

seen a cheerful and pleasant village, and instead of people ever shrouded in gloom and goaded by evil passions, a cheerful, industrious, and comparatively happy population were evidently progressing onward and upward.

She bid him observe that these people in their happiness were not thinking of him, who had at so much risk to himself obtained it for them; and, while a momentary pang at this apparent ingratitude shot through his heart, she taught him to remember that his reward was to be found only in the consciousness of having done well.

Section Thirty-seven.

PART FIRST.

Sunday, June 1st, 1853.

This evening, at Dr. Dexter's, the circle were present, with the addition of Mr. and Mrs. S.

It was first written:

THE spirits are all assembled here, and desire that the elevated spirit who is here from the higher circles or spheres may have the opportunity of manifesting himself through the mediums present. Therefore, my friends, let your minds be very sincerely disposed. It is not often that an opportunity like this is afforded you. The attempt will be made to impress Judge Edmonds, and if they fail, they will try some other medium present. It is proposed that the Judge give his impressions as they come, and in the order of their coming, so that their character may be determined. With love so great that it is unspeakable, I greet you to-night,

and give you as my earnest wish this simple advice, Go on, go ever onward.
SWEEDENBORG.

While that was going on, I had a brief vision, which I record in another paper.

After relating that, I was again impressed, and for at least an hour I seemed to be in the higher spheres, and related to the circle what I saw. That, also, is recorded in another paper.

When that was over, I discovered that Dr. Dexter was in a magnetic sleep, and had been for some time. I remarked that the spirits were evidently attempting to impress him.

It was written:

Yes. Spirits are impressing him, but the whole attempt has been to impress others. The time will come when the one impressed will speak audibly the truths revealed. So let your thoughts be directed to this subject against your next meeting. Nothing more can be done to-night.

When the Doctor came out of his sleep, we asked him if he could remember his impression. He could remember only being on a high hill, and said that more was prevented by an over-anxious desire as to what was coming.

It was written:

There have been no distinct images imprinted on the Doctor's mind for the reason he has given, nor can there be, unless there is an entire passiveness of mind, and an attempt to bring the thought to one point. This is, indeed, a serious moment, for there are spirits here who have never yet communicated with man. They have left their high spheres to come to you, and they desire to find you all alike, your minds like wax, ready to receive impressions. Oh! my friends, strive to be able to receive all that is intended for you, that you may be able to tell the world the truths of God made manifest indeed.

Bacon called you the Sacred Circle, but your name will be still more glorious, so indeed you are worthy. Never yet have I cautioned you, never have I chided, but I am impressed to say, that if you would advance still farther, there must be a sincere desire rightly to understand all that

is presented, a proper examination and appreciation of what is taught, an anxious wish to have others profit by the truths you have investigated and found to correspond with God's laws in every department of nature of which you have knowledge, and the distinct earnest hope and desire to see the revelations vouchsafed from those spirits who are able to open the very doors of the spheres.

I refer to the spirits from the higher circles. Mrs. S. can be influenced, if she will give her mind to it for a moment.

She did so, and was influenced to say a few words to us, which were not recorded.

PART SECOND.

FIRST VISION.

THE first vision I had this evening was of this sphere. It was of quite an extensive landscape, pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, field and forest, and land and water. There was a placid quiet stream meandering among the fields just at the foot of some hills. It was dammed up at one place, so that it made a small lake, and then found its way in the same quiet manner off in the distance. The time was a little before sundown, and I was looking south. Along the west bank of that lake I saw a couple strolling along, arm in arm, very moderately, and apparently enjoying the scene. They were going from me, and I saw only their backs. As I gazed on them, I heard the sound of martial music off at their right. I looked in the direction of the sound, and saw a company of cavalry coming out of the woods and over the hills. Their armor glistened in the sun as they came along the road, and it seemed to me they were of the class of Scwartz reiters, or Flayers, as they were called some two hundred years ago—mere merce-

nary soldiers who hired themselves out to the trade of slaughter, and who, when not thus employed, robbed and murdered on their own account. They were now on one of their predatory expeditions, and at such times all who came in their way were in danger.

As their long files extended over the hills, and their front rank came in sight, I thought that that couple who were thus quietly strolling along the bank of the lake stood a chance of being disagreeably interrupted in their walk. But, contrary to my expectation, the attention of the soldiers seemed most strongly drawn to the pleasant repose of the scene. They took no notice of those persons, but hurried to the bank of the lake, and, dismounting from their horses, threw themselves on the greensward to enjoy the beauties of the whole scene.

In the mean time that couple walked around the south end of the lake, crossed its outlet, and entered a pleasant cottage, which was embowered amid the dark foliage of the trees, and surrounded by flowers and fragrant shrubbery.

While the soldiers were thus reposing in the soft light of the setting sun, I saw moving around among them a person dressed in white, who was invisible to them. He passed from one to another, unconsciously to them, whispering words of peace and quiet to each. On some it produced the effect to desire to abandon their lawless life of violence altogether; on others, to wish, for a while at least, to remain there and rest; while some became indignant at the craven spirit, as they called it, which their companions manifested. They had a vehement discussion among themselves, which ended in some four or five of them mounting their horses, and riding furiously back the way they came, while the others began to prepare habitations for themselves and to cultivate the ground. And the scene closed upon my view while they were thus engaged in preparing to enter upon a life more congenial to their true nature, and more consonant to the laws of God.

PART THIRD.

SECOND VISION.

The second vision which I had this evening, was as follows:

I was standing, as it were, outside the entrance to a very pleasant scene. It seemed as if I was behind a high wall, which terminated just in front of me. All that I saw at first was the beginning of a roadway, on the farther side of which was a low stone wall, surmounted by an iron railing, and behind that, very dense and beautiful shrubbery. It seemed as if there was an elegant garden within that inclosure. So much of the roadway as I saw, was as if it was paved with the brightest gold.

When I said this, as I related the vision, the spirits wrote through Dr. Dexter, "That is but the reflection of the light." I soon saw that it was so, for the light faded, and the road assumed the usual dull appearance of earth.

Soon, I moved out from behind that high wall, and entered upon that roadway. On my right, the low wall, with its iron railing, and its dense shrubbery behind it, extended far ahead of me. On my left there was a stream of water, a rod or two wide, running along calmly, quietly, and on its opposite bank the ground ascended gradually for a short distance, and all along the summit and sides of the bank were pleasant cottages, surrounded by trees and flowering shrubs, with pleasant gardens in front, extending down the slope to the water's edge.

I walked along admiring and enjoying the scene as inexpressibly beautiful and grateful. I observed that the cottages were all occupied by a very cheerful, happy population, who were living in great harmony with each other. The waters of the stream were of a clear, deep blue, and very transparent. I learned they were the waters of Truth,

of which the residents on the bank were permitted to partake freely, and which were ever flowing calmly at their feet.

After strolling along that path for some distance, I came to a gateway or entrance on my right hand. It was wide and massive, and very beautiful in its architectural proportions. I paused here for some time, and contemplated the prospect before me. I feared that I was not worthy to enter, and that it was permitted to me merely to have a view of the beauties which were there scattered with such profusion.

The path that led from the entrance was broad and smooth. At a short distance it turned to the left, and was hidden from sight by the foliage. On the right hand, the ground was laid out in flower-beds, where every variety of perfume and color were abundant. On the left there were trees, whose foliage was very green and dense. And over the whole scene was the most beautiful purple-hued pink light that can be imagined. It was very clear and soft. The temperature of the air was mild, and a cool and gentle breeze just stirred the leaves, giving a quiet life to the scene.

After gazing some time, and seeing no one to molest or hinder me, I was emboldened to enter, but not without some remains of my apprehensions. Hence it was, that instead of taking the wide path, I struck off into a narrow one on my left, which led me amid the deep, tangled wild-wood, where the shade was as cool and refreshing as it was dense. It soon led me up to what I discovered was the porter's lodge, completely buried and hidden from view by the trees, yet in a pleasant sunny glade, where flowers and shrubbery and running water added to the calm enjoyment of the scene. Here I found the porter, who bid me enter at pleasure and wander where I would, and who told me that the path in which I was, soon terminated in the main avenue, and that I could enter it either by going on or returning. I preferred the former, for I wished to see all I

could of so lovely a country, and now felt myself not to be an intruder, but a welcome visitor.

So I strolled along a great distance, amid a landscape varying in its appearance at every step, and presenting to my vision beauties of nature of which I had never before had any conception, and which I have seen only on such occasions as this. The loveliness of the light particularly struck me. I saw no sun, yet there was the splendor of mid-day. A few clouds were seen in the sky, reposing quietly, like every thing else I saw, and they were tinged from time to time with ever-changing colors, now pure white, like huge banks of snow, now of a golden hue, imparting a pleasant sense of warmth, anon streaked with crimson and bronze, and all set off by the purest blue as their background.

It was not long before I observed signs of human habitations. Houses of different sizes and forms began to appear on my right hand and on my left; some on grassy eminences, whence could be had a view of the vast country around; some in deep shady glens, where a glowing light could not penetrate, and where the reigning stillness was broken only by the murmur of a waterfall; some surrounded by gardens, where fruit and flowers grew in every variety and great abundance, and some under the shade of immense trees, at whose feet rolled away in the distance a soft and velvet-like lawn.

The inhabitants were in different parts of the grounds, reposing in the shade, or working in the gardens, or gathered in social intercourse in little groups, presenting on all hands a scene of most surpassing loveliness and happiness, which it is far beyond my power to describe. My eyes filled, and my heart swelled at the sight of felicity which I had not deemed it possible for man to enjoy.

As I passed one of the buildings, I was attracted toward it in a singular manner. It stood back some distance from the road along which I was walking. It was completely covered with the shade of large trees, yet from its piazza

an extensive prospect was in view. Flowering vines clustered around its entrance. On one side was a little garden full of flowers and perfume. On the other, a small brook came tumbling down from the hills behind it, and in front was a smooth, close-shaven lawn of the softest green. But I saw no inhabitants about it, as I did about every other dwelling; yet it was manifest that it was occupied, and it seemed as if its tenants had retired from view. Why, I knew not, nor could I account for the singular feeling I had as I passed it. I wanted to enter it, yet was impressed with the sense of an obligation not to do so. I turned my eyes away and continued my journey; yet during the whole of my sojourn there, the feeling excited by that mansion would ever and anon intrude itself upon my mind and recall it to my memory.

As I proceeded, I passed many dwellings, where also I saw the inhabitants. They also saw me, but took no further notice of me than to smile welcomes on me as I passed.

The path in which I moved now wound its way along a side-hill, whence, on my left, I had a most magnificent view. Far as the eye could reach was spread out before me a country variegated by hills and dales, field and forest, land and water, and over all rested that beautiful light, and those ever-changing clouds which I have mentioned. Occasionally, in the distance, I saw single hills or mountains towering up, of different heights, upon some of whose summits clouds rested. In some places I saw deep valleys, over which hovered fog-like mists, more or less dense. And I could not help reflecting that though those clouds and mists added to the variety and beauty of the scene from the point whence I viewed it, yet they must, in some degree at least, obscure the view of the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity.

At length, in my journey, I came across a magnificent temple, erected in a commanding situation, and capable of containing great numbers. I entered it. It was very beautiful in its proportions, but it was not yet finished nor fitted

for use. Its floors were not laid, and under its timbers were deep and fearful-looking vaults.

I remained there but a short time, when I felt an admonition that it was time for me to return. As I came out, I lingered a moment on its porch, and looked abroad upon the vast and beautiful scene that lay before me. And here came upon me, with more force than ever, a feeling that had accompanied my whole progress, namely, that amid all this life and beauty I was alone, there was none to whom I could say, "Enjoy with me the happiness of the picture," none whom I could ask to sympathize with emotions of joy and holy calm that filled my heart to overflowing. But I checked the swelling emotion, and hastily brushing away the rising tear, turned again to my task of studying what was before me.

I wondered whence came the light that rested so inexpressibly grateful upon all around me, and instantly the question was answered. My vision was opened, and I discovered that the air was filled with bright and shining spirits, from each of whom emanated light of different hues, which mingled together and made the *tout ensemble* that had so struck me. Some of them were passing rapidly across the heavens, as if going from point to point with a speed that scarcely lagged behind the celerity of thought; others were stationary, while some were reposing on banks of clouds; and throughout them all there was a joyousness that almost made the hills clap their hands. Such of them as noticed me gave me the same smile of welcome, and as I resumed my journey out of this happy land, I could not but say to myself, "If this is heaven, oh may I be worthy of it!"

I returned by the same path by which I had entered, and again, as I passed that mansion, I felt the attraction more strongly than ever. I hurried by it, lest I might be tempted to disregard the obligation which I felt not to enter it. But after I had passed it, I could not resist the temptation to look at it once again, and then I discovered what it was

indeed that so powerfully drew me toward it. It was the residence of my wife and children. They had retired from view as I passed, lest the sight of them might have interfered with the duty before me. After I had passed, they came out; and when I turned to look back, she was standing on the piazza, at the end nearest to me, leaning toward me, her hands clasped with a gesture expressive of the deepest affection. I then saw at a glance that it was the same mansion in which I had once before been with her. There was the same bow window, closed up yet, and conveying the same admonition, but she and her children had added that pleasant stream of water that ran murmuring its gentle music through the grounds. For me that had been done, for well she knew the pleasure it would give me. I paused but a moment, however, and hurried on, in obedience to the obligation I had already felt not to stop.

Then, as I passed out, I discovered on my left, and some distance from me, a very high mountain, whose sides seemed inhabited, and whose summit was buried in the clouds. I gave it, however, but a single glance, and passed out, wondering how it was that I had not earlier discovered that there was a place yet higher even than that which had seemed to me to be far lovelier than poets have ever painted heaven.