

Section Thirty-six.

PART FIRST.

Thursday, June 9th, 1853.

This evening, at Dr. Dexter's, all the circle being present, it was written:

It has been intimated by Lord Bacon that you might arrange our teachings as in your opinion would produce the greatest effect on the minds of the world. It is therefore proper for me to say here, that our direct teachings have ended until the publication of the first volume^w of our work, and that our meetings for the present will assume more of a personal character until the arranging of the work shall have been finished. Our meetings must be imperatively continued, and occasionally I shall bring with me a spirit from the highest sphere with which it is possible for man to have communication, and this and other spirits will aid us in the second volume of our work. Your duties, Judge, are now to commence, in short visions illustrating particular subjects before you, and an attempt will be made to make clairvoyant some of the circle, all this during the interim. Now I would suggest that our meetings be occupied with subjects interesting to all, and all bearing on the subjects before treated of, as also including personal feeling, teaching, etc. God bless you, and all good spirits attend you.

SWEEDENBORG.

I inquired where he would have the criticism of his teachings, at this circle or in my library, as we did with Lord Bacon's?

He answered:

At your library alone, as you will perceive it will be

best, etc. Let the time be occupied, and if there is any question prepared touching the teachings, let it occupy only a certain portion of the time, as we have an object to accomplish.

It was inquired whether he meant questioning this evening only, or during the critique?

It was answered:

It was arranged between Lord Bacon and myself that all questions pertaining to the work should be proposed at the critique, and therefore the remark. Only an evening or two should be occupied in this, as we wish to introduce new spirits and carry out our plan of influencing the circle, to show through visions absolute illustrations of what has been taught.

I remarked, You say "only an evening or two should be occupied in this." This what? Questioning or criticism?

It was answered:

Questioning. Your questions would be more properly on the correction of the text, as the revision would naturally suggest explanations and queries about the facts stated and opinions, in fact every thing belonging to the subject taught; therefore if any one has questions to propound, let him write them out and hand them in, and the answers can be read at the next meeting.

I am willing to answer any questions individually, but only briefly; the full answers are for publication.

Do you mean now?

Yes, and at other times also. It was not the intention to-night to answer questions, the desire of the spirits was to impress the Judge; there is a spirit here who wishes to impress his mind, and both Bacon and myself, and also Mrs. E., would be gratified if he would permit. The impression will be brief, but instructive, and afterward the spirit's name will be given.

I then began to receive the vision which is recorded in the accompanying paper. There was so much moving about in the room and in the

house, that it was at times comparatively weak and faint, and once in describing it—for I did so as it went along—I remarked I did not know that I had it right?

It was written :

That is the design ; go on ; you will see.

The vision went on, and coming, as I supposed, to a close, I said so.

It was written :

For to-night ; but it is not yet ended.

Then it was added :

It may be as well in our meetings that each person present suggests the leading feelings of his mind in reference to the influence of spirit-intercourse. It is often that erroneous ideas are imbibed from an incorrect reasoning ; and impressions, frequently considered as the result of your own thoughts, are in truth the ideas of spirits, but being imperfectly mirrored on the mind, produce an incorrect result.

Any idea during the day, or any thought, or any advice, or, indeed, any thing of life, of the spheres, of truth, of love, we wish you to talk about and ask about, and we will try to answer and explain.

BACON.

We have nothing more to say to-night particularly, but we wish to meet at the next evening, and therefore want you to follow the suggestion made by Bacon. Good-night.

We want you to write the visions, and we will tell you what we want done with them all.

Then, after a pause, it was written :

Our Father, God, teach us thy law, teach us to know ourselves and thee ; teach us that our nature begun here, will exist and progress through eternity ; teach us that thy law, based on love, requires but the exercise of that love for its fulfillment.

Aid us in our efforts to feel, to know what is our strength, and teach us to love one another, as we are all from one source and thee.

PART SECOND.

VISION.

It was the same scene which I had witnessed the other evening, when the dark inclosure within those high walls was so prominent a part of the picture. Now, I perceived those walls had been demolished, but that was all the change there was in the scene, except an addition to it, which at once attracted my attention. It was this. On the summit of the hill, into the base of which those dark mortals had dug their deep caverns, and directly over them, so situated as to overlook the scene, a man was standing dressed in the garb of mortals. He was tall and dignified in his deportment. His countenance evinced much intellect, but had a stern, rather than a beneficent expression, a look rather of deep thought and anxiety, than of affection and joy. He was leaning with his right elbow on a white marble pedestal, which seemed prepared for a column which was yet to be placed upon it. His attitude was very easy and graceful. He was standing on one foot, the other leg bent across, resting on its toes, as if it was a position with which he was familiar. He was facing the east. At his feet was the dark inclosure, and before him was the landscape, which included the gigantic figure, the half-redeemed hamlet, and the ocean in the distance. The dark mist still hung over the inclosure, but did not reach to his feet, and he, therefore, stood above and unaffected by it. He was engaged intently looking through it, and occasionally an expression of sorrow would flit across his face, and then he would look abroad upon the ocean, as if he was expecting something.

My attention was by his proceedings pointed in the same direction, and at length I observed far in the distance the sails of some vessels. They approached rapidly. The sur-

face of the water was moving gently, not turbulently, and a fine "fresh breeze" was filling every sail. A greater number of vessels were constantly coming in sight, and there seemed to be a long and apparently endless line of them extending away down below the horizon. The foremost vessel made for the bay lying directly in front of the hamlet, followed by the others, as if they steered direct for that gigantic human figure. On the deck of that vessel was standing one who seemed to be the admiral of that fleet. His whole appearance was that of calm command. One would be glad to serve under him, so much confidence would at once be placed in his capacity and self-possession. He gave directions for his fleet to come to anchor, and one after another, as they entered the bay, furled their sails, until they crowded it full. The dark mortals under the gloomy mist did not notice the approach of this fleet. The man standing by the pedestal did, and his countenance lighted up with a lofty joy. The spirits inhabiting the gigantic figure did also, and they came out in great numbers, floating in the air, and walking on the earth around it, regarding it with great interest. The tenants of the little hamlet also were aware of its approach, and they huddled together in one corner of their village, wondering what it all portended. I wondered also, and was given to understand that it came at the instigation and by the procurement of the mortal who stood by the pedestal, laden with materials abundant and appropriate for ameliorating in every regard the condition of those dark mortals.

It seemed that I hovered for a moment over the fleet, so as to give me a full opportunity to see how it was laden and manned. They were people I saw of different and far distant nations, who had united in the one object of attempting to redeem those dark mortals, and I observed, too, that they were all of a lighter complexion, and with a joyful, cheerful expression of countenance.

Thus I had in my sight at the same moment, people of four different hues—the bright and shining inhabitants of

the gigantic figure, the light-complexioned crews of the fleet, the dark denizens of the inclosure, and the partially enlightened tenants of the little hamlet. It was progression exemplified.

I soon saw a boat put off from the admiral's ship, and land a single man on the beach. He made directly for the dark inclosure, merely exchanging a friendly nod with the spirits and men congregated near the figure. His way was rough. The rubbish which past ages had scattered there, made rugged and difficult even the approach of a messenger of peace and redemption. He at length entered amid the dark mortals and began to make his mission known. Those whom he first addressed suspended their work for a moment, and scowled upon him. The attention of others was soon attracted toward him, and they in turn suspended their employments, looking doubtfully and angrily at him. He endeavored to make them understand what efforts had been made to ameliorate their condition, but they seemed to care nothing for it, and began rather to entertain the idea that these new-comers had really in view to share with, or perhaps entirely rob them of, their expected treasures.

In the mean time, news of his arrival had passed down into the caverns, and the workmen there began to pour out and surround him with the same feelings of hostility and distrust, so that I began to fear they might assail him and tear him to pieces. But a new and quite an unexpected direction was given to their feelings. It seemed that wherever this messenger was among them, he lighted up and partially dispelled the dark mist which enveloped them. They discovered this, and were uneasy about it. Some of them looked up to see what it meant, and the mist had so far thinned away that they caught a glimpse of the man by the pedestal just above them. Those who first saw him called the attention of the others to him. They knew him well, for he had once been one of themselves; and his appearance, thus above them, excited in them the most fearful passions. The whole crowd became furiously agitated,

they abandoned at once all thought of the messenger, the fleet, or its purposes. They even forgot for a moment their own insatiate pursuit of their cherished treasures, and with one accord united in the cry, Down with him! down with him! Some of the more energetic among them threw themselves into the crowd, fanned their rage to a higher flame, and began to organize and direct the efforts to overthrow that single man. I observed now many females in the crowd, equally somber in look, and, if possible, more furious in passion. But it was not so easy for them to effect their purpose. They had first to ascend to his level, in order to reach him, and that could be done only by a desperate effort to climb the steep and ragged precipice between them, and which he had already surmounted.

In the mean time the messenger became alarmed, not for himself, but for that solitary mortal, who, he knew, had been instrumental in bringing to his fellow-mortals all these means of their amelioration, and he determined to hurry back to the ships to bring him aid.

But that calm and considerate admiral had not been, from his lofty deck, an inattentive observer of what was before him. He had already given orders for prompt aid, and with right good-will did his companions rush to the rescue. Boats were pushing off from every ship, laden with men. Other ships were still coming, in the far distance, and the bay was alive with boats plying with the shore and landing men. The rowers stretched to their oars, and many, in their zeal, leaped from the boats and waded to land through the surf, impatient of a moment's delay, and fearing they might be too late to rescue him who had thus periled all, that he might aid his fellow-mortals. I observed that by taking a path a little to the left, they avoided the inequalities of the surface over which their messenger had traveled, and by going a little round the inclosure [for I call it thus still for convenience, although the walls had been thrown down], they found a path which enabled them to ascend the hill on which the pedestal was with comparative ease

and rapidity. They hurried along that path singly and in groups, standing not upon the order of going, but going at once.

Meanwhile, the dark mortals in the inclosure had not been idle, but led on by some of the most energetic and determined among them, they had begun to clamber up the precipice with hot and furious haste, and some of the most active and daring among them had attained the summit, on the right hand, at the same time that some of the people from the boats had attained it on the left.

All this time the mortal by the pedestal had retained his position,

In strong integrity of soul
Uplifted, calmly stood and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet.

He had observed all that had taken place around and below him, and though all-uncertain whether relief would arrive in time to save him from the furious hate that was rapidly approaching him, he shrank not, he moved not, but with a stern composure gave way to the feelings of sorrow which their condition awakened in his heart.

The numbers who attained the summit on both sides of him momentarily increased, and I observed that those who came to sustain him began rapidly to outnumber the others; and I saw, too, that the tide of rescuers, reaching from the summit to the ocean's beach, was constantly augmented by others hurrying from ships already moored, and could be still farther increased, and apparently without limit, from the vessels that were still coming, while the number of the dark mortals was limited, and had no source whence to recruit any increase.

There was a moment's pause, while the rear of the assailants were struggling up the bank to join their leaders, and during it, the mortal who stood by the pedestal, and all immediately around him, were lighted up in a marvelous manner. The light from behind the mountains illuminated