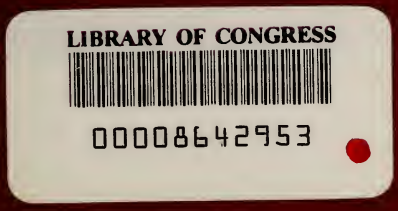
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RIVULET FROM THE OCEAN OF TRUTH:

AN

AUTHENTIC AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE

OF THE

ADVANCEMENT OF A SPIRIT FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

PROVING, BY AN ACTUAL INSTANCE, THE

INFLUENCE OF MAN, ON EARTH, OVER THE DEPARTED.

WITH

INTRODUCTORY AND INCIDENTAL REMARKS,

BY

JOHN S. ADAMS.

"GOD'S MERCY IS ETERNAL AND COMPLETE."

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BELA MARSH,
15 FRANKLIN STREET.
1854.

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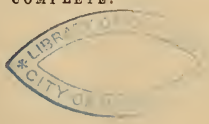
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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

It has often been asked, "What good will Spiritualism do?" The question comes to the heart of the true spiritualist as an outstretched hand from amid the darkness of midnight; for he feels, deeply feels, how heavy and dense must be those clouds that gather around the mind that puts forth such an inquiry. Feeling, as he does, the purity, holiness, and angelic loveliness of his belief, he is surprised that any one can doubt the happy result of the operations of such a trinity of heavenly beatitudes. And he would answer, from the depths of his inner being, but finds no words adequate fully to express the feelings of his soul.

The question has been asked, and answered, with reference to man's condition here, and the condition hereafter of those, who, while in this present state, embrace the truths made manifest by these revelations.

Much has been said of the influence of holy spirits upon mankind, and thousands of instances have been recorded, in which their power to restrain and reform has been vividly portrayed. The man who long had wandered from paths of duty, whose ear no human voice could reach, whose heart, hardened by evil indulgence and frequent compromise with earthly passions and selfishness, no entreaty could move; whose eye, practised in the bold effrontery of the world, was stern and fixed,

has been brought as a child at the feet of truth, clothed and in his right mind, as the unmistaken voice of his mother, whose earthly body he long ago entombed in a distant village, fell upon his ear. He came to scoff and to laugh; he went away to reflect and weep. With many words, and acts, and recitals of past events,— events of his own childhood and youth,— she convinced him of her actual presence, and having told him, that, having by that interview been enabled to approach him, she would, henceforth, ever be near him with her influence to guide him from grossness and sin to purity and holiness, she gave him her angel blessing, and bade him an affectionate "Good-by." He went away and became a better man, for he felt a spirit-presence ever around him, and he knew it was his angel mother.

I have in my mind several cases in which such a reformation was effected, and the once dissolute and profane became the circumspect and religious. And by "religious" I do not mean a mere observance of certain formalities which some human council, at some remote period of time, decreed as passports to heaven; but, in a broader sense, that inner religion — that which enters the soul, and worships at God's high altar of eternal truth — which takes hold of man's whole being, and leads him, body and soul, to offer up that form of prayer which is alone effectual — the prayer of personal action.

It is not my purpose, at this time, to speak of the good works of Spiritualism; the fruit thereof, as exhibited in thousands of families around us; but to direct the attention of the reader to another phase of the question, and that is, *the influence of man on earth over those who have passed to the spirit-world.*

It is conceded by all independent, intelligent minds,

that, as the spirit leaves this world, so it enters the world beyond ; — in other words, the change wrought by what we call death, does not in the least affect the nature, disposition or inclinations of the real man, the soul. It is not by it rendered worse or better, but is, the moment after it leaves the physical body, precisely the same, in every particular, as it was the moment before. If the spirit loved earthly things, if it found its pleasure in the indulgence of low, animal passions, it will retain those characteristics in its new condition, and will, for a time, continue its wanderings in darkness, thus delaying its ultimate progression ; or it will, on becoming conscious of the realities of its spiritual existence, be induced, by the high glories above, to turn from evil and seek good, and thus advance to living joys beyond. If, on the other hand, the spirit, while in its earthly body, had aspired to purity, holiness, and those joys which come only from an intimate communion with God, as he is manifested in the persons of high and holy spirits,— if he has sought and employed every means within his reach to become more fully developed in love, goodness, and truth, he will, on entering the world of spirits, rejoice in being freed from earthly encumbrance, and rapidly ascend in the direction in which his soul has ever been turned.

It is evident, therefore, that there are very many grades of condition in the spirit world. This is not only a truth as regards that state of existence, but is one of which we can be cognizant in this. Reflect upon the countless forms of mind around you, and consider that no essential change is effected by their removal from a physical to a spiritual body, and you will at once perceive that there must be countless degrees of spirit-life in that world, unseen by our physical organs.

Here, the different degrees of mental affinity are mingled. The pure is often brought, by unavoidable circumstances, in connection with the gross; — minds entirely at variance are brought together. Having no affinity with each other, unhappiness is the natural result of the unnatural alliance.

There, in the spirit-world, the relation of each to the other is different. The law of affinity governs all things. Those of like loves and inclinations flow together in one harmonious association, and the result is happiness.

When the spirit leaves the body, it goes to its own place; and we are now, by our lives here, each one and all, building for ourselves a habitation there, a temple not made with hands, which we shall surely find ready for our occupancy when we pass on. According as we sow, we shall reap. If we wish to find our home in the future a home of love and truth, goodness and wisdom, we must cultivate and mould our thoughts with such principles here.

It is the result of the operation of this divine law of affinity that constitutes what are known to us as "spheres." If we consider the innumerable grades of mind that form the continuous chain of intelligence from the lowest to the loftiest which our finite minds can conceive of — and yet the chain goes beyond — we shall at once perceive that the number of these spheres is beyond the power of man to compute.

In an intercourse with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, man can be in communication with high and holy beings, or with low and undeveloped. He holds, as it were, a medium relation to both. On account of being surrounded with a material organization, thus existing both as a spiritual and a physical being, he is rendered

approachable by many classes of spiritual existences, high and low. It is not unreasonable, then, to suppose, on the contrary it is naturally intuitive in us to believe, that as spirits *above* our plane of thought can, by entering into communication with us, teach us great and soul-satisfying truths, so we, by entering into communication with spirits *below* our plane, may teach them, and guide them up from their less-developed state than our own, and point them beyond to higher truths and purer joys than even we, bound with earthly ties, can at present know or experience.

On every atom of the vast universe of God, *progression* is written in ever-enduring characters. Nothing acts abruptly, nothing suddenly, but *every* effect has had a cause, slow but sure in the fulfilment of its design. Could we at one glance look upon the spirit-world, and behold its arrangement, we should perceive a gradual blending of each lower with a higher degree of development towards the unfathomable perfections of the Deity; one vast, interminable chain, the lower links large and gross, and the succeeding gradually smaller and more refined.

Having said thus much, which seemed to me necessary, to those who may not have directed their thoughts to the subject under consideration, I introduce to your attentive reading an authentic narration of facts, which prove more conclusively than any argument of mine can possibly prove, not only that spirits do progress from a state of unhappiness, but that man, in this life, can exert a salutary influence upon them.

In the continual unfoldings of these manifestations of spiritual presence and power, truths, new to our minds, are constantly being revealed. One of these is that

man, for reasons before stated, holds a position in the universe of great practical utility to spirits above and to spirits below him. Through him those bright, angelic beings of purity and holiness can send messages of hope and incentives to advancement to those whom the laws of affinity keep at an immeasurable distance. Do not understand me to say that had not general, tangible, spiritual intercourse been reëstablished as it now is, those low developed spirits would forever have remained in their dark condition for the want of a mediatorial agency. Such a destiny is *impossible*, inasmuch as *it is the eternal purpose of God to draw all unto himself.* Holy spirits can employ agencies in the spirit-world by which to influence and draw them up. Yet the advancement of many will be far more rapid than it would have been under less favorable circumstances than these now happily brought to bear upon them.

The fact that spirits can advance in a future state — that the few years of life passed on earth, which, in comparison to our existence, is infinitely less than a monad to limitless creations multiplied by countless infinities — is *not* our only state of probation — may be objected to by some, on the supposition that it would, as they think, lead man to indulge in all manner of iniquity, trusting to some future period for amendment and redemption. Let such read this narrative. Let them ask themselves whether this spirit has not lost much blessedness, and, though happy now, is not behind that position which she would now hold, had she, when on earth, lived according to the dictates of reason, and listened not to the promptings of earthly passions, or the false and goading doctrines of a demoniac creed. And this result is eternal. Forever the spirit will be in the rear of the holiness and

perfections which it would have attained had its life here been rightly directed. Such a belief is a strong incentive in every man's soul to the performance of every known duty; to such a cultivation of those heavenly virtues here as will place him in an advanced and glorious position there; for it is a truth made doubly apparent by the teachings we receive from the spirit-world, that the better a man's life is here, the better will be his condition there; the more of God's holy truth he carries with him to that world, the more readily and better prepared will he be to receive and perceive its higher glories and fuller developments, as they will be there presented to him.

Early in the summer of 1852, Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, became interested in the subject of Spiritualism. From that time until February, 1854, he had seen no manifestations, and had had no strong desire to witness them. He had read much on the subject, and became a believer in its truth by a consideration of the reasonableness of its teachings, and their perfect adaptation to the wants of man's interior nature. In his investigations, he relied more on reason and an intuitive perception of truth than on the sense of sight and hearing. He had always believed in the immortality of the soul; and, acknowledging the existence of those whom some called "dead," it was no startling announcement to him that they could make known their presence, and impart a fund of knowledge to those who would listen to their teachings.

Nor was this belief of his in the truth of Spiritualism a mere belief. It took deep hold of his entire being, body and soul. Though never what the world would call "desperately wicked," yet, in his daily intercourse with the fashionable classes, he had acquired habits not

strictly orthodoxical to the puritanic rule in their nature or tendency. From the first reception of the truths revealed from the world of spirits, he became conscious of an unseen influence acting upon, and leading him to, higher and holier paths of life, and instilling into his soul better views of his own nature, of God and his government; man and his destiny; in fact, leading him from grossness and sin to a nearer approximation to purity and holiness. This influence was, indeed, a powerful one; for it freed him from bondage to unprofitable practices, — habits that had long held him obedient to their dictation.

Thus he became moulded into a new life; but to whom he was indebted for such a happy effort in his behalf, that had wrought such a beneficial change, he knew not; until, on an evening in the month last mentioned, he visited the writer. On that occasion, Mrs. Adams became entranced, and beheld a spirit around him of a very high and holy character. She appeared deeply interested in him; seemed to rejoice over the progress he had already made, and his willingness to be led to still higher attainments. Mrs. A could find no words suitable to convey the impressions she received, and could only exclaim, "Pure and holy, beautiful and glorious!" That night and during one or two subsequent days and nights, Dr. C. felt more sensibly than ever the influence of an unseen attendant.

In about one week he again visited Mrs. A., when, in an entranced state, she addressed him in these words: "There is a pure spirit hovering near you; her name is 'Love.' She bids you walk in cooling streams, whose pure waters of truth shall flow into your soul. With

dews of sweet affection she breathes upon your nature, till you shall ripen in beauty and purity."

The spirit then wrote, through Mrs. A.:

"Wanderer on the sea of life, let angel-guards direct thee. I saw thy course o'er rocks, rugged and steep; then, with celestial finger, pointed the way to safety. Follow me, follow me. I will guide you. My name is 'Love.' I dwell in the courts of affection. I visit earth often, and know your earthly temple, and the spirit that dwells therein. That worn spirit needs repose. Come, bathe in celestial waters, open and free. Your passage of life shall be sweet. Flowers of beauty shall bloom in your pathway. Gather them in, and twine them in wreaths of memory. They shall crown you with passports of goodness. You shall enter realms of glory. Doubt not I come."

Dr. C. continued his sittings with Mrs. A., and the pure guardian spirit was always present, with words of instruction and encouragement. Mrs. A. was enabled to converse with her, and was often led away amid the indescribable beauties of the spirit-world. The guardian on several occasions, represented his progress by symbolic visions. At one time, she pictured forth all the general points of his past life, and shadowed forth those of the future. At another time, she presented to Mrs. A. a vision of a flight of steps, that led beyond the farthest sight. They were formed of bright, green moss, of velvet surface. The guardian spirit glided up these steps, throwing wreaths of elegant flowers upon the path she followed; while, with gentle beckonings, and smiles radiant with angelic love, she attracted the spirit whom she would lead to joys beyond. He cheerfully followed; yet, at every advance, he lingered to feast his enraptured

vision on the beauties and glories displayed around him, and stood transfixed as by some magic spell, which was broken only by the voice of the angel who showed him those things, and who bade him yet ascend. And this was a true vision of his progress. He had been led from one degree of peace and joy to another, and yet he continued, led by that unseen influence which he could not resist, and would not if he could.

On another occasion, this elevated spiritual being came, and said she wished to give him a prayer for his constant use, and, in a few moments, the following was dictated. Near its close, Mrs. A. remarked that the spirit had left, but soon returned, bringing with her a choir of angels that chanted, as none but angels can, the closing word.

"Great Fountain of Wisdom! Let thy tributary streams fill me with drops of celestial wisdom. This throbbing heart pulsates with new life when fed by angel-hands, breaking unto it the bread of life to nourish the soul for eternity. Not in high pillared domes doth my soul bear incense to its Maker, but in Nature's higher temple, where the spire of pure affection reaches unto its spirit home. There this heart loves to worship. At the shrine of love let humility bear her incense of gratitude; angels catch the echo, and the dews of forgiveness fall on the thirsty spirit. Life of all Beings! Soul of all Wisdoms! flow in, FLOW IN to this weary spirit. Thou alone didst guide me through the darkened night of error; and now the luminary of truth dawns over me. I pray for lasting light till the twilight of death approaches, and this spirit rises triumphant over sin and grossness; then at this exhaustless fountain I will drink purer waters, and springs of lasting happiness shall be mine throughout eternity.—AMEN."

On the evening of March 20th, Mrs. A. said she beheld a page of Rules for Dr. Child. "They are given by your guardian," she remarked; "they are written by her, but they are so suited to your nature, it

seems as though you breathed them forth with a wish to follow them.

Resolved, To keep the spirit pure and bright, that I may drink at angelic fountains of knowledge.

Resolved, To plant flowers of beauty in my pathway, to cheer the barren path of the traveller.

Resolved, To keep Hope bright, with a garland of immortal flowers on her forehead.

Resolved, To scatter blessings in life's pathway, like the fragrant rose at morning, that shall waft its sweetness until the evening of eternal repose.

Resolved, To leave no known duty unattended, that my spirit be not stayed in its flight to its heavenly home.

Resolved, To pave my pathway with eternal truths, gathered in Nature's volume, — truths that shall abide long after these mortal steps have trod the heavenly pathway.

Resolved, To bring my heaven near me.

Resolved, To find my God pervading all nature.

Resolved, To water with dews of affection the less favored plants in the garden of Nature ; to give them, as I have freely received, heavenly culture."

After receiving the above, the events narrated in the following chapters transpired. They are faithfully and accurately reported, as far as the conversations are related ; but I have found it utterly impossible to describe the various expressions of feature, the earnest tones and the thrilling manner of the whole, on the part of the spirit. And I deeply regret that some pen of more ability than my own was not present to record them, if, indeed, words can paint such living, acting realities.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST INTERVIEW.

Monday Evening, *March* 20, 1854. — Mrs. A., being in an entranced condition, read from a scroll held before her internal sight the "Rules" before mentioned; then addressing Dr. Child, said,

"There will be a poor, undeveloped, dark spirit come to you for you to lead to the light and direct upward. The act will add another gem to your coronet. Your guardian will stand at your side as a witness of your course."

In reply to a question by Dr. C., she said,

"There is no tie but common humanity. You have never seen the spirit in the body who will visit you. The effort on your part will be another unfolding of your spirit expansion."

He inquired, "Can I do it?"

"Your guardian spirit says you are willing to work for her; then work where she calls you. The undeveloped spirit will come to you soon. If your guardian can control the medium sufficiently, she will come to-night."

There was a short pause here; after which the presence of the strange spirit was plainly observable. Mrs. A. lost her personality to us, and the unhappy visitant sighed heavily, clasped her hands at one moment, at the next, placed them on her heart, as if some deep sorrow weighed heavily there. Her face was strongly marked with the outlines of agony. The body was contorted,

the head at times bowed upon the breast, her hands firmly clasped and elevated.

Dr. C. spoke to her in kindness. She seemed to mistake the voice for that of an unfriendly guide, and exclaimed in piteous, imploring tones,

"O, don't take me there! don't take me! don't, don't take me!"

"Where?" inquired Dr. C.

Her face, yet turned downwards, was marked with terror, as if the whole soul recoiled from a fate which yet seemed inevitable, as she said,

"Down, down, — I am going, going, — I am going! O, don't take me there, don't — don't take me!" She raised her hands, and, holding them open in front of her, made a motion as if she would shut from her sight the dreadful scene, saying, "Away, away, dark spirit! away, away! O, demons! Hell! O, agony! agony! agony!"

"Come with me," said Dr. Child; "leave this hell and these demons, and you may be happy."

As if chained with adamantine fetters to a hapless fate, this despairing spirit again clasped her hands in an agony which it was indeed terrible to behold, and exclaimed, addressing him who called her,

"Away, away! Not — not — not there! I belong *down*, down where darkness and misery dwell. They beckon me — they call me there! O, hold me, hold me! See them pointing! *I* see, *I* see, — there 's no light, no light!"

She was now truly a picture of despair. Art has often touched the canvas to portray such a condition, but its strongest conceptions never equalled the picture we now beheld before us.

Himself almost overcome with the thrilling scene, Dr. C. spoke, and bade her look up and hope.

"Cannot I assist?" he said; "I will hold you; I will do all I can to save you. Let me lead you from this dark place. You can progress. Yes, even you. See you not those bright ones above. There is light for *you.*"

She listened attentively to these entreaties and assurances, and, when they were concluded, said,

"Tell me — tell me where. *O, tell me where!*" Her soul felt the warmth of a slight ray of hope; but coldness came over it again as the scenes around her forced on her mind the dread reality of her situation, and she said,

"They call me. The walls are all written over with blood, — dark, dark! O, I had a mother, I had a mother, — dear mother! *I* fell! I sinned!"

"You can be redeemed, if you did fall," remarked Dr. C. "You can arise; you can advance from your present situation. God loves all, — he loves *you.*"

"God has no love for *me*, — no love," she said, hopelessly; and then, looking upon the spirit of Dr. C., "You are too bright; I cannot approach you. O, my hands are black — bloody!"

Again entreating her to turn from those dark, unpleasant scenes, and to seek the light, she exclaimed, "Light! light!" In her despairing condition she thought any approximation to light was to her an impossibility; and she firmly, but in a kind tone, bade her adviser to leave her, — to go from one for whom there could be no hope, no help.

To his inquiry whether she did not wish to arise, she responded, with much emphasis,

"Cannot, cannot."

"But," said Dr. C., "you can if you wish. You can, by the help of higher spirits, ascend to happier spheres, to joy and blessedness."

She hastily inquired, "To my mother?"

"Yes, to your mother."

"To God?"

"Yes," answered Dr. C., "you can. Come with me; I will lead you, teach you. Can you not see even now bright spirits above you?"

She placed her hands upon her eyes and said, "Too bright, too bright!"

"O no!" responded Dr. Child, "not too bright to love and lead you upward. They would take you by the hand and gently guide you till you reach heaven. Won't you go?"

"To where there is light!" she exclaimed; "to all those scenes of joy, those realms of hope and peace?—— O, no, no! I am *too* sinful — too dark —"

We encouraged her to believe. We endeavored to draw her soul from the contemplation of those thoughts that clouded it with despair, and entreated her not to turn back, for there was indeed light for her.

For a moment she realized the truth that there was indeed a brighter place than that she then held; for a moment cherished the idea that she might participate in the bliss of that brightness. "Light," she said, as if overwhelmed with the thought, "light! — But, O, to come back to all these scenes — to these torments!"

We assured her that she would not come back — that she could not; that, having once turned her course upward, every step in advance would make her progression surer, and increase the impossibility of her return. Evi-

dently overjoyed with the thought that the bright realms, of whose shining portals she could catch a faint glimpse, might be her home forever; that having once entered those abodes, she would never depart, except on missions of goodness, she exclaimed, while the first ray of hope illumined her features,

"To go! to stay! to live!—"

Then, after a moment's pause, the hope taking possession of her whole being, she sprang forward, and with an earnest, thoughtful look upward, exclaimed, "Go! to go there?" and, in the same meditative, imploring attitude, she inquired, "Will God love me?—forgive me?—pardon me?—let me see my mother?—will my mother forgive me?"

We replied affirmatively to all these.

"Do you know where heaven is?" she asked, and in a deeper tone, "Do you know where hell is?"

"Will you not leave the past and press upward?" said Dr. C. "I will teach you all I know. Look at me. Do you see any untruthfulness in me? If not, then trust me. I will lead you, and, by the help of the bright Guardian who has taught me and brought me up from darkness and gloom, I will teach you and bring you up from those clouded abodes."

"Will you?" she asked. "But will not those holy spirits send me back to hell?"

Dr. C. replied, "No, they will not. They love you, and it adds to their bliss to see you rise. I have told you, and now repeat, that it will be impossible, having once seen and participated in the joys above, to turn back." She here began to comprehend the idea of happiness—a state of bliss even for her, and exclaimed inquiringly, and with much earnestness, "Go? up?"

"Yes, upward, onward forever," we replied, and then she asked, "To stay?" She was answered "Yes."

She now sprang back as one naturally would upon meeting suddenly an intense brightness. Forgetting for the moment that she might enjoy the light, and her mind reverting to the past and her now wavering condition, she inquired,

"Where did you see my mother?" and after a moment's pause, "Does she want to see me? I *killed her* — *I* killed her. She died with sorrow."

A thrill of agonizing thought now pervaded her entire being. She feared that one so sinful had nothing to hope for. Despair again carved its living lines upon her countenance. She could not believe that we were sincere in our assurances of a possibility of her advancement. Yet she could but realize the fact that she was, even now, in some degree raised from a depth in which she had once dwelt, and she said,

"Don't carry me back! *don't, don't, don't!*" and then in a calmer tone she spoke to Dr. C., and said, "Who told you to come to me?"

He replied, "A brighter spirit than mine."

She seemed surprised, and inquired, "Any brighter? Can *I* arise and be pure?"

"Yes."

"O, no, no!" she quickly responded, "they told me, they told me. They stood about me, and I heard sounding in my ears when I died, God has cursed you — God will never forgive you — torment is *eternal*. It 's written there — there on the walls. In blood it 's written. O, I see it — I see it!"

"They told you wrong," said Dr. C.; "erring, falli-

ble man told you so, but he was in error. He knew not God as he truly is. He knew not his goodness ——"

Breaking in upon his remarks, she exclaimed, "Goodness! what is that? I have seen that word somewhere ——" A pause, as if in thought, and then she said, "Goodness is not like evil, is it? Goodness like my mother? — *that's* goodness!"

"You want light," said Dr. C.; "won't you come with me, come up?"

The gloom that had overshadowed her began to depart. Could we keep her mind from the thought of that fearful error, that had been as a mill-stone around her neck, drawing her down to despair, that God had cast her off forever; that he had decreed her misery, and that it were useless for her to attempt to become better and thus happier, we might soon lead her to truth and God; but occasionally that error, like a huge mastodon of evil, came up before her, and it required all the persuasion that could be brought forward to hold her in the slightly advanced position to which she had been led.

"May I know hope?" she asked. "I knew once what they called hope, but O, it was before I sinned — before my mother died ——"

Dr. C. told her that her sins would be forgiven.

"Forgiven! forgotten!" she exclaimed. "Can I go where you are?"

"Yes," Dr. C. replied; "don't you see light now? It is the first ray of a glorious light for you, that will grow brighter and more beautiful forever."

"I see it," she said, "I see it. I see it coming. I see the light. Say, can it shine on *me?* Can *I* look at it?"

"Yes," answered the Dr., "you can. You can as-

cend to where I am, and higher. A good spirit has led me in the same way I now lead you, away from sin and darkness."

With brightened looks she rapidly inquired; "*Light* as you? *Bright* as you? Go *higher* than you?—— Tell my mother to come."

Cheered to see her thus enthusiastically putting forth her hands to grasp eternal truths, we said that she would ere long see her mother; that doubtless she was a witness from her high home of this strong effort of her wandered child to return, and that all her efforts were put forth to assist her to advance to where she stood with angel arms outstretched to welcome her.

As a thought of her low condition came to her mind, she inquired with much feeling, "Will she look on me?"

Assuring her that she would; that she loved her yet; that to her she extended her hand, and would raise her up, she seemed encouraged.

But here came in those terrible errors. Here, as she held out her cup, and heaven's pure, crystal waters were being poured in, a bitter drop came from the overshadowing past, and the memory of what those misguided ones of earth told her, as her spirit left its mortal tenement, cast its shadow upon her path. They told her that she was vile and worthless; that God's anger was roused against her, and his punishment of her would be eternal; and now, after all we had told her, after seeing, further on upon the path her feet had begun to tread, bright forms and happy homes, that belief, so strongly impressed on her mind, filled her with despair, and she was about to give up all hope and fall back to the dismal scenes beneath, when, by a strong effort of her own, she threw aside the fetters

of a false doctrine, and asked Dr. C. if he came from heaven.

Telling her that he was of the earth, she seemed surprised; and as he alluded to the truths in reserve for her, she said, with great earnestness,

"Give them to me — talk to me — guide me — lead me — teach me. Carry me up, up, up there."

She asked whether it was possible for *her* to look at the light which others beheld. We told her to look up, to hope, to have the desire to be, and she would be enlightened.

"Can *I* find happiness?" she asked, and, pressing her hand upon her heart, "*here, here?*"

After a pause, during which her attitude indicated an endeavor to look upward, and grasp some higher round in the ladder which angels had placed for her relief, she exclaimed,

"Hope! hope! give me more, more —— And I grow like *you?*"

Her joy was great when we told her yes, and she said, "*I ask no more.* Who told you to come to me?"

Dr. C. replied, "My guardian spirit. It has been by her efforts that you have been led to where you now are. She sent me to you."

"To *me!* to *me!*" she exclaimed. "Is there one in the universe of God that loves *me?* — too light — too bright."

She was much affected at the thought that any one loved her, she had been so low. And the more when she felt that so bright and high, pure and holy a spirit as the guardian one bestowed upon her a look of kindness.

Being told that by continual advancement she would

become like those she beheld above her, she inquired with much emphasis,

"Bright?"

Dr. C. replied yes; and saying that God himself would assist her, she remarked,

"I see hope;" and then, as if doubtful that such a glorious hope could be true, and remembering her former views of God's character, she inquired, "*Will* God let me come? When I am getting up will not he send me back?"

"Look at the guardian spirit," said Dr. C.; "is she not truthful? She wishes me to say to you that God will *not* turn you away. They spoke falsely when, around your dying bed, they told you God casteth away his people. He will help you on. He sends holy spirits, and by them will lead you up to bliss of which you cannot now conceive. '*God's mercy is eternal and complete.*'"

She seemed to have been contemplating the spirit under whose guidance Dr. C. had spoken, and enraptured with the pure excellence of the angelic being, she said in measured tones, and with a softer and happier voice than ever before, "Holy, — holy, — holy."

Urging her to press on and not turn back, she said, "Go back! no, no, no. Can I linger with you? Live on your hope? Grow with your soul? Feed on your nourishment? —— I'm coming, I'm coming, coming."

We congratulated her on the step she had taken. A sweet smile played upon features a short time before dark with despair, and she said,

"O, I'm happy. No load, no load. O, don't forsake me now! Give me food. I'm starving. My soul is starving for food."

After speaking most tenderly of her mother, and of her determination to press on until she met her, she said,

"Let me go in solitude and think of the bright spirits, and pray till I meet you again. I see a little spot where I can sit down, where no one can molest. Let me go and repose in that bower which you to-night have built for me. Do you *always* bring flowers? Bring flowers for *me*. I go now. I shall look for you to come. Come again."

Thus this spirit left us, and for a time we sat in silence, deeply impressed with the sacredness of the time and place.

By the bower alluded to was understood a condition of mind induced by the conversation the spirit had during this interview with Dr. C. She had been led to view God in a somewhat better light. This bower was formed of the strong supports of Truth. The bright, green tendrils of Love entwined around it. Flowers of Hope were breathing their fragrance amid its beauties, while the star of Immortality glistened in the sky above, and the glorious sunlight of Heaven shone in rich effulgence upon all.

In a few moments the guardian spirit of Dr. C. addressed him as follows,—

"Another gem shall deck your coronet. One soul from misery reclaimed. Celestial attendants beckon you onward, upward, on mossy steps of progress.

"Come, spirit, come home, where your heart is; come here in sympathy, but stay there in body where your work is.

"Come, pilgrim, sailing on life's sea, till in the harbor of eternal repose your spirit shall find rest in the haven of love.

Well done, faithful one. Your labor to-night was watched. Keep that spirit bright. Ere long another angel-stream shall flow into your soul. From that now fettered spirit shall come to you streams of eloquence, of heavenly love. I will reward you."

CHAPTER III.

SECOND INTERVIEW.

Monday Evening, March 27, 1854. — Mrs. A. became entranced, and, after giving an interesting account of the spirit attendants of Mrs. Child, who was present, the spirit who had visited us on the previous Monday evening obtained control, and said, in a quiet, soliloquizing manner,

"O, where is that bright spirit? Shall I here meet him? In the bower he made me I have had sweet repose. He told me I could go up higher. He told me *never* to go back. O, will he come to me now?"

Dr. C. spoke to her, remarking that he had come as he had promised. He had come to give her new light.

"To me!" she exclaimed; "come to *me* to bring me new light, — to bring me food?"

"Yes," replied he. "You wish such food, do you not ——"

She interrupted him, as a thought of joyous realms came to her mind, and said, with a deep, earnest tone, "You told me of a place they called heaven."

In reply to the inquiry whether she had been happy since our last interview, she said, "Most happy. I have waited in this bower till you might come. I have been most happy."

She again inquired who sent him to her. Dr. C. replied,

"A bright spirit, — my guardian. She who has led

me up has sent me, that I may do the same kind act for you."

"A bright spirit knows *me !* " exclaimed this inquiring one. " *She* could not see me from her home. Did God send her ? "

" Yes, he acts through such agencies. His love caused her to come to me, and from me to you ; thus are you reached by God."

" Me ! " she exclaimed. " *God* send her to me ? "

In the first joy of a ray of that hope whose full light we were endeavoring to lead her to behold, a thought of her dearest earthly friend came over her mind, and she asked, in a sweet, childlike manner, " When shall I go to my mother ? "

" When you have more light," we replied.

She now earnestly inquired where she should get it ; and, being told that she would be led to where she might obtain a full supply, she appeared for the time oppressed heavily with the remembrance of her former course and her late condition. The light of hope that had a moment before illumined her features was clouded, and she said, in a sad, desponding tone, " Not bright enough to go ; wicked, wicked."

We had during her progress thus far met with a similar crisis, and now, as then, we endeavored to cheer her mind, and guide its thoughts to the source of all hope, and the fountain of all truth.

" Your sins will be forgiven," said Dr. C. " Forget the past. The future is open for you. Plant flowers upon its path by turning to God with all your heart. You will as you seek new light receive it. You will become happier, purer, holier, and by and by you will see your mother."

She listened attentively. As the last word fell upon her ear, she broke forth with the exclamation, "My mother! My mother told me God would forgive her erring child ——"

Here some objects new to her attracted her attention, and she said, in a happier voice than before,

"I see high, bright mountains and silver forms."

We asked her if she could not ascend those mountains. She seemed to think that a too familiar acquaintance with them for one who thought herself so unworthy for any bliss, and she humbly inquired,

"Can I *look* on them? O, I cannot go! I cannot go! Will they let me *look* on them?"

We told her they would; that they wished her to do so, and encouraged her to take the first step; but so humble was she, so deep was the consciousness of her sins and her feeling of unworthiness, that she replied, in a somewhat dejected tone, "Go up there! No, no. Too wicked — too wicked!"

"But," said Dr. C., "it is an evidence that you are receiving light that you see your sins so vividly. Be hopeful, then; for yet more light will come, and by its glorious rays you shall see your sins forgiven."

She was much interested, and asked,

"Do you live up on those bright clouds?"

Being told that earth was his residence, — that he was far from possessing the angelic purity of those forms she beheld, that he was sinful, she said, "Can I grow bright like you? Up like you? *You* sinful!"

We told her that all sins would be forgiven. That her own, however dark they might appear, however deep the stain of guilt they bore, would be forgiven, — would be blotted out forever.

"Forgiven! forgotten!" she exclaimed. "Not send me back?"

She was reminded of what she had been taught on the previous evening: that she would never go back, — that she could not.

Looking up, she remarked, in a quiet tone, "O, see those bright forms! Can they have dwelt on earth where I dwelt?"

To the inquiry of Dr. Child whether she could see his guardian, she replied, "One brighter than all that throng, I see beckoning to you."

She was reminded that that spirit so bright, high and heavenly, had led him. Realizing the worth of such a glorious attendant, she said, addressing Dr. C., "Worship her. Worship her."

He told her that his guardian wished him to lead her up in the same fair, joyous path in which he had been led.

For a short time she was filled with wonder and delight in the contemplation of the shining ranks hovering above her; but suddenly a shadow came upon her happy face, and in a sad, deeply desponding tone, she said, "*Those* are the bright ones whom God hath chosen. They told me he chose *some* to bliss eternal. *Yes*, *yes*, *yes! I know it.* *They* are the chosen. I am of those he did not choose, — of those he sent away, rejected — rejected."

Crushed beneath the ponderous weight of *such* an error, we beheld the spirit we were endeavoring to raise again pressed down, tortured and bleeding. We felt the poisonous arrows of a false doctrine drinking up her blood and chilling ours, when Dr. C. said to her, as she clung to his hand, with bowed head and sobbing voice, "Do

not believe it is so. God has chosen none. He has no elect. He is no respecter of persons. There are none he will have happy to the exclusion of others. His truth never taught such a doctrine. Forget those errors. You will believe that bright guardian whom you see beckoning. She says *you* can go up where those bright ones are as soon as you get more light, — more of the food of truth."

She became more hopeful, and said, with tender earnestness, "Can *I* grow bright?"

Being told that she could, she remarked, "Many, many ages. See, my form is not like theirs. It is not perfect. Deformed, deformed; sinful, sinful! Can I tread in those paths? *This* form?"

We told her that every advance she made prepared her for the next. That as she approached light, her body lost its dark hue, and became luminous; and that as she partook of truth, she gained strength to arise. We bade her think of her present situation in comparison with what it had been, and to relax not in her efforts to progress.

In an ecstasy of joy at the thoughts we had given her, she felt how blest she was, and said, "O, let me stay here, where I learned that truth! It's enough, it's enough. I ask no more."

Being told that she could go higher, learn truths new to her, and see more light, she seemed unable to comprehend any idea of greater bliss, so enraptured was her soul with its enjoyments, and she said, "I don't deserve it. O, I don't deserve it!"

Dr. C. urged her not to cherish a view of her present situation that would deprive of joy beyond. Looking thoughtfully upon him for a moment, she broke the

silence by inquiring, "Why do you work for me? Who gives you your reward?"

He replied, "It is by doing thus that I compensate the beautiful spirit for her labors in my behalf. I have been wicked, — as wicked as you; but she has led me to wisdom's paths; she has nurtured my soul with heavenly culture. To show my love and gratitude to her, I come and take you by the hand, to lead you as she has led me."

"And what can I do for you?" she inquired.

She was told "Nothing."

She grew sad at the thought that she could not repay him, and exclaimed, with great emphasis,

"*Nothing! Nothing!* and you so kind as to take me. My mother did n't come."

We said that as soon as she had risen higher, she would meet her mother, at which she was much pleased, and remarked, "I see three steps. If I can get up there, I ask no more of heaven. They are Love, Goodness, Progression." Addressing Dr. C., she said, "You are on the last step. O, *I* shall never get there!"

Being asked what step she was now on, she said, "O, not any!"

In answer to a question respecting her mother, she said, "I loved her, I loved her! but I am not bright enough to love her now."

She was asked whether she did not love the guardian spirit of Dr. C., — that bright being who had brought about an interview that had led to so happy a result as her present advancement and future progress, and she said with much feeling, "O, I worship her!"

"Then you are on the first step," said Dr. C. "Do

you not see you are ? for you cannot worship a being without love.".

She quickly inquired, " What is love ? Tell me what is love. I never see that word in that dark, dark place."

She remarked that she had loved once, but it was before her mother died. That event seemed to have blotted from her memory the word. Despair had crowded from her mind an idea of its holy meaning. She expressed a fear that she might be drawn down again to the depths of darkness and sorrow, and occasionally the earnest entreaty would fall from her lips, " Don't take me back ! O, don't take me back ! "

We assured her that she could not return, if her whole desire was to advance, and urged her to relinquish her thoughts of the past, and press on to the future in hope and rejoicing. She answered that she beheld nothing but truthfulness in her adviser, and would not doubt.

Yet, though she endeavored to bring her mind to a position in which it would not doubt what we told, she seemed unable to forget the past and her own unworthiness. To our inquiry whether she did not now love her mother, she replied that she was not good enough to love ; and, after a short pause, she said, in a low, subdued tone, " *I killed her !* "

" God will forgive you," said Dr. C. " He would not give you any light, did he not wish you to have light. You have hoped some ; you have seen angel forms ; you have been beckoned to approach them ; you have been told that it is possible for you to become like them ; you have been told how to do so. All these things are from God. He exhibits to you in them his goodness, and he says, Come, and your sins shall be forgiven. Do you not see your onward course ? "

"I see the mountains, but I don't see my path," she replied.

She asked Dr. C. if he lived on earth, and how he came to be so bright. She seemed to think all on earth were dark, for she had been ; and those whom, when on earth, she looked upon as friends, had either forsaken her, or taught her evil ; taught her, even when her soul was passing away, that she had no God, — no loving father in heaven, to whom she could carry all her griefs, and find all her sins forgiven.

We spoke of the steps, and Dr. C. encouraged her to make an effort to ascend them, and to believe that she was really on the first, — Love, — because she loved the guardian even to adoration.

She said, "The step is soft, mossy ; but my feet are not for it. I shall soil the step if I tread upon it. My whole body is sinful, sinful."

Speaking again of the step, she said, "It 's so fine, — I 'm coarse." Then looking up to the bright, angelic beings she had yet in view, the sight of whom at times overwhelmed her with adoration, she said, "I must not make those bright bands I see unhappy by going into their midst. My form is not like theirs, so pure and fair."

Still gazing upward, she suddenly inquired, "If I love God will God love me ?"

We told her that he would.

"*Me !*" she exclaimed. "If he loves me, I will love him."

Here, again, her soul was darkened with the memory of the fearful, despairing errors of man. They had been sounded in her ears when she left the earth, and they had haunted her ever since. Could they who taught

her that God had cast her away have been with her spirit through all its dark wanderings since they last beheld her; could they have seen how what they told her kept her in darkness, — kept her from God, and wrote, in burning letters, "Despair" on everything within and without her to her eyes, they might learn a great lesson, and, by a change in their teachings, save from hopelessness here and despair hereafter many a now misled mind.

We interrupted her as she alluded to the past and its teachings, and Dr. C. inquired whether she would not rely upon his sincerity and the love and guidance of God as manifested in the guardian spirit.

She replied that she would not doubt him.

"Then believe me," said he. "You do not wish to return to those dark spirits. You are on the step of Love. You are just beginning to advance. Is not the bright spirit beckoning to you?"

She replied, "No, no; it 's to you?"

"She beckons to me to lead you on," said Dr. C.

She seemed cheered with this thought, and inquired of him, "When you step off the step may I step on?"

She was yet humble in her hopes. Being told that she could follow up as Dr. C. in spirit led the way, another thought came to her mind, and she asked,

"Am I worthy to come on the next step to you?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, she yet questioned her worthiness to take such a position. Being inquired of whether she wished to know what made her worthy, she replied, in gentle tones, "Yes, yes."

Dr. C. told her that it was because she was sorry for her sins, and wished to advance to where she might do good and enjoy good.

At this point she sprang forward, and, clasping Dr.

C.'s hand energetically in her own, exclaimed, with much earnestness, "O, I'm starving! I'm starving! Give me food!"

"Yes," said Dr. C., "you need it, and you shall have it. *Truth* is the food your soul wants. It will nourish it, strengthen it, and you will grow better and more in affinity with holy spirits."

Her features became illumined with a calm, sweet smile, and she asked, "Shall *I* grow bright? — beautiful? — see heaven?"

"Yes, you shall," we replied. "Did you see those bright spirits when you were in that dark place? You are rising towards them. You have already risen to a position in which you can see them. Keep on, and you will some time be with them. Don't you find yourself on the first step?"

"Yes."

"Is it pleasant?"

"O, yes!" she replied. "How soft the step is! I never saw this step before;" and then, as if doubting whether a condition so beautiful was lasting, she asked, "Will it not pass away?"

We told her No; that the next step would be yet brighter. She seemed unable to take in in a short time the joys and beauties which the progress she had already made presented to her thirsting soul, and she said, "Let me stay here."

Being asked if she was happy, she expressed her deep feelings in the inquiry, "Is this heaven?"

Telling her it was the first step to that blest state, she inquired of Goodness, and asked whether it was the next step.

Alluding to the new beauties that surrounded her, she

said that she could not speak of them to-night, but would repose in the arbor of Love.

Dr. C. promised to come again. She rejoiced at this, and, to our inquiry whether she was happy, replied, "I 'm in heaven."*

Turning to Dr. C., she said, "When I become bright, what shall I do for you ?"

He replied that to see her progress was an abundant recompense for all his labors.

Still desirous of making some return for the good she was receiving, her mind reverted to the past and to her former companions, and she said, "Can I go and bring up some dark spirit ?"

She was told that she could.

"O, *can* I go ?" she exclaimed, with joyous emotion. "Can I go get one ? I love it. I love it if it is low. Will you tell me how to tell it to come up here ?"

Dr. C. advised her to rest for the present, saying, that soon she would be able to lead others to the light, whose cheering rays were beginning to shine upon her path.

"The bright spirits are calling me," she said. "I 'll repose here. You 'll come again ; I cannot go on without you. You *will* come again. Don't leave me. Bright spirits are calling me, — calling me."

A calmness rested upon her features, more heavenly than ever before, and soon the spirit left us.

In a few moments the guardian of Dr. Childs, addressing him, said,

*Heaven, as spiritualists define it, is a condition, not a place. An advance from a state or condition of darkness, and consequent unhappiness, to one of more light, even though it be but a small degree, is productive of joy. In this instance the new condition of the spirit led it to exclaim, "I 'm in heaven," and with all truthfulness, for it was indeed heaven compared with its former condition.

"That gem now sparkles anew with brighter radiance. Thou art still faithful in thy work. Water that plant with words of heavenly truth and wisdom.

"Another unfolding of the bud. Another ripple in the waters of Progression. Another stone added to the eternal foundation of Wisdom. Another soul reclaimed from sin and eternal misery. Another spirit-birth in the broad universe of progression. Another choir of angels chanting over the happy effort.

"No wave of the ocean rolls on alone. Millions move on from the first commotion, dashing to the shore of Time. So that spirit, raised from the lowest depths, beats against *thy* soul's progression. Your spirit flowing on to that higher attendant, — that spirit then passing on through space infinite, unlimited, — to the shore of Eternity."

CHAPTER IV.

THIRD INTERVIEW.

Monday Evening, *April* 3, 1854. — Mrs. A. became entranced. She took Dr. C.'s hands, one in each of her own, and said, "Your guardian spirit has your right hand in hers; the spirit who is being led up has your left hand. Around your hand and your guardian's is a wreath of beautiful flowers. It represents unity."

After a pause, she said, "Your guardian will stand above, while the other spirit converses with you."

Soon the latter came, saying,

"Waiting for knowledge, waiting for light. Happy repose! 't is all I ask of heaven. 'T is enough for me to be on this mossy step of Love. Yes, he told me he 'd take me up higher. *This* is greater heaven than I deserve."

Dr. C. asked her if she was glad to meet him again. She recognized his presence, and said,

"My Instructor, teach me how I can repose on this step, and be worthy of the position. I do not ask to go any higher."

She was asked whether she did not wish to go higher.

She replied, "Yes; but I know I am not capable of going higher. I have too much here."

"You are happy now?" said Dr. C., inquiringly. "You believe me now — that I tell you the truth?"

"Yes, I believe. I do not doubt you."

"Will you not, then, believe me when I tell you you can go up higher?"

"I don't doubt you," she said, with much feeling; "I know you tell me I can go up higher, but will I be pure enough to breathe that atmosphere?"

We encouraged her to hope and advance, telling her that as she progressed she would gain more light; she would unfold in knowledge and truth, and become fitted for blessed abodes.

She comprehended our meaning. Her soul became strengthened with the food we gave her, and she remarked, in a calm and gentle voice, "Since you left me, I have lived only in Love. I thought I saw heaven. I have been dreaming of my mother."

At previous interviews she had expressed an inability to love her mother. She felt too sinful, — most unworthy. She had almost forgotten what love was. She had not known it in the dark place in which she had dwelt. To-night, she said she loved her mother. And Dr. C. asking whether in her present position she was not filled with love, — whether she did not love everybody, and whether she knew what it was to love God, she said,

"Can I use the word, love Him?" Being told that she already began to love him, she inquired, "Did he tell you to come to me? Did he point you the way? The Dr. said that a bright spirit led him, though God led the bright spirit. Then, with much emphasis, she said, "*You* have been on Love, — on the step I am now on. You know it." A short pause, and, as a smile of hope lit up her countenance, she remarked, "You said I could get on to Progression." Being asked whether she wished to go to-night, she recollected the order of the

steps, and said, "After I go to Goodness;" then asked, "Will I *never* go back to those dark places?"

Dr. C. replied, "Except to bring up those dark ones."

With much earnestness she exclaimed, "O, will they come to where I am? Can they come like me, — like me?"

"Yes," said Dr. C. "You can go back, and bring one up. Do you love them?"

She answered, "O, my soul is filled with pity for them."

"You 'll never go back to live with them," we remarked.

"No, I cannot," she said, "for I have been to dwell in Love. Now I see I cannot. I did not see when you told me before how I could not. But I see it now."

We asked whether the low spirits could behold her now. She answered, "No, no; they are far, far back." And, after a moment's pause, during which, with face turned downwards, she appeared to contemplate the depths below, she said, with much emotion, "O, did I come from that dark, dark, dreary state — dreary, dismal? Where did you first find me?"

We asked her whether those dark spirits were friends to her. She replied, "No, no; that word is not known there."

"Were they your associates?"

"No, not companions," she said; "we were only together. No friendship there, — no love, no goodness, no progression."

"Do they enjoy each other's society, or is there hatred between them?"

She replied, "Each one seems to spite the other because he is there. Down so low, where *I* was."

We inquired whether she perceived a desire in any one of them to come to truth. "O," she exclaimed, "if they saw a bright light would they not go to it? They 'd like to."

Asking her whether they could now see her, she said they viewed her as a distant star. She said she wished to go to them when she got on Goodness, which was the next step to Love, on which she now stood. Addressing Dr. C., she said, "Where do *you* get your reward?"

He told her he asked no reward other than to labor for the guardian spirit that had led him along.

She looked earnestly upon him, and inquired, "When she takes you off of one step, may I follow up?" She was pleased at an affirmative response, and again asked, "Can I go up when you ascend?"

"Dr. C. told her that she could, and bade her take his hand and follow him. Then, as she thought that he might not comprehend her full meaning, she said, earnestly, "*Forever*, I mean."

"Yes," he replied, "onward and upward forever, from one step to another. As you grow wiser, you will ascend higher in knowledge of God."

She felt sad as she thought of a possibility of Dr. C.'s advancement to positions in which she could never contribute to his wants, and remarked, "But you will always be a step above me. I can never give you any truth."

Dr. C. said, "I don't know that it will be so. I think you will bring truth that I have not, and I can give you such as you may not have."

"Will you help me?" she inquired. "It will be as a garden of flowers. You have the full garden, and I have small flowers, — flowers I got from you. But I will water your flowers; that is all the way I can help

you. I got my truths from you. They were transplanted to my garden. I cannot give you any variety that you have not, but I will water your flowers."

"It is the bright spirit that gives you new flowers," said Dr. C.; "I'll give you all the truths she gives me."

Modestly she said, "Only share them."

"Yes, I can give these truths," remarked Dr. C., "and still retain them myself. I have no less light when you also live in its cheering rays. I work for my guardian spirit."

"Then I must work for you to pay you for what you have done for me."

"When you are on Goodness."

She quickly inquired, "Can I go to Goodness?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Now!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, you are now on Love. You have only to leave all your sins — all your inclinations to evil."

She said that now her mind was wholly filled with the beautiful scenery she had seen on the step of Love, and inquired whether such a condition of mind was right. Being told that it was, she spoke of her mother, and soon after asked whether she lost Love when she advanced to Goodness. We told her that Love would grow stronger.

She advanced. She began by actual experience to realize what was told her — that love would increase as she progressed to new heights. From a higher position she now said,

"Now I see. Yes, *on* the step. I see that same scenery,— hills and valleys, trees, rivers, streams, rivulets and beautiful flowers. I see the same. It looks more beautiful, now I 'm on Goodness. I 'm higher up;

I see better now. It 's just the same scenery, but it looks different."

She was enraptured with her new situation. Heaven seemed nearer, yea, it was even within her own soul, so great was the joy she experienced.

"I must work here," she said, "I must work on this step; but I *love* to do it."

Thus we see how beautifully the philosophy of truth develops itself. Love first, and that leading to goodness, brings about action.

We asked what duty she now beheld, and she answered with the true spirit of heaven, "To bring some others that they may look on, too."

Dr. C. inquired whether she wished to go on her mission to bring up a spirit from its misery, to where it may see light and be happy.

She replied, "Yes; I want some others to look at this scenery and see it as I do. They are beneath it, and I am above it. I cannot go alone. If I go alone they will not believe that I have found anything bright."

We told her that they would see that her spirit was bright.

There was here a short pause. She cast her eyes downward, and passed to the lower spheres of being, saying as she made the descent,

"Down,— down — down — deep, dark ——" Then catching a view of her former abode, she exclaimed with emotion that at times almost choked her utterance — "There — O, see the forms! The same — the same. O, they look more miserable to me, because I know there 's light. O, I cannot stay! See those tears — tears — tears dropping through eternity. No hope! See that sobbing soul. O, take it up! I love it."

We asked her to speak to it and to take it by the hand.

"It is an old, old man," she said. "I speak to him, but he don't look up."

Dr. C. asked whether it was the spirit she wished to lead up.

She replied, "Yes. O, I pity him! I love him. I love them all. But I feel the most pity for this one."

We asked her if they knew her.

She answered, "Yes, they look on me with astonishment. Let me take this one now, and when I grow bright I'll come back and take them all."

Dr. C. wished her to speak to him so that we might listen to the conversation. She did speak, and said, addressing the unprogressed soul,

"Dark, sad spirit, there is hope for you. Look up."

We inquired, "Does he look up?"

She said, "Yes, and shakes his head so mournfully."

Asking her whether he would ascend with her, she replied. "He looks at me. I cannot go so near those forms as I used to. I try to get to him to take his hand, but I cannot."

Dr. C. asked her to take his hand and place his within it (spirit hand), but she replied, "No, you are higher than I am."

We said, "If you cannot reach him, call to him, perhaps he will hear you."

She then conversed with him, and the only means we had of understanding what he said, was her exclamations and answers.

"Look up — No? There 's one brighter than I am, and *he* says one brighter than he is——."

He seemed to have said that they were always bright — never dark, like him, for she replied, "No, they

grew bright — they were not always bright. Come up, sad one."

He bade her leave him. "No, I can't leave you."

"Point him to me," said Dr. Child, "tell him my hand is extended to lead him, that I was once a dark spirit in tears like himself."

He seemed to have gained hope by this offer, for she said to us, "He almost smiled."

"O, see those gray, gray hairs!" she continued; "he has only been waiting for some friend. He's waited for some one to lead him." Then with much delight she exclaimed, "He 's coming — he 's coming. He 's wiping away his tears. See his brow all wrinkled."

"Has he come near you?" we inquired.

She replied, "He says, move on, that I may follow — "

"Let us move on, then," said Dr. C., "on to light, love, truth and happiness."

She interrupted him in his earnestness, and said, "Not too fast — he 's feeble — he 's old. Gently, gently, deal gently. His soul 's not had light for years — deal gently with him — take him as an infant. He comes as fast as his feeble steps will convey him. O, how he longs for light!"

"Tell him he shall have it — light, heavenly light," said the Dr.

"O," said this sweet spirit, who, having been led to the light herself, was now leading others over the path which had so recently been new to her own feet, "O, how rapidly, now, he comes, with his arms stretched out! How he longs to embrace you. He calls you Saviour. He is by my side, now. He is going to my arbor where I first reposed. —— He is weary now; let him

rest there. He has had enough for to-night. He is reposing. He is in a sweet slumber. What are those bright forms that hover around the arbor? O, so very bright! — but he cannot see them. One lovely lady — one angel lady, it is the bright guardian spirit, with seven others, hovering around the bower. They are clad in such bright robes of white. So bright and pure, while the poor old man reposing is clothed in rags. But he will have raiment, pure as their own lily garments. And then his form will grow bright and young, and he shall pick the flowers that grow in angels' gardens."

"Does not this act of yours add a gem to your coronet?" asked Dr. C.

She replied, with a sweet, placid smile on her face — "A gem to *your* coronet, and a finer view for me to my heavenly landscape."

"I almost know what heaven is," she continued. "I have plucked the first fruit that grows in heavenly gardens — *love* and *goodness*. If I ask for other fruit, it is not that this has not been sweet."

As looking over the past she saw how she had been led, and felt the deep gladness of peace, she remarked, "If the joy of those who partake is so great, boundless must be the bliss of the giver."

Look at this beautiful comment of a spirit, who, a short time since, was crushed beneath the ponderous weight of a dark sorrow, and a darker despair.

Dr. C. remarked, "You speak of the bliss of my guardian — she is the giver."

Quick and with much emphasis she replied, "*You*, *you* are my guardian. Let me bestow my praise to you, and you carry it up to your guardian spirit. When I reach that high step, Gratitude, then my soul can speak to you."

What a beautiful idea was here expressed! She could thank, and love, and labor for her guardian, but she felt that she could not speak to him from her own soul, to tell its true feelings towards him, until she had attained a higher position.

The spirit left. In a few moments the guardian of Dr. C. addressed him as follows,—

"Look back on the past. From the mountain scenes catch a glimpse of the valley where you once wandered. Call back the hour when first I beckoned you to these heavenly heights.

"Review the past. See how thy feet have trod upward, culling in thy pathway buds of beauty, twined by angel hands to deck thy brow in thy earth passage. These buds shall bloom in heaven.

"Look back again. See how thy soul has been nourished. *Thou would'st not return.* See, too, in thy progress upward, thy footsteps have been followed by other travellers to the mountain of wisdom. Were it not for thy foot-prints, they would not have been guided. Rejoice that I called thee hither; — and rejoice again that by thee other pilgrims have found a pathway for repose.*

* At this point the guardian ceased to speak to us. Mrs. Adams remarked that the spirit had been called by one who was taking its departure from earth. It was one whom she had known when in this world. She then spoke as follows, in relation to the departing, after which the guardian spirit returned and continued her remarks.

"She is lying on a couch. The room is warm. A gentle breeze comes in at the window. O, how rapid come in the spirits to the birth! The dust goes to its kindred dust, but O, how her bright spirit is borne up by your guardian! O, how they go through the air! They meet happily, joyously, as friends long parted. No spirit goes home alone. I see that form inanimate, lying on a couch. I see the mourners round, and the tears, and I see the birth of that spirit in its home. This picture is brighter than the other. The other will fade away. This will *never* be effaced."

"Look back again. In the valley I called thee from, thy soul could never see the heavenly scenery it now beholds. Each step upwards unfolds new beauties in the scenery below, which your soul in its level could never discern.

"Think on the past; hope in the future; and in your now present happiness rejoice. I crown you with a wreath of unfading laurels. Wear it; keep it bright. I hover o'er you. I linger near you.

"I now leave, but my spirit, my presence, my influence lingers here."

CHAPTER V.

FOURTH INTERVIEW.

Monday Evening, *April* 10, 1854. — Mrs. Adams became entranced, and said, addressing Dr. Child, "'Your guardian spirit is here. She says, 'Still in the path of duty. I will move on, that you may step in the path I once trod in, and that the pathway you have left may be filled with those saddened, dejected, sorrowing spirits of darkness. I am watching your progress. Now I go to join an angel gathering that will rejoice at this new wave of progression.'"

The guardian spirit now left. In a few moments, the advancing spirit who had, at our last interview, been led to the step of Goodness, obtained possession of the medium. She came in joy and gladness, and said,

"O, I *shall* be in heaven! I remember when I once knew not, knew not the meaning of love, but now I feel it. It fills my entire being. How bright the light when it bursts upon the darkness! How sweet the green meadow to the weary traveller! How pure is the fountain to the thirsty soul! I have found it. God lets me come. Kind friends beckon, and my God points me the way."

Turning more directly to Dr. C., she said, "How faithful and true thou art! Here again to bless me? Come with more food?"

He replied, "Yes, I have come with more truth for you."

"O, *give it* unto me!" she continued. "You will not, I know, let my soul waste back to its once skeleton form. You *have* fed me; that you *will* feed me I know."

"Do you hunger for this living food?" asked Dr. C.

She said, "More food, with the blest assurance that I may feed on it. Tell me of Progress. Do we *ever* go onward?"

She made this inquiry with much earnestness. Being told that the advancing spirit never ceased to advance, — that it would be through eternal ages going on and on to new glories, new views of God and his works, she could scarcely comprehend so great a truth, — one that so filled her whole being with joy, and asked, "Is there not *some* point where the great God will send us back again?"

We told her, "None."

"Are we ever stepping up to him?" she inquired.

We answered in the affirmative. She wished to know whether he came down to meet us, and was answered that God was in all things, — that all things were by him created.

"Did he make those steps of Progress I see?"

Telling her yes, she remarked, with an exultant, joyous voice, "Then he made them for his children to go on. Did you say *I* was God's child?"

"Yes, you are, — we all are," replied Dr. C. "There is not one soul, high or low, that cannot look up to him and call him father. He casts none away. His care, his love is over all. The steps are for you as for me to go on. Are you ready to step upon Progression?"

She answered, in a thoughtful, yet happy mood, "No; I have an act of goodness to perform before I step there."

We asked her what it was. She replied, alluding to

the old man whom she had before spoken of and conducted up one step from his place of sorrow, "Calling up that weary one *you* taught me to protect. Will you go with me?"

Dr. C. expressed a willingness, a joy to do so; and, looking down, but apparently not far below her, she seemed to descend to the place in which he had been left. "O, he has had sweet dreams!" she remarked.

We inquired whether she beheld him now.

"Most there," she answered.

Looking upward, she said, "There are many steps in Progression. Many — O, how many!" and then she asked, with much enthusiasm, "O, can *he* come to Progress?"

Being told that he could, she said, "O, let *me* tell him so!"

After a short pause, during which she appeared to be nearing the object of her solicitude, she said, "Here he rests in his bower. How is he to get up? Is he to walk up? He is feeble and old."

Dr. C. inquired if she had spoken to him. She replied, "I have beckoned to him. He sees me. He is feeble."

From the tone of her voice and the expression of her features as she looked upon the old man, weary with his long wanderings in darkness and sorrow, we realized in a faint degree, an idea of his weak, helpless condition.

Dr. C. inquired why he was so feeble.

She said, "His state of starvation. No food to nourish the soul."

"How long has he been thus deprived of the food of light and truth?"

"Many years. Ten — ten years with no food, no

light, no hope. How feeble his steps are! He wishes to remain in the bower."

"Is he coming towards you?" asked Dr. C. "Invite him to advance. Lead him to the food his soul needs?"

She shook her head, looked down in pity, and replied, "He must have food carried to him to nourish him, — to give him strength to come up. Send him some message. O, how joyful he will be!"

"Tell him I have come with you," responded the Dr., "to lead him along to where he can get more food, more repose, more strength."

With a calm, happy expression upon her face she turned aside. In a few moments she again addressed Dr. C., and said, "I told him. The joy is great, — too great for him to take in in a moment. It will nourish him. It will support him. He cannot rise to-night from his bower."

"Does he begin to feel happy?" we inquired.

"Yes," she answered; "I see no more tears upon his face."

In reply to our question whether he smiled when he beheld her, she said, "His face is bright; bright, but not so bright as those angel guardians that attend him. They are watching around the bower. Your guardian is not there, but she is watching the whole progress."

She raised her hand, and pointed upwards, as, far above, she beheld the holy one looking down intently upon the work she had commenced.

The advancing spirit seemed to forget her own condition, so deeply interested was she in the effort for the one she was guiding up, and in the joy he experienced in his bower of repose.

"The old man has got as far as he can bear to-night," she said. "He is overjoyed. He 's chanting the message you sent him."

What more expressive indication of his advancement did we want than this? He who once lay in despair; he who shook his head mournfully as he was told of bliss — of light; and down whose worn and wrinkled face tears — bitter tears, flowed hour after hour, and, as he thought, for eternity, now raised his feeble voice, and sang. And sang of what? Ah! he sang that message borne by one who once was like him, — that message telling of hope and help. We could almost catch the sound as, in accents broken by the rushing tide of joy that swept through his soul, he sang those glad tidings. For ten years he had been without them. Ten long, wearisome years a tenant of the prison-house of despair. And now that the door was opened, — now that he was being led forth from his dreary captivity, he sang. Was there not cause? Angels sang. There *was* joy in heaven when he stepped forth, and should not he echo their glad notes?

"Tell him," said Dr. Child, "that you are his guardian. Tell him that we will be his guardians, and lead him along; and listen, tell me what he says."

She told him as requested; and soon she said,

"Tears, but they are not like the tears I saw before. Bright, rolling tears, that he tries not to suppress. He cannot speak."

After telling us that the angel forms she had previously alluded to as being near him would watch over him till our next meeting, she suddenly exclaimed, "Hark! Hear that music. They 're singing round his bower. *He* calls it heaven."

She left him thus. Blessed indeed was his state to what it had been.

Having returned to her position on the step Goodness, Dr. C. kindly invited her yet to advance and attain Progression.

She asked, "Am I ready to step on Progression? Will that little act carry me there?"

Answering her that she might advance, she appeared to do so, for she said, after a slight pause, "Yes, I know now. I was on the first, — Love, — and I was filled with love for all; next, I was on Goodness, and I would be good and do good to all; now, on Progression, I feel love and goodness thrilling through me."

We remarked that she did not lose any previous attainment in the enjoyment of the last.

She said, "No, I feel it. I can see better. I can look back now and see Love and Goodness. Those were the steps that brought me here. Even *I* can grow bright. Sinners can go where angels are, first leaving their sin behind. And angels, even angels, come to *me*. They know the steps. How fast they can descend! Yes, for they have passed over them; they know them well. See how their feet glide; they do not touch."

She appeared to watch the coming throngs that advanced to meet her, and said, "They 're coming to meet me;" but in her humility her unassuming spirit could not realize that such a joy was her own, and quickly remarked, "No, it 's to you."

"They come to meet us both," said Dr. C. "Do you see my guardian spirit now?"

She replied, "Far, far above, I see her. In a *beautiful* circle. Her form 's so bright! Can I long to have a form like theirs? May I wish to?"

"Indeed, you may expect to," answered her adviser.

"Sin never made *that* brightness," she said, musingly. "They must be ever bright."

Presuming from this remark that she supposed they could have never been as low as she had been, Dr. C. said, "Perhaps they were once like those dark spirits."

"Once dark!" she exclaimed.

Dr. C. said, "I don't know; perhaps so. I know that I have been once dark and wicked. Many spirits who are now among those bright throngs, and are one with them, were once as dark as you have been."

She comprehended the truth, and quietly remarked, "Yes, after the dark night the morning light appears."

We asked her if she could not speak to them, and ask them if it was not so.

She assented, and said, addressing Dr. C., "Will you go with me?"

Replying that he would gladly go, she began to pass on, saying, "Up, up the steps. I long to go. Each step I go up a bright one comes down."

She appeared to direct her course to some one above her, — some one that appeared to attract her to itself; for, on our inquiring whether she could speak to the bright spirit, she replied,

"No, I shall not clasp that hand to-night. O, how joyous is the hour when I clasp that hand! and O, what gratitude shall I speak to you for carrying me there!"

We asked, "Is that the form of a bright spirit?"

She replied, "O, it 's a form I love!"

Filled with joy too great for utterance at the prospect before her, she replied to Dr. C.'s inquiry whether he could lead her to the loved spirit. "You can lead me; and then, O then, the spirit will take me off. Then, then I shall *never* leave it."

At this point a beautiful and most affecting scene transpired. She raised her hands, beckoning to the holy ones above. Her being was filled with a mighty power that nothing could restrain, as the whole soul, energized by it, stretched forth to joys and friends beyond. Smiles, deep, soul-enkindled smiles, were painted in glowing, living colors upon her up-raised countenance. Her attitude was indeed more angelic than earthly. Each motion was as graceful as mind can conceive, and all present felt that their residence was, for the time, above this, and in the world of spirits.

She then spoke as follows. The feelings of the soul, as each act of the past came in review, were strongly delineated in the countenance. Each sentence was spoken slowly, very distinctly, and with much emotion: —

"One more advance, and then I shall clasp that form.

"That face I *know*. O, memory! O, memory rolling me back! O, where? O, where? Yes, back to earth — back to the home of my childhood. In the cradle of innocent love. In the arms of a fond parent — nestling in confidence on that bosom.

"And years flow on.

"That kind hand leads me.

"Years added to years, but not goodness to innocence. Maturity comes. — Maturity of time, but not of spirit. I no longer rest in that parent breast — no longer in the bosom of love I nestle. That hand that once protected me — I *curse!*

"That kind spirit passes away — and sorrow and disappointment was her shroud. On her grave no tears are shed; none to moisten the green sod, and it grew dry and barren like her early hopes.

"Yes, memory rolls back, and it brings an agony of soul.

"*That was my mother!*

"Her form lay mouldering back to dust — and *I* was mouldering back to misery.

"Years fled — and icy age came trembling on me. In darkness I wandered. To eternal misery, as I was taught to believe, my soul was fast hastening.

"As *I* went down, that holy form went *up*.——Another dying couch.—— Memory played well her part. Like arrows of conviction she pierced me. Dark as my own nature were the beings about me — kindred to mine. And their words — *their* words of consolation came pouring in my soul — 'God will condemn to eternal misery.'

"Demons filled the room — darkness brooded o'er me. — The spirit fled down, leaving hope in the grave ——.

"No stone marks the spot,— 't is well; sunken is the mound,—'t is better. Emblematic of my destiny.

"Then I passed where all were dark as me, each with some guilty stain that stained the soul a dye of deepest dye. We were truly companions, for no brilliancy emanated from either soul — companions in woe!

"And years fled on, carrying that loved one still upward, till one dark, dreary night, I saw a star. None other saw it. I called, I implored. It answered to me, grew brighter, larger. It came in the form, human form, like mine; but O, how bright! Nearer he came. He bade me rise. Joyously I hastened. He took me on. He told me of other stars that shone far above him, and that God would let *me* come up. He carried me to a bright land. *Me*, in sin, unworthy, and O, the debt of gratitude that rests in this heart!

"This is the one. (Dr. C.) He knows the course. And now, through Love, and Goodness, and Progression, this deepest dye of humanity has passed, and I am going, yes, going to *that* mother.

"Happy reünion! Let me go and rest."

No words of ours can add to *such* a narrative. The features and attitude, as the last words were uttered, were beautiful, heavenly, beyond earthly expression.

The glad spirit left. Soon the guardian of Dr. C. came and addressed him as follows,—

"The labor of earth invigorates the body. The work of the spirit in Progression nourishes the soul. The one brings an abundant harvest, and the other never-fading laurels to deck the brow for passports to celestial regions.

"Your work is well. It makes heaven echo with joyousness. Each labor adds another flower-bed in the garden of repose.

"Come upward and onward, but come not alone."

CHAPTER VI.

FIFTH INTERVIEW.

Monday Evening, April 17, 1854. — The rapidly-advancing spirit came, and addressing Dr. Child, spoke as follows,—

"I seem to be floating in a soft, bright, holy atmosphere. My form is changed since last I met you; my garments are changed, too. 'T is bright, 't is pure, 't is beautiful — and you was my saviour — you led me upward.

"Now look; behind that radiant star that glistens so high, is my pure, my angel mother. I shall soon be

there, soon press this happy heart to hers, soon lay this head upon her breast.

"My flight is so rapid I shall soon reach her, and then, though I am beyond you, it will only be like a small stream removed from its great fountain. From amid this happy throng, among these glorious treasures, these heavenly beauties, I can gather them and flow them back to you on the wings of gratitude. *Here* is the point and the time where my soul can pour forth its grateful feelings.

"The long-neglected flower, taken from its dark forest abode, and transplanted to a heavenly garden, *will* shed fragrance, *will* blossom in beauty to the hand that nurtured it."

Gazing upward, with hands reaching forward to the bright goal to which this now happy spirit was tending, she said,

"Fast, how fast I reach that form. O, not for me are those beauties — not for me! I can gaze, and whisper the echo of their beauty to you. I *will* gaze for you. I *will* aspire for you, and when after many, many flights of beauty, love and holiness, I reach that holy form, that pure, that angel being that called *you* upward, I will whisper to her my soul-felt gratitude. I will breathe to her of *your* kindness. I will echo it through that high sphere till another gem shall stud her coronet, and glisten, ay, brighter than the thousand that now ornament it.

"A life of purity and a life of sin, will they meet? — Now I near that form, my mother. Her years have been filled up with goodness. Mine! O, would they were a blank! And I, who once was sinful, so low, am passing, passing upward.

"There is a link that binds me to her. Between my form and hers are other forms. One less brilliant than her takes hold of her hand — then one less bright than the last, and so downward to me, but they pass away as I go upward."

There was here a pause, during which her animated, joyous face told the story of her progress.

"O, I feel I am nearing her!" she said. "I am going home — going to rest."

Remembering in her own fulness of joy those below her where she once was, she said, alluding to the spirit who had sought rest in the bower — "Go, bring that weary soul up. Go. Let him hear what *I* have heard. Go, fill his soul with love. —— Soon, *soon* I join her. Go call *him* upward.

"Mother, mother, take me home. Kind benefactor, go call him up."

Turning more directly to Dr. C., she said, with much tenderness, "I do not leave you. I go to join my mother. I will come again with double purity. They say I shall wear a crown of bright stars! I will come stepping in your pathway. Your goodness will keep those stars bright on my forehead. I *know* they will be ever bright.

"Now I go. I go up, up. Go call him up, that weary one."

She spoke no more. She had gone to join her mother. Happy, indeed, was the smile brightening her features. Glorious her passage to her mother's embrace.

This advanced spirit having left, the spirit of the old man took possession of the medium, and Dr. C. was rejoiced in being able thus to communicate with him, and respond to the last request of her whose progression had been so beautiful and rapid.

He spake in a heavier-toned voice than the previous spirit, and said, musingly, "This the bower they placed me in."

Dr. C. intimated that if he had got rest, it would be well for him to advance. He seemed loth to leave his present situation, fearing he might not find another, and inquired, "Can I? Can I find another bower?"

Dr. C. asked him whether he had had rest. He replied, "I have had visions. Forms, bright, brighter than yours, came to me." Alluding to the places seen in his visions, he said, "It's bright there, I know. It's happy there, I know — but this is my home."

Being asked if he had obtained strength to go further, he said, "I'm strong, but I want knowledge. My mind is dark."

"Will you go with me?" asked Dr. Child. "Go with me, I will lead you to knowledge."

He replied — "You are kind. I had a vision in my bower of a place higher than this, where a bright form was going home that you had led up. There was a great throng of bright spirits around it. A spirit had wandered in darkness — a mother had lost her child, and by your means the child was returned. O, there was great joy! And then, the music — O, the sounds! they brought me out of my vision. I dreamt that I was an angel, too. Was going up there; and that you was making me little steps, and here I am here. But O, it's a fine bower!"

Dr. C. inquired whether he now saw the steps. He answered, in a sad tone, "Too many steps for the poor old man."

"But you can take one at a time, and thus arise," we remarked.

He exclaimed, in a hopeful manner, "One step! Then

let me lay down and rest. I cannot take in so much as the bright one."

"Do you see what is written on the first step?" inquired Dr. C.

"I know it must be your name. It 's Love," he answered. He then said, "But when I get there I must rest, and you will weary coming back for the poor old man so often. He cannot rise fast."

Dr. C. assured him that he could never grow weary in such a cause; that it was pleasure for him to thus lead him up.

Pondering upon the steps, the spirit said, "There was a place where I lived — they called it earth. And there were many steps, but they carried me down. Was I on the wrong ones? I fear steps."

He would not fear steps that went up, we remarked, for they are God's steps, leading up to Him. He was cheered by this thought, and, musing upon the past, he said, "Those steps I went on each was darker."

Urging him to ascend the first step, he asked, "Can I go on these, and dream the same bright dream I dreamed in my bower?"

We told him that he could; that it would be even brighter. He yet feared he might lose what he had already gained in progression, and said, "When I go on that step, and you leave me, some other one will come and take the poor old man, and throw him back."

We assured him such would not be the case.

He then asked, "If I go there, and have another vision, when I awake will you come?"

Replying affirmatively, he inquired, "Have many gone up here?"

"O, thousands, thousands!" replied Dr. C. "I

have been led up by my guardian, and she led me to guide up a spirit not long since as low as you are, and now she has risen to happiness."

"I saw her go!" he said, as a smile came over his face, so long unused to smile. "I saw her go. My vision *was* true. I saw her go."

Dr. C. remarking that he knew not her name, and no knowledge of what to call her, he interrupted him and said, "She 's left a star. They put a crown on her when she went there, and she took from it and threw back a star to you." After a pause he said, "You are happy, and the poor old man is happy. I must go rest."

Dr. C. inquired whether any one had been to see him since he first rested in the bower.

He answered, "One — one bright form that loves the poor old man. She is so pure she cannot stay long, and when she goes I weep." After a short, musing mood, he asked, "What will they do with the poor old man up there? The angels said they 'd take me; but what can they want of me there?"

Telling him that as he advanced he would grow bright, and become prepared for a happy home, he asked whether he would become happy like him.

He was told that he would, and even happier.

He seemed now to have taken one step, for he said, "I see better than I did in the bower. I see where the angels came from." He pointed upward, and seemed glad. But he could move but slowly. Long sunken in despair, he was weak, now that the sunlight of hope shone upon him, and he said, "Let me rest. I am old and weary. I cannot go like youth. I will go rest. Go learn to love. Do not forget, come to me again."

Promising to come again, Dr. C. bade him good-by.

No more was said. He seemed, indeed, as we had been told on a previous evening, to sleep in sweet slumber.

After a pause, the guardian of Dr. Child came, and, addressing him, spoke as follows respecting the meeting of the child with her mother in the spirit-world :

" Joyous was the echo in that spirit-land at the happy reünion of that long, long separation. Each temple echoed with gladness. Each harp was tuned to a brighter strain. A new melody broke upon their ears, for another soul came upward clothed in truth.

" And here " (taking Dr. C. by the hand) " was the spirit-guide. Let your harp be tuned anew. Let your song peal in louder strains, for the work you have done is great.

" Her flight and progress was rapid, — far greater than was looked for. Like your own bright course, — short, brilliant. She will breathe upon you with breath of eloquence. She will bring up your powers anew. There now is double guardianship over your path. You cannot grow weary ; you cannot go back *only* to bring on the weary, the low and the less-favored.

" Her crown of stars will dazzle with heavenly radiance. They will urge you on to gather for yourself the *same* starry crown which shall be yours.

" Still another adornment to your spirit, — to your own bower. It grows each day more like my own. I tarry not long to-night, but I leave o'er you my influence, my approbation, my love."

CHAPTER VII.

SIXTH INTERVIEW.

Monday Evening, *April* 24. — The spirit of the old man came, and spoke as follows :

" And so he said he would bring me onward ; from this step I might go to another. And then, O, then that form he led on before ! Yes, I know the face. How it speaks — how it speaks of that mother's ! Long years I wandered from her. Could I but know that now I am on the step of Love ! "

He paused here, as if in thought of the past and his present position.

" I once — I once loved her," he continued ; but how could true love turn to hatred ? I left her alone, forlorn. I wandered. I found no rest, till, in one dark and dreary night, I laid me down and died.

" I awoke in the midnight of despair. And I, the basest of all — of all earth's children, am now walking on these fine steps. O, it was love — love that sent thee to me !

" And O, that form, that face, — how like — how like that wife is it ! Can it *be* my child ? O God ! let *me* go upward, too ! "

He now inquired for Dr. C., who had not yet spoken, and said, " He was all kindness when last he came. I know he 'll lead me now. Without him I can never reach them."

Dr. Child remarked that he had come to lead him on

— yet on to higher truths. The spirit heard him, and feelingly responded, "That same kind voice. I hear it. Yes, come to lead *me* on."

"Yes," said Dr. C.; "I will lead you. You wish to advance, and your efforts will be aided by brighter and holier beings than myself."

The penitent spirit was rejoiced; yet his love for the welfare of others prompted him to hesitate in his acceptance of the proffered help of Dr. C.

"But your steps are rapid," said he, "and I am old. I would weary your patience." He then exclaimed, with much earnestness, "Tell me of that bright form that went on before me. I dream of her. I had a vision, and she came in heavenly form, arrayed in white. She came with a bright anchor and a crown, too, which she said I should wear. And O, I dreamt she called me '*father.*' Why does that bright one hover around the poor old man? How far must my weary — my weary steps travel before I reach that form?"

We told him that she would come to meet him.

He asked, "How many steps shall I ascend before I reach that from which she took her flight?"

"But two more, — Goodness, Progression."

He turned to Dr. C. and said, "And *you* will direct me."

Telling him that he would, he cast his look to the throngs and light above, and remarked, "She may have gone to join that form. I led her to the altar; the vow was sealed to love and protect her. How bright, how pure she was! — all gentleness, and I so sinful. May you never know the agony that swelled this brain when the messenger — death — came for my soul. How could I join her? She all light and holiness, and I darkness

and sin. She I led to the altar passed on, passed upward, upward."

After a pause, he continued, "Tell me what form so like her that visited me." We told him that her mother sent her to him, and yet she required not to be sent; she came so freely of her own will.

"Yes!" he exclaimed; "Goodness and love, she sent her back to me, — her to me, the forlorn in sorrow, in sin and wretchedness. She came. I dreamt she said, '*a family reünited in heaven.*' And O, the starry crown she wore! She said her angel-mother had one brighter. That every thorn that pierced her in agony on earth shone a bright star in heaven."

A thrill of sorrow now vibrated his whole being, and he said, "Those thorns were given by *me*. *I* crowned her. But here I must rest till my soul becomes purified. 'T is all of heaven I can attain, — the visions, those happy visions of those happy throngs; take them not from me. And yet too much for me, the sinner, — the poor old man."

"Can't you ascend to the next step?" asked Dr. C. "If I lead you gently, will you not pass up to Goodness?"

He quickly said, "And in the vision the bright one said, 'learn to love goodness.' They bring me my heaven. 'T is because I can't go. I 'm happy here."

As in the case of the other spirit, so with this. The bliss was so great that it was indeed heaven to him. Wishing to impress him with the truth that yet higher attainments might be made, and greater glories attained, we encouraged him to make an effort now to advance. Dr. C. remarked that he would lead him. "No, I will

not retard your flight," he replied. "Leave me here; 't is enough, enough for me."

As he turned his gaze upward, and beheld how light were those who attended these scenes of spirit progression, he said, addressing Dr. C., "I see why you ascend so rapid. Bright angel-forms take your hand."

"They lead me on as I lead you," said the Dr.

"I would step on Goodness," he said; "can I come back to Love? They said when on Goodness a brighter band would chant to me. And O, that form that comes around me! It haunts my vision."

He appeared to ascend the step; for, after a short pause, he said, "I 've been where love filled me, and now goodness thrills my soul, and love, too. I feel them both. 'T is enough for the poor old man, — another step. That bright form is coming. She will relieve you from the labor. She can come on Goodness. She can take me. She will give you gratitude."

"It is no labor," said Dr. C.; "it is a pleasure. If I can lead you it will be indeed a great joy for me to do so. Do you not see my guardian? Does she not smile at your progress?"

He gazed for a moment upward, then said, "One look is too much. I could not, I could not gaze. My eyes grow dim. I 'm feeble. I can rest on Goodness, feed on Goodness, live in Goodness. Then that form will come, and take me to Progression. Yes, your duty is o'er. Your labor is o'er. Adieu, I may meet you again."

In a position to which the bright forms could approach, he could see angel-hands outstretched to lead him, and he tenderly parted with that which had led him thither. Dr. C. wished not to part with him forever, and asked whether he would do so. "O, no!" he replied; "the

old man will not forsake his only friend ——." He paused in a listening attitude, as if to catch some distant strain, and then said, "I hear a band chanting. They will come take me. You *will* have reward. Conscience will whisper sweetly to you. — I will go rest in this bower. Your work, your work is over —"

Thus the once dark, sorrowful, weary spirit left us. With hope in his soul, joy beaming upon and around him, and a future, whose glories no tongue can describe, awaiting him. Spirit-help would now be his. Angel-voices would lead, and angel-hands protect him. Gladly, joyously, we left him to repose in such a bower, and in a few moments the spirit who had been led higher took Dr. C. by the hand, and spoke as follows, —

"And O, 't is here that my soul speaks forth its gratitude to you. Were it not for this hand that led me up, this hand would never have been tuned to melody. I could never have played in the chords of celestial harmony. It was this hand that joined my angel-mother's and mine. That act alone would swell an anthem of heaven. You led me upward, we parted, and there was an angel-union. It was home there, it was heaven there, for there my mother dwelt. I, all freed, all ransomed from sin, came singing, came chanting, came home, never more to wander. So soft now are my visions on my mother's breast. With the already bright blazonry of glory that surrounds you from that high form, my lesser light shall blend in one eternal halo around your earthly path.

"That light will carry you, carry you to flights rapid. And O, the double gratitude that my soul pours forth! The other form that you brought up! It is, it is my father. We will soon be a family united. Your soul has

bathed in waters of benevolence. Your labor there is done. I will lead him on; but O, for words to tell you all I feel! What I cannot speak to you I 'll echo in angel choirs. The melody will reach you. The gratitude of many I speak. The love of that angel-mother I bear to you, and it comes pure as an angel breath. You have many stars that will shine for you."

Overcome by the flood of gratitude that this ransomed spirit poured forth from her soul, Dr. C. said, "You acknowledge too much gratitude for my humble efforts. It is to higher influences that this debt of gratitude is due."

"I do not, I do not," she replied; "I cannot. All things flow from the great Original. We drink from lesser streams, from the rivulet and the brook, though they flow from the great fountain-head. Thanks to the rivulet, and gratitude, and heart-felt, and soul-felt, and eternal praises to the great Original — still onward, onward.

"I go, that my place may be filled by that still brighter one. I go, but not to forget. I linger around."

In answer to an inquiry of Dr. C., she said she would come again, and come often.

"If I can bring you glad tidings," she continued, "bring you of the glories beyond, I come joyfully. Here an angel band are gathering, chanting the words of that prayer your guardian gave you."

Being asked if the prayer was suited to her condition as it was to the one for whom it was given, she replied,

"'T is felt by all in this sphere. 'T is suited to us, to you, to all. — I go now, that the brighter form may come."

The guardian of Dr. C. soon gained possession of Mrs. A., and spoke as follows, —

"Upward and onward, but not alone! In your ascent

other forms came upward. From your footprints the traveller marked his course. This act of love has ended joyously — not ended, it goes floating on, floating in the far, far future, on to eternal ages.

"Wanderer coming home, you would not return. Look upon the past, while I unveil the future. Go back to the midnight of error, while I lift the curtain that shades the bower of eternal repose.

"Go back to the footsteps of folly, while I give the picture of angel-groups that attend thee; of seraph forms that attract thee. I do this all in love. 'T is love that called me here, 't is love that bears you home.

"Look back to the dark grave that waited thee, to the tomb of despair, and now look upward to your eternal home, to that great fount where you shall drink, where the soul shall bathe, be purified.

"Look, look in the future, to the world of intellect, to thought and expansion, and the deep, boundless ocean of wisdom. To those I bring thee. O, breathe not a wish to return! I have watched this effort of labor, this labor of progression. I guarded the steps you came up, and the dark forms that you led onward.

"It is ended now. Soon, soon the happy reünion will come.

"The effort is closed. I 'll bring you teachings yet. I have a happy future, all laden with brightness and glory, to bring you.

"This effort now is closed. Seal the volume. Write the angel-witnesses. Write the names of the circle above. Love, Truth, Sympathy, Affection. These are the spirit names of the angels who have witnessed the effort. They are your* guardians."

* Referring to Dr. C., Mrs. A., Miss C., and the writer, who had been present at the sittings.

Having been urged by many spirits to issue an account of these interviews in a printed form, we inquired what name should be given to the work. It was answered, "A Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth." Dr. C. remarked that to his guardian we and the advanced spirit were wholly indebted for the pleasure we had received in being used as instruments in so good a cause, and the rapturous joy of those who had been led from darkness to light "No, no," she said, "due praise to all."

We asked whether this advanced spirit would go back to bring up others. She replied, "She goes to bring back the aged father, and were she advanced ten-fold in regions of light and beauty, she could, at the option of love and duty, descend to bring up. And let the same rule attend you in the duties of life."

Dr. C. asked, "Has this spirit advanced more rapidly than usual?"

She answered, "There have been others as rapid. It is the innate, inborn love of goodness dwelling in each soul. Though in some faint, it is not quite extinguished. It can be kindled to a lasting flame."

After telling us that there was to be another effort, through Mrs. A., by two spirits in the circle above, and that we must not tax her powers too much, this holy, truthful, angelic being bade us, for the time, adieu.

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