling creeds and dogmas. Here have existed many souls, for long ages, strongly bound in the chains of Prescriptive Bigotry, and unreflected in the efforts of error. Among them, my reptive vision was able to recognize many of those, who,

for opinion's sake, have persecuted the noblest and truest Men of past generations; and most especially, was my sight attracted to a particular class, who have transmitted to posterity a name of most hateful celebrity, because connected with the Persecution of one of the purest men the world has ever known in its bosom,—

"The Crucified Jesus,
The Heroic Martyr of Truth:"

while in the center of this unenlightened group reflected one whose name is painfully associated with deeds of darkest dye, and whose life was one of error and sin; but his nature has advanced out of the sphere of darkness below, and I found the once seeming spirit of

"Herod,
The King of the Jews,

fitted to stand the second circle of the Spheres of Progression... I beheld also, others of his age and clime, while grasping in the shadows of a crumpled intellect: I anxiously looked among this assemblage, however, hastily expecting to behold one spirit, whose name is well known to Christian History, but alas! the soul of

"Pontius Pilate,"

he, whose whole nature revolted at the idea of participating in the murder of the "just-man" Jesus, had long since assumed the higher conditions of Immortal Being, to receive the crown of glory from that glorified temple; while they, who had imbrued their hands in "innocent blood," were still wandering in the night of Bigotry, awaiting the approach of that period, when they, too, will be crowned with Eternal Light and Truth, and dwell in

with communion with saints in the Upper Paradise. God grant that the Light may soon shine in their souls, and lead them onward to Salvation and Truth.

Again; on turning to the Third Circle, the vision will discover within these:

"The Circle of Ignorance:"

where that class of beings, who, ignorant of the real Truth of God, wander on in darkness and unbelief: this circle comprises many of the theological persuasions of the past and present age, as well as other distinctions of religious opinions. Being ignorantly, some little time is requisite to educate them in the true Christianity of God and Christ. Passing onward, our vision ascends:

"The Circle of Infidelity:"

This circle, although belonging to the Sphere of Darkness, was entirely different, however, from the rest. This region was invested in all the sublimities of oriental life. Here were seen Turkish mosques, with towering minarets aspiring to the heavens beyond, and, also, magnificent mosques, in which were the followers of Mahomet, still worshipping in all the glory of Pagan splendor and pageant; a little above these temples, were seen written in the air, the emblems of the Faith of these benighted children:

"Mohammed is our God:"
"The Alkoran our Bible:"
"We acknowledge no other:"

great Organizator of the Arabian Faith, but the fearfully-inspired spirit of the Prophet

"Mohammed,"—

had long since surrendered into the Hands of the only True God,—the Ever-Living Jehovah: and now, from his higher and more influential position in the Spirit Land, he gazes, with sorrowful vision, upon those who misread, and still advocate, the doctrines which he taught, and, with all the power which he can summon to his command, aided by the Intelligent Powers of Heaven, and the Power Infinite above all, is he diligently working to uproot the errors which his own hands have in part sown, and to instill into the minds of these children the beautiful principles of the Religion of Christ, even "one greater than he." My vision, as I now write, exhibits a glimpse of his radiant form in the land of Light, clothed in all the splendor and beauty of a Redeemed Seraph, while on his beautiful brow, shines

"The Crown of Glory":-

The reward bequeathed to the Immortal Soul by the Great Ruler, on its passage to the realms of Light and Truth! Above him floats a beautiful Crown-entirely alone,-

"The Messenger Bird:"

in whose gentle beak is seen another of those sublime scrolls, inscriptive of the glorious mission of angels:

"From the Throne of the King of Kings,
We come with healing on our wings,

To bring the Gates of Truth and Love,
And point the wayward soul above."

While below this glorious emblem of Purity, and a little above the purified spirit of Mohammed, appears to my celestial vision the following appropriate words:

"I bear good tidings to all."

Now he unrolls a Chart, and reveals to my inferior sight, the succeeding beautiful lines:

O! may the Light of God ever shine,
Upon thy deathless soul,
And Wisdom, Truth, and Love Divine,
Thy every power control."

His gleaming mind, then, at will, creates on that purified scroll, the subsequent imperative injunction:

"Here, O Man of God, discern,
The work which now devolves on thee;
And here, thy noblest duties learn,—
Thy work of Love and Charity."

"Prune it well; and cease not, till
The soul from error is set free,
And heavenly Truth and Wisdom thrill,
The powers now shrined in Heaven."

But another glorious spectacle enchants my gaze. Beyond the Regenerated Spirit of Mohammed are seen several circles of pure and beautiful beings sailing on the Lake of Life; one of these leave the others, and is seen to approach the Arabian Prophet, and to float directly above his head. On its near proximity, the vision distinguishes the forms of four seraphs, one male and three females. The former then descended to the side of Mohammed; and the scrutinizing observer would be able to recognize, in his open countenance, a warm and ardent friend of the "Prophet," and a fine Disciple of the Christian teachings which he now promulgates. The latter tenderly welcomes him to his side, and my eager, listening ear, catches the name of

"Ali Jaleb":—

the friend of his earthly life, and the faithful companion of his Spirit-Existence. Now advances two of the females before mentioned; and on their shining foreheads were imaged the mystic names of them well loved by Mohammed:

"Khadijah"::
"Ayesha:::"

23

his former partners in the earth-life, and the participators of his joys and happiness in the World of Eternal Being. With sympathies and affections bearing in unison for the great cause of Humanity,—with souls yearning for the redemption of the Whole Human Race,—they labor together in the broad field of Christianity, and seek to sow the seeds of true Religion in the degenerate hearts of the children of God. By the side of the faithful and true,—the Prophets of the Past, and the Prophets of the Present,—do these ministering disciples of Truth and Love labor in that sublime work of regeneration, by which the world will become purified of its present state of sin and corrup-

tion, and every heart rejoice in the light reflected from the brilliancy of Truth. But the third of this glorious trio is now gravitating to the spirit of Mohammed; in her hand she carries a small urn of Water-Lilies,- dewy-light lilies of innocence and purity, which she places at the feet of the Father. Her form was clothed in a flowing robe of snowy whiteness, and on her neck glistened a magnificent chain, into which were woven many bright pearls, gathered from the endless shores of the Ocean of Immortal Life. Her soul teamed with the purest virtue, and her mind, with the noblest intelligence. On her brow was written her spirit name,- The one adopted by her, after a long period of refined, progressive development:

"Puritana:"

or, as interpreted into the language of the realms of glory and Light, signifies

"The Star of Purity:"

But her earthly title, the children of the material world preferred

"Fatima:"

I relate these few incidents, not because they have any particular interest or merit, to the reader, but to show how the affinities of earth become associated and intertwined into the affinities of Heaven. I might recite many other glorious scenes which I connected with Mohammed but this will answer for the present. I will, however, before I withdraw from this subject, state, that the life of this prophet furnishes worthy evidence of angelic control; but, like many others, sometimes misjudged, he employed the gifts conferred upon him to answer an unrighteous purpose, to build up a sect, and to further his ambitious motives. Like Napoleon, he sought personal aggrandizement, and to establish a faith, which, the moment it became sectarian, ceased to be of practical benefit to mankind, but to the honor of Mohammed, and to the Power which governed him, be it said, that he effected a great work, in aiding to banish, in a great measure, the system of idol-worshipping, extant in his day, and of instituting a purer belief among these benighted minds; and although many of his followers are inhabitants of the Circle of Idolatry, yet it will not be presumed that they are in immediate association with those who bow down to graven images, and worship no other god; for Circles, as well as Spheres, have their grades of development, commensurate with the interior unfoldings of the spirit; thus, the intelligences just named, have so far expanded in their spiritual capacities, as to enjoy a higher degree of development than the less refined and intellectual order of things dwelling in that particular Circle; and now they are rapidly advancing from out of their present confined condition into the broader fields of true spiritual life, while those, who still tenaciously cling to their current modes of worship, are revelling in the darkness of error and idolatry; but the Light of God will yet shine in their souls, and lead them in the progressive paths of Truth and salvation. Guided by the hallowing influences of Superior Minds,- instructed by them in the higher principles of a liberal education, the clouds which encompass them will break away- the fetters which bind their noblest powers will dissolve likely, and their unfolding spirits will respire the more refined atmosphere of the Heavens of Truth and Wisdom.

2 Sept 11

But there were others in this Circle of Idolatry beside those I have mentioned. There was the Cathedral with his crucifix, clinging still to the idea, that the good man, Jesus, is the true Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that, through him, they will receive pardon for their sins of omission and commission. Some were chanting Te Deums, and others were singing the repose of the soul. Lighted candles, formed at will, were profusely displayed, to my vision, while strains of music flowed from many lips, as the spirit of some

"purified one" passed from the sublimest purgatory, through the gates of Paradise, into the embrace of Heaven. There were, also, many others, of different tribes and tribes, bowing to their own peculiar idolatrous creeds, and disowning the existence of any other Power or God, than those which their own error-enslaved minds had created; but the good Father pities his children at variance with Him, and will, in no wise, cast them out from His Love and Mercy.

28th

In glancing again at the Sphere of Prejudice, the vision penetrates the Eighth Circle, or

The Circle of Superstition:

This Circle, if possible, crowded, if not crowded, in splendor and beauty the last one mentioned. Here exist many of those, who regard the ancient, unalterable traditions, as the pure outflowings from Deity, and out of which they have erected a Tower of Faith. Here, also, my vision beheld large delegations of Indians, still adhering to their beautiful superstitions, and believing, that they have not, as yet, attained that Paradise, where the Great Spirit dwells. Though many of them, when shrouded in the clay, were at once with human kind, yet now they dwell in peace and amity together, and nothing prevented their glorious passage into the higher abodes of angels but the tenacity with which they clung to past usages and customs; but through holding to their ancient religions, they were not, however, unhappy; for their "unlettered natures," though not born to the educational discipline of the present age of the world, possessed, even with their superstitious ideas, clearer, and more beautiful and Christian conceptions of the true God, than many of those minds, who rank higher in point of intelligence and wisdom, and who are considered as shining lights and patterns to the less enlightened; and, I would to say, that many of the latter class, when they shall have attained their Immortal Existence, will thereby

feel themselves prepared, in their exalted and bright condition, to enter upon the state of being enjoyed by the unfettered children of the spirit; for "the light which is in them" has not been employed, to the so much elevation and enlargement of the human affections, and to spread the soul on the enduring platform of Universal Humanity, as to unite us certain creeds and rites, antagonistic to the Divine Beatitudes of the Author of all Truth, and at war with the cardinal principles of true Christianity.

For this connection, it may prove profitable and interesting to many, to relate a beautiful vision which crowned my delightful spiritual journey this week to this circle of development. For above the celestial cloud which encircled the effervescence of spirits which accompanied me to this state of being, and beyond the fearful darkness which environed it, my attention was called to a small circle of spirits, in the centre of which was seated a commanding figure, attired in Indian costume; and though situated at that time many millions of miles from the point at which I stood, yet the retentive vision was capable of spanning that immense ocean of space, and of viewing those immortal inhabitants, surrounded by the dazzling glory of the realms of purity and love. Here the head of the Indian Spirit was seen flanking another company of seraphs, encircling an angel of great beauty and intelligence, and, as well known to the spiritual as to the physical world: by his side, he has a machine, of peculiar construction, through the medium of which he is, about to perform a most beautiful experiment, and thereby, unfold to my interior powers the glorious method by which the Higher Minds impart their pure Light of inspiring intelligence unto the less developed and enlightened of the Heavenly Spheres. In a more rigid examination of that curiously-constructed machine, it appeared somewhat in appearance like the modern galvanic battery, with a large wheel in the centre, which revolved at will. On it appeared the following five words, which perfectly explained, to my satisfaction, its sublime use:

"Defended Electricity:

while on the inspiring zephyrs of Heaven was wafted the illustrious name of its immortal founder:

"Benjamin Franklin:"

and the glorious beings, who were aiding him in his celestial work, bore the distinguished earthly titles of

"Archimedes, Galileo,
Newton,
Faraday, and Themistokles:"

Now, my attention is withdrawn, for a few moments, from this latter class of spirits, and attracted to a little circle below it, in which was distinguished the bright form of the "Red Man:" Suddenly, a small luminous cloud, similar in beauty to our own, encircles him, and his aspect, in the form of a ring, and commences to descend to the lower stage of being, impelled forward by the force of the will power. With lightning rapidity did that cloud of angels travel the great ocean of Immensity descending lower and still lower into the regions of undeveloped life, and departing, the nearer they approached them, from the more refined essence of celestial being beyond. When they had reached a given division of the sphere of Existence, and within a few hundred miles of our little ball of darkness, they paused, and, casting their vision upwards, awaited the advent of the glorious company of angels which floated around the magestic form of the immortal Franklin.

29th 11 My vision again turns to the Sixth Sphere, - the elevated plane of being enjoyed by Franklin, and his celestial comrades, - and perceives that another circle of spirits join them, from the higher mansions of glory and wisdom, who, reside in immediate rapport or contact with the harmonizing influences of these glorified intelligences, encircled them in a chain of sympathy and love, and prepared to assist them in their beautiful work, by imparting the healthy currents of vitalized electricity from their well-balanced spiritual organisms, and communicating them, in their refined state, to Franklin and his adherents.

At this point, these seraphs, - twenty in number, - are organized by the spirit of their leader, - Franklin, - to join hands, and, at the same time, instructed to "chant sweet melodies," that a perfectly harmonizing effect may be produced, in order that a pure, electric affinity may be secured, and render easy and pleasant the flowing out of the tide of intellectual inspiration. When this beautiful effect is attained, they disconnect their hands, for a few moments; then their celestial instructor again unites each organism by means of a small subtle chain, connected by minute links, as thin and delicate as air. One point of this is attached to the hand of Franklin, while the other, grasps a small wire, conjoined to the electric machine. Now, a semi-circle is formed around this Heavenly instrument, - the spirit of Isaac Newton occupying a position opposite to Franklin, - he, also, clasping a wire, united to this beautiful machine. Then, "the leader," at once, darkened the atmosphere around this little circle, that the effect of this glorious picture might be more sublime to my internal gaze; and again, on the application of the will power, the wheel, before referred to, was made to revolve, while a stream of the most refined light was emitted to pass from one to another, - resembling, in shape and appearance, from the point at which I stood, like a constant chain of lightning playing to and fro in the stormy thunder clouds at night.

But what all these proceedings had to do with the lower circle, which enshrined the glowing spirit of the Indian, I could not, at that immediate period, possibly divine; and still less, could I conjecture what particular bearing they were to have upon those who inhabited the Circle of Superstition; it was not for me to foreknow the glories of their sublime experiments; for in such an instance, the force of the old adage would be truthfully verified, "that previous knowledge destroys, in a measure, the beauty and effect of the thing sought for;" and probably, my celestial friends unanimously

by connected with this ancient Division, and were determined, that-if shou[ld] them, by dint- of experimental illustration and argument- the knowledge or wisdom which they were desirous to convey; and thereby, through a spiritual education, and by a refined intuition, attain that- essential system of instruction, which added so much to my happiness, in the future and proved as a stream of light to my soul.

My attention is now drawn to the lower circle of celestials, who, also were immediately interested by the addition of twenty-five from the upper Heavens,- constituting, in the whole, an effulgence of forty numbers, besides the number composing the Circle of Guardians. At this instant, two separate rings were formed,-an outer and inner one,- while three glorious spirits culminated to the central point of the two circles, the outer, comprised twenty spirits,- the inner, thirteen; while, in the centre of all appeared that-white seal, well known to Christian Saints,- and one, whose first- living example of peace and amity to the white man, has furnished so brilliant- and worthy, pattern for universal imitation,- the bright- and radiant- spirit- of the immortal

"Samoset:"

while on the right- hand was seen that kindred spirit,- of elevated bearing, and lofty, intelligent countenance, must one who the world will recognize when I pronounce the beautiful title:

"Osceola:"

and on the left, appeared that noble, Christian Chief of God, whose heroic virtues have won for her an immortal fame in history, and a crown of glory in heaven:

"Pocahontas:"

while surrounding them were many beautiful beings my mortal eyes were to behold; but whose glowing names are written on the undying records of fame, and on the monuments of goodness which their own great deeds have reared. In the splendid blend of light- which encompassed them, like a pillar of fire, I read their glorious mission, traced in letters of gold,

"The Pilgrims of Truth:"

and on the front of twenty of these supernal Intelligences, I discerned the immortal names of that noble band, who braved the perils and dangers of the trackless deep, to seek, on the hospitable shores of a far-off country, that precious light- which their own denied them:

"Freedom to worship God:"

yes; there were they arrayed to my infernal vision, surrounding the noble spirit- of him who breathed so warm and cordial a

"Welcome! Englishmen!"

to the Rock-bound shores of Plymouth,- thus exhibiting that- sublimest- trait- of the human character,- Peace and Good-will. Twas most- fitting and appropriate- that-

"The Pilgrim Fathers"

should thus culminate around the resplendent- spirit- of Samoset, whose heavenly name, by his own selection, and suited from the sweet- memories of the past, is that- of

"Pleasant:"

by connected with this ancient division, and were determined, that-if therein lay, by dint of experimental illustration and argument, the knowledge or wisdom which they were desirous to convey; and thereby, through a spiritual education, and by a refined initiation, attain that essential system of instruction, which added so much to my happiness, in the future and proved as a stream of light to my soul.

My attention is now drawn to the lower circle of celestials, who also were immediately increased by the addition of twenty-five from the upper Heavens,- constituting, in the whole, an assemblage of forty members, besides the number composing the Circle of Guardians. At this instant, two small rings were formed, an outer and inner one,- while three glorious spirits culminated to the central point of the two circles, the outer, composed twenty spirits,- the inner, thirteen; while the centre of all appeared that-unbroken soul, well known to Christian fame,- and one, whose first- living example of peace and amity to the white man, has furnished to this-land- and worthy pattern for universal imitation, the bright- and radiant- spirit- of the immortal

"Samoset:"

while on the right- hand was seen that kindred spirit,- of elevated bearing, and lofty, intelligent countenance, and one who the world will recognize when I pronounce the household title:

"Osceola;"

and on the left, appeared that noble, Christian Chief of God, whose heroic virtues have won for her an immortal fame in history, and a crown of glory in heaven:

"Pocahontas:"

while surrounding them were many beautiful beings my mortal eyes never beheld; but whose glowing names are written on the undying records of fame, and on the monuments of groundes which their own great-deeds have reared. In the splendid cloud of light- which encompassed them, like a shower of fire, I read their glorious mission, traced in letters of gold,

"The Pilgrims of Truth:"

and on the front of twenty of these Supernal Intelligences, I discerned the immortal names of that noble band, who braved the perils and dangers of the trackless deep, to seek, on the hospitable shores of a far-off country, that precious light- which their own denied them:

"Freedom to worship God:"

yes; there were they arrayed to my infernal vision, surrounding the noble spirit- of him who breathed so warm and cordial a

"Welcome! Englishmen!"

to the "forth-bound shores of Plymouth,- thus exhibiting that sublimest trait- of the human character,- Peace and Good-will. Thus most-fitting and appropriate that

"The Pilgrim Fathers"

should thus culminate around the resplendent spirit of Samoset, whose heavily name, by his own adoption, and suited from the sweet memories of the past, is that of

"Mayflower:"

Now, my vision instantly turns to the inhabitants of the Circle of Superstition, and there I beheld them making preparations to receive the flood of pure inspiration which is about to descend to them from the more refined and intellectual channels of Immortal Life. Then again another circle is formed, comprising, in the whole, one hundred and twenty-four. Three rings or divisions are then drawn, each one containing forty spirits, while four, by unanimous choice, were elected to the centre, to be the joyful recipients of the inspired teachings from the radiant realms of wisdom and love. Two of these four were males, the remainder, females. The foremost one which met my gaze was a tall, majestic figure, of great, aristocratic strength and one whose earthly name is well known in American History:

"Jeannette:"

While, by his side, on the right hand, stands another noble Indian, whose lofty countenance beams with intelligence and holy light, and whose whole nature thrills with the purest excellences of Heaven. It was strange, that so intelligent a spirit should retain its progressive unfoldments, by clinging, with tenacious fondness, to the customs and usages of his Aboriginal life. But his soul is rapidly ascending out of this state of partial darkness into the light and wisdom of the Higher Spheres, under the glorious Emblem of the Immortal Intelligences. And though he has been a citizen of the Celestial Country, for many years, yet his spirit has not been able to attain the Spheres of Ethereal Being; but has, however, nearly reached the apex of the Second, and is preparing now to launch his bright barque on that silvery lake which winds along the Brighter Shores of Celestial Life. Here him is seen the beautiful form of his beloved and starling child, who seeks to inspire her father's heart with noble aspirations, and to draw his spirit in closer communion with her own, and other kindred affinities. The soul of

"Powhatan"

has heard the gentle voice of his angel child, speaking to him from her radiant Bowers of Truth and Purity, and bidding him

"Ascend, in Higher Courts above,
The elements of Light and Love,
And be prepared to upward fly,
To join his Lord in Wisdom's Sky."

On the left hand of Jeannette stood the glorious spirits of the two Indian females, one of which belong to that once powerful earthly tribe—the Narragansetts. The other belonged to Siam, which for ages has been exalted, and of which little or nothing is known. The name of the tribe was that of

"The Delawares:"

and to which the beautiful spirit last returned to, belonged. Among her red brethren she was called by the romantic title of

"Silver Bell:"

Her raven hair flowed in luxuriant beauty, over her airy form, while the latter was clad in full Indian costume, and decked with many flowers, wreathed into fragrant festoons. Her eyes were brilliant with the fires of enthusiasm, from which shone forth an heroic will and purpose, while her whole soul was radiant with the light and glory of the Upper Realms. Born, as she was, to the barbaric customs of a savage life,—reared amid the trammelled forms of unlettered, breathless ideas,—it is to be expected, that her own pure nature, in a great measure, became tinctured with them. And though ages have rolled on since the Resurrection of her spirit from the dead body, yet she still adheres to the former rituals and ceremonies of her tribe, and seeks to beautify her form with outward adornments and trophies; but she

discerns the Heaven-Light of Truth glimmering in the distance, and pressing unerringly to the Port of Eternal Glory. Already is she casting aside past ensages, and seeking to adorn her spirit with the sweeter graces of true virtue and humility. She, also, has launched her "Light-canoe" on the serener waters of Truth and Wisdom, and is swiftly sailing up the winding River of Endless Progression, seeking an inlet to that glorious Sea on which glides the Throne of Deity, and on whose Coast from she may gather her Seraphic Burden of Immortality, safe from all the storms of error and wrong.

God speed thee, gentle Silver Bell,
In thy celestial flight above,
Where His immortal children dwell
In Wisdom, Purity, and Love.

Launch now thy little Light-canoe
Upon the silvery Lake of Love;
And onward move, till thou hast found
An inlet to the Throne above.

Adorn thy spirit with the gems
Which angel hands to thee have given;
Weave for thyself bright diadems,
Culled from the richest mines of Heaven.

Speed on thy way, sweet Silver Bell;
Angelic Blessings on thee rest;
Soon may thy radiant spirit dwell,
In brighter Temples of the Blest.

The fourth of that Puritan Group now claims my earnest spiritual attention.

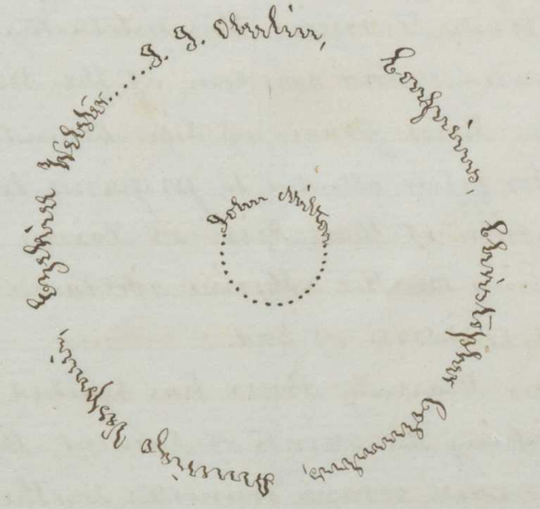
Among the Tribe to which she belongs, she was called by, highly poetical and romantic name of

"Virginia:
The Flower of Heaven"

Now, full preparations are being made to impart the Tide of intelligent electricity to Samoset,—the spirit commissioned to receive it, and transmit it to those below him. Between the circle which encloses the spirit of Franklin and That of Samoset, another one of six was formed, comprising the following purified intelligences, with the radiant spirit of

"John Milton:"

occupying the interior of this little group; while his surrounding influences were those of



This Circle was called the Glorifying Circle, or the first one which received the electric fluid, as it was imparted from the one above, and before it was communicated to the Circle in which appeared the spirit of Samoset. By this process, the power was concentrated, in its refined state, to its destined locality, having gathered, in its brilliant passage, the pure electric properties, of these harmonious

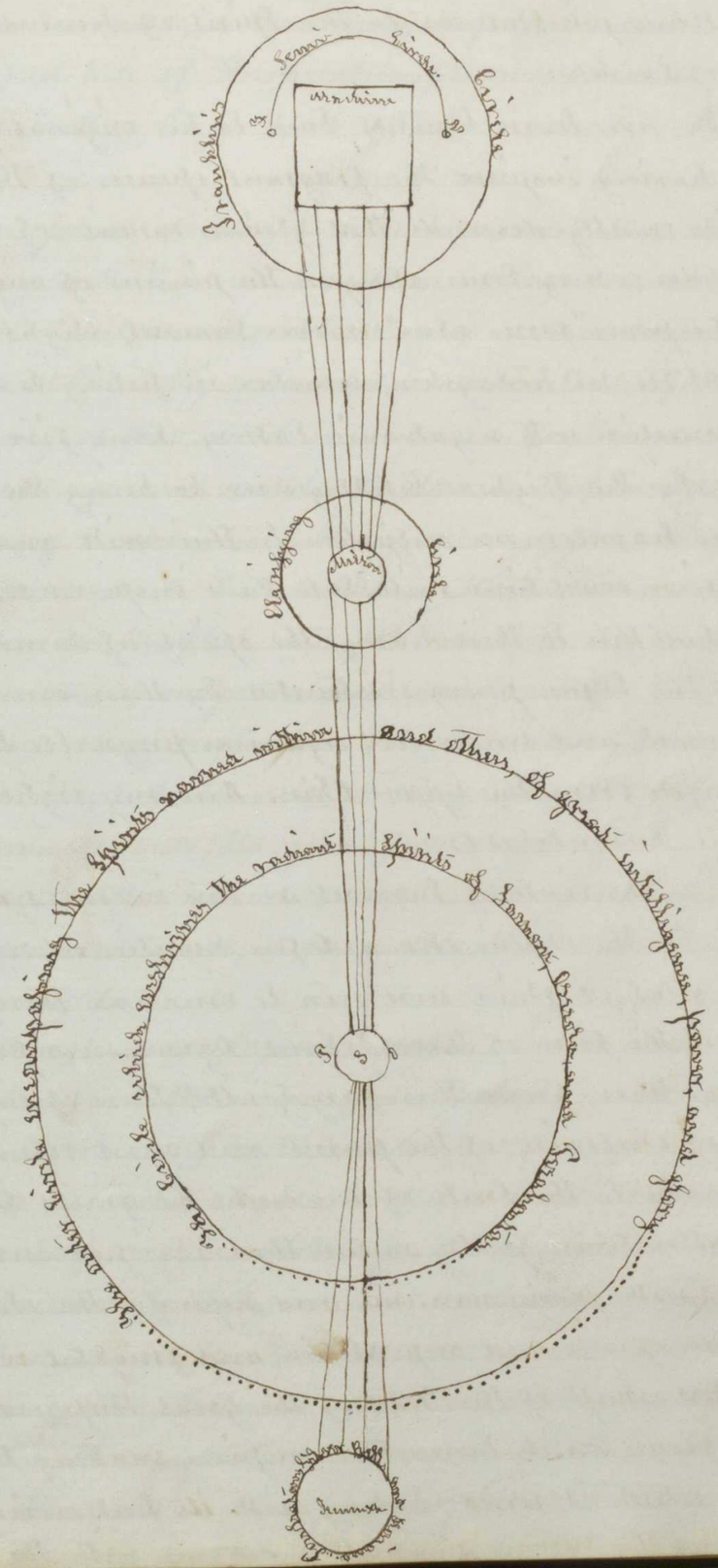
spiritual bodies, and prepared itself to be received in its elevated condition, by the waiting children below.

Now Franklin, after having gathered sufficient vitality from his surroundings, and, also, from the refined essences and forces of the etherialized Atmosphere about him, to enable him to accomplish his beautiful undertaking, - sent forth, or again applying the will-power, a spherical flood of light, which divided itself into six fine threads, resembling, from the point at which I stood, the rays of the sun beaming through the crevices of a darkened room.

Now these "living streams" of mellow light rapidly begin to descend on their glorious mission to the Circle of Instruction, having no disharmonizing obstacles to impede them in their brightening career. When they attain the Circle of Attrition, or Clarifying Circle, they gather new power or strength in their descent, from these electrified bodies, and with this additional force, they instantaneously branch out into four-thirty lines, and "make tracks" for Samuel's Circle.

He is ready to receive this intellectual flood, and, through it, to convey the knowledge and wisdom of the Higher Spheres unto his beloved brethren in the lower grades of life. Around him are assembled that immortal number, before alluded to, prepared to render their assistance, in the transmission of that River of Divine Inspiration, which was so sweetly flowing on the ethereal air, laden with peace and good-will to the benighted children of God.

When this Heavenly Power has reached its point of destination, the circles encompassing the Spirits of Samuel, - the outer and inner one, - emerge into one, each seraph connected together by means of a small chain. Then Samuel rises a little above his companions, with one point of the chain attached to his spherical form, while the electric forces of his circle are conveyed to his spiritual system. When his organism is well charged with this refined current, he is then fully prepared to inspire the clarified light from the Throne of the Eternal and Good, and to



instant its kindling brightness to the Spirit of Jeanneth, and to those of his sphere of existence.

3 2/21 He now lowers himself back to his original position in his luminous circle, having inspired the fragrant essences of the atmosphere about him, while sweetly blessed that glorious summit of departed spirituality on its triumphant way, borne along on the pinions of angelic love and affection. When the power "from above" reaches Samoset, slight shocks or sensations are perceptible in his system, similar in feeling to those received from immediate connection with a galvanic battery. Some five minutes or more are thus employed by the higher Intelligences, to bring the organization of Samoset into harmonious subjection to their will and render its interior conditions suitable to their inspired conduct. When they have accomplished this to their liking, the spirit of Samoset prepares to communicate this blessed power, instructed by those controlling Minds he goes, to Jeanneth, and under his organism presented to the Divine flowings of Angels from the upper Spheres. Now, my sight penetrated the sublimest scene I ever beheld.

The circle of Samoset, at this instant, was firmly connected together by the electric chain, before mentioned, while constant streams of the vitalized fluid were seen to emanate therefrom, and culminate around the form of their beloved Agent, in a perfect blaze of light and glory. Then, from this "fiery girdle," there issued four distinct lines or fibres of electricity, of the purest and most refined order, and pleasant aspect to the circle of Jeanneth,- the grand Central Magnet of its present attractions. Gently ascended that clarified current on its celestial track, laden with joyous memories and hopes for the children wandering in the shades of error and superstition, and brightened with fragrant blessings for the "lost sheep" of the fold of the Great Shepherd. Onward it harmoniously floats on its benevolent mission, making the very atmosphere, through which it winds, balmy with its kindling influences, and illuminating the surrounding partial darkness with the glory and good-

ness of God; while Jeanneth, a beautifully-impressible spirit,- was awaiting to receive the blessed rite of Inspiration, flowing from the fountains of Purity, Wisdom, and Truth.

6th 11 At this point, it may be well to remark, that although Jeanneth, and those dwelling with him in his sphere of Progression, were removed from the external of mortal tabernacles which once encased their immortal spirits, yet they could not be justly considered as inhabitants of Heaven, so far as the literal meaning of that word is concerned; for Heaven signifies a state of unalloyed happiness and exalted bliss; a land, far situated from the sins and imperfections of materialistic things, and yet, pervading, with its pure and benignant powers, each habitation of the earth-encased soul. A man may live embodied in the flesh, and still dwell in the "Land of Spirits;" for good deeds and virtuous motives will create a little Heaven below, and people it with ennobling influences. Every pure thought and generous aspiration are like angels to the soul, or flies, to light- the feet of the slave of error and superstition into the green fields of everlasting truth. The spirit is like a magnet. It either attracts or repels. Those whose conditions are harmonious with its own, it attracts, to ~~them~~ closer blend their affinities; those counter to it, it repels.

Strangely many spirits, dwelling in the inner circles, have been independent of the flesh for several years, yet they have not sufficiently progressed in true spirituality, as to be called actual citizens of the Celestial Country; for one who dwells in glories his own existence as a conscious, living reality, or who looks to the unchristian dogmas of the unrighteous priest, cannot be truly said to exist in Heaven; for the Latter place, is an abode, where the soul, divested of all its earthly grossness and imperfections, and cleansed of all its errors and falsities, meets its perfect reward in the unfading glories by which it is surrounded; and it is only when the soul is thus purified and developed, that it becomes fully qualified to enter the kingdom of peace and holiness,- the only true

Heaven of the Regenerated Spirit. The enlightening Sound to which all the pure and good are finally attracted.

11th 11

Thus, Jeremiah, though released from the fetters of the corruptible body, could not be called a resident of heaven; for the atmosphere and state transcended the dark recesses of subterranean caves, and Heaven of an even greater than that which his own fancies created; and though separated from the sins and depravities of the lowest stages of spiritual being, yet encompassed as he was, by earthly grossness and materialism, his attractions naturally would culminate to that point of completeness, which, by the natural course of development, his higher powers were so beautifully unfolded, as to give him easy access to the celestial harmonies of the Abode of Supreme Truth and Holiness; and seeing, as he once did, through the glorified, the eye-of-the-spirit, even in its immortal state, could not behold the spiritual forms of those Supernal Intelligences, who were seeking to inspire him with their exalted truths and teachings; for, to discern with a clearness of vision and perception, spiritual things, the soul must be divested of all its grossness, and clothed in the garments of pure spirituality; then, and not till then, will its interior attractions be those of the purest and the most harmonious order, and its affinities blend, in mutual concord, with those of Heaven's Highest Immortals. And though the Embodied Jeremiah is what the world would call an inhabitant of the Celestial Country, yet he can no more behold the glories of the spheres beyond him, than can a child of earth; for, bound in the errors and superstitions of the past, it is perfectly reasonable to believe, that the inner senses of the spirit were so far clouded by these materialisms, as to be unable to discern the sublime realities of those Higher Worlds, which lay hidden and unrevealed, from his own perceptions, but which, however within his sphere of attainment; and, with these powers thus obscured, and darkened, it is to be presumed, that the sublimities of the Universe of Knowledge, Light, and Love, could not be discernable by him, through these outer senses; but only, through a proper cultivation of the higher faculties, could his soul be brought in contact with the kindly spiritual and good; and this was being done for him, and his surroundings, through the lofty flood of inspiration wafted from the Throne of Intelligence, Light, and Purity, and through his own meditations and efforts; and though Jeremiah saw not the glorious beings who were seeking his welfare and happiness, and that of those around him, yet, by the power of impression and intuition, he was conscious of their immortal presence, and of their holy designs.... With these few remarks, I will return to my native subject:

When the celestial current had reached and permeated the spirit of Jeremiah, sensations, similar to those felt by Samuel, were visible in his system, and positive effects, as will, were negatived, and the prophet from the mundane sphere into a semi-abnormal state. Here, the beautiful seraph, Ferachiel, his "Father Protector" of the "medium," and visitor, through his spiritual ingression, the following sublime prayer; while Samuel stands by, ready to give utterance to soul-inspiring thoughts, when the former shall withdraw his sanctifying influence:

"O! Thou Eternal Father of Light, Love, and Wisdom! Thou Spirit above all other Spirits! Thou, whom all our grand Central Luminary, around which we move and have our being, and from which, we draw life-sustaining power, knowledge, and truth! So Thy radiant Throne of Grace would we come at this, and all times, to offer up our feeble praises, and to tender our sincerest thanks, for the unmerited Blessings which Thine All-Merciful Hand art ever dealing out to us, and for the many glorious evidences of Thy Love and goodness, which Thou art continually displaying unto these, Thy immortal children. And while we rejoice in the glories of Thy Inspired Sanctuary, and in the light of Thy living Truth,— while we rejoice in the serenity of the noble and the just of Thy Heavenly Kingdom, O! we would not be unmindful, in our happiness, of those who are still travelling in the dark and thorny paths of sin and corruption,

and who need our sympathy and assistance; but we would give ourselves in the power of Truth and Love, and join these benighted hearts back to Thy Fold of Peace and Righteousness. We would ask Great Spirit, to make ourselves holy and acceptable in Thy sight, by faithfully serving Thyself, in the all-important work which Thou hast entrusted to us, in our Ministries and well-doings. May we clothe our spirits in the mantle of Thy immaculate Love, and go forth to work for the redemption of the whole Human Race. May we seek to bring the soul from out the night of prejudice and superstition, into the glorious Noon of Thy Everlasting Truth, and into the Light of Thy Heavenly Word, which Thou hast declared unto Thy children by the Voice of Inspiration. And O! dear Father, we sincerely thank Thee, that, through the wisdom of Thy perfect Laws, Thou hast empowered us to hold Blessed communion with those, as yet, unenlightened minds, and to breathe our utterances of Truth, peace, and good-will, unto them, whereby they may know that as Thou art, and be brought in greater conformity with Thine All-Exquisite Nature! O! may they realize that Thou art the Only True and Living God, and that Thou hast traced the outlines of Thy goodness on all the works of Thy Paternal Hand; that Thou lovest all Thy children with a Parent's Confidence and desirous of their happiness and salvation, and to add the Crown of Glory to their Immortal life; may the Light of Thy countenance continue to shine upon them, even as it has upon us, and cause them to feel, that they are ever in Thy finite Presence, and that Thou art seeking to draw them nearer unto Thy Holy Spirit. We thank Thee, that, whereas our sight was once blinded by the dogmas and errors of the past, Thou hast vouchsafed unto us the light which our fettered senses could not Thou perceive, and that our spirits walk in the heavenly splendor of the Sun of Righteousness and Truth; and, with this light, we would seek to break the Shackles which bind these, Thy children, in the slavish chains of superstition, - to free the enlightened soul from this Sterility of Error, and bid them come forth to bask beneath the inspiring beams, reflected from Thine All-Glorious, Progressive Mind. We would seek, then Spirit-drive all Spirits, to friendship each dark avenue with our beneficent forces, and to kindle into a holy flame each dormant spark which lay concealed in their prejudice-bound natures. And we would ask of Thee Divine Strength and Courage in the performance of our Laborious duties, that we may unshrinkingly fulfil them to the best of our individual abilities, and be instrumental in reforming the erring, enlightening the ignorant, harmonizing the inharmonious elements of the soul, and in bringing peace, love, and good-will to all mankind; in restoring the prodigal to his Father's arms, carrying hope and consolation to the heart-stricken with sorrow and bereavement, and in developing the highest faculties of the immortal spirit. We return to Thee our grateful acknowledgments for past Blessings, and for the Eminent promises which Thou hast characterized forth to our minds in Thy Blessed Word; - revealed unto us by the mouths of Thy Higher Ministers of Wisdom and Holiness, and reflected unto them from Thee, - the All-Immaculate, Primeval Sun of Intelligence and Light! And may we unfalteringly pursue the holy avocations committed to our charge, in cultivating the Garden of our souls in uprooting the poisonous weeds which may persistance flourish therein, and in sowing the flowers of purity and love. And when we shall have thus become purified, may we feel ourselves better prepared to minister unto those who are wandering in the darkness of spiritual unbelief and superstition, and who are earnestly desirous to be led into that path of purity and virtue, which guideth to Thy Throne of Grace. O! may their souls rapidly unfold in the illuminated spheres of Thy Upper Heavens, and easily respire the refreshing streams of Inspiration, which are ever flowing from the unfathomable Fountains of Love and Truth; may they realize, that them unto have all to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the Truth; that all unto, freely and happily become, and be born anew in Thy Kingdom of Glory and Righteousness. We thank Thee for our endless progressive life; that, after leaving shrouded the confines of earth, and the corruptible body, our spirits continue to move about in the unbroken paths of

progressive advancement, and to unfold into greater forms of thought and joy, and into the highest Realities of Thy Infinite Character. We thank Thee, also, that Thou hast permitted us to re-visit the scenes of our childhood, that Thou hast caused us to re-visit the scenes of our childhood, that Thou hast caused us to re-visit the scenes of our childhood life, and to make each word of Thine Almighty Hand eternally beautiful to unfold perception, by the harmonious presence of Thy children of the Celestial Spheres; may the inhabitants of earth realize our communion with them, that we are their faithful ministers, appointed by Thee, to watch over them from the Starlit Towers of Thy Upper Realm, and to direct them into paths of endless peace and pleasantness; may they seek to emulate the affections and sympathies, that their souls may become as celestial mansions, toward which our spiritual affinities may be more congenially attracted, and by which they may be drawn nearer to us, until above all, O, God! in their communion with Thee, whom are the glorious Consummation of all Goodness and Love! And when, Great Spirit of Universal Thy unfolded children below, shall become so far advanced in true spirituality as to be qualified to receive the pure teachings of angels, O! may we be employed, through the workings of Thy Divine Law, to launch our Bright-Barque on the Golden Lake of Immortal Life, and to send forth the Beauteous Dove with the olive branch, to attest, to our dear friends of earth, the discovery that Promised Land beyond, where the Bow of Redemption spans the Ethereal Canopy, whose prismatic colors glisten over every child of Thy creating; where the pledge of sin and error can never reach, but where every soul will rejoice in the light and glory of Thy radiant countenance. And may these, Thy children of the lower circles of spiritual being, be attracted to earth's inhabitants to be ministered unto, and to minister to; and may they meet with a warm and cordial reception from such, and gain that knowledge which their thirsting natures demand. And may we, the inhabitants of Thy Higher Mansions, cheerfully render our assistance in their more perfect development, and aid them in their onward advancement to more elevated and ennobling planes of moral and intellectual being: and to the enjoyment of the society of the good, the noble, and the pure:

"O! guide us, Father, all our nights,
In paths of peace and pleas-antness;
Prepare to us the truth and light,
And every soul with knowledge bless.

"Breathe unto us Thy holy love,
That we may "do" Thy heavenly will,
And strew all hearts in truth above,
To unite with Thee on Zion's hill.

"Below us with Thy sacred power,—
Attract us nearer unto Thee;
Dispel the clouds which on us lower,
And set each captive spirit free.

"And O! dear Parent, may we strive
To unite us truth in every soul;
To bring the inner home to Thee,
And place them in Thy heavenly fold.

"And may our truths celestial, find
A welcome home in every heart;
And lead the sinner to Thy throne,
To live with Thee, forever blest.

"And now, dear Father, we commend
These children to Thy love and care;
And trust, that Thou will answer this,
Our soul's most fervent, earnest prayer."

With this beautiful and fervent vision closed the sweet benediction of Peralton

tion. And after its delivery, Jeremiah passed from the semi-abnormal into the original, or normal condition. The beautiful teachings which were enshrined in the prayer breathed through him by the mightiness of an exalted Seraph were listened to with profound delight, by many thousands of spirits, and were made the themes of profoundest study and reflection. There were found many who ranked as of them, however, whose souls were so constructed by the theologies of a dark, degenerate age, that they could not perceive, in those celestial utterances, the glorious evidences of immortal existence, or that pure spirituality, which, if they rightly and perfectly appreciated it, would result in unfathomable good to their souls, and lead them in the "green pastures" of truth, to partake of that richer feast which angels are ever preparing for the redeemed children of God; but, like the enemy of earth, they prefer darkness to light, and to grope along in the paths of error and delusion. Their spiritual senses are so blunted, that they cannot, or will not, see the Heaven-light of Truth, which is pointing them away from the shoals and quicksands of Error, into the Haven of Everlasting Peace and Salvation. The idea, that spirits, from their abodes of bliss and happiness, can hold communication with those below them, is not orthodox enough, even for them, to be even endorse it; and, therefore, they linger along in the dark, hugging their old and inconsistent theories, with a tenacity worthy of a worthier cause!

15th 11 But they are not, however, without "the sweet solace of a hope;" imagining the intervention of angels in the affairs of men, and that they can have a beneficial, harmonizing influence over the disconsolate elements of human nature, they secretly, unconsciously hope, that it is true, and that public sentiment will, ere so far enlightened and progressed, that they can freely and openly institute a thorough investigation of a subject, which promises so much good to the suffering family of man. They long to emancipate themselves from the slavish chains which error has bound around them, and to listen to the sweet revelations which "inspired" immortals may declare unto them from their spheres of celestial being;—but their "pride of opinion," and their bowing to what they or that one may think, prevents the pure and healthy currents of inspiration from finding their way into the soul, and refreshing it with radiant teachings from angelic visitors; and through disembodied, yet they still see through the glass of sectarianism, and trail the uneven paths of error and bigotry. They see no light beyond that reflected from their own dark creeds, and the "thus far and no further" doctrine is the essential plank, engrafted in their narrow platform of principles!

O! happy must be those, who, unentrammelled by the world's opinions can bravely stand forth, and avow themselves as fearless Representatives and Champions of insulted Truth; who can come forward, and, steadfastly, in the face of an intolerant World, proclaim those glorious and so-called unpopular teachings, for which our dear Brother Jesus willingly suffered heroic martyrdom, and, finally, offered himself as a "living sacrifice," that a glorious pathway might be opened for the reception of Truth! Happy must be that soul, who, invested with the love and goodness of Deity, and the desire to benefit all mankind, goes forth amid the blunders of sectarianism, having the dear cause of Humanity at heart, and sows the seeds of liberal sentiments among the throng of bigotry which flourish thereon: Persecutions and trials, of various kinds, may follow such, and seek to crush out the germs of truth which they are planting among these brambles, but relying on the justice of their Divine Cause, and the strength of the Almighty Arm, they fear no evil or discomfiture, and march forward in the mighty onward flow of Human Right, resting assured, that the victory, ultimately, will be theirs. God's blessing rest upon such devoted stewards! May their Labors be productive of great good to all, and return to them Laden with fruitful blessings and honors, and win for them that bright reward, which is due the faithful servant of the Most High God!

But if there were those in that mighty assemblage of spirits who could not believe, that the prayer, uttered through the organism of Jeremiah, was an emanation from a superior Mind of the Brighter Heavens,

there were, also, found those, who could appreciate it, and upon whose souls it fell like heavenly dews on the thirsting earth. They realized, that it was the utterance of an angel in their behalf,- one, who was desirous of their redemption, and

"That they should find that path which leads,
To purest wisdom, truth, and love.
And gain that crown, which gods decree,
Will breathe for them in regions above."

They felt the force and beauty of the prayer offered for their spiritual good, and were grateful for it. They saw in it the manifestation of a Higher Power, calling them to a nobler walk with God, and to seek wisdom and truth of His more developed and intelligent children in the Spheres beyond. And they were not deaf to these impressive callings. They heard the voices of angels from their blest abodes, inviting them to come and dwell in their radiant spirit, and to drink of the stream-waters of truth and knowledge, which gush from the clear fountains of everlasting life. And by the intercourse with the ministers, worlds above them, they are preparing themselves for higher grades of spirituality, and for those beautiful mansions in our Father's House, which resound with love and harmony, and where the air is melodious with the music of a thousand celestial harps. There will they find a congenial home; and there will they bathe in the eternal rays of the Only True Heaven, and find their "imperishable treasures" and "pearls of unfading price," which so brilliantly sparkle on the shores of the River of Perfection!

When the Spirit of Revelations had finished her beautiful address to the Throne of Grace, in behalf of the children of the Lower Spheres, the Seraphs, harpers, prepared to minister unto them his glorious teachings and sentiments, and to breathe the strains of his Heavenly Life to their immortal souls. Millions of spirits collected together, in one vast circle, to breathe the pure fragrance of those sublime truths and teachings, which were about to be wafted to them, on the telegraphs of love, from the Paradise of Glory beyond. The electric current continued to flow from the circle of Revelation, inducing, in its glorious stream, the spirits which thronged around Samuel, who imparted its strengthening influence to those below them. It was a beautiful sight to see this glorious company of Assembled Wisdom gathering for their Eternal in the theatres of time and experience, and professing the Christian requisitions of the All-Divine, who has enjoined on us to raise the fallen, and to instruct the mentally-depressed, and to breathe knowledge and truth to the undecaying soul. Released from the trammels of sectarian prejudice and bigotry, there was nothing in the way to prevent the full outflowing of the natural affections and sympathies to those benighted children, or to hinder that Divine Stream of Intelligence, which these Inspired Minds were receiving as a glorious earnest of love and forbearance. Worshipping in the Church Universal, which acknowledged as Common Brotherhood, there were no distinctions or limits to their Christianity; but wherever suffering, wrong, or error, presented, there were they by sympathy attracted, to minister unto the afflicted, degraded, and unenlightened, and to give healing and consolation to the children of sorrow and bereavement; while the beautiful Spirit of Love,-

"The noblest Attribute of God,-
The brightest Star which gilds our skies,-
The fairest flower among the many,
Which blossoms in our Paradise,"-

cultivated them in their work of Redemption, and gave them strength to persevere in with fidelity and earnestness. And drawing all Saints remembered from their noble efforts, having no impediments in the way of their sublime conduct,- in the full possession of the knowledge and wisdom of the

Higher Circles,- they were amply able to impart that wisdom "they knew not," and to afford all who required their celestial aid and strength:

8/22-11 Now the spirit of Jeanneth becomes susceptible to the genial influences of the noble Samoset, and he falls into a beautiful, unconscious state, when he gives utterance to the following thoughts, dictated by this Supernal Intelligence:

"Dear Brethren: The Great Spirit has commissioned my soul to speak unto you through the spiritual organism of this loved brother, and to impart to you a few lessons of wisdom and joy from the Higher Circles, whereby you may walk in the paths of Truth and Righteousness:

"Gratifying, O beloved children of the Great Spirit! is it to me to be able to communicate with you, and to breathe over you the sunset atmosphere of Love and Purity; to bring you bright flowers of thought and affection from the green pastures of my Father, ever-blooming with eternal beauty and radiance:

"We come to give you knowledge and wisdom, and to instruct you in those heaven-born principles which outflow from the Divine Christian Religion, and to lead you to worship and exalt the Universal Parent,- the Spirit which pervades all things with its Lovely Beauties, loving and caring for all with a Father's impartiality:

"We come to bid you bury all material animosities and errors,- to sweep the chambers of the soul of all its impurities, and to cultivate the highest functions of your whole internal being, by living true and loyal to the interests of Humanity,- advancing the cause of Truth, for which the sainted Martyr, Jesus,- yielded up his earthly life, and in dispelling the fogs and mists of bigotry and prejudice which hang around each mature like a heavy cloud:

"We come to teach you to love your God,- the Great Spirit,- with all your heart and soul, and to worship Him in deep sincerity and truth, to obey all His Commandments, and to unfold into your souls the love and goodness of His Infinite Nature; to aid in unfolding the higher capacities of your immortal being, and to bring you all in higher communion with the All-Pervading Spirit of Nature and Mind!

"Hearken, O beloved brethren! to the voices of angels from the higher Circles of Light and Purity, as they speak wisdom, love, and truth, to your souls; listen to their gentle admonitions, as they breathe sweet and harmony to your discordant natures, and prepare to receive into the chambers of your understanding that Light reflected on your progressive minds from the Supernal Intelligences above:

"Come forth from the clouds of darkness and error which now encompass you in their Cimmerian gloom, and bathe in the glory and splendor of Eternal Truth; come, and drink with us the waters of Everlasting Goodness from the Well-Spring of Salvation, and put around the Throne of Divine Grace, partake with us the True Bread of Life, and verily be hungered no more:

Jan Mar 1857 "Angelic Teachers will ever breathe unto you the pure inspiration of their Souls, and impart to you, Knowledge and intellectual sustenance which your several capacities demand; they will take you by the hand and guide you o'er the thick and murky clouds of error and superstition, unto the serener atmosphere of Love and Holiness; they will offer their heavenly benedictions, and verily, they shall lead thee nearer to the Holy Spirit of the Immaculate One, if ye will but listen to them:

"Believe in that Only True and Infinite God, who has said, "I will have all to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the Truth, as breathed through my beloved child, Jesus, and others of the great and good stamped in my own Express Image"; and let your good works shadow forth the purity of your Faith; for Faith without works is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; leave thy ways of unbelief and superstition, and enter into the Heavenly City, through the gates of Spiritual Redemption and Love:

"Cast aside all external adornments, and seek to beautify your spirits with the jewels of love and goodness which gild the Master's crown; that you may tread the celestial courts of His Upper Heavens, and dwell in the eternal sunshine of His glory and wisdom; seek for those imperishable treasures, which fadeth not away with the evanescent things of earth; explore well the secret depths of thought and duty, — navigate fearlessly the Ocean of Truth, — dive deep into its shining waters, and seek the pearls of wisdom which sparkle so brilliantly there; transfer them into your own souls, and let them glitter there in undimmed radiance:

"Study well your nature, that naught may prevent the reception of the Divine Truth within; seek to cleanse the avenues of the soul of all impurities, that a pure flood of intellectual inspiration may find an easy ingress, and prepare it [the soul] for higher planes of development and progress, and for more beautiful unfoldings in the higher spheres of Wisdom and Purity; breathe of the love and holiness of the great and good God, and seek to do His Holy Will, through a faithful performance of the work entrusted to thy care; reform thyself, and then endeavor, through thy power and influence, to reform others:

"Draw thyself near unto the Great Spirit, O children of the Inner circles! and drink in the pure affections which flow from His Paternal Heart; come to the blooming fields of our bright Paradise, and walk with us through each flowery path, and greet the snow-winged Messengers of Peace and Good-Will who inhabit its beautiful bowers, and who long for thy emancipation from the thraldom of material grossness and pollution; come, sit with us around the Crystal Lyre of Love and Purity, and awake the Calumet of Peace; come, listen to the rich teachings of those distant Minds above, big with thought, affection, and goodness, and receive into your spirits the light and wisdom reflected from those Intelligent Orbs, which encircle the Sun of Righteousness:

"We come, dear Brethren, to do you good; — to break to you that spiritual Bread, of which your hungry souls may partake, and truly live in the Heavenly Kingdom; we come to breathe our words of encouragement, strength, and hope, and bid you be lifted up, in inner adoration, to a closer walk with the Great Spirit; we come from the Land of our Fathers, to tell you how anxiously they wait for your joyful coming, and to chant their psalms of praise and thanksgiving over your spiritual redemption; we come, from the Throne of Divine Grace, laden with omnipotent blessings from the Father's Hand, — to warn you to forsake the forbidden paths of error and corruption, and seek the trail of Everlasting Truth and Goodness:

"Come, then, children of the Holy Spirit, from out thy prison-house of darkness and moral gloom, into the congenial atmosphere of light, love, and purity; prepare yourselves, through the work of regeneration, to adorn the higher courts of immortal being, — to dwell with us in those beautiful mansions of the Great Father's House, which are ever resident with the harmonial music of countless songsters, and fragrant with flowers, of undying glory and brightness; launch thy light canoes on the smoother waters of Eternal Life, and their gentle ripples shall bear you safely to the shores of True Happiness and Peace, to rest in the Divine light and glory of the Sun which never sets, and is, eclipsed by the clouds of sin and error:

"Celestial Ministers will aid you in your onward advancement, and illuminate your pathway of progress with rays of Superior Wisdom and Intellectuality; they will kindly take you by the hand, and, by their comforting words of hope and cheer, raise you from the pit of error and injustice into which you have fallen, and lead you on the sure and safe track of Reform; they will breathe their healthy influences like balm upon your spirits, and rejoice with you when the day of deliverance shall come, and your souls walk in the perfect freedom of Eternal Truth, Right, and Justice:

"The good Father longs to enshrine thee around His Throne of Grace, and to breathe His pardon to each transgressive soul; His loving arms are outstretched, ready to receive you all in His eternal embrace, and to record His Divine Approbation on every well performed duty; He smiles

Compassionately on you,—visits you with the power of His Holy Spirit,—crowns you with the glory of His Immeasurable Love,—and rejoices that He can, with His All-Penetrating Eye, discern the near approximation of that much-coveted period, when all the wanderers from the Right Path will be returned to the Fine Gold, even as the hen gathereth her little brood under her protecting wings. And when this glorious work shall be consummated,—when you shall be delivered out of the chains of superstition and ignorance which now enslave the dear objects of His Love,—the countenances of your angel supporters, and eternal psalms of praise and gratitude shall waft up from each seraphic bosom, in one harmonious strain, over this great and sublime Regeneration; while the Supreme Father,—the Parent of us all,—shall summon His Saints and Archangels together, in the magnificent concave, to rejoice over this Heavenborn Salvation, and His own loving Voice shall welcome these prodigal ones back to His Merciful Arms with fatherly blessings and benedictions; "for these, my children, were spiritually dead, and are alive again; were lost, and are found."

"Come, brethren, learn of us the way
To mansions of Eternal Day,
And breathe the fragrance of that love,
Reflected from the Throne above;
Advance from darkness into Light,
And leave no more the paths of Night.

"Come, to our courts, and with us sing
The glories of the Heavenly King;
Come, taste the endless joys which flow
Unto your fettered souls below;
For all these blessings can be thine,—
Ye've but to seek, and ye will find."

432
257
175

NOTEBOOK SIX

Jan. 6. 1857. With this King ended his glorious career of Harmony; and when it was finished, many marvelled at the wise sayings which were uttered through the organism of Hemmesh, and became convinced that they were the sweet breathings of angelic teachers, come to touch the tender chords of the human soul with their gentle fingers, and to attune each discordant string to the Divine Music of Love and Harmony. There were, also, others, as in the instance of the prayer, who scouted at the idea, that these utterances were emanations from the Expansive Universe of Mind Beyond, and who could not perceive, in all these glorious celestial teachings, a sublime and Christian attempt on the part of the Higher Ministers of God, to raise them from their present state of spiritual debasement and degradation into the more exalted planes of intellectual and moral life; but we do not despair without hope; and while we regret the circumstances and conditions which have consigned these Children of the Great Parent to so inferior a grade of development, we perceive, that we are not debarred from the opportunities of communing with them, and to assist them in their progressive unfoldings; that there is a germ of goodness in even the most depraved nature, which, though it may have long existed in a state of inactivity, is still capable of advancing out of its sterile soil into richer fields of development, watered by the rains of angelic love and affection; we furthermore agree, that while these souls are surrounded by the dark waters of ignorance and error, they are not so deep but what our congenial power and influence can fathom them, and bring up the few shining pearls which lay beneath, and weave them into diadems of immortal glory and lustre; that, however clouded the human spirit may be by the fogs and mists of intolerant sectarianism, they are not so thick nor dark but what the light of truth and love can find a penetrable avenue, and reflect in each its own golden lining, to illuminate the soul's pathway to fountains of unalloyed peace and happiness. With such a bright prospect before us, to lend cheer and encouragement to our hearts, we will not falter in the work which we have commenced; but will re-double our exertions

Wherein proved the Tribunal of his soul, at which all his good and evil deeds were carefully weighed, while angels were the jury who returned the verdict, and God, the Supreme Judge, who pronounced the summe and impartial sentence!

152 page in the book. — 171 page in copied manuscript.

A.D.R.
C164

Bequest of
Edward Dean
June 30, 1943

for Humanity, until all the children of God shall be gathered together in one mighty fold of Harmonial Brotherhood and Love!

When Samuel had concluded his communication with the children of the Lower Planes of spiritual existence, Pocahontas prepared to again make her celestial presence known, and to utter a few poetical thoughts to them; but this time, the beautiful spirit of "Silver Bell" was made the recipient of her angelic inflowings, and also the appointed agent to transmit them to her surroundings. As in the instance of Samuel, the electric fluids, necessary to a harmonious control, were communicated to her system, when she "passed off" into an unconscious state, and Pocahontas delivered through her the following sweet poem:

"We come, dear children, from our Homes of Peace and Truth above,
To breathe around your darkened souls our words of Hope and Love,
To teach you of those Higher Spheres where flowers unfading bloom,
And light and Purity each heart with their bright powers illume.

"We come, beloved ones, to make our heavenly presence known,-
To take you kindly by the hand, and guide you to the Throne;
To tell you of that glorious life,- which ye can all attain,-
Where pleasures, pure and unalloyed, and saints immortal reign.

"We come, from those celestial lands, whose shores are ever bright,
With gems of pure and priceless worth, and pearls, of dazzling light;
Where every seraph form in robes of spotless white are dressed,
And every spirit finds repose upon the Father's breast.

"Come, brethren, from thy lower life, and walk with us above,
Through all the shining courts of Bliss, and Happiness, and Love;
And cull with us those fragrant flowers, which bloom sweetly there,
And twine them round thy deathless locks in garlands, fresh and fair.

"Come sit with us, in our bright home, around the Council Fire,
And quaff that ever-radiant light which Truth and Love inspire,
And learn of us the Heavenly Way to that Eternal Home,
Where healing waters sparkle bright on Zion's Holy Mount.

"Come, dwell with the Great Spirit in His bright Paradise,-
Come, O come out of darkness, and to glory arise;
Advance on thy pathway to mansions of goodness and bliss,
And live with the virtuous and just in light and Holiness.

"Heed the teachings which angels have sent thee sphere,
And partake of that Bread which their own hands have broken,
Drink deep of the waters which flow from the Fountains above,
And bathe in those streams which reflect God's Mercy and Love.

Go forth, then, dear brethren, on thy mission of light,-
Promulgate the cause of Humanity and Right;
Come out of the Circle of darkness and ever believe
Unto the Light of Heaven above, where lies eternal peace."

At this point, Pocahontas ceased in her poetical address, to these children, and "impressed" the "medium" to turn to her beloved parent, when she communicated to him the following words of endearment and affection:

"Dear father: Long has the spirit of thy angel child watched over thee from her Heavenly Paradise, and listened, with attentive ear, to the echoing sounds of thy coming footsteps. Long has my soul sought to inspire thine own,- to waft thy spirit heavenward to the Throne of Divine Light and Truth, and to bring thee in nearer contact to the great Spirit and to the society of the "just made more perfect." And rejoiced am I, that the gentle teachings of thy seraph Child have found a pleasant

avenue to the inmost recesses of thy soul, and in which can flow that pure and sparkling tide of Inspiration which winds by the Shrine of the true Divinity.

"Eunissare is my spirit, beloved father, that I can converse with you from my Bowers of Peace and Purity, and tell you of that gracious and good Parent, who annis is crown you with glory according his Portion of Divine Wisdom and Love. Fervently have I desired that the Light might shine in your heart, and invigorate with currents of life each hidden germ within; that the faculties of your soul might open into nobler planes of development, and unfold into the beauties of Holiness and Truth; that thy glorious pathway of spiritual progression might be illuminated with beams from the Sun of Righteousness, and adorned with those flowers of perennial beauty and worth, whose fragrance would waft thee onward to the rosy Bowers of Immortal Peace and Blessedness:"

Here the "medium" was impressed to place a beautiful garland of flowers, which had dropped by her side from the Land of Eternal Summer beyond, upon the brow of Powhatan. There was the pale blue violet, the snow-white lily, the fragrant rose, and other sweet-scented flowers, - all beautifully arranged together in harmonious order. In the centre of this rich festoon appeared the features of a lovely countenance, curiously wrought in, which Powhatan instantly recognized as that of his beloved daughter. Around the face was entwined a wreath of lily leaves, with the sentence:

"My Love is faultless as these flowers:"

interwoven in it; while under the wreath was the name of the fond by idolized donor:

"Pocahontas:
The Flower of thy Heart:"

When this fragrant garland of affection and remembrance had been delivered to its intended recipient, "Silver Bell" again addressed him, guided by the inspiration of his favored child, Pocahontas:

"Accept, dear father, this humble tribute of your child's love, and wear it on thy lofty brow as an enduring testimonial of my sacred faithful fidelity and affection; wear it as the fragile offering of thy spirit-daughter, who desires thy speedy advancement from thy present state of being into the unending glories of our Summy Life; and as often as your vision gazes upon it, may it remind you of the fervent devotion and constancy of her who is ever praying for your release from error and superstition, and introduction to the companionships of the Just and the Good. May its pure aroma remind you of the fragrance of that Love which can never die; and as the sweet perfume of each flower impregnates the air with its useless beauty and richness, ascending like incense to the heavens above, so may thy soul arise on the wings of progression and faith to those Happy Lands beyond, where the unopposed arms of thy Angel Child wait to enfold themselves to receive thy Spirit-form to their affectionate embrace, and to welcome thee to their Bowers of Peace and Plenty.

"Gently, dear father, shall my heavenly influence descend upon your spirit, and wind itself around your affections and sympathies to lead you to more beautiful abodes of Wisdom, Truth, and Perfection. Often shall your listening ears catch the lulling tones of my Inspiring Voice, as it speaks knowledge and love to thy soul; and your spirit-vision shall oft behold the familiar form of your angel child, beckoning you to her sunny virginia amid the brighter fields of the Great Spirit's Paradise; and as you behold the glorious beauties of my Heavenly Home, your soul shall break through the clouds of superstition which surround it, and mount the Ladder of Progression and Truth, ascending higher and higher to more exalted planes of Celestial Life, until by the side

of "The Flower of thy Heart," thou shalt bask beneath undying glories and delights, and live eternally amid the radiant sunshine of Immortal Love and Deathless Truth!

"Come, father, to the realms above,
And dwell with me in heavenly love;
Where sin nor error cannot mar
The light of thy Ascending Star!

"The Voice of angels bids you come,
And seek with them a happier home;
They speak to you, in tones most clear,
Come, brother, seek for wisdom here!"

"Prepare now, father, for thy flight
To realms of never-fading light;
Linger not till your work is done,
And you the victory have won!"

Here the Spirit of Silver Bell turned from Pentralia, who, all the while of the delivery of his dear child's address had drank in its deep toned fervor and eloquence, as well as its pure love and affection, and fixed the immortal audience before her, while she gave utterance to the following exhortation, inspired by the same glorious Intelligence:

"Dear Brethren: Let me exhort you to a heavenly walk with the Great Spirit, and to come forward and embrace His Living Word and Truth. Live devotedly in the sight of God, and study well His Laws and Commandments, that you may attain a high and holy seat in His Divine Temple, and be joined with His Ministers of Grace and Wisdom in their works of charity and love. Exercise your faculties in the performance of your good and glorious mission, and

be ever obedient to the just requisitions of Humanity. Be not weary in well-doing; for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not:

"Then depart on thy heaven-born mission, ye beloved children of the Eternal Father, seeking to implant His Immortal Truth within their own natures; cleanse thyself of all error and superstition, and come forth from the night which now enshrouds thee into the Day of Immortal Truth and Liberty. Angels will inspire thee onward in thy regenerating work, and assist thee in thy ascension to the abodes of glory, peace, and blessedness."

With these few thoughts closed the gentle control of Pentralia. Other spirits in the lower circles were controlled to breathe forth the wisdom and knowledge of the Angelic World beyond, but that which I have related on these pages will prove sufficient, to show to all my readers, the sublime mode which the Higher Intelligences employ, to convey their immortal thoughts to the less intelligent and developed below them. And when they had, at that special time, completed their Divine Task; when they had evidenced to my soul the beautiful manner which seraphs employ to communicate their instructive ideas to the children of error and darkness,- each circle, by mutual consent, dissolved itself, and their glorified members departed to their respective spheres of Affinity, elated with the happy thought, that they had rendered such valuable assistance in the progressive development of their beloved brethren. Slowly arose the Circle of Samael from its present position, soaring, in majestic beauty, through the ethereal blue of Heaven's Celestial Canopy, and up the winding River of Light and Glory, until their glorious forms were lost to my spirit-view amid the splendor and magnificence of the Realms of Eternal Peace and Blessedness!

The few addresses which I have transcribed on these pages, I present, not for any merit which is contained within them, but to show the beautiful simplicity with which the angels clothe their language, so that even the humblest mind in the lower abodes of being may perfectly un-

derstand it, and receive into their elevated souls the light and knowledge reflected from it.

I will now withdraw from this particular point of my protracted letter, leaving the noble Franklin and his Associates to their future ministrations of benevolence and glory, and pass on to a brief explanation of the last circle of the Sphere of Spiritlives, which, on close observation, will be found to be that of

"The Circle of Sectarianism:"

Here, in this grade of development, my spirit-vision first beheld the form of John Calvin, and became a witness and attentive listener to the brilliant conversation which ensued between him and Archael Jerritus; and in this Circle were found many who were prejudiced by sectarian principles in their milder forms, and who have not, as yet, sufficiently progressed in liberality of sentiment and idea, as to be able to endure the True Religion of God and Heaven. Being, however, more advanced and expanded in intelligence and virtue than the inhabitants of the inferior circles below them, they become thereby more accessible to the exalted influences beyond, and better enabled to inwardly respire that refined and congenial inspiration which is unceasingly flowing, in sparkling rivulets, from the fathomless Ocean of Humanity, Wisdom, and Truth!

Thus, Calvin has reached the apex of the Sphere of Spiritlives, and his soul is preparing to ascend still higher the courts of Heavenly Life, impelled forward by the irresistible tide of Faith and Hope, and by the rich inductions of his intelligent spirit-friends from the circles of Purity and Wisdom. Soon the spirit, which has long been a captive in that Fortress of Error and Prejudice, will be released, and fly away on the joyous wings of progression to more beautiful and happier countries, where it will meet a blessed reward for every faithfully-performed

work, and eternally revel beneath the dazzling beams of the Sun of Truth and Righteousness!

When Jerritus had concluded his interesting conversation with Calvin, a most beautiful wreathe, made up of different flowers, blossoms, and leaves, was placed in his hands by a noble Indian Spirit, whose earthly title was that of

"Elsalaura:"

and who is brother to one of the spirits who has figured so conspicuously in this Song, but, I trust, forgivable narrative. The different flowers, composing this glorious festoon, were culled from the celestial gardens of the Upper Paradise, where the Supernal Intelligence just mentioned, resided. They were most beautifully and ingeniously arranged together, the first initial of the name of each flower, forming, when combined jointly into words, appropriate and significant sentences. The garland was composed of the following well-known flowers, blossoms, &c:

Golden-Rod, Orchis, Daisy:
Iris, Snow-Drop:
Lily, Oleander, Violet, and Evergreen:

Which, on being rightly interpreted, the reader will perceive composes that most beautiful, consoling, and sublime sentence:

"God is Love:"

But there were other flowers inserted in that immortal chaplet, with several species of shrubs and leaves interwoven within it, to give it a natural appearance, while a sweet, refreshing fragrance, was emitted from it, which filled the air with its balmy sweetness and power. The names of the beauti-

ful flowers and leaves which formed the other sentence were those known to mortals as the

---

Polyanthus, Rose, Orange, Grass, Ranunculus, Eglantine, Sweet-briar, Lime, Ivy, Olive Leaves, Mastichin:

Fig, Spikenard:

Pansy, Heliotrope, Ear-drop:

Lady's-Delight, Sea-plant, Yam, Egg-plant:

Ox-tongue, Morning-almond:

Tulip, Holly-Hock, Elder-flow:

Sumac, Measter, Orchis*, and Lilac:

Taking the initial letter of each flower here mentioned, and combining them into words, we have the sentence:

"Progression is the Life of the Soul:"

Calvin received this humble tribute with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure, and fervently prayed, that he might soon enjoy the glory and happiness of those who had made him the recipient of so many noble tokens and blessings; and after the delivery of the wreaths, attended by a few instructions, Seraphus departed to His blest abode, promising however, to visit Calvin often, and to assist him in the development of his intellectual, moral, and moral capacities.

---

*A flower which blossoms in another planet, than that of earth:

My soul feasted long and ardently on the sublime picture of forgiveness and love which had been so gloriously portrayed before my enamored vision, and the valuable lesson which it taught left its deep imprints upon my unfolding nature. It breathed volumes of meaning to my spirit, and bade me to follow the sweet exhortations of that Golden Rule, which enjoins upon me and all to do unto others as we would be done by; to love our enemies; and to bless and pray for those who shamefully use and persecute us; and as my spirit eyes beheld this heavenly vision, my thoughts instinctively returned to those seasons of my earthly existence, when amid the angry thunders of boisterous debate and excitement, I may have forgotten, or been unmindful of the glorious attitude of this sublime attribute, and retorted upon my antagonists in the spirit of retaliation and revenge; but if at such times, I in the slightest, forgot that great Essential which belongs to the Human Character,- True, Manly Dignity,- I know that my Heavenly Father will forgive me for the neglect, in consideration of the mighty cause which called forth the displeasure of my whole earthly nature, and aid me to eradicate from it every element and feeling inharmonious with His Divine Beatitudes!

When these beautiful visions had been presented to me, in their appropriate time and order, my soul was so elated with gratitude and thanksgiving to my Maker for this glorious display of His love and goodness, that I could not refrain from giving utterance to the following brief oblation:

"O God! I thank Thee for the light which Thou hast revealed unto my spirit, and for the many manifestations of Thy Divine Power, which Thou hast shadowed forth to me since my entrance to Thy Heavenly Mansions. I thank Thee, that Thou hast seen fit to evidence to my soul the importance of the great work committed to my charge, by force of example and illustration, and that Thou hast presented so many glorious proofs of Thy Love and mercy to my awakened spirit. Give me strength and power to do Thy will, and to raise these benighted minds from darkness

into Light; to turn them from the thorny paths of error in which they now wander, and bring them to thy Feld of Truth and Love. Breathe on my soul the sanctifying influences of thy Holy Spirit, that I may be guided aright, to discriminate everywhere the living principles of thy Everlasting Word. Clothe me, Father, with authority to visit these children often, and to inspire them with a love of the right, and with a holy desire to advance out of their former condition into higher planes of celestial being. Thus may my soul ever obey the high callings of humanity, and go forth, clad in the panoply of Eternal Right and Justice, into the highways and by-ways of spiritual and material life, and win back thy wandering children to the blissful paths of Virtue and Goodness. Crown my unfolding Spirit-Life with thy Divine Blessing, and may it be fruitful in Christian Labors and Holy aspirations, and consecrated to thy eternal service: Let thy Influence descend upon my soul, and urge me forward to nobler enterprises and duties in the boundless field of Spiritual Love and Truth. Inspire me with the Spirit of Humility and Forbearance in all my arduous Labors, and cause thy Sun of Righteousness to reflect its radiant beams on my nature, to quicken into Heavenly activity each unutilized germ which may perchance lay idle within its soil. And thus, dear Father, may I, through good works, develop in all the Divine Beauties of thy Infinite Spirit, and gravitate nearer to thy Throne of Peace and Perfection: May my humble Voice be heard by these children of the Lower circles, and may it speak wisdom and Truth to their souls, and assist in guiding them out of the ways of darkness into the glorious Light and splendor of thy Heavenly Kingdom. Give Thy ear, O God! do I commit these prodigal children, and ask, that thy Blessing may rest upon them, and that, through thy celestial agents they may be brought to a correct knowledge of the Truth:

"Inspire us, Father with the right,
And crown us with thy Power and Might;
Endue our natures with thy Love,
And lift us nearer Thee above."

When my angelic attendants had illustrated to me, by force of observation and example, the different grades of advancement belonging to the Sphere of Brightness, and when they had sufficiently explained to me all the responsible duties which had dawned upon its Immortal Life, they prepared to make a still lower descent to the realms of the sinning and unclothed spirit.

After bidding a silent adieu to the children of this Sphere, and promising my surrounding spirit-friends to exert my influence in their behalf, our Band of Glory slowly moved from its position, and began to descend to the lower regions of unadvanced life. Darker, if possible, grew the atmosphere around our Celestial Circle, - Darker and Darker was each one we passed, until everything, to our mental visions, seemed invested in a most dreary and disturbing aspect.

After travelling a considerable space, passing through the various Circles of the Sphere of Brightness, we suddenly paused before a large and seemingly - unfathomable cavern, on gazing into which, I became a spectator to one of the most agonizing and terrific scenes, which is possible for human imagination to conceive. Within its dark and gloomy depths, my spirit-eyes beheld thousands of miserable beings, grovelling in wretchedness and despair, with scarcely a single ray of hope to illumine their unhappy and forlorn conditions.

O! how different an appearance did they present even from those who inhabitated the Sphere of Brightness. No seraphic Halo of Glory encircled them to reflect on their sin-clad souls Light and Love, no radiant beams from the Sun of Righteousness penetrated the darkness which surrounded them, to brighten their onward passage from the dominions of sin and misery; but garments of unconceivable blackness shrouded their forms, being perfectly consonant and in keeping with the fettered condition of their darkened minds.

In this Sphere, all the malignant passions of Human Nature were most faithfully represented. There was the murderer, wringing his hands in all the fearful agony of despair, and unconsciously expecting to be

summoned before the "angry Tribunal" of an "offended" God, to receive the
terrible and vindictive sentence, "Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting fire."*

Among this wretched number, I was able to distinguish, not only
those who had directly imbrued their hands in the blood of their fellow-men,
but many who had been immediate agents or instruments in sending
the soul of some unfortunate one to the Spirit's Eternal Home; and many of
these, when existing on earth, were what the world would call, "high in office;"
but, disgracing the position which they occupied, by the injustice and
cruelty of their arbitrary decrees, damning the children of God to an ig-
nominious death for the commission of a petty fault or error, they descended
to the level of the midnight assassin, who stealthily approaches the bed-
side of his victim, and plunges the gleaming dagger deep into the bosom
of the unconscious sleeper; and though they may not have committed di-
rectly the wicked crime of murder, but employed another to accomplish
what was revolting to their own nature, yet, in the sight of the Impartial
Judge, they stand "guilty" of the real act, as much so as if they had per-
formed it with their own hands; for, in their cases,

"The will is equal to the deed:"

And among this unfortunate group I was able to recognize one whose
earthly life is peculiarly associated with crimes of the darkest dye, and
whose name can scarcely be pronounced without filling the soul with
sensations of profound grief and sorrow;— I refer to that erring brother,

"George Jeffries:"

---

*Let me not be understood as applying these quoted expressions in
their literal sense or meaning. Of course, the intelligent reader will perceive
that I have employed them as mere figurative images or metaphors; though
there are thousands in this particular sphere, who live in constant dread that
they are yet to suffer eternal misery, without any cessation!

No pen can describe, or tongue depict, the mental anguish which this
sorrowing and wretched spirit endured, when it first dissolved its connection
with the corporeal form, and passed beyond the limits of Time to Eternity.
Divested of the outer Tabernacle, it became at once keenly sensible of its un-
developed state,— all the imperfections, sins, and errors of a misspent life-time
came rushing with overpowering velocity and force upon its awakened senses,
and the moral consciousness of its guilt, and unhappy condition, proved its se-
verest punishment.

Removed, in a measure, from the external influences of impure
and gross surroundings, with the interior perceptions more unfolded and ex-
panded, from the fact of the disentrance of the spirit from the material case-
ment, the awakened vision could better penetrate the secret depths of the Dis-
embodied Soul,— gaze into it as through a mirror, and discern the reflections
which its own conditions shadowed forth.

Thus was it in the instance of the above-mentioned spirit.
With the moral capacities of his nature perverted by its discordant
from the clay, the frailties and errors of his material life were more visi-
ble to his inner faculties, and the recollection of his many misdeeds, of the
fine intellect degraded and prostituted to the most unholy and worst of pur-
poses, of a life-time, not spent in the administration of pure justice and
equity, but devoted to the perpetration of injustice and tyranny, and in bind-
ing ups, on the woes and sufferings of others, a wicked, unchristian ambition;—
all these thoughts came lingering back to memory, and served to intensify
the bitter anguish of his unhappy condition.

It was not, till after the spirit of our brother Jeffries had existed
for some considerable length of time in the Inner Sphere, that his na-
ture became penetrable to the genial influences of Heavenly Love and Jus-
tice. A soul, so deeply barricaded by the worst passions which can possibly
affect Human Nature, devoting its active powers to the propagation of op-
pressive measures and enactments, it cannot be expected, that it will
at once unfold its the sublime attributes of the Divine Character, or be-
come pregnable to the exalted influences of the Heaven of Bliss and Purity.

But a long series of progress and developments was required to unfold the interior conditions of the soul, and the very suffering and unhappiness which it endured, and which was but the natural consequence of its gross and material nature, was the "fiery ordeal" through which it must pass in order to be refined and prepared to enter on the more perfect grades of Celestial life.

And, as my Spirit-Vision permeated the unhappy state of this sorrowing brother, did I despair as to the future development and happiness of his soul? O no! Far from it! As I gazed into its interior depths, I saw planted therein the rudiments of everlasting improvement, capable of progressing through endless gradations of the Heavenly Life, and unfolding into broader planes of spiritual light and wisdom. Deeply did I search the recesses of the immortal spirit, and was rejoiced to see, that the time would come when the compass would point to the True Pole! O! may the humble influences of my Spirit-Life be cheerfully bestowed to lead such to a holier walk with God!

But there were other Immortals beside Jeffries who were travelling in the forbidden paths of error and corruption, and who were encompassed in that cavern of darkness and gloom. Some even appeared to be more wretched and forlorn, if possible, in their condition, than the spirit to whom I have referred. And among this class, my vision beheld one, whose well-known earthly name was that of

"De Sade:"

Other spirits flitted before my gaze, enshrouded in garments of blackness, and whose countenances seemed to wear the picture of despair. There was the sorrowing spirit of

"Catherine D'Medici:"

She, who was one of the principal instigators to that bloody Massacre of

St. Bartholomew, the recital of which has filled many a heart with indignation and sorrow, and which forms one of the blackest pages in the world's history. With her interior eyes opened, she gazes down deep into the inward chambers of her soul, and realizes the degradation and wretchedness into which she has plunged herself, by a perversion of the highest powers of her intellectual and moral being. Through a disordered imagination, she conjures up ghastly figures and images, which seem to float, like horrid phantoms, before her troubled spirit, pointing their bony fingers at her, saying, "Thou art a murderer!" A burning fire raged in her soul, - not that literal fire which many, even at the present day, teach, - but, if possible, that more terrible one, - the fire of keen remorse and despair!

But, many will ask, is it possible, that this unhappy spirit has made no progress since its departure from earth and entrance into the higher stages of existence? I reply, that, as far as my knowledge extends, no spirit can take a retrogressive step; that, when it becomes released from the outer body, it enters on a plane of being precisely concordant with that which it occupied previous to its departure from earth. The conditions, laws, and requirements of the soul, are not, in the least, changed or modified, simply because Mother Nature has decreed a divorce of the relationships existing between the Immaterial and the Corporeal! But it enters on the Higher Life, "with all its earthly-instilled prejudices, errors, and imperfections, still tenaciously clinging to the skirts of its garments," and culminates to that focus of attraction and affinity, for which its own interior conditions have fitted and adapted it. To entertain a contrary opinion, would, as I have before stated, involve the justice and equity of God's Laws in doubt and misapprehension, and cast a shadow of suspicion on His acknowledged Wisdom and Impartiality!

But here I may be met by the rebuff, that the spirits which I have mentioned, - George Jeffries, for instance, - were possessed of more than ordinary capacities, and that, therefore, the intellect, or rather the knowledge which enumbered it, was all-sufficient to enable it to rise at once to the highest gradations of spiritual life. To this reasoner I briefly reply, that Wisdom is

but merely a condition of the human soul; that knowledge alone is not the requisite attribute to admit the soul to the superior enjoyments of the Supernal life; but it depends upon the use to which that gift has been applied, and to the interior unfoldings of the best powers of the spiritual being; and this idea is fully corroborated by a highly developed communion in a sweetly-poetical address to a child of earth, to the sentiments of which I heartily respond:

"Intellect alone will not win for man a holy place,
Around the Father's brilliant Throne of Righteousness and Grace;
For Wisdom without Holiness a passport will not prove,
To our Celestial Paradise,—our Land of Truth and Love!

The lowliest beggar of the street in Heaven above may own
A brighter diadem than he who sits on monarchs' throne;
If but the Love of God and Man within his breast doth beat,
His self-sufficient lo reward him with a princely seat!"

Thus, the humblest child of God, in his torn and tattered garments, may be richer in the kingdom of heaven than he who revels in the untold wealth of material goods; for, beneath the rough exterior may pulsate a heart warm with holy affections and a love for Humanity, and a strong desire to benefit his fellow-creatures according to his limited capacities. It will be well with such in the Better Land. The clouds of adversity may encircle them, and hang heavy around the sky of prosperity and happiness, yet with the soul filled with heavenly emotions and aspirations, it will triumphantly be lead or all the trials and discouragements of earth, into the higher life beyond, where all the patiently-endured afflictions will meet their blessed recompense in the everlasting enjoyments of Heaven;

In that beautiful country beyond, rich in those golden treasures which can ensure the happiness and enjoyment to every child of the good Father, the soul of Humanity will bathe in a sea of perpetual delight

No matter how roughly chiselled the exterior which embodies that soul may be, or how unenlightened the germs of education and wisdom may be within it, if but the flowers of goodness and universal love blossom and flourish in its affections and sympathies, they will prove indeed, sufficient passports to admit it to the unending glories of the kingdom of heaven. Those, pining under the heavy burdens of adversity and sorrow, but who have readily and willingly added the widow mite to the contribution-box of Humanity, can safely look forward, with the eye of Faith, to the better home coming, in that world above, where the future reward and happiness of the Man will not be measured by the dimensions or wealth of the purse, but by a life, rich and overflowing with good and exalted deeds, and redolent with the highest excellences of the Divine character. Far easier will it be for such to gain a ready admittance to the joys and pleasures of the Heavenly Kingdom, than for that individual, who, gifted with the riches of earthly goods, steels his heart against the generous impulses of the higher nature, and panders to the gratification of his selfish propensities and material aspirations!

Mankind, in general, look upon the murderer as the lowest of all criminals, and one who should be irretrievably expunged from the sweet and salutary influences of refined society. And yet, the evils which exist in society often compel or drive a man to the commission of deeds entirely repugnant and unharmonious to his better nature. A deprivation of the necessaries of life may force him, in an hour of intense want and need, to plunge the glittering poignard to the heart of his wealthy victim, to save his famishing wife and children; and if the ennobling desire to reform is awakened in his soul, society says, "You are an outcast; the blood of a brother is on thy guilty hands; the mark of Cain is set upon thy brow,—we will not taint our atmosphere with the contact of thy unholy presence; we will rid the earth of thee, and thank God that another miserable wretch and sinner is blotted out of the sum of mortal existence, with no further power to molest nor to make afraid." When the unhappy victim is thrusted into a gloomy prison, undergoes a judicial trial, is found guilty, and sentenced by the presiding Ethereal Justice(?) to expiate the unfortunate

error, which force of circumstances caused him, in an unguarded hour, to commit; then the warrant for his execution is issued, the poor, trembling child of God, is led forth to the scaffold, and, with unabated strength, is launched by unmerciful, unrelenting, unfeeling hands into eternity!

The question here will naturally arise, will the extenuating circumstances, which induced such a one to commit so grave an error, be taken into consideration by that All-Impartial Judge, who sits at the Throne of Heaven, and judges every act in mercy and justice? I respond, that a man's actions are weighed according to the good or bad intentions which prompted their commission! In the instance just referred to, a man may be led to commit a homicide, to save a suffering family from starvation. A strong and worthy love for his famishing wife and offspring may be in the ascendant; and, with this element predominating, for the time being, over every other attribute of his nature, he is led on to the perpetration of a deed, at which, in the calmer moments, when Reason returns to the seat which Passion has usurped, his whole soul revolts!

Here we see, in this case, that the intentions or the objects of the man were good, although the measures employed to accomplish them, were bad! His desires and feelings were not actuated by the spirit of revenge or hatred, but by a wish to gain that which would bring happiness and comfort to his poor and needy kindred; and, in a thoughtless moment, he was hurried to the commission of an act entirely repugnant to the inferior affections of the soul. In such a case, the happiness of the individual, in the future life, is affected only so far as the motives which prompted the commission of such a deed are concerned! A poor, calculating man of the world, who lives to and fro, from morning to night, thinking only of the expansion of his well-filled coffers, and the dollars and cents he can acquire by his profitable occupation, will advance less rapidly in the attainments of pure spirituality, than he, who, suffering from the severe pangs of hunger and want, imbrues his hand in the blood of his wealthy neighbor, to extract a few coppers from his purse, and, perhaps, ill-gotten treasures, to alleviate the necessities of his starving condition. For the poor of this

former has become thoroughly enshrined over in his spirit after materialistic things, so that scarcely a ray of sunshine can force an entrance into its dark recesses; while the latter, though what the world may call a murderer, having no feelings of hate or revenge burning in his heart toward his unrelenting victim, but compelled to perpetrate the commission of an error on the impulse of an ungoverned passion, whose progress must run rapidly in those Divine Elements of the Spiritual Character, Truth, Love, and Purity, than the one who has become hardened, as it were, to these genial attributes! Verily, it will be easier for such to find a ready entrance to the delights of the Spiritual Kingdom, than for that man, who has shut out from his soul these softening influences of the Holy Spirit!

Let me cite, kind and attentive reader, one or two other instances, to fully substantiate the truth of the above remarks:

A mother, with a heart throbbing with the tenderest love and affection for her darling children, may, in a moment of intense agony, sunder the thread which binds their young life to their little frames, and hurry them to that Eternity, where Freedom is the glorious heritage of all! Her quick and attentive ear has detected the approach of rapid footsteps, and instantly the sanctity of her peaceful home is invaded by the presence of the tyrant and oppressor, who comes to tear her tender buds from the parent stem, and engraft them on the Upas Tree of Slavery! Quick as the thought could be conceived, she grasps a knife, and before her uplifted hand could be stayed, she severs the brittle cord which unites the living with the Material, and sends them on their happy way to that beautiful Land, where the fetters of the slave drop the moment he enters it, and where chains are not forged for any of the children of God's Impartial Love!"

Here is an instance where a mother became the slayer of her own beloved children! And why? Did she hate them? Did she, in a moment of passion, take their earthly life, because they had been disobedi-

ered to her commands and requirements? No! It was one of the noblest impulses of her Maternal Nature which prompted her to the conviction of the deed,—a deep and holy love for her darling offspring! She saw, that the lecherous tyrant had come to separate her children from the bosom of her care and protection, and to consign them to the miseries of slavery; and with a fortitude, which only a mother can feel, she firmly resolves that naught but Death should sunder the existing material tie, and hurries them under her tender take into the enjoyments of the glorious liberty of the children of God!

How many are there, similarly situated, and possessed of the same humane feelings, who would not have done likewise? There was a faithful exemplification of one of the purest feelings of our Common Nature! A mother, rather than to see the darling ones she love consigned to the hell of slavery,—leaving no protection nor safe-guard from the so-called laws of her country,—in a moment of terrible despair, and out of the purest love for their future welfare and happiness, hurries them into Eternity, beyond the reach of the "Stealers of men and little children!"

Feb. 19 1855 And who is there, that will non-concur with me in the opinion, that the mother, in this living case, acted only to the living impulses and by convictions of her Maternal Nature? There was exhibited no lack of affection or love on her part, but the purest, warmest solicitude, for her dear living progeny; and the unhappy circumstances which forced her to take their earthly life, only served to intensify and strengthen it! She loved her children!—loved them with an ardor which no Power could ever dampen! She saw the oppressor cross the threshold of her door; saw that he had come to tear asunder the holiest ties of human nature, and to doom her beloved ones to the pangs and miseries of a cruel and life-long servitude. The first impulse of her soul prompted her to save them from their unhappy fate. Hoping for no protection from the wicked, unchristian enactments of the Government under which she lived, with the prejudices and sympathies of the world set against her oppressed and down-trodden race, looking to the All Ruler of Persons for the enjoyment of the

unalienable rights of which man had deprived her and her children, in the height of despair and anguish, she obeys the first, and, perhaps, as she feels, the highest instinct of her motherly nature, and transfers the jewels committed to her earthly trust to the care and guardance of Heaven's Immortal Saints; and, in so doing, she is true to her own convictions and impulses, and will accordingly receive the reward due to her fidelity!

Again: A fugitive slave, who is flying from the prison-house of bondage, and being overtaken by his relentless pursuers, may, to save his own life, and in defence of that God-given right,—a right to himself,—turn and confront the enemies of his liberty with a dirk or pistol-shot. Being entangled by deprived of his freedom,—crushed and fettered by the chains which man has forged upon his limbs, he resolves to strike a blow whereby he may gain the rights and privileges which have been taken from him; and while in the exercise of this sublime prerogative, he is pursued by his unrelenting oppressors, and to prevent himself from being overtaken and re-committed to the charnel-house of slavery, he maintains the sovereign principles of the Law of Self-Defence, and manfully struggles for the acquisition of that precious boon, to gain which, many a noble soul has travelled the so-called valley of the shadow of death; and at last he finds it in his conquest over his tyrannical invaders! The progress of the spirit in this instance, is not affected by the act committed; for the motives which actuated it were intrinsically good and proper, and, therefore, cannot be said to hinder the development or advancement of the inner powers of the soul.

In common law, or the law of individuals, homicide is classed in two distinctive parts,—the justifiable and unjustifiable! A man, to save himself or family, may feel perfectly justified in firing upon the murderous assassin; because the Law of Self-Defence prompts him, at the risk of another's life, to preserve his own. All other measures failing, he resorts to the last extremity in his power, to resist the encroachments of the prowling murderer. A portion may be drawn into war with an Opposing Power, contrary to its wishes and inclinations, to preserve the rights which properly belong to it, and to uphold the sacred cause of Liberty, Truth, and Justice.

seeking to adjust difficulties and disputes by the principles of harmonious arbitration, and seeking in its Christian attempts, it is unhappily involved in war with an Antagonistic Force, whose entire object, perhaps is, to expand its dominions, at the expense of Right and Equality. In these, and in other similar instances, the great body of humanity will pronounce a verdict of justification; and the spiritual growth and development of such will not be retarded or hindered by the unreasoned adoption of a plea to defeat an inglorious cause!

But let me call for opposite case

The tyrant, in the pursuit of a runaway slave, may shoot him down to conquer him. Here is an act which partakes of the nature of an atrocious murder, without even the first semblance of justification. And why? Because, in the first place, the oppressed was in pursuit of that right which belonged to him, by every law, human and divine, and of which he had been deprived by the action of another party. Therefore, he had the unchallenged right to the possession of those liberties which the injustice of man had taken from him, and no one could say, "I am thy master, and thou art my slave!" and if, while following out the dictates of his interior nature, he is pursued by the oppressor, and that demand that man stands adjudged, by God and Heaven, as "guilty" of the crime of murder, and must accordingly receive the merited punishment which attaches itself to a transgression of the Laws of Jehovah!

A man may carry murder in his heart, but be prevented by force of controlling circumstances, from putting it into execution; yet the thought, wish, or feeling, is as wicked and culpable as though they had actually resolved themselves into the intended crime. He may aim a fatal shot secretly to injure his brother-man, but some invisible and unknown cause may work against him, and lead to defeat his ignoble aim and purposes; however, there is the will or desire to accomplish and carry out his unchristian conceptions and aims, and he will, in no wise, escape the judgment which awaits his own self-abasement... The murder of Judas, which doomed the noble Jesus to a martyr's death, did not so much affect the future unfolding or development of the soul of Judas Iscariot, as it was the wickedest intentions or motives which guided him to the commission of this murder-condemned act!

But I will no further amplify this point, but leave the subject to the careful attention and judgment of my many readers, - hoping, however, that they will give it a candid study and perusal, and weigh every thought and utterance here advanced in the mighty scales of Reason. Let me exhort you all to embrace naught which does not appear perfectly plain and truthful to your mind, but to accept what is here dictated for all it is worth, and no more. Lose not your individuality in the opinions of another, whether they emanate from an embodied or disembodied spirit, - but weigh carefully everything which you receive, and then accept the true, and reject the false!

I will now pass on, and state, that among the most prominent of the many spirits which inhabit the lower regions of undeveloped life, were some of those who have figured largely on the stage of mortal being, and whose earthly deeds are emblazoned on the annals of history. Among this unfortunate number, I recognized one, whose many errors are well-known to the historical world, and which I, for one, would gain blot out of existence, for charity's sake. The name, by which she was latterly known to the inhabitants of the preliminal sphere, was that of

"Mary the First:"

or, perhaps, better recognized by that ignominious title, which her many imperfections has conferred upon her:

"Bloody Queen Mary:"

For nearly three centuries has this unhappy spirit been travelling in sorrow and darkness, despairing of any future progress in her moral or spiritual

condition. The eyes of her mortal body are plainly visible to her unveiled senses, and she imagines that she is in a purgatory or hell, from which her soul will enjoy no blissful resurrection. The sanctifying influences of Heaven-appointed teachers have repeatedly visited her; but so thoroughly enwrapped has she been by the errors of the past, that no bright illuminations, from the star of Hope, have found, as yet, an opening channel to the better Nature, to roll away the veil which so long has chilled the development of her higher being, and retarded the more perfect unfolding of the natural affections and sympathies; but she will advance out of her present inferior condition, and will yet become one of the bright and shining stars which radiate the Galaxy of Truth, Love, and Blessings. God speed thee, dear sister, in thy onward march, to the Summer Heaven, is the fervent prayer of a Minister of Truth!

My attention was now attracted to another spirit, who joined the one above alluded to, and who also appeared to be unhappy in his condition. Between the two there seemed to exist a mutual love and attachment, which somewhat surprised me, at the moment, but which I instantly accounted for, when I was able to distinguish the well-to-be-forgotten name of

"Henry, the Eighth."

As I gazed upon these two spirits, and others, of like stamp, and reflected, that they had occupied the proudest imperial thrones of the mortal world, robed in all the splendor and magnificence of a powerful Court,— the force of that ancient, but truthful, saying, returned to memory, that, "The greatest on earth may be the least in the Kingdom of Heaven!" Surrounded by all the unhealthy influences of royal pomp and pageantry, and the debasing and corrupt instruments of a tyrannical oligarchy, the contrast presented to my vision now was very vivid and striking; for, removed from these external surroundings, their spirits were, not

robes of immortal grandeur and beauty, but trabiliments suited to their own interior development.

But there were several beautiful scenes enacted during my temporary visit to the circles of this particular sphere, as well as in those beyond, one of which I will briefly allude to, as it is connected with the two spirits to which I have just referred:

The Angelic Company which enlightened around the Spirit of Jesus of Ate suddenly separated, and a most beautiful seraph glided from it,— floated through the ethereal air of our celestial circle,— until she hovered directly above my head. Her dress was of snowy whiteness,— her hair waved long and gracefully over her alabaster neck, while on her brow rested a magnificent crown of Pearls, which threw an intense brilliancy around her perfect immortal form. In her hand she carried a white tablet, on which was engraved the following sweet and appropriate inscription:

"Love is the Star which shines for all,—
His Light on every soul will fall:"

As quickly as my spirit had read this motto, it disappeared from my celestial vision, and instantaneously was inscribed, in its place, the succeeding lines:

"God is our Father, and our Friend,
His Love for us will never end;
His Holy Attributes He sheds,
Like precious ointment on our heads.

Desiring to know the earthly title of the beautiful spirit above me, it was written out on the declaration of my request. And O! how ex-

radiant and overjoyed was my whole being as I became aware of the close proximity of the glorious and sainted

"Jane Grey."

As I gazed upon her radiant form, beaming with Love, Wisdom, and Light, and from which was reflected the purest and noblest virtue, the powers of memory reverted to that period of her earthly life, when she was called to endure the severest trial of her existence,—the surrendering up of her soul on Tower Hill! Her heroic fortitude, and unfaltering trust in the Divine Power of Omnipotence, in that eventful hour, were all present before my vision, and my whole soul felt elevated and ennobled as I stood in the presence of so exalted a spirit. The name which she bears in Heaven is that of

"Virtue:"

which, when interpreted into its celestial meaning, unfolds that beautiful attribute of her nature:

"Humility:"

She was accompanied by another spirit, whose relationship to her will be recognized, when I pronounce the name of

"Guilford Dudley:"

whose spirit appellation, in the celestial abodes, is known by angels as

"Fidelia:"

When these bright beings were joined together, they floated above the

heads of Henry and Mary, the Father and Child,— and impregnated their spirits with their holy influences.

26 Then followed a repetition of that beautiful scene, which I have narrated on these pages, by which the spirits of Henry and Mary were brought into sympathetic affinity with the glorious influence of Jane Grey, and through which, they received the pure and holy teachings outflowing from her radiant Mind! In sweet and loving tones, she bade them to come forth into the light of Immortal Love and Truth, and to work with them in the holy cause of Humanity and Right. Long and impressively did she speak to them, of the love of the good Father, of His tender mercies, and kindness, and of the forgiveness of His Holy Spirit. Each beautiful thought, which emanated from her generous soul, seemed like rays into their earth-bound natures, and will yet lead them out of darkness and error into the light and glory of the Circles of Truth and Purity

It will be noticed, that, in the few instances where I have mentioned in this book, the injured party most generally acted as Mediators to the oppressor, as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar and Duke D'Argheim, Calvin and Servetus, and Jane Grey and the two spirits above mentioned. And as I discerned the spirit of forgiveness which actuated their noble natures,— how they blessed those who had despitefully used them,— a valuable lesson was unfolded to my soul, and prompted me to repress every antagonistic feeling from my heart, and to "go and do likewise."

There was, also another glorious spirit presented to my vision, who accompanied me in my celestial flight to the lower spheres of development, and whose beneficent efforts are exerted in behalf of the children of darkness and error. Her generous influences descend daily to these wandering ones, and through her aid and

support, are they seeking the true path of Peace and Holiness, and that truth which will make them free. The title by which she is known to historians, and to the world, is that of

Mary Stuart:

There were also, many other noble men and women, whose bright and glorious forms appeared to my celestial vision, engaged in this glorious work of Spiritual Redemption. There was the resplendent spirit of the fair and truly excellent

"Elizabeth Tye:"

whose name is sounded by the Good and True, and whose many virtues the angels delight to praise and to honor. Still is she continuing the exalted mission commenced on earth, descending into the prison house of error and corruption, throwing wide open its earthly gates, and inviting its many occupants to come forth from their bondage into the freedom of Truth and Love Immortal! Unceasingly do her sacred influences permeate these dark avenues, breathing peace and good-will to each captive soul, and making even this wilderness of the deepest life to blossom with the flowers of joy and hope. Many a ministering spirit has had occasion to bless the heavenly efforts of this noble saint, in their behalf, while the prayers of the enlightened and truly have descended, in genial showers, on her Spiritual soul. In her generous labors she is assisted by other brilliant immortals, among whom I discerned the form of that devoted philanthropist:

"John Howard:"

Many other glorious spirits I might specify, who are actively engaged in this limitless field of duty and enterprise; but a sufficient

number have been mentioned, to give my readers a faint insight into that Divine work which crowns the life of Heaven's exalted saints; and it is the earnest prayer of my soul, that the purpose of this narrative will be answered, and awaken in every breast higher incentives to duty, and higher aspirations for the elevation of all mankind!

There were also, other classes of spirits existing in this region of spirit life, and who seem to be impenetrable to the softening influences of Love and Purity. There was the thief, the pirate, the slave-hunter, the hardened libertine, the liar, the slanderer, and many others, of similar stamp,- all congregating together, and acting out their individual propensities. There was seen the miser, carefully counting his gold, and plotting various methods, through which he may expand his imaginary possessions.

In this particular circle, and among this last-named class of spirits, I encountered an incident which filled me with utter surprise and consternation, and, at the same time, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. While casting my eye among the many different intelligences which inhabited this locality of the spirit world, it suddenly fell upon a countenance, which seemed perfectly familiar to me. Desirous to be brought into more immediate proximity with his spirit, I asked my Instructor, if the conditions were not favorable to a nearer approach of his soul to our celestial circle. He replied, that, as the spirit lived on a very material plane of being, it would be impossible for it to approximate any nearer to our Circle of Affinity; but that, if I desired it, he would bring me in rapport with him, and thus give me the opportunity of making him acquainted with my presence, and of satisfying myself as to the identity of the person.

Having acceded to the expression of my wish and desire, I was brought into contact with his spirit; and it was announced to him, for the first time, my passage from the sea of life to the shores of Eternity above. When these tidings were communicated to him, he

seemed struck with astonishment and fear, and bowed his head and wept like a little child; not because he was not glad to hear of any entrance into the Spirit-Land, but he was afraid to unmask his past hypocrisy and deception to any external gaze. It however, assured him of my continued friendship and esteem, and that I would gladly render any assistance in my power, which would aid him in his progressive development. Comforted by these words of assurance, he quieted his fear, and we entered into a lively conversation together.

Here was a man, who, when on earth, was what the world would call a good and pious individual. Indeed, I always considered him to be such. He was seldom absent from his Sabbath meeting, and his outward appearance seemed to indicate a fervent, devotional piety; but ah! the world knew him not; or if it did, his well-filled coffers were sufficient to conceal his many faults into seeming, unassuming virtues. Beneath the sacerdotal robes of Religion,- a livery which he had donned to serve the "devil" in,- pulsated a heart contracted by avarice and covetousness, while there lay concealed a soul, filled, not with the love of God and Humanity, but with the love of Mammon. His strong desire for material possessions, and the "mastery" ingenuity displayed to hide it, fettered and chained the noblest powers of his being and shut out from human observation the actual condition of his diseased and misery nature; but he could not always mask his hypocrisy and deception under the cloak of Religion; for there was a world beyond, where his sins and imperfections would gleamingly stand forth revealed to the perceptions of angels, and he be known as he knows himself. Perhaps, in this faintly-drawn character, some of my Boston and Quincy friends will be able to recognize the individual who sustained it. It will be unnecessary for me to state, that the meeting with this friend and brother, under these circumstances, very much surprised and affected me; but I am rendering my humble assistance in his more perfect development, and I hope soon to see him in the possession of those treasures, which are imperishable and fadeth not away.

When my immortal companions perceived that I had sufficiently penetrated the various conditions which belong to this sphere of being, one of their number,- the good and noble George Washington,- was appointed to deliver to me a brief address in their behalf, before the distribution of our celestial tickets, and their departure to the various grades of spirit-life. He advanced, and spoke as follows:

"Beloved Spirit of John Quincy Adams: I am commissioned to state, in behalf of your angel friends, that they are now prepared to conduct you out of this region of undeveloped life, to that circle of intelligent being, for which the development of your moral and social capacities has so eminently fitted you. And in parting from you, for a short season, we desire again to iterate to you our joy and delight in greeting you to the endless enjoyments of the Kingdom of Heaven, and in congratulating your return to the service of God and Humanity; and we cordially trust and hope, that the various scenes, through which your enfranchised soul has passed, in its grand and triumphant Progression to the Shores of Eternity, will leave their sweet and hallowing impressions on its internal nature, and elevate it to still higher conditions of Immortal Being.

"Go forth, then, dear brother, on thy Divine Mission, and Labor for the salvation of the whole Human Race. Penetrate the caverns of error and corruption, storm the battlements of Ignorance and Superstition, unsheathe the gleaming sword of Justice,- then march forward to fight- in the good cause of Right, and stay not thy hand, until the victory is thine, and the glorious Flag of Truth proudly floats above the insurmountable form of its formidable foe. Seek to advance your soul, through its beneficent works, to more ennobling gradations of celestial existence, and to gravitate nearer the Throne of Righteousness and Perfection. Visit still, with your influence, the Halls of Congress, the hamlets of the unclothed and poor, the haunts of vice and impurity, and seek to ennoble human nature, and to develop and unfold the highest attributes

of the soul; and wherever sorrow and unfaithfulness prevails, may the light of thy love and wisdom descend, and early joy and gladness, hope and cheer, on its bright and sunny wings... Now, we are prepared to accompany thee to thy Heavenly Court of Life."

When Washington had completed his sweet address, on behalf of the angelic hosts, the following brief response was echoed from my enlightening mind:

"Bright inhabitant of Heaven: Human language cannot express the joy and gratitude which fills my now enfranchised spirit for the kind attention which you, and other immortals, have bestowed upon my humble self, since my entrance to the shores of the Higher Life; and feel assured, that I will not prove unmindful of it, or the salutary advice which has been entrusted to me; but, with my armor on, I will go forth in the holy warfare of Right and Principle, and battle for the Truth; will labor for all mankind, whether embodied or disembodied, and thus gradually unfold,

"Through works of Charity and Love,
To purer Higher Courts above."

I am now prepared, my bright attendant, to accompany thee in thy flight to the Spheres Beyond."

Then slowly at first ascended our circle of Life, farther and farther did we recede from the lower circles of being. Brighter grew the atmosphere around us, the melodious notes of celestial songsters again resumed to greet our gladdened ears, - while our visions once more furnished the boundless Ocean of Beautified Life and Light. The unreal darkness, which pervaded the inferior spheres below, disappeared from us, and again travelled an elevated circle of Seraph Existence. At length, after having traversed a vast realm of space, we stopped at a certain sphere, which was to be my temporary home, while I was qualified to ascend higher, and where my Guardian Spirit, Luther, and others, were awaiting to receive me. Then, collectively, our magnificent Circle dispersed itself, each glorified member responding to their respective circles of development, where the most enchanting music, from seraphic lyres, vibrated on the pure air of heaven, and floated away, in delightful symphonies, to brighten the passage of each soul to its realm of glory and bliss. The contrast between my present existence, and the one I had just visited, was strikingly beautiful and illustrative, and urged on me the necessity of laboring faithfully and diligently, for the redemption of the erring and sinful soul!

Since I became a member of the Heavenly Country, it has been my happy privilege to welcome many of my dear acquaintances and associates to my humble society, the most prominent of whom, and those best known to the sublunary world, are

"Washington, Clay, and Webster:"

Three highly-intelligent minds, but whose conditions in the Spirit-Life are widely different: sometime, I may have occasion to further speak of them, and to show the respective grades of development which they individually enjoy.

This long letter, commenced on the anniversary of Washington's Primeval Birth-Day, now draws rapidly to a close; but ere I take a final leave of it, let me express the hope, that the humble ideas which are embodied in it, will be productive of fruitful results to all who may peruse it. If but one stray lamb is brought back to the fold of Right Conduct and Love, through its influences, O! I shall feel amply repaid for its dictation, and that my visit from the Spirit-World has been attended with great and glorious good!

Let me exhort all to carefully sift every thought and sentiment which I have here transferred to these pages; and if you discover any chaff among the wheat, any dross among the gold, separate these material properties, and accept the pure and refined substance. Endorse what may seem plausible to your inward convictions of right, and reject everything which appears involved in doubt and vagueness!

O Man! come forth into this mighty field of spiritual labor and work for the salvation of the Human Race! Ye who are still dwelling the ways of darkness, come forward, and aid us to plant this germant of Truth on its Immortal march, amid the Demon of Error, and its hideous children, Ignorance, Superstition, and Bigotry, are trodden, beneath the Progressive Evolutions of its boundless wheels, and the glorious victory of right is achieved. Saint and Sinner, Believer and Sceptic, come labor with us for God and Humanity!

"Breathe the gleaming sword of Truth,
And flash it for your Error's head,
Until its traitor form, forsooth,
Is numbered with the mortal dead.

Let Right your every power inspire,
And Love within your Spirits glow,
And make the world, in which you dwell,
A Paradise of Bliss below."

Thanking you all for the patient attention with which you have followed me through the many scenes and visions which I have attempted feebly to portray on these pages, and hoping that your reception in Heaven may be as grand and sublime as that which greeted your humble dictator, I subscribe myself,

A Friend of Humanity,

Begun Feb. 22d. 1853 Closed March 2d. 1853. John Quincy Adams.

To John Quincy Adams, Resident of the Holy City:

Dear Brother: Dropping all the cold formalities pertaining to the earth life, I presume to address you, not by the appellation of "Sir" or "Friend," but by the dearer title of Brother, and to thank you, through this organism, for the impartial manner in which you have analysed my character in the (preceding Letter now closed.) Let me say, in my own behalf, and in behalf of the crowd of "listeners" and "witnesses" who have thronged around you during the dictation of the aforesaid Letter, that its many beautiful sentiments and thoughts have elicited not only our heartfelt approbation, but our warmest and deepest admiration; and many a soul, bowed down in grief and sorrow, or fettered by the chains of error and ignorance, has found comfort and consolation in its golden teachings, and hope and cheer in its sublime lessons of forgiveness and love.

In your brief sojourn in the Spirit Life, dear brother, you have been the recipient of many glorious visions; your Soul has traversed the fragrant Bowers of the Celestial Heavens, and greeted the radiant forms of those who have long adorned this Land of Bliss and Happiness, and been welcomed by them to their Immortal Society. The dulcet tones of parental love and affection have again struck their harmonious music on the tender fibres of thy Soul,- beloved children and fond relatives once more have clasped thy form in their eternal embrace,- while the whole Angelic Choir have joined, in one glad and rapturous chorus, in welcoming thy high-born Spirit to the everlasting enjoyments of the Heavenly Country.

It must be a source of Great Pleasure to you, my brother, to realize, that the good deeds which crowned your life on earth, have met the approval of your Spirit Friends, and won for you so rich a reward in the Holy Habitation above; and an hundred fold must that pleasure be enhanced, when you reflect, that they have met the approbation of that Infinite Source, from whence come all rewards and blessings. And may the thought of your well-performed duties of earth, and

the glorious recompense which they have achieved, incite you on to still higher pursuits and attainments, and to loftier conditions of Celestial Existence.

In the beautiful Letter, commenced on my Primeval Birth-Day, you make mention of many traits of character, incidental to my rudimental life, and justly and impartially comment on them. Among them, you have seen fit to speak of that crowning error of my earth-being, viz., my holding the "image of God" in involuntary servitude, and depriving him of those rights and immunities which properly belonged to him, by every law, human and divine. I am deeply sensible of the wrongs done to that oppressed portion of our Great Family, and that it was entirely inconsistent and at war with the mighty cause for which my energies were contending, for one to hold a single being in human bondage. But the strong prejudices of that season of my life were hard for me to overcome, and around around me an impenetrable fortress which my better feelings or motives could not scale or storm; and although I would have rid myself of this incubus to my happiness and prosperity, yet my will or determination was not then sufficiently powerful to override public opinion, and throw off this moral night mare from me.

Slavery, in whatever form it existed, was always abhorrent to my Better Nature; and that repugnant feeling by no means has become extinct, since I have been a member of the Realms of Glory and Bliss. And I regret exceedingly that I did not overleap the popular prejudices and opinions of my time, and give to my bondmen that precious boon of freedom, which I was so earnestly seeking for myself and posterity. If I, and my cotemporaries, had but exiled from our presence this frightful monster, and expurgated from American soil, the infant germ of this Upas-Tree, - Oh! how fruitful in good results would have been our Labors, - how redolent with rich and incalculable blessings! The Monster, who has acquired such unlimited jurisdiction and power over the National Government, would not now

be living to contaminate the country we loved so well with his poisonous breath, or to hold at bay the will and wish of millions of freemen. No longer would the wrongs of the crushed and down-trodden cry to God for redress, "or be heard the long, deep, agonizing wails floating over our Southern gales"

But where the monster's hated power
Poisons now our native air,
Would blossom Freedom's sacred flower,
Shedding fragrance everywhere.

I thank you, beloved brother, for the impartial exposition you have made of that glaring evil, and for the Christian spirit you have evinced in presenting your ideas to the world; thank you for throwing the mantle of charity around my spiritual deformities, and for transmitting to the world your unalterable determination to persevere in your glorious work of Humanity, until you have rooted out of the soil of human existence every scion of this Upas-Tree, and left to flourish, in their stead, the seeds of Universal Freedom!

God speed the happy day, when earth
From Slavery will be free;
When every soul shall feel the worth
Of Heaven-born Liberty!

Perhaps, dear brother, it will not prove uninteresting for me to state, that the beautiful teachings which you have advanced in your foregoing Letters meet the entire approval of all those who are acquainted with them; and my earnest prayer is, that they will meet with the same degree of favor and approbation from mortals which they have from Spirits, and do much toward elevating human nature above its present degenerate state, to more ennobling gradations

of Spirituality; that they will prove a balm of comfort to the sorrowing and broken-hearted, - a Star of Hope to the sceptical and unbelieving, - a Guide-Post to the weary and wandering Traveller, - and in fact, a Beacon-Light to the whole Family of man!

I will not close this feeble Answer to your beautiful Letter, without an allusion to that beloved friend, endeared to you by many remembrances of the past, and to whom you have entrusted the guardianship of these precious Legacies. To him, I can only say, that angels have been silent witnesses to the joy and delight which an oft-perusal of these brilliant gems of thought have awakened in his soul, and have rejoiced to see the interest he has felt, and still feels, in the sublime Philosophy of Celestial Communion. No longer is the voice of the "Old Man Eloquent" silent to him, - no longer are its noble tones dead to his soul; for that voice, which he deemed forever hushed to him in the world below, has again spoken, in unmistakable evidences, to his heart, and assured him of a continuity of the acquaintance commenced on earth, and of a higher and holier friendship begun in Heaven.

Oh! may he treasure well these jewels of Truth and Love, transmitted to his keeping by thy benevolent hands, and may they be employed to enrich the human mind, and to elevate and ennoble the whole Race of Man!! May his soul be ever ready to receive what his Ministering angels may see fit and proper to impart, and to transmit to others the blessings of which he has been so rich and favored a recipient. May he continue to be the recipient of every blessing which Heaven can afford, and of which Man is capable of receiving! And may he rest assured of the friendship of the Signor of this brief Letter, and that everything which my humble power can do to promote his spiritual welfare and happiness in the world below, and in the world which is yet to dawn upon his higher senses, will cheerfully be done; and I extremely regret my inability to present a fairer specimen of

my handwriting, but hope that the Recipient will accept it such as it is for the Donor's sake!

Hoping, dear brother, that thy exalted spirit may rapidly progress in the Heavenly Life, and that you may lead others to a closer walk with God,

I remain,

Your Eternal friend

and brother,

Geo Washington.

The truth of the foregoing Communications is attested to by the following Eighty-seven Immortals:

Alexander Hamilton.
Richard Henry Lee
Wm. Hopkins
John James Audubon
Philip Melancthon
Isaac Davis.
John Davis
Charles Carroll
John Adams
Elbridge Gerry
Th Jefferson
James Madison
James Monroe
W H Harrison
Andrew Jackson
Johathan Harrington
William Tudus King
Thomas D Lee

William E. Channing
Elijah Brigham.
Peter Whitney
John Smith
Elhanan Winchester
John Murray
Apoleos Munn
Anthony Wibird.
Henry Adams.
Benj Franklin
John Robinson
Miles Standish
Augustus Wood.
William F Eustis.
Philip Livingston.
Charles Pinckney Sumner.
Winslow Brigham
Henry Brigham.

Patrick Henry
James K. Polk
Wm Pitt
George Clymer.
Gilbert Motier D' Lafayette
Augustine Washington
Danl Webster.
H. Clay.
John C. Calhoun.
Thomas Rikkio.
OLIVER CROMWELL
John Andre
Martin Luther.
Guilford Dudley
Thomas Keyshare
Zachary Taylor.
Robert G. Rayne.
Levi Brigham
Jonas Brigham
Breck Parkman
David Devens
David " Devens
David " Devens
David " Devens
David " Devens
Aaron Brown
Sam Adams
Thomas B. Adams.
John Frederick Oberlin.
Henry Ware, Sen
Henry Ware, jr.
Calvin Lincoln.

Luther Barker Lincoln
Wm Cothrington
William Brooks Lemberton
Abner Ballou
James Ballou
Robert E Shaw
Ebenezer Webster.
Ezekiel Webster.
Richard L. Worthington.
Lewis Allen.
David Brigham
Nicholas Brigham
Silas Brigham,
Nathaniel Brigham
Josiah Adams, of T.
Charles Adams, of Dr.
David Stiles
Jonathan Smith
Samuel Harrington
William Worcester
Moses Warren, for. of W.
Samuel Rice, of N.
Rachel Rice
John Miller
Sarah Miller
Paul Willard
Timothy Whiting
Lydia Whiting Willard
Jacob Broadus
Nathaniel Wood.
Isaac Morton.
Isaac Morse.

James Harris
Bianca Capello
James Hannington
Roger Williams
John George Haaman
Roger Joseph Boscovich
Wm Whedon
John Franklin
Elisha Kent Kane
Benj Harrison
John Bowyer castle
James Hoff
Thos. Boleyn
Anne Boleyn.
Edmund Burke.
Andrew Bonn
Edward Bonner
John Mozart
Jasper Hauser
Hugh Miller
John Addison
John Hancock, Sen.
John Hancock, jr
John Bancroft
John Sutton
Charles Lillie.
William Shakspeare
Wm Paca
Mary Ball Washington
Martha Washington
A. Adams.
Elisabeth Inge.

Jeremiah Jacob Oberlin
William Miller
George Parkman
Samuel Parkman
Charles Parkman
William E Parkman
Silas Morse
Robert Morris
Wheeler & Boringbroke
Harrison Gray Otis
James Otis
Horace Seaver,
Josiah Quincy
Abigail Quincy
Francis Eaton
John Tiske.
Moses Ballou
Ruth Ballou
Israel Putnam
Levi Lincoln
Mary Stuart
Jane Grey
Alexander Pope
Reuben Tupper
Isaac Farrington
Alexander Montgomery
Henry Montcalm
Susanna Grant Brigham
Winslow Brigham
Samuel Brigham

John Brigham
Mercie Herd Brigham
Joseph Brigham
Abby Ballou Fiske.
Holis Maynard
Persis Maynard
Carrie Holbrook Peakes
Emma Isadore Pierce
B. F Pierce
Caroline Easterbrook
Joseph Baxter
H. F. C. Phipps
Thos. Phipps
Estelle D'Beaumonde
Christopher Columbus
George Gordon Byron
Amerigo Vespucci
Thomas Elliott
John Howard
Samuel Hoar
Robert Ellis
William Henry Worth
Samuel G Edson
Thomas Merrick
Thaddeus J Hamilton
John Gordon
Thomas Giles
Daniel Brown
John Codman
Thomas Tirrell
Louise C. Adams.
Edward Webster

Antoine Lay
Robert Barclay
John Jay —
Charles Pickgrew
George Fox
John Frederic William Jerusalem
William Penn.
John Keats
Joseph Story
John Weles.
John Baker
Josephine Bronaparte
Alice Brigham
Arthur Middleton 1st
Arthur Middleton
John Bunyan
Sylvester Grahame 4 gen.
Robert Capenell
John L. Clayton
Robt Rantoul jr
William Henry Hanscome
Poel Whitney
Bernard Whitmarsh
Peter Whitney
John Morse.
Ann Maria Phipps
M. M. Preston
John Whitney
Abel Whitney
Theophilus Thayer.
David Thayer
Elipha Baker.

Michael Servitus
Daniel Sharp
Samuel Hickney
Thaddeus W Harris
James B. Fiske
Timothy Dickenson
Rebecca D. Fiske
Abby Fiske. 2d
Peter Foster
Henry J Codrington
William Livingston
Nathaniel Veazie
Eli Veazie
George Veazie
Lydia Worth Edmonds
Daniel Foster —
Wm H Mason
Samuel Church
Paul Parker
John Robinson
Jacob Gould
Caleb Saunders
Robert Starkey
Abel Flint
Harrison Peabody
Samuel Hackney
Benjamin Parker
John Parker
Lydia Parker
George Winchester
Henry Maynard
Silas Maynard

Richard Baxter
William Ellery
Daniel O'Connell
Napoleon Bonaparte
Henry Augustus Wood — —
Albert Guernsey
Anthony Gilbert
Lucretia Baxter
Mindwell Brigham
Josiah Brigham, phy. of W.
Susanna Parkman
Julia E Bowker
Nancy Fiske
Henry Fiske
John Fiske 1st
Martin Fiske
Nathan Fiske
Joseph Fiske
Elizabeth Fiske
Lizzie Fiske Stetson
James Fiske
Berrah Brown
Thomas Fiske
Theodore Fiske
Constance Browne
Henry A. Warrington
Elipha let Smith
Joshua Fiske
Peter Adams
John Adams
" Samuel Griswold
" Charles Tolles

Joseph Warren
Josiah Franklin
Osais Franklin
John Warrington
David Kinnaird
John Sorrington
Nathaniel Bowditch
John T. Kirkland
Gasper Spurgheind
Benjamin Seaver
William Prescott Stearns
Edmund E. Gilpatrick
Robert Peel
Edward Littleton
Henry Carleton
Conrad Stearns
S. C. E. Mayo
Charlotte Gerauld
Grace Webster
Julia A. Appleton
Gracie Webster
Charlie Webster
Charles T. Torrey
Henry Dearborn
John Randolph Benton
Timothy Farrar
Sam. H. Stearns
Thos. H. Perkins
Timothy Dexter
Charles Choate
Fred Choate
Horace Choate

William Henry Elliston
David Hyslesford
Henry L. Forsaith
Charles Fourier
Alexander Griswold
Samuel Appleton
John More
Hannah More.
Myron Lawrence
Abbott Lawrence
Moses Lawrence
Henry Lawrence
Amos Lawrence.
William Pitt Fessenden
Ebenezer Fisher
George Herrick
Wm Bellingham
John Henry Ludovici
John Augustine Woodruff
Florena Fairchild
Morton Finney
Arthur Bromfield Finney
John Howard Payne.
Robt Treat Paine
Thomas Paine.
Nathaniel Coolidge
Isaac Watts
Wm Watts
John Fulton.
Robert Herkimer
Archibald Wasson
Henry Penn Barr Fox

Sarah Underwood
Saml Boylston Tileston
Henry Mackenzie
[illegible]
Burton Litchfield
Henry Sargeus
Jonah B. Stratton
Joseph L. Everett
Mary B Sendleton
Eliza A Sendleton } twins
Mary Stephens
Harriett Loveland
Wm E. Montcalm
[illegible]
Benj L. Harley
John Randolph
Samuel T Dowbridge
Nathaniel Rogers.
Nathaniel P. Rogers
Henry Wadsworth
Jeremiah Bobrorow
Richard Bobrorow
Samuel Norton
Fred. Norton
Charles Hastings
Albert Gilpatrick
Wm Jewksbury

Simon Greenleaf
Harvey Lane
Frederic Von Hoffer
Sylvester Ulrich
Solomon Guilford
Bertha Guilford
Beatrice Guilford
Minetta W. Guilford. } twins.
Crosetta E Guilford }
Thomas Billingham
Samuel Bradley
Jonathan Wales
Wm Jordon
Henry Gilbert
John C Warren
Samuel Peters
Gilbert Newcastle
Jeremiah Butler
Nehemiah Kennedy
Harvey Dayton
Nathaniel C Maynard
[illegible]
Asaph Rice
Henry Rice
Minnie Perpont
Warren Haughton
Albert Houghton Lee
William Gray Osborn
Thos L. Gray
Abner Goodnough
Felicia Hemans
Anthony Baxter.

Wm L Bowditch
Wm Jackson
Hall Jackson
Rachel Jackson
William T. Gilbert
Clement Jackson
James Jackson
Frederic Montgomery
Wm A Wilkin Spartan
John John Jacobs
John George Jacobs
Fred Henry Jacobs
Chas Fraser
Moses Nightingale
John D Jahn
Frederick D Jahn
Henry Sylvester Nisbett
Hogart L. Fitzhugh
Robert Jamison
James Hildreth
Benj Sinclair
Robert Burns
William Wallace
Robert Bruce
Robert Emmett
Edward Kirk Patrick
George Wythe
R R Livingston
John Dickenson
Edmund Pendleton
Geo. Mason
Thos. Tudwell Lee

Francis Bacon
Anthony Bacon
Henry Lovington
Jeffrey Amherst
Fisher Ames
Wm Bagerall Lyster
Joseph Ames
David Allan
William Dean
William Sept
Henry Addington
Michael Anderson
Patrick Anderson
John Playfair
Athanasius Bircher
Wm Tinney
Hugh Leigh
John Carpenter Calvert
Wm Cornwallis
Alexander Forden
Roger Dengus
Joan Dengus
Thaddeus Claremont
George Fell
Wm Fell
Henry Culmer
[illegible]
Gulworth Mansfield
W B. Booth
Mortimer Harris
Horatio Seymour
Hiram Norrmandy.

Henry Missner
John Hart
Abram. Clark
Lewis Morris
Samuel Chase
Wm Paca
Button Gwinnett
Geo Ross
Thos. Stone
Josiah Bartlett
Edward Rutledge
Jno Williams
Matt. Thornton.
Thos. Heyward jun.
Lyman Hall
Geo. Walton
Thomas Lynch jr
Carter Braxton
James Wilson
John Morton
Geo. Taylor...
James Smith
Geo. Lloyd
William Whipple
Wm Hooper
John Penn
Thos. Huntington
Jno Witherspoon
Francis Hopkinson
Richard Stockton
Wm C. Loring
Thomas Decatur

C. Rodney
Thos M. Read
George Read
Benj Rush
John Clymer
James Smith
Elbridge Gerry
Jot Dickinson
Thos Lightfoot
John Ballow
Mary Brinner
Mary Parker.
Rachel Sanderson Hildwell
Harriet Sedgwick
Watson Merrill
Hannah Lee
Step. A. Norcross
John Morris
Wm Metcalf
Matt. Richards
Harriet Fiske.
Sarah Ann Fiske.
Charles A. Fiske.
Josiah Fiske
Lyman Lamb
Arthur Freely
Henry Sedgwick
Henry Atwood
Henry Morgan---
Fred. Stimpson
David Richards
Asenath Pfeiffer

