

Extract from pages 272 to 325,  
being Chapters 17, 18 and 19 of:

# **LIFE AND LABOR IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.**

Published 1885

Received by Miss M. T. Shelhamer

PDF created by Geoff Cutler  
January 2017.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CHILDREN OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

I think the dear little boys and girls in earth life would like to know something about the children who live in the bright Summer-land<sup>1</sup>; and so I am going to tell them about the little ones I have seen in that sweet country, and the pretty places where they live.

First, my little friends, I will tell you of the beautiful place which we call Lily-Vale. It is a pretty spot where flowers bloom all the time, and where birds sing and carol in their merry way to please the children who live and go to school there. A large lake of clear water is in the center of Lily-Vale; all around its shores great trees grow, and their huge branches, trimmed with glossy green leaves, throw a pleasant shade upon the water, so that it looks like a large, green, shining jewel. Little white boats, some of them in the shape of swans, and others fashioned in the form of various shells, ride upon the lake, and it is the delight of the pupils who dwell here to be allowed, as they often are, to sail in these tiny "floats," as we call them, under the care of their teacher or guardian friend.

They gather together in parties upon the lake shore, a guide and two children entering each boat, and shoot off across the water to enjoy the calm breeze and delicious, gliding motion of the skiffs, and at the same time to learn lessons concerning the nature, qualities, and uses of water, and the laws of motion as connected with the flow of waves. The manner of learning about these things is different in the Summer-land than on earth, and I fear my little mortal friends would not understand did I attempt to explain it.

Well, sometimes there may be seen from twenty to thirty floats, each containing three persons,—a teacher and two children,—upon the bosom of the lake. Today the parties may be content to just move quietly along upon the water, and tomorrow they may rapidly glide to some distant part of Lily-Vale, there to enjoy a picnic ramble, perhaps, in Maple Grove or Woody Glen,—two favorite places of resort for the pupils,—and to gather information concerning botany and the other branches of natural history. I am sure my little readers would like to sail upon the lake of which I write, and to make one of the happy, joyous party of children who never quarrel, but are always gentle, affectionate, and deferential to their teachers and one another.

But I must tell you something more of the valley called Lily-Vale, named thus because of its very fine, velvet-like grass, which is dotted with fragrant, beautiful lilies. These sweet flowers are the delight of the children, and the pride of the teachers' hearts, and they make the place one great bower of fragrance and beauty.

Tall and massive trees rear their heads in this place, scattered apart, and in groves, and beneath their luxuriant shade pupil and teacher alike spend many a happy hour with lesson and task. Other flowers besides the lily also grow here, and the little ones are never wearied in tending to them, or watching their growth from day to day. The sun shines brightly upon all things; and when the plants or flowers or trees need moisture, the showers come,—not in great, heavy raindrops, but in fine sheets of silvery spray, which

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<sup>1</sup> Summer-land is a location in the First Sphere, so named by spiritualists. Some of them believe it is the Third Sphere, but that is because they have chosen to number the preceding two sub-spheres as "full" spheres. It is sometimes described as being similar to California. A more comprehensive description of the seven Spirit Spheres can be found on <https://new-birth.net/link28/>

moisten all things without drenching them, and through which may be seen a mild, yellow light which comes from the sun above the fleecy clouds.

In the distance—for Lily-Vale is not a small place —may be seen great towering mountains, encircling the valley; their shining heads, which glow in the sunlight with purple and rosy hues, looking like radiant guides watching over the little folks below them, are fair to gaze upon, and many a lesson of firmness, fidelity, and truth do the children learn from the sight of those faithful sentinels of Lily-Vale.

And now, my little friends, you wish to know how the children live in this pretty spot. Well, they live very much as you do in your earthly homes, only many of them do not live with their mammas and papas—because perhaps the parents are on earth, or have gone away and forgotten their little ones, or for some other reason—but reside with their teachers or guides, who are always kind, loving, and attentive to the little people under their charge.

In this sweet place there are a number of little white houses, some smaller than others,—because the number of inmates of some are less than of others,—and in these houses the children live. These houses, or “Rhonas,” are all round like pavilions, and have entrances on every side; the windows open like doors from floor to ceiling, and are generally open wide. The columns, or posts, of the “Rhonas” are entwined with growing vines, which throw out their purple, pink, golden, or scarlet blossoms to catch the gentle breeze. The insides of the houses are furnished prettily but simply, and all look neat, tasteful, and sweet, just as little children’s homes always should; for the surroundings of a child have a great deal to do with forming its character and disposition, as well as with developing its tastes.

Books, pictures, music, and everything beautiful, are to be found in the little homes of Lily-Vale, and all who dwell there live in harmony with one another; the children are obedient and affectionate toward the teachers, who in turn are respectful, loving, and tender toward their pupils. The older pupils assist in training and caring for the younger, and all are happy in this Summer-land home.

Teachers in the spirit world do not have charge of so many children as tutors do on earth. No teacher has more than seven pupils under her charge, and many have only one or two; for they believe that by having but a few pupils they can better attend to the training of mind and body than they could if they had many to look after, as in that case some portion of the training would be sure to be neglected.

Sometimes the pupils of each teacher learn their lessons in their homes, but often they may be seen in the open air, under the trees, in the groves, by the lake-side, or elsewhere, busily employed over their studies and gaining practical knowledge from the various objects around them.

But there is a beautiful and grand building in Lily- Vale, called “The Temple of Art,” which I must tell you of; for it is so spacious and lofty, and fashioned of such a shining white, almost transparent, substance that it can be seen from a far distance, and excites the wonder as well as admiration of all who gaze upon it.

This beautiful building has no side-walls, but is open all around, its roof being supported by heavy columns of white, shining stone. Its ceiling is carved and tinted to resemble the blue sky; its floor is of many-colored stones, laid in circles; in the center, a large fountain of silvery white constantly sends forth fan-like shapes of perfumed spray; all around the interior of the temple are soft-cushioned seats, but at the farther end is a raised platform, where the Masters of Art sit when they come to instruct the children.

At regular intervals of time, the children of Lily- Vale gather in this temple to receive instruction in music, painting, sculpture, or some other art, for all the children do not learn the same thing. Some love music and acquire a ready knowledge of it, but do not easily learn the art of painting; others care nothing for music, but are eager to learn how to paint, or carve, or do something else ; and as each one is not obliged to study those things for which he or she has no taste, but is allowed to gain a knowledge of that which they desire to know, Lily-Vale is full of bright and apt pupils, who are a credit to themselves and to their instructors. When the pupils or classes for any particular study convene in the Art Temple, they are addressed by some great and good person who gave special attention to that study when on earth, understands it thoroughly, and now delights to teach the children something of his knowledge, and assist in drawing out the powers within them, better than he does to compose a choral, paint a picture, carve a statue, or sing a poem of his own; and the little ones listen attentively, retaining the information they receive in their minds, which later on they seek to work out in experiments for themselves. The exhibitions of paintings and statues sometimes made in this temple are very grand; the concerts heard sometimes are very sweet and beautiful and the music that rings out from this place is more delightful than anything you can ever hear on earth.

And so here, in this charming spot, little children live, and grow, and thrive. They play and work, live happily together, grow in goodness and stature day by day, and learn to be truthful and earnest in their lives, in their studies and occupations, that they may be noble, honest, earnest men and women by-and-bye.

There is a beautiful spot in the Summer-land which I shall call Crystal-Lake. This resort is not like Lily- Vale, for it is smaller, more shallow, and in other respects quite different. Crystal-Lake is surrounded by banks of moss, green and cool, which afford soft-cushioned seats to the little children who come to play and frolic. In every direction trees uplift their branches toward the blue sky, flowers bloom and birds sing, making the place beautiful and gay and very sweet.

But I must tell you, dear children of earth, of one peculiarity of Crystal-Lake, and that is this: the waters of that clear and sparkling basin are never still, but are continuously ruffled by the breezes that pass over them; and as the tiny waves move softly to and fro, they produce low, singing tones, like the tinkling of silver bells, which are very sweet and musical, and the constant delight of all who listen to them. This peculiarity of Crystal-Lake has earned for it the name of "Chiming Waves," the sound which the waters make being much like what the chime of a cluster of small silver bells would be. The surface of this lake is so clear, and its bed so near, that the latter glistens in the bright sunshine with many colors, and presents the appearance of a floor sparkling with precious gems of every hue, rendering it a beautiful sight to gaze upon.

Under the trees which surround Crystal-Lake, and in the open spaces between them, are to be found all manner of appliances for the exercise of the children who daily gather here; swings and bells, swinging clubs and rebounding balls; "serial glides," which are a kind of balloon or air-car, and many other things which the children of earth know nothing of, all for the amusement and development of the children; for in spirit life all amusement is combined with utility, and all recreation so planned as to assist in the development of the body as well as the expansion of the mind.

The waters<sup>2</sup> of Crystal-Lake are used mostly for bathing purposes for the children, who love to glide through them and enjoy the delicious coolness while listening to the songs of the waves; and a pretty sight

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<sup>2</sup> As is mentioned later on, it is impossible to drown in the water that is found in heaven.

may be daily seen in this place when numbers of tiny children, none of them more than ten years of age, are sporting in the water and filling the rose-tinted air with the music of their shouts and laughter.

Crystal-Lake and its vicinity is what we call a large sanitarium,—that is, a place where health may be found, where no one can be sick and weak. All who live here in the little white houses that are numerous, never know what it is to be feeble, but are strong, active, and happy; for perfect health brings enjoyment with it.

There are a great many of these beautiful sanitariums in the spirit world, and they are not all for the children; many of them are for grown people, who require care. But these we will not now visit, as our work is entirely with the little children of the Summer-land.

I suppose, my dears, you have seen some little children on earth who are sick and feeble, and who are never strong and well; and perhaps you have heard that these poor suffering darlings have passed from earth, and their bodies been buried away from sight. Well, it is just such children as those suffering ones who are taken to the pleasant sanitariums, like that of Crystal-Lake, in the Summer-land, and there, in those beautiful places, they grow well and strong and happy, and are never sick nor miserable any more. Perhaps their papas and mammas on earth were very poor, and the little ones were not provided with anything bright and pretty when in the body; then they are very happy and joyous when they find themselves in this sweet home, and are able to appreciate and enjoy all its beauties. Indeed, no matter how poor, or in what lowly circumstances the little sick children have lived on earth, they are all just as tenderly cared for and loved, and provided with just as beautiful surroundings as though they had been the petted children of very wealthy parents, and their little hearts soon learn to respond in love; for there are no distinctions among the children of the sweet Summer-land,—all are equally cared for.

Perhaps, my dears, you have heard of little children on the earth who have been neglected by everyone, and obliged to wander around the world by themselves, unloved and uncared for. Sometimes such children die and are taken to the spirit world.<sup>3</sup> They are little pallid, tired things, who need to be strengthened and made happy; and they are placed in the bright sanitariums, given plenty of fresh air and pure sunlight, their limbs are bathed in the clear water, they are allowed to play and romp and sing; they use the various contrivances for amusement and exercise, and in a little while present an appearance of perfect health and happiness.

The kindest of mother-nurses are in these places, who love and pet the little ones under their care to their heart's content. They never have to give the children medicine, for it is not known nor required here. They never have to punish them, for there is so much love and kindness here it is a pleasure, and it is very easy, for the children to be always gentle and good.

Those sanitariums, like Crystal-Lake, which is a great garden of flowers and trees and birds, with a charming musical basin of water in its center, where everything is sweet and beautiful, and where it is delightful to live and enjoy the freedom of real existence, are the only kind of children's hospitals I have ever heard of in the Summer-land; and they are the brightest, healthiest, most enchanting spots I have ever visited. The children who live there are real children,—natural, artless, innocent, happy, and free.

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<sup>3</sup> Many such abandoned children are described in the three books by Robert J Lees, (“Through the Mists”, “The Life Elysian” and “The Gate of Heaven”) and in particular their nightly travels into the spirit world where they receive comfort. Some of this is referenced on the new-birth web site under the heading of “Sleep State” and can be found here: <https://new-birth.net/link42/>

Happy Valley is the name of another beautiful place in the Summer-land, where children live. As its name implies, it is a valley; for great green hills surround and hedge it in, and it lies like a bright and sparkling jewel within the sweet embrace of those wooded heights which may be seen from its every point of view. The hills around the valley are covered with groves of shady trees, the green foliage of which gives a restful, cool, and inviting sight to the eye that gazes upon them. The inhabitants, especially the little folks, take great delight in climbing those hills and holding their school sessions, meetings, picnics, and social gatherings, upon their summits. The valley is fully as pretty in appearance as any place I have before written of, and indeed those who dwell there have never before known such a charming spot. Bright and fragrant flowers begem the soft, green grass; shrubs and thickets of red and yellow, white and pink, roses are abundant; creeping vines, with green leaves and long, finger-like spikes of purple or crimson flowers, twine around the walls of every home, and all things are sweet and pure; streams of water gush out here and there; natural fountains send out jets of clear and sparkling water; birds sing joyously in the trees, and hop fearlessly in and out of the houses; so tame are they that they will perch upon the finger of any little boy or girl who calls to them, and sing a song of cheer to the great delight of their mountain keepers.

Happy Valley is like a vast school-room filled with the bright and cheerful faces of little children, with here and there an adult or grown person who is a kind, loving, and gentle teacher. The lessons are always learned in the open air, never inside the houses; for much information is gained by the little ones from the natural scenery which they so frequently gaze upon. The children of this place are very musical in their tastes, and are given every opportunity and facility to cultivate their powers in this direction.

You have heard of a little instrument called the Aeolian harp, which, when placed in an open window or anywhere where the wind will sweep across its strings, gives forth a very sweet and plaintive melody. Well, in Happy Valley every child who desires one—and who does not?—has an instrument very similar to that little harp, which they place where the soft breezes can sweep across it, thus evoking the most sweet and enchanting music, not sad like the melody of the Aeolian harps of earth, but cheerful, inspiring, and very tuneful. A stranger entering this valley, and for the first time listening to the music drawn from a number of these little instruments—as he will be sure to do—will wonder if he has entered fairy-land, and if it is the chiming and chanting of the fragrant flower-bells he hears, so exquisite is the sound. But no; it is only the children's harps, played upon by mystic fingers of the wind, and teaching a lesson of cheer and hopefulness to the little ones. The teachers take this method of instructing their pupils in the laws of vibration, of harmony, of melody, and of rhythm, while explaining to them by practical illustration the operating power in the breeze that causes it to have such a glorious effect upon the tiny instrument.

The little girl of whom I am going to tell you is only about eight years old. She is a very quiet, gentle child, full of care and thoughtfulness for others. Her great pleasure is found in trying to make others happy. I will not tell you how she looks; but if you know of any good, kind, loving little girl who tries to help others, to speak softly and pleasantly to them, and to smile cheerfully when desired to do anything, why, you may think she looks like this little spirit girl whom I shall call Flora—after the flowers. Flora came to the Summer-land when about four years of age. At first she felt very sad, and would sit all day silent and sorrowful by the side of some stream, or upon some grassy knoll, and take no heed of the happy sports of the frolicsome children around her, for you see she had left a dear mamma and papa and a sweet little baby-brother upon the earth, and she felt that they missed her and wanted her back in their home.

But in a little while our Flora became sprightly and cheerful, for she found that she could return to her earthly home; and at night, when her dear parents and little brother were asleep, she could talk to their

spirits and even sing them songs (for she had a very sweet voice), and in the morning she would sometimes hear her mamma say: "It seemed last night as though I could hear my little girl singing to me, and I do sometimes think she comes to baby, he is so good, and smiles and chirps so much, just as he used to when she played with him." And the papa would smile and say: "It does really seem as though there was an angel in the house; I feel as though I am nearer heaven than I used to be." So you see this little spirit girl was doing a great work in a quiet way, by coming to her mamma and papa in a loving, gentle manner, and by brightening their lives with her cheerful, sunny presence.

Flora had a little harp, such as I have told you of, given to her, and she would sometimes bring and place it in the doorway of her papa's home, and the breeze or air-current would cause its strings to vibrate with sweet, faint melody. The little baby-brother would hear the celestial music, and laugh, and clap his hands, while his mamma would lay down her sewing or pause in her work, and strain her ears to listen to the strange, sweet, faint sounds that fell upon them.

Well, this continued for some time, until Flora's mamma became fully convinced that the sweet musical strains she so often heard were not the effects of an active imagination, but that they were real and tangible; and hearing of a spiritual medium not far away, she determined to visit her to learn something if she could of those who are called dead.

I am not going to tell you about the spiritual experiences of Flora's mamma, only that she was so pleased with what she heard at the home of the medium whom she visited that she went again and again, for at each call she made upon the spirits through the medium she received more and more information concerning her own dear ones in the spirit world, and never failed to learn something of her little Flora, who always came with messages of love.

So you see, dear children, this little girl of Happy Valley accomplished the great work of bringing happiness, comfort, and peace to the sad heart of her mamma, and, later, of bringing the grand knowledge of immortal life to that mamma, and convincing her that her loved one who had died still lived and loved her, and would come to her. And all this was performed because the little girl desired to bless and help her mamma, and so brought the little spirit harp and caused the winds to play upon it in her earthly home.

Our little spirit girl, Flora, sometimes takes her harp into earthly homes where want or misery or pain are felt, and in the quiet hours of night, when the tired inmates are what you call asleep, she plays and sings to them, and their spirits, which are not asleep, though their bodies are wrapped in slumber, listen to the sweet sounds and grow strong and happy; for they gain power from the spirit sounds to go on in their weary life on earth. These poor, sad people do not in their waking hours remember that they heard such heavenly music and singing, but they sometimes recollect that they had dreamed pleasant things, and they often wonder why they feel so happy when they awake and so strong to go through with the toils of the day. It is because they had been visited in their sleep by an angel child.

There is a large hospital in one of your cities where poor, sick, suffering people lie on beds of anguish. Men and women, and sometimes little children, are taken there to find relief from pain and fever, or perhaps to die and go to the spirit world. Kind nurses and doctors do all they can for these sick people, but, ah, they do not know how they are assisted by the little spirits who, like Flora, take their tiny harps and play upon them, or set them where the breeze can sweep over them, thus invoking sweet sounds that are heard by the spirit ears of the sufferers, and which lull their fevered fancies or soothe their burning pain.

I will tell you of one case where great good was accomplished by our little friend Flora. A strong man lay very ill in the hospital ward. His brain seemed to be on fire, for all the fever which had attacked his system had mounted there. His suffering was intense, his ravings were terrible to listen to; he had been given up to die by the doctors,—that is, they could do nothing to save his life. Dear little Flora visited the side of this man constantly. She had placed her spirit-harp above his cot, and the faint breeze that was allowed to circulate around it was sufficient to cause a vibration of the strings of the instrument. Time passed; the man grew worse and worse; the physicians were compelled to minister opiates to him to ease his sufferings. At length, when he had succumbed to the power of the drug, he sank away into a deep stupor; but though his outer senses were numb, his spirit-hearing was alive. Sounds from the spirit-harp fell upon his hearing, perceiving which Flora began to sing a soft, sweet melody. The man listened and grew calm and quiet. The doctors watching his sleeping form, dreaded its awakening; but when the patient did arouse from his slumber, it was with cooled brain and stilled pulse. “Doctor,” he cried, “I have seen an angel; I have heard her sing to me; I shall get well!” The physician smiled at what he considered the fancy of a sick brain; but the patient did recover his health and strength. From the day when he first heard the spiritual music, and listened to Flora’s singing, he began to grow better, until he was pronounced well by the doctors. But he was a long time regaining his strength, and every time he fell into slumber Flora’s harp would strike upon his hearing, and very often he would hear the sound of her voice in song. These moments always gave him power, rested him, brought him new strength, and thus his spirit was enabled to overcome the weakness and pain of the body. He recovered his health, and became also a firm believer in the power of angels to relieve the sickness and sufferings of mortals.

In the same hospital where the sick man was cured of his fever, through the power of Flora and her harp, many other suffering persons also have been blessed and aided in various ways by the same ministering power. I will now tell you about a young woman who lay there wasting away with consumption. This patient could not be restored to bodily health, either by mortals or spirits; nor was it desirable that she should be, for life had been hard for her. The world had been very cruel, and she had suffered much. The only hope for her happiness would be in passing away to the bright Summer-land, where she would find friends, kindness, and home. But she did not know about these things as we do, dear children, and she did not want to “die;” she did not want to leave the body, for she dreaded the Beyond.

Well, this woman—I will call her Lizzie—suffered agony of mind in thinking of death, and little Flora felt great compassion for her. She sought in every way to influence the mind of Lizzie with bright and happy thoughts. She would sing to her, place her harp where its music might possibly be heard, and in many ways endeavor to bring comfort to the weary girl. At length, when Lizzie had become so weak and pallid that it seemed as though the soul must part with the body, her inner hearing was opened, and the music of the tiny harp fell upon it. She listened,— listened, oh, so intently. Soon a smile lighted up her wan features; it was, indeed, heavenly music to her. In a little while she heard a voice in sweet, childish tones singing these words: —

“We are coming, we are coming,  
With our spirits filled with love,  
To guide thy weary footsteps  
To our Father’s home above;



We are coming, we are coming,  
And the night will quickly fly,  
There is rest and hope and comfort,  
Life and Peace are drawing nigh."

The sick woman aroused with a start and looked so strangely at the nurse that the latter said: "What is the matter, Lizzie?" "Nothing is the matter," replied Lizzie; "but I am so glad, I feel so happy. I am not afraid to die now, God is good; He will not destroy a poor girl like me who has had so much to bear. I think he will take me to his home. I have heard such sweet music, such tender words! God is good; he will help me. I am ready to go to him."

The next day Lizzie died with a smile on her lips, and as her soul passed out from the body she heard the sweet, soft music of the harp, and caught a glimpse of Flora as she sang: —

"There is rest, and hope and comfort,  
Life and Peace are drawing nigh!"

Only one more story of Flora and her harp have I time to tell you, dear children, and this is of a little boy who was very ill. He, too, must pass away to the Summer-land; he was too weak and ill to recover bodily health. His parents were wealthy, and he was their only darling. They felt as though they could not give him up. To his luxurious home Flora found her way frequently, and the child had grown so spiritual that he could hear her sing, and listen to the music evoked from her mystic harp. Many times he spoke to his dear parents of the sweet music and singing he heard, and they sadly shook their heads; for they felt that he was nearing the gateway of heaven.

However, two days before the angel came to take him home, his mother, who was sitting by his side, also heard the music and singing, and her heart grew comforted as so many others had become before. On the night that the little boy's spirit passed out to the higher life both the parents heard the wonderful music; and it brought such peace to their souls they could no longer wish to keep their darling here to suffer pain, but with a murmured prayer, and without a rebellious thought, they kissed his brow and gave his spirit up to the keeping of the angels.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### LITTLE BERTIE AND OTHERS.

In the beautiful Summer-land where I live, men and women who are always kind and good are the teachers of little children. They once lived on earth, and they loved children; so now, in the beautiful heavens, they are teachers. If you know any man or woman who loves children, and is kind to them, you may know these good people will someday be teachers and guides of little ones in another world.

You would like to know about the Summer-land where I live. It is like a large garden, extending as far as you can see or travel; beds of gay flowers bloom there and sweeten the air with their fragrance; lakes and brooks and fountains splash and gurgle with crystal water; there are groves of trees, in the leafy branches of which birds sing and chirp all the day; butterflies flit about from flower to flower, and the golden sunlight falls in beauty over all.

In this vast garden we have our homes; some are snug little white houses, covered with flowering vines, and shining out daintily from the glossy green; others are stately habitations, large and roomy, and built of white or rose-colored or golden-hued stone.

Here we live with those we love, and we strive to be good and kind to all. The kinder and gentler we are the more beautiful our homes appear, and the sweeter grow the lovely blossoms about us, because when anyone is good, he sends out a bright, shining light, which influences and envelopes all that it reaches, and beautifies it; but if anyone is unkind, he sends out a dark, cloud-like vapor, that blights and destroys the flowers, and darkens his surroundings.

The little children meet in groups in this fair garden, and, tended by their kind teachers, they learn their lessons and sing their little songs. Sometimes a new friend is brought to them, some little one who has just left earth and is in need of kind friends and loving care, and these children at once welcome the newcomer, give her a share of what is theirs, love her, include her in their pleasures, do not ask whether she was rich or poor, and make her happy. To this sweet place all who wish can come, that is, if they are gentle and kind; but the light here is so brilliant that it would hurt the eyes that are often filled with anger. Some day, when your bodies die, you will come here, if you wish to be taught, if you are children, or to be teachers if you are grown up.

A little girl came to us from earth a short time ago; she was so white and quiet and gentle that we dressed her in white and called her Lily. She had never been to such a pretty place before; her parents were poor and could not live in the country, but were forced to dwell in a little narrow back street in the big city. You can imagine her delight at finding herself in our Summer-land, where she could pick the beautiful flowers and hear the birds sing, and play with them, too, all day, if she wished. (The beautiful birds are very tame in our world; they perch upon our shoulders and hands, singing all the time; they are not afraid, and no one ever harms them.)

For a while this little girl was very happy and contented; she was such a mild, gentle little thing that we all loved her at once. Soon I perceived that she grew more quiet, white, and sad, and I found that she was grieving because she had all these sweet joys around her, flowers, birds, fields, friends, a beautiful home and kind teachers, while her mother, and a little sister, who was lame, were obliged to live on earth in the little dark street, with nothing beautiful to brighten their lives. She wanted her mother, she wanted Nellie

to share her new home, or she wanted to go back and live with them. Then I showed her that though it was not yet time for her dear mother and sister to come to the Summer-land, yet she could go back to them, and make them feel better and happier. She was all delight at the thought. Plucking handfuls of the sweet flowers that grew around her, with her pure face all ashine with love, she asked me to take her back to her earthly home, which I was glad to do.

We found her mother hard at work sewing, and the little lame girl trying to help her. We brought all our influence to bear upon the two, but could not make them feel our presence. Leaving the flowers she had gathered, spirit Lily came away disappointed and sad. But again and again she tried, until at last, little lame Nellie began to see the flowers and the light which shone around her angel sister, and finally she could see that sister herself, converse with her, and tell her wondering mother the many strange things told to her of the Summer-land.

Now our little Lily is contented and happy, anxious to learn in our spirit school, for every day she returns to earth, to teach her sister what she learns, to show her the flowers and birds of heaven, and to bless and comfort her mother with her presence and her love.

Little Bertie was a sweet little boy, the only child his mother had; his father had gone to dwell with the angels long ago, and his dear mother was obliged to labor very hard for the support of herself and her little boy. Bertie and his dear mamma lived in a little white house that had a flower-garden attached to it, where the roses and pansies and sweet pink jasmine grew and blossomed through all the long, golden days of summer. The little house stood just out of town, not very far from the big stone house where the lady lived who supplied Bertie's mother with sewing work.

Little Bertie was only seven years old, but it was his delight to dig and plant in the garden, to water the flowers, and to keep the weeds from choking up the blossoming plants and shrubs; and while engaged in this work, he would chirp and whistle to the dear little birds who came to watch him, and to sing him sweet songs, as they swung merrily upon the branches of the one cherry-tree that the garden contained.

One day, as little Bertie was working away and singing a childish song, a tiny shadow fell across his path, and looking up he saw a little girl, about five years old, standing beside him, and gazing wistfully at a bunch of red roses he held in his hand, which he had just gathered for his mother. The little stranger had evidently strayed through the open gate; her pale face was very thin and wan, her large blue eyes appeared as though they were only used to looking on disagreeable scenes; but now they were lighted up with pleasure at the sight of the beautiful flowers. Her clothing was poor and worn, and her whole appearance indicated want and suffering.

Little Bertie's curiosity, as well as sympathy, was aroused; he plied the child with questions, but, alas, she could not answer, for she was dumb. This she made him understand by signs, also that she had come a long way and was tired; she stretched out her hands toward the blooming flowers, as though they could give her rest.

Filling her hands with flowers, Bertie led the little wanderer in to his mother, who soon made her more comfortable, by bathing her heated body in cool water, and by feeding her with a bowl of fresh milk and bread.

That night the little dumb girl slept in a nice, soft bed with Bertie's mother. The next day Bertie's mother tried to find out the home of the little girl, and for many days after, but all in vain. The angels had led her to

that pretty home, and the angels intended she should stay. Her former home had been one of misery and want; her own mother was an angel in heaven, and her father had neglected and beaten her. Bertie was greatly delighted with his little sister, as he called the stranger; and soon the two children learned to love each other very dearly.

Bertie and his mother were soon able to understand the signs the little girl made, and there was no difficulty in knowing her wants. They called her Daisy; and the two children were to be seen daily among the flowers, which both dearly loved.

Bertie's mother had to work harder than ever now, as she had another little mouth to feed, and another little body to clothe; but she did not fret, for she loved the little girl, who gave so much pleasure to her Bertie. Sometimes, when the children were tired with work and play, and had become quiet, or at the twilight hour, when the flowers and birds were going to rest, little Daisy would creep to the feet of Bertie's mamma, and, fixing her gaze upon the far-away blue sky, would put up her little hands with a look as though she heard sweet sounds, and saw beautiful sights. And so she did; for the angels came very close to this little girl, and sometimes, when they brought her flowers from the Summer-land, she would see them and hear the sweet songs they sang.

The winter began to approach; summer faded away, and little Bertie was very ill. The angels wanted him in their beautiful home, and one night, just before the snowy Christmas time, he drew his mamma's face down to his and kissed it, put his arms around her neck, and whispered: "I am going, mamma; papa says so. I see him; he says Daisy will be your child now; the angels brought her here for you; and he says I can come to you again." And so he passed away to the pure spirit world, where all is light and joy.

His mamma wept over the cold, white body of her little boy, from which his sweet spirit had forever fled; but little Daisy only smiled as she gazed upon the tiny form, robed in its snowy raiment; for she had seen the spirit of her little playmate as it passed out from the earthly form and was clasped in the arms of its angel father, and she knew that Bertie had gone to live in that beautiful, wonderful land of sunshine and flowers, which she sometimes visited in her dreams.

And how was it with our little Bertie ? Oh, he was glad to come to our bright Summer-land and play with the birds, which sang so sweetly to him, as they perched upon his hand; for in the spirit world the little birds have no fear; we do not confine them in cages, but they live in the shrubs and among the flowers, and they are so tame they will come to us when we call them, and alighting on hand or shoulder will delight us with their melodious songs.

Bertie's father lives not far away from the sweet spot which to me is home in the spirit world; and so it happened that the little boy was brought to me to learn of the many beautiful things in the Summer-land, and to join with other little people under my charge in gaining a knowledge of life and its duties. And what a dear, sweet little fellow he is; always happy and contented, ever ready to part with the most beautiful flower or bird he possesses, if it will enhance the pleasure of someone else; always anxious to return to earth and bear messages from spirits to those who long to hear from their friends. We all love him for his goodness and truth.

It was about two weeks after Bertie's flight to the Summer-land; the snow lay thick and white around the earthly home of his mother; it had been a hard day of toil and pain for that poor woman, for she was obliged to labor, even while a severe cold, which had seized upon her, seemed to tear her lungs with

merciless fingers; and now in the twilight hour, with little Daisy sitting at her feet, the tears fell thick and fast from her weary eyes as she thought only of that little snow-covered grave in the lonely church-yard.

Suddenly, a mellow, tender light, like the last soft gleam of sunset, streamed into the quiet room; but the sun had long since set behind the clouds, and there was no moon. The mother never stirred, but lay back in her chair, her gaze riveted upon the face of the little dumb girl, across which the strange light fell, lighting it up with untold beauty. The eyes of the child were fixed on vacancy, as though she saw something beyond the sight of mortals, as she truly did; for little Bertie, hearing the gentle fall of his mother's tears, even in his spirit home, came lovingly back with hands filled with spirit flowers, and it was his form that little Daisy saw in the gleam of that mellow light which the angels brought to the cottage home.

Gliding up to the side of the little girl, Bertie filled her hands with the flowers, and then and there, in the brief space of a moment, the lonely, tired woman saw a sight she never forgot,—the form and features of a little boy, her little boy, her Bertie, bending over the quiet form of little Daisy, filling her hands with the most beautiful flowers she had ever seen. At the same instant, a breath of perfume swept across her senses, and she distinctly heard the words uttered, in the well-known tones of her little boy: "For mamma." Daisy, the child who was both deaf and dumb to earthly things, heard the angelic whisper also, and as a flash of joy lighted up her features, she stretched out her handful of flowers to the startled woman.

At the instant, all sight and sound vanished, leaving only the darkened room as before; but what had come to the child? Seizing a slate and pencil from the floor, where she had left them when tired of tracing lines upon the slate an hour before, little Daisy wrote in a clear, bold hand: "Dear Mary, fear not; the angels guard and guide you; your dear ones are not dead; they live in a bright home, where they wait for you; they can return and bless; through this little child we can make our presence known; we bring to you our love.—Henry."

Henry was the name of Bertie's father, and Mary that of his mother. What did it mean? Surely it must be true. Little Daisy could not print her own name, and this was Henry's handwriting. Thus the good woman thought; but though somewhat frightened and anxious, her heart grew comforted; a feeling of deep peace fell upon her spirit, and she ceased to mourn.

As for little Bertie, he was wild with delight. He had manifested his presence to his mother; she could no longer fear that he was lost to her; for had she not seen him with her own eyes. A happier little boy did not dwell in the Summer-land.

But Bertie's mother has never seen him in that way again, though he returns daily with his offering of choice flowers. However, little Daisy always beholds him, and she is enabled to tell his mother, by signs, when he is at her side. The slate and pencil are kept constantly at hand, and often, in the twilight hour, a strong influence comes over the little girl, and she is made to write loving messages in the bold hand of Bertie's father, or in the printed letters of Bertie himself.

And the mother's heart is comforted. She knows her dear ones live and love her, and that she will meet them again. Daisy has proved a gift of untold value to that lonely woman, for which she is deeply grateful; while in his spirit home, Bertie works happily in helping others, and learning all he can for himself.

Nor is this all: wealthy, kind people have taken an interest in Daisy, and in co-operation with the angels are educating her, that she may become an accomplished woman.

Spirit children learn most rapidly by coming back to earth, bearing messages to mortals; they also grow beautiful and strong in so doing. Knowledge increases with them, and they become wise and experienced in a little while. They earn their lovely homes; all the bright, beautiful things they have are theirs, because they have worked for them, and they know how to enjoy them thoroughly.

Now, my dear children, if in these pages I have written or should write any word or sentence that you do not understand, please to ask your kind parents or some good friend to explain it to you; because in talking of the work of spirits, I may not always employ the language which is easily understood by such little folks as you. But I promise you to write as simply as I can, that you may read and understand for yourselves.

Sometimes the spirit children come to earthly homes where little children in the body dwell, and try to bring them—the mortal children—good hearts and pleasant lives. Messenger spirits bear messages of love to the little folks on earth, and plant a desire to be kind, loving, and gentle in the breasts of those who linger here.

I know of a home on earth where three little children live with their mamma, who is a poor woman. There is a little boy in the Summer-land who is a cousin to these children, and very often he comes from his home in “Golden Nest” to play with his cousins; and every time he is with them they grow so gentle, kind, and loving towards each other that their mamma loves to watch them; and she feels very happy, even though she does have to work so very hard.

These little folks do not know that the spirit boy is with them, enjoying their games, and at the same time filling their hearts with bright thoughts and the desire to be good to each other. Little Charley, from Golden Nest, cannot bring his cousins costly toys or rich food, but he can do what is much better, and that is he can make them happy by his sunny presence. With him comes the sunshine, the fragrance of flowers, and the music of birds,—all from the Summer-land. The little earthly children cannot see the light, smell the perfume, or hear the birdies sing; but they feel all these things, and their hearts become bright, fragrant, and sweet in consequence.

So Charley is a messenger bird who carries joy and gladness everywhere, and the poor woman takes comfort in the gladness of her darlings, wondering how they happen to be so cheerful, but feeling thankful that their hearts are so bright. Little does she know that an angel from the Summer-land is in her home, casting a ray of heavenly light over each one. Now, little children, perhaps you may be favored by the company of some little playmate from the Summer-land; and if you will only be kind and loving to each other, I am sure you will feel the gladness which the messenger spirits bring to your lives.

I know a little child who lives in the Summer-land whose name is Helen. She passed away from the body when a little babe, but as that was years ago she is now quite a good-sized girl. Helen is a great worker for others; she is not at all selfish, but is never so happy as when she has succeeded in making others feel glad. She is quite a traveler, too, and journeys from place to place bearing messages of cheer, and seeking out the lonely, sad-hearted spirits, in order to give them comfort and peace.

I have heard of this spirit working in various cities on earth, and have been told that she has consoled many mortals who were bowed down in sorrow, by telling them of their dear little children or kind friends who sent their love to them from the spirit world. Helen is an angel,—that is, she is truly a messenger spirit, and everybody loves her for her gentle kindness and her loving ways.

Not very long ago, Helen brought to our home in the Summer-land a dear little boy whom she had just found. He was a waif who had died to the earth a short time before, and had no kind mother or good father to take care of him. He had been taken in charge by a loving spirit, but our Helen had begged so hard to have him in her keeping that the gentle lady let the child go. It seems the boy's mother lives in the body, and that she is very unhappy over the death of her little one. She has not been very good in her life, and she thinks her child has been taken away from her by an angry God to punish her for doing wrong. Helen has found out that this woman is a medium, and she thinks she will have power to take the little boy to her, so that the mother may become aware of the presence of her child, and be made a better woman thereby.

And this is the work that Helen is at present trying to accomplish. The little boy under her care is a bright, loving little fellow, and will, I am sure, grow to be a noble youth. He repays the kindness lavished upon him with gratitude and affection. All the best part of his nature is now growing, and the good within him is coming up into outward life. He has been taken to see his poor mother, still on Earth, and Helen has succeeded in making her think that her boy may be permitted to come to her. This thought started within her mind a new train of reflection; and the woman feels that if his pure spirit can come to visit her, she must try and live a better life. She would not have her child see her do a wrong act,—anything that would make him unhappy, or cause him to turn away from her; and so she is trying very hard to do right and to be a better woman.

One night the woman saw her child in company with another of larger growth. Both beings looked so beautiful, their faces shone so brightly, and such a sweet smile lingered on their lips, that a thrill of joy ran through her weary frame. When she awoke and found, as she thought, that it was all a dream, she wept bitterly; but since that time the poor woman has not tasted a drop of liquor, nor said a bad word, nor done anything that was naughty, because she feels that perhaps the angels are watching her actions. And so this good work is going on, and two children of the Summer-land may have the honor of redeeming a human life from wrong-doing and sin.



This is the season of the year when the little people who dwell in happy homes on earth receive pretty presents from their kind parents, or from each other. The pleasant expressions: "I wish you a merry Christmas," and "I hope you will have a happy New Year," are heard on all sides; and the little children of the Summer-land feel so pleased at this, because they like to see the earthly children joyous and glad.

At holiday times, my little friends, you are in a good condition to receive visits from the angels, because you do not feel naughty, nor are you unkind to each other, but each one of you rejoices over the pretty gifts all have received, and are willing to share your treats with your playmates and friends. So the little angel children who come around you smile and feel glad that the bright Christmas and golden New Year come to earth to bless each home, and to make the children happy. Just at this time of the year you will have beautiful dreams; for when you are snugly tucked in your little beds, and your tired eyelids have dropped in slumber, our little messengers—spirits of the Summer-land—have the power to take you away from earth up to their bright home, where they show you all the lovely things that are to be found there; then you have a joyous time until the morning light breaks into your room, when you are conducted back to your bodies, and awake refreshed; and, oh, so glad because of all the pretty sights you thought you dreamed of, but which you really did see in the Summer-land.

Some of our spirit messengers have been watching a dear little girl who lives in a big city on the earth. They love to see her patient little face, all bright with smiles, watching her mamma to see if there is not something she can do to help her. The mamma of this little girl, whom we will call Bessie, is very poor, and she has to work hard in order to buy food and clothing for herself and child. Bessie does not grumble and cry when her mamma has nothing but bread and molasses to give her for dinner, but she eats her food with a brave smile as she says: "Never mind, mamma; when I get to be a big woman I'll work hard, and then we 'll have 'tatoes every day."

The angels love to come to Bessie, because she is a very lovable child, and they would rather visit her and sing their songs to make her slumber sweet than to enter the luxurious homes of wealth and gaze upon all the beautiful objects they contain.

Last Thanksgiving, Bessie had a couple of cookies and a big red apple to go with her bread; these her kind mamma bought her as a treat. Christmas had almost come, but the little girl did not look for any gift to come with it, because, she said: "Santa Claus can't find out everyone, and so I guess he'll not come this way this year."

A band of spirit children determined among themselves to give Bessie a good Christmas; so they went out here and there into the homes of the rich in the big city, and tried to influence those who lived therein to do good unto others. At last they found a little girl who wanted to make someone happy; and so they kept putting thoughts into her head how to help others. When she went out to play, the spirit children would make her walk up and down before the old house where Bessie lived, and sometimes she saw the child gazing shyly at her from the window. At last the idea popped into the head of Sadie—the little girl whose parents were wealthy—that she "would like to give that little bit of a thing"—meaning Bessie—a good Christmas; so she told her mother what she wished to do, and asked her assistance.

I cannot tell you all that was done; but early Christmas morning Bessie's mamma was called to her door by a loud rap, and there stood a colored man, who bowed, lifted a large basket into the room, and disappeared. A note attached to the basket read: "For the little girl and her mamma who live here, with a merry Christmas from Santa Claus." Oh, the nice things to eat that were in that basket, enough to last a number of days. There were also a package of toys, a pair of mittens, and a bright plaid dress for Bessie, with a warm gray shawl for the mamma. You may imagine Bessie's joy when all these things were shown her. She clapped her hands again and again, while her good mother's heart was full of thankful praise to the unknown friend who had made her little one so happy. Sadie also enjoyed her Christmas better than ever before for she not only felt the results of a good deed in her heart, but also felt the sweet influence of approving angels surrounding her, while the messenger spirits from the Summer-land rejoiced with exceeding joy in the happiness of each one.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### GOLDEN NEST AND OTHER PLACES.

Golden Nest is another beautiful place in the Summer-land where the dear little children have happy homes. In this sweet, delightful spot the birds flit about in the green branches of the stately trees, and warble their songs of melody. You would be surprised in watching the antics of these bright-plumaged little songsters to observe how they will dance and swing upon the shoulder or finger of a child,—always bold and fearless, never timid or afraid. Their songs, too, rival the human tones of the children's voices and seem to be keeping up an harmonious accompaniment to the words the little people sing.

Golden Nest is like a great green nest flooded with sunshine; it is circular in form, and carpeted with the softest and brightest of grass and moss; flowers grow in great profusion, and their beauty and perfume yield an eternal pleasure to the senses of those who approach them. Little streams of clear water bubble and gurgle over smooth, round, white stones and glisten in the soft sunshine like ribbons of molten silver. The atmosphere is balmy, and it is a luxury to live out of doors in this enchanting place, that is a golden nest for the troops of merry little human songsters that dwell together there in love and harmony.

But these little people have a great deal of work to do; they find enjoyment, pleasure, and play in this labor, because it gives them unbounded zest and vigor in life. The children of Golden Nest are messenger spirits, and they act as messengers between the people who live in the body and their friends in the great spirit world. All the spirit messengers do not live in this pretty place, for such beneficent, that is good, spirits are to be found in all parts of the Summer-land; but all the children who live in Golden Nest are such workers,—that is, they bear messages from spirits to mortals, bring down to earth bright thoughts and impress them on the minds of people here; stamp the desire to be pure and good in the hearts of persons on earth, and come from their beautiful homes to watch over, care for, and love little children in the body, and, by singing sweet songs in their ears at night, give them happy dreams, so that they will wish to be kind and loving to each other, and obedient, affectionate, and respectful toward their parents. So you see the children who live in Golden Nest have a great deal to do; they are never idle, never naughty, never sad, for though it pains them to see earthly children naughty or unhappy, and to find mortal men and women ill and sorrowful, yet they are too busy in trying to help the unfortunate ones of earth to attend to any sadness in their own hearts; and so it will not remain, but flies away before the great light of cheerfulness in which these little people dwell.

If I call the children of Golden Nest angels, my dears, you will know it is because they are messengers, for the word angel means message-bearer,—“only this and nothing more.” But in these days we are taught to consider angels as pure, beautiful, and holy beings. Well, the little boys and girl in Golden Nest are pure and holy, because they do not think bad thoughts. They love each other, are anxious to be good, try to help others to do right, and are busy in working to benefit someone in some manner; and they are beautiful, for their faces are smiling and sweet, their eyes shine with happiness, and they seem to leave a trail of brightness wherever they go. Moreover, they are really message-bearers; so I think you will agree with me that they are really and truly angels.

A group of these little people were very earnestly engaged in conversation not long since, and as I watched their faces glow with animation, I became convinced that they were discussing some new plan for the benefit of mortals. And so the events proved. I will briefly tell you of this work which these angels are now

doing: a circle —that is, a place where spirits come back to earth to manifest to mortals—has been opened by a family who are anxious not only to receive knowledge of immortal life for themselves, but also are desirous to bring this truth to the comprehension of others. This family had parted with three beautiful little children who had some time since been taken to the Summer-land. So the father and mother opened their home and invited their friends—who had also laid the earthly forms of dear children away—to join with them in invoking the presence of their spirit friends.

Well, this group of little ones in Golden Nest I had seen talking so earnestly together were the children of these good people; for having learned what their parents were about, they were all excitement to have a share in the work from their side of life. So it was determined that they—the little ones—should return to earth, and for a time, with the permission of their teachers or guardians, take up their abode in the home where the circle was to meet; for by doing this these angels were able to bring a strong spiritual power to the earthly home which would assist them in making themselves manifest to their parents and friends. So they have left their beautiful Golden Nest, and are now staying on the earth. They have controlled a medium in the circle, spoken their names, and announced their presence to their delighted parents.

Just as soon as they have given their earthly friends all the spiritual power that they can, they will leave the mortal home, to convey messages back and forth from mortals to spirits, and from spirits to mortals.

The circle controlled and guarded by this band of children from Golden Nest is destined to be of great service. Already, outsiders have been admitted, unbelievers have received messages from their dear “lost” ones, many hearts have been made happy, and our sweet little message-bearers are working earnestly to develop their medium so that she can see the spirits who come to her, and describe them to their anxious friends. They bring her strength so that she can bear the trials of life, and be happy in working for the angels. It is necessary for them to live with the medium now, so that she may constantly feel the pure, uplifting influence of their child-like, unselfish spirits, and thus not grow weary of the work planned out for her by spirit teachers; so they have gladly given up the beautiful sights and sounds of their beloved Golden Nest, to take up their abode in a humble home on earth. But in a little time, when their work is done, and spirits of all grades and powers will be able to manifest at the circle and bring messages of joy to weary hearts, as well as to find strength and happiness for themselves, these little angels will return to their Summer-land home, well pleased with the success of their noble work.

A little girl who lives in Golden Nest has been a message-bearer for seven years; she passed from the body when less than a year old, and was brought to her friends on earth by another little angel who wished to do them good.

When little Jennie first controlled a medium, she could only lisp baby names to her parents; but by coming constantly she gained power to express herself more clearly. When three years of age she became the messenger of a medium, and from that time she has made herself known to mortals almost every day, always bringing messages from some spirit to friends on earth, bearing messages from people here to dear ones in spirit life, or helping spirits to come themselves, or else giving spiritual advice to mortals who are in need of it. This little messenger has given over twenty-five hundred spirit messages to people on earth during the last seven years, has assisted over nine hundred spirits to control her medium, and speak or write for themselves, and has brought gladness to many, many hearts.

This is the work of one little girl who lives in Golden Nest. Do you think, dear children, that she has any time to be naughty or unhappy? No, indeed; she is cheerful and kind, ever ready to assist and bless anyone, and always ready to do the work given to her to perform.

I will give you the words of a sweet little song that I have recently heard sung by some little people who live in Golden Nest. I cannot bring to you the melody which accompanied the lines, though I wish I could do so, it was so very sweet and produced such a happy, joyous feeling in my heart. Could you only listen to the songs the little angels sing in their homes of light, I am sure you would never be naughty again; for you would try to be gentle and kind, so as to ever attract them to your side. But, dear children, we all love you, and will try to make you happy every day. And now for the song, which is entitled:

### **HEAVENLY LOVE.**

Joy! joy! The light of morning  
Rolls in gladness on its way,  
Flooding all the world with glory  
On this happy, peaceful day.  
So the love of God our Father  
Bathes the universe in light;  
Reaching down through all the darkness,  
It dispels the gloom of night.

Joy! joy! The heavenly splendor  
Of our Father's tender power  
Gladdens every weary spirit,  
In its saddest, loneliest hour.  
By-and-bye the holy radiance  
Shall illumine every life,  
And each soul shall rise in triumph  
Far above all pain and strife.

Joy! joy! The love of angels  
Softly flows from heaven to earth,  
Blessing with its matchless power  
All the ills of mortal birth,—  
Heavenly love that brings its bearer  
Down with messages of peace  
To assuage the pains of mortals,  
And to make their joys increase.

Joy! joy! The light is spreading,  
We may bask within its rays,  
Let us gather up its sunbeams  
While we chant our songs of praise.  
Let us bear the heavenly splendor  
Of this deathless, boundless love  
Unto those who mourn in sorrow  
For their friends who dwell above;  
Let us bless the weary-hearted,  
And enfold their lives with love!

We will now leave Golden Nest and its happy, busy inmates, and travel on a little further in our search for the children who dwell in the Summer-land. Soon we reach Rocky Nook, where a number of little folks live who are growing strong and beautiful under the healthful breezes that ever blow around that favored spot.

Rocky Nook is not a cold, bleak, barren place, though, as its name indicates, there are plenty of rocks or stones to be found there. These stones are round, smooth, and shining, of varied colors and different sizes; they are so clear and beautiful you can see the white sand shining through them, and when the sunlight falls upon them they glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and sparkle like precious gems. Rocky Nook is really a beach, composed of gleaming white sand and covered with these shining stones. Here also may be found delicate rose-tinted and snowy shells of different forms, which are more beautiful than any shell you ever saw on earth. The water is clear as crystal, and when it is quiet reflects the blue sky and spotless clouds; moss and anemones grow in the limpid depths that have the appearance of a great flower garden,

so beautiful is the vegetable growth therein. Sometimes the sea comes roaring to the shore in great foamy billows, making a musical sound like the chiming of many bells that is very pleasant to hear. Little boats may be seen upon this shining water, filled with groups of many children who love to float upon the bosom of the great deep. These little ones are never afraid, for there is nothing to fear. Should the boats be tipped over, which, however, I think never occurs, nothing more than a dip in the water would happen to their inmates, as spirits cannot drown; and the children often take their bath in this great basin, sporting with the waves and laughing with great glee.

Rocky Nook extends its shiny length for some distance along the shore. Here and there we perceive little pavilions built of the shining stones, each one laid with precision and skill. Some of these little temples are circular in form, and others are of the octagon shape; but all are beautiful in appearance. These little buildings have been erected by the children who live here, and serve as playhouses for them. This work gives them a knowledge of architecture and design, and will serve as models for something grander to be attempted by-and-by. In walking over the smooth stones, which are not rugged to our feet, we reach a great structure built of snow-white coral, and are surprised to learn that here in the spirit world must exist those tiny creatures who form this strange, perforated substance, since the coral could not be there had there been no coral-builders to create it.

Today I found a group of happy children who were laughing, dancing, and singing in great glee. Their hearts were merry and glad; not a frown marred the beauty of their faces, nor an ungentle word ruffled the silvery flow of speech and song that issued from their lips. Yet these little ones had known suffering, pain, and misery; their earthly homes had been filled with poverty and cruelty; many times they had felt the biting cold of winter, and suffered for the want of something to eat. Their parents were poor and ignorant, who neglected their children and could not properly care for them. So the little ones pined away and "died,"—that is, their little bodies perished, but their spirits were taken to the Summer-land and placed under the care of loving and tender women, who ministered to their wants, attended to them assiduously, taught them lessons of love and truth, until they have outgrown the unhappy condition which their earth life surrounded them with, and are the joyous, gentle children whom I today saw smiling and singing with glee.

These are the little folks who dwell in Rocky Nook. Here, by the side of the clear and sparkling water, they live in little houses built far back from the sands, surrounded by groves of trees and beds of flowers. They have the benefit of the clear and bracing air that blows across the bright waters, and can also enjoy the shady retreats of the old trees that wave their branches a little way inland. Every day the children gather on the sands and study the composition of the rocks and shells and corals, or sail in their "floats," or bathe in the cool, refreshing sea. They have erected the structure of coral of which I have spoken, with great nicety and skill, fitting piece by piece into each other with the utmost precision, and have left it upon the sand as a shining beacon to their playmates and friends who dwell on Sunny Isle, a beautiful spot across the water.

I suppose my little friends on earth know that when people are cramped by ignorance and poverty, they have to bend all their energies in struggling to live, and that the spiritual part of their natures, not having opportunity to grow, becomes dwarfed and stunted. When the little folks who live in Rocky Nook first came to the Summer-land, they were pale and puny in appearance, weak and languid; but the bracing air of this beautiful seaside home, the enjoyments of its outdoor sports, the loving care and instructions of its keepers, the bewitching study of the lessons it has to teach, soon tone up the entire system of the children brought here, and they grow strong and active, anxious to learn the lessons, to help each other, and to become smart and good men and women. And thus it is the children who might have grown up on earth in

an atmosphere of sin and evil, becoming depraved men and women, when taken to the Summer-land are cared for and educated to be useful and honorable members of society.

The children of Rocky Nook have all the advantages of the highest instruction that life affords. All branches of education are open to them, and they advance rapidly in knowledge; for, like all spirits who are not confined to the earth, they are quick to grasp and retain information, their powers of perception and observation being very keen. As these children grow in stature and wisdom, and arrive at the stage of early manhood or womanhood, they leave the homes and schools of Rocky Nook, and enter into association with advanced spirits who have long labored in connection with good people on earth to lessen human ignorance, and teach mortals how to live better lives. Their places at the beautiful sea-side resort are quickly filled by other waifs from earthly life, who are carried there to receive instruction and growth, and prepare themselves to become teachers and guides to ignorant and suffering ones of earth.

The little children who live in Rocky Nook seldom come back to earth. The memory of their mortal life is unpleasant, and they do not like to think of it; but as they grow and become wise and good, and learn of the sad condition of many poor people who live here, they have a desire to help them. Then these bright spirits find their mission, which is to lift up some lowly one, to make strong some person who does wrong, so that he or she can resist evil temptation. They then prepare themselves for the work before them, and when the time comes they leave their pleasant home by the water and seek the company of those spirits who are experienced in working for humanity, by whom they are guided in their labor of benefiting mortals.

Let me tell you something, dear children that perhaps you have never heard. You know, I suppose, that there are many little ones on earth who are growing up in ignorance and amid the dreadful conditions of extreme poverty and crime. Well, the dark and immoral surroundings of their lives attract undeveloped spirits who have not outgrown their evil inclinations; and such spirits live over again their lives of sin in connection with those who grow up amid such adverse conditions. But, while the unfortunate children are thus unpleasantly situated, each is attended by a guardian angel or messenger of light, who watches every opportunity to benefit and bless them, and who will be with them until they emerge from sin and unhappiness to a condition of purity and peace, even though it be not until they have passed from earth and lived many years in the spirit world.

Such spirits as those who live in Rocky Nook are the guardian angels of the poor, ignorant, unclean, and miserable children of earth; their mission is to attend these unhappy creatures, and to work in their behalf, prompting a good thought or generous impulse in their hearts whenever conditions are favorable; watching over and looking after them, visiting the more fortunate ones of earth and influencing them to pity, assist, and teach their miserable fellow-beings. Thus they toil on, attending their charge even though it live a life of error, going with, it to the spirit world and working upon its sensibilities, until at last, in some way, it recognizes the presence of the good angels, turns from the evil ones around it, repents of the past, seeks for light, finds it, and begins to labor for the good of others. And so Rocky Nook is a school of preparation where teachers become qualified to minister to the needs of the lowliest of earth; it is a beautiful spot, and well worthy of a place in the Summer-land. The labor that its inmates perform is destined to deliver grand results to humanity; and when earth's favored children co-operate with them, the victory over ignorance and evil will soon be won.

Sunny Isle is a beautiful island that is covered with the greenest of grass, and spangled with the sweetest and prettiest of flowers. The sun sheds its golden rays upon a number of cosy homes on this radiant island,

in which little children dwell together in harmony and love. The houses on Sunny Isle are circular in form, and composed of a white material which resembles the marble of earth, only more translucent; the roofs are supported by pillars, around which flowering vines twine, shedding their fragrance upon the balmy air. The interiors of these homes are decorated with beautiful pictures and statuary, and furnished with pretty yet simple furniture for comfort and convenience of the inmates.

On this island a number of little children live with their parents and teachers, and pursue their studies from day to day. These little ones once lived in earthly forms; but the conditions of the material sphere were too severe for them to endure, and so they drifted to the Summer-land. Some of them are with their own parents, who passed from earth before they did; while the fathers and mothers of others are still inhabitants of the mortal sphere, and do not know that their little ones are cared for, taught, and protected by loving guardians, who are laboring for the good of others.

The children of Sunny Isle learn the first principles of knowledge; they are laying the foundations of a liberal education, and, under the wise instruction of their tutors, are receiving practical information concerning the origin, uses, and destiny of life. Here they develop their natural tastes and inclinations, and early show what particular line of labor they are best adapted for. The abilities of the child are encouraged to unfold, and they are given opportunities for expression in outward form. By-and-bye, these little ones will have passed through their preparatory discipline on this island, and be qualified to enter a higher department of training and of knowledge. They will then leave this place for a home elsewhere, perhaps in one of our large cities of spirit life, or in some of the academic groves where learned teachers and masters of art and science give practical instruction in the various branches of education to their pupils. Then other little ones will be brought to Sunny Isle, to take up the studies and advance in the direction of those who have preceded them.

But because the little people who live in this bright spot are studious and industrious, you must not think they are unhappy, for indeed they are the merriest, healthiest set of little chatterers that you ever saw.

No late hours, no severe lessons beyond their years and comprehension, no ill-ventilated apartments, and no food that will not assimilate with their systems, tax their mental and bodily powers beyond endurance, as is the trouble with so many young people of earth. Plenty of fresh sunlight, air, water, fruits etc., are supplied these spirit children; lessons adapted to their understanding are explained to them, and generally illustrated by objective experiments; they are allowed to practice any kind of labor that they are interested in, and thus get practical information in relation to it. Their clothing is loose and comfortable, and does not restrict their movements, and all things are conducive to their health and happiness, so that they cannot help being joyous and free.

Sunny Isle is often visited by the children of Rocky Nook, which is not far across the sparkling water that laps the shining banks of this pretty spot, and frequently a number of floats are seen cresting the dimpling waves, filled with merry, lighthearted little folks from one or the other of these places, who are visiting each other. Air cars are also seen floating in the atmosphere, bearing their precious burdens of happy, fearless children from point to point of interest, wherever may be their destination. These young people can also glide through the atmosphere by their own will-power, without being obliged to resort to conveyance of any kind. This power of navigating the air by the force of will is natural to the spirit, but cannot be acquired while encased in the mortal form, because the physical body is too ponderous to be conveyed through the air without mechanical support.

Spirits who live on earth but a few hours, or months, or even but two or three years, are enabled to float in the manner of which I speak almost at once when they reach the Summer-land; but those who have remained on earth for some years have to become accustomed to this method of exerting their will sufficiently to glide through the atmosphere, as the effort does not come readily to them; they are timid and afraid, and have to practice many times before they gain confidence to float any distance.

Little mortal children, when first born, could swim easily if placed in water and allowed to use their limbs, and if the practice was continued they would have no difficulty in navigating the water, because swimming is natural to them; but if they are kept out of the water for years, they lose their natural ability for passing through it. They grow timid and fearful, and have to practice many times before they gain power to swim any distance. And that is just the way with the natural powers of the spirit,—they must be exercised to be of use.

Sunny Isle is one of a group of three islands; the other two are in appearance similar to the first. They are also inhabited by little children and their teachers. The studies and pursuits are similar to those of which I have spoken. These islands are called Concordia and Melodie. They are homes of happy, innocent, and active little beings, who are destined to perform great good for humanity. The dwellers upon these three islands of the sea mingle freely together, for they love each other.

When the children of these islands have studied a certain lesson, or practiced a particular work for a little time, they are permitted to change their attention to some other interesting labor, or to find recreation in some pastime that is pleasant to them. This is so that their minds and bodily powers will not become wearied, and that their duties may not become distasteful to them. These little folks are provided with all the appliances necessary for their health and enjoyment. They have boats, swings, aerial cars, and other conveniences for their amusement. Musical instruments abound, and many of the pupils are fine vocalists. The children laugh, shout, romp, splash in the water, and act generally as do the children of earth when bent upon having a good time. They never push nor injure each other in any way, because the first lesson they learn in this school, and one they never forget, is gentleness to one another and love to all people.

Wherever there are children in the Summer-land, no matter what the name of their home,—whether it be Fairy Nest or Happy Valley, Golden Nest, Rocky Nook, or Sunny Isle,—will be found beautiful sights and sweet sounds; for the expression of childhood is beauty, and in heavenly life the little spirits are provided with the surroundings and conditions that harmonize with their own interior life. The methods of instruction at the different homes may vary, but all are calculated to perform their work well and faithfully.

Every child in the Summer-land is taught that labor is ennobling, and all are anxious to learn some branch of employment. They love to work, for they know that true happiness is found in activity; and as each is allowed to follow the particular pursuit which pleases him or her best, and to choose what it shall be, all are contented in their occupation. The child on earth who is busy leaping, running, shouting, using its limbs, is happy, while the little one who is obliged to remain quiet or be idle is sad, discontented, and miserable. This shows that idleness is unnatural, and that activity is the true condition of life. In the Summer-land, the natural is always allowed to have free and full expression.

Now, my little friends, if you do not understand what I tell you about these things, please ask your kind mother or father to explain it to you; for I wish you to gain a clear comprehension of the real, natural, and beautiful manner in which the children of the spirit world live, study and amuse themselves, so that you may think of them as busy little workers who are as alive and active as yourselves.



The occupations of these young residents of the higher life, and also their studies, are various; but whatever each undertakes to learn to do is accomplished with earnestness and by diligence. We have no dull pupils, because all delight to study; and we have no loitering idlers, because each takes pleasure in practicing or experimenting in some line of labor for themselves.

Our young folks are students of astronomy, following the movements of planets and seeking for knowledge of the solar system, or the grand universe of stars, with eager interest; of chemistry, gaining information of the various elements and their combinations, from day to day; of the electrical forces in nature, and the laws that control them; and, indeed, we have with us pupils in every branch of science, as well as philosophy, who are charmed with their studies and take them up with commendable zeal. We have also pupils pursuing the branches of education embraced by algebraic numbers, geometry, architecture, form and design, and other practical studies; while many of our children, when their minds are sufficiently matured, adopt the study of medicine, and enter the field of magnetism to follow their chosen pursuits; for there are many sick and feeble mortals, and many ill-formed spirits, who require the care and assistance of magnetic doctors; and here is a grand work for those who are adapted for it.

So you see, my friends, the lives of the children in the Summer-land are busy, useful, and earnest. These little ones have all the amusement and recreation they desire, while they find an incentive to study or work in the joy they feel when they have mastered their lesson or accomplished their labor. They have no time to quarrel or to be discontented, and are always happy.