

moval of all the barriers of matter, speaks to you as your own spirits would speak to you, were they capable of presenting their true properties amid all the grossness which surround them. Bring the spirit near the world, then; you can not injure even its ethereal and sublimated organism, strong as are the forces which oppose its manifestation. By thus doing though, it may benefit the world, secure as it is in the propriety and soundness of the doctrines it professes, and the purity and loveliness of all its motives.

I have been led to make these remarks to-night, before proceeding to my regular subject, from a comparison between your world and the bright and glorious spheres from which I have just arrived.

It is not always that I am just returned from my sphere when I visit you at the circle; but, to-night, I had even that moment arrived from the sphere to which I belong, when I touched the Doctor's hand. By my own wishes, as well as by my mission, I am connected with your earth, and though, indeed, I have often the privilege of returning to my home, still I never leave it for earth without contrasting the almost incomprehensible difference between them.

But I will say a few words on my proper subject, and then I must leave you.

If the pure spirit suffers so much when conscious of wrong, how much must it rejoice when it feels the inspiring power of its own elevated desire lifting it, as it were, upward and onward toward heaven! How joyful, yes, ecstatic—how glorious must be the feelings of that spirit whose desires, whose aspirations, have directed him to those bright lands where the sun of truth, of love, of charity never declines!

Starting from the second sphere, which is the first point of its appreciable spirit-existence, it sends the eye of inquiry through all the spheres beyond, and revels in the unfoldings of that glance.

Think you that the spirit would be satisfied with green

fields, or bright skies, or balmy breezes, or even the dazzling radiance of the sun itself as a dwelling-place, if its innate yearnings were not gratified, the hope of throwing off all that is possible of his material creation, and exercising as a spirit belonging to the Godhead itself those attributes which characterize it as an intelligence?

What is the soul's longing after knowledge, truth, love, charity—yes, all that is good, wise, great, and beautiful—but the desire to exercise in some condition these properties as a right of its nature, when it shall have increased in the magnitude of its activity, and, conscious of its divine origin, it can ministrates as a spirit to the great good of the whole of which it is a part? Good-night.

Section Thirty.

Wednesday, June 1st, 1853.

This evening, in my library, the Doctor and I alone present.

There was a good deal said that was of a personal character, which it would not be worth while to insert here, except only so far as to show the nature and closeness of the intercourse which is going on between us and the unseen intelligence that speaks.

Thus, in reference to some personal trouble of mine, it was written:

THERE are seemingly certain tides in organic nature, as there are in the ocean, whose broad bosom covers two thirds of earth's surface, and sigh out the various emotions which stir up its mighty sentiment. This occasion is a tide in your affairs, dear Judge, and could you know how your friends have with anxious care watched your feelings, sym-

pathized with all your emotions, but have truthfully revealed the nature of feelings which were assumed to direct you away from the glorious destiny before you! Oh! there is a love surpassing the love of earth. It brings as its guerdon no blending of passion. It regards the object with no hope of benefit to itself, and it covers and protects each hope, each joy, each emotion of the soul, as in that joy and hope it realizes the bond which connects the present with the future!

There has been no thought of your mind, no purpose of your heart, no struggle with yourself, that has not been recognized and responded to by those who love you for yourself. God bless you! God strengthen you! And the earnest desires, the heartfelt aspirations of your spirit-brothers are and will be offered for your happiness and peace of mind. Could you see this night the holy joy, the calmness which an unbounded confidence has diffused over the whole being of your spirit-friends, you would exclaim, "It is good for me to be afflicted, for then, indeed, know I my own strength." BACON.

I made some remark, that the trial, though severe, would be profitable to me.

And it was answered:

Yes; but it will open before you a prospect so bright, so beautiful, so full of hope, and radiant, lasting joy, so free from care, from all sensuality, so devoid of self and its clashing interests, that the soul will be like unto him who is taken into a high mountain, and standing on its lofty summit overlooks all the kingdoms of the earth, admires their strength, their capacity, their vastness, but when lifting his eyes upward, he beholds in one twinkling star more of harmony, more of the true, the glorious, the divine, and he turns from earth with disgust, and looks to heaven with joy. 'Tis so with you. Onward! upward! The star is shining brightly above you. The air is calm and balmy. The spirits of friends are standing without, to

cheer you in your strivings with self. They whisper to you, Courage. They murmur words of hope, of encouragement; and they will afford you tangible evidence that their love is not for a day, but for all time.

Thus endeth, for the present, our conference on this subject.

I remarked to the Doctor about some teachings I had had the previous night, but which I did not get distinct enough to write down.

And it was written:

In the efforts made by us last night, we could not succeed so perfectly as we designed, from the state of comparative agitation of your mind. * * * * *

The images we impressed on your mind, though, perhaps, distinct enough, did not comprehend the whole of the teaching we had intended. If possible, we shall to-night try again, and hope to succeed better. We would suggest that no other subject be thought of except the spirits, and that your mind remain as passive as possible. The length of time that has intervened* since your last visions, destroys partially your susceptibility of immediate impression. You can, therefore, help us much, by observing these directions. In connection with what has been written, the teachings we shall try to image on your mind will enable you to make a much more varied and interesting book than if you published only our dry though important communications through the Doctor. And again, we wish through you to teach him many things which it is necessary he should know, and we have declined doing so through himself, as even now he questions, sometimes, if all is right. Much, very much is expected of him, and tried though he is now by many vexations, enough to discourage any one but one of his iron will, we mean that he shall triumph over all, and come out right.

Now, lie down on the sofa, and be calm and quiet for a

* It was more than a year.

while, and let us see what can be done. If you like, you can narrate what you see.

I then lay down on my sofa, merely covering my eyes with my handkerchief, to exclude external objects, and I saw the vision which I have described in the accompanying paper. I narrated it to the Doctor as I went along, and was about two hours in doing so.

VISION.

What I first saw was a range of mountains, beginning at my right hand, and running off diagonally across the scene, and ending far off in the distance, on my left. The outline of the hills was all I could at first see, but I observed that that was more regular than our mountains usually are. It had not those craggy, sharp points that we are accustomed to see—not those volcanic angles and earthquake-like breaks and fissures that characterize a country newly formed—but the summits were rounded off, as if Time in its progress had laid its softening hand on its rugged and rough features, and leveled them into lines of beauty. The light that shone upon them was faint and dim. It seemed as if the dawn was just breaking upon the earth.

The tops of the mountains were enveloped in a soft and grateful purple haze, and as they receded in the distance they seemed, as it were, almost to blend and melt away into the clear, soft sky which was over all. I was looking westward, and it was the dawn that was breaking behind me, which gave this beautiful tinge to the mountain top; but the base of the mountains, and the whole of the landscape between me and them were so far enshrouded in darkness that I could not distinguish their features.

Far in the distance, and beyond the mountains, a beautiful golden light* appeared, illumining the sky overhead, as

* I take this occasion to remark that I have been taught that the different colors of the light which appears to me in these visions are symbolical. Thus, a golden light represents affection; a silver light, wisdom; blue, truth; bronze, affection, tinged with an earthly taint; violet, a desire to progress, and crimson, a union of love and wisdom.

if it came from a country where such a light prevailed so powerfully as to be reflected back from the firmament above. This light did not, however, tend to enlighten my side of the mountains. It merely showed what was the radiance of the country beyond; and it must have been very, very grateful, for it was a soft, mellow, golden light, occasionally tinged with streaks of crimson, and once a bright silver star shone amid it for a moment, and then vanished.

As the day gradually dawned upon the scene, it became more visible to me, and I perceived that dense woods skirted the base of the mountains, and that the plain before me was beautifully diversified with trees, and lawns, and running streams. It was not cut up artificially, by fences, into fields, but, as it were, naturally, by rows of trees and shrubbery. Here there was a smooth, level meadow, with its carpet of green; there an undulating lawn, variegated with water, and grass, and growing trees; here there was a cascade, throwing its hoarse murmur abroad upon the silent air, and there a gentle stream or calm and placid lake. Here there was a clump of trees, entwining their tangled arms together over the deep shade that rested below, and there a single tree or two, beneath whose shelter animals were seen, giving life at once and repose to the scene. And, in fine, as the light of the morning increased, it opened to my view a lovely landscape, gently undulating and diversified by land and water, and field and forest. Many animals were seen moving about, or reposing quietly, playing wildly, or grazing or slumbering. Birds in great numbers, and with every variety of song and plumage, were flying across the scene in all directions, some just skimming the surface of the water, and others soaring aloft, up, up, until their melody seemed mingled with the distance.

As I stood gazing upon the scene, and its beauties thus gradually opening before me, I discovered faintly, in the distance, and near the base of the mountains, what seemed to be some ancient ruins of some work of man. I could not see them well so far off, and I approached to have a

nearer view. I discovered they were two high and very massive walls, built at a distance from and parallel to each other, and at right angles with the line of the mountains. They were very high, one or two hundred feet at least, I should think, and were built into and against the side of the mountains, and ran off some distance. They were very ancient, for moss and creeping vines grew upon them, and they were discolored with age. As I approached near them, I looked back upon the part of the scene where I had stood, and there discovered a large ocean, whose waters were gently moving, and throwing the hoarse roar of its ever-breaking surf gratefully on the ear. I perceived, also, that those walls had been originally intended to run from the mountains to the ocean, and so fence in a portion of the country from all intrusion from all other parts; but the walls remained standing only about half the distance, and the ends of them were rough and jagged, and I was at a loss to tell whether it was because the walls had there been thrown down, or had been built no farther originally. If the former, then I knew I must find near the base some of the monstrous stones of which the walls had been built; but I found none, and I discovered they had never been built any farther, and that the original intention of their erection never had been carried out.

In the inclosure formed by these walls and the side of the mountain, I saw a great number of men at work, digging into the side-hill with great vehemence, and never looking up or beyond the dark soil in which they were delving. It was evident they thought they had discovered a mine in the bowels of the mountain, and had partly inclosed themselves to prevent the intrusion of others. But they had been too impatient to complete their inclosure; one after another had abandoned that work, and gone to digging into the hill, until they had all rushed to the mines, and fell to penetrating its interior with furious haste. When I saw them, they had opened many caverns far in, and were just beginning others. Some were striking with pickaxes

into the bank, some shoveling away the rubbish, and others engaged in carts, carrying the dirt away, and emptying it down behind them, near the end of the walls. They did not stop to spread it out or level it smooth, but threw it carelessly in rude heaps, and hurried back for more.

The beautiful light which shone beyond the mountains approached the inclosure, and tinged the sky over it very beautifully, forming overhead a gorgeous canopy of golden and crimson light. Just outside the walls, easy to be seen and easy of access, was the lovely country which I have described, while inside the inclosure all was bleak, and barren, and gloomy. The men themselves were of a dark hue—like a negro turning pale—of a dull, dingy, somber color; and over them rested a dark mist, which rose from them, and partly obscured the light of heaven. None of them, it seemed, ever sought to penetrate that mist, to obtain a view of the beautiful canopy above them. None ever looked abroad upon the beauties of nature, which lay so profusely scattered around them, but all were intent solely upon their insatiate pursuit of the promised treasure, which, methought, still fled from them, and from which none of them had ever yet realized a tithe of their expectations. The only water I saw inside the walls was a stagnant and impure pool, from which even the brutes recoiled in disgust.

I noticed these things while I was standing near the extremity of the walls, and I turned away pained at the gloomy picture. As I did so, my eye rested upon the scene outside, and was inexpressibly relieved.

On the bosom of the ocean all was life and animation; on the land all was joy and gladness; and in the air all was light, resplendent, and balmy. Far off in the distance I saw marks of man's industry and skill, in beautifying the scene. Pyramids, and obelisks, and ornamental arches rose up amid the foliage in different places. And on the spot where I had stood at first was standing a gigantic human figure. It seemed to be stationary, yet was ani-