

## *The Hells Mitigated*

"Deeply interested in the study, and pursuing ray explorations, all bring in reports similar to mine. Three of us now resolve to continue, for a time, in one of these hells, and watch the methods of reaching and redeeming those peopling the lower spheres. We select the case of a man who has been in darkness some time, yet seems possessed of some good tendencies. His abode is in a den beneath an overhanging cliff, dimly illumined by a ghastly light. It should be remembered that the Divine Light partially illumines, and the Divine Life, by the law of influx, flows into all the spheres.

"Unseen by this person, we adjust ourselves and watch him carefully, noticing every act and listening to every ejaculation. In this way we learn that in a revengeful quarrel with his brother, while on earth, he inflicted upon himself a fatal wound, and therefore was borne to this dark place. He gravitated to his own place just as naturally as a stone falls to the earth. Here he indulges at times in expressions of anger, revenge, and terrible threats. Upon one occasion, after these wild ravings, we see him sadder than usual, and, sitting upon a cliff, and thinking doubtless of his misspent and vicious life, he cries out in the fullness of his soul, 'What! am I here for trying to slay my brother? O heaven! I've been mad!' and the tears, such as only spirits can shed, stream down his face upon the crystal rocks beneath. And while thus weeping the vapor of his thoughts gather round him, in-filling his demon-home with sorrow. Soon we begin to witness his gradual transformation.

"The rocks disappear, the fierce howlings in the air are hushed, and this seemingly lost soul, angel-guided, finds himself in a dismal cellar, in one of the filthy streets of Liverpool, England. Here on a pallet of straw, without the comforts of home, lies his brother — almost dying! Remembering at once his past unkindnesses, the scene touches his soul's vitals. He weeps; and tenderly bending over the sickly form, he prays, 'O God, and O father and mother — angels now, forgive my past sins, and make me better in the future, for Christ's sake. Amen I'

"His tears, his earnest prayer, draw others to him, though he is not aware of their presence; they give him strength, and he imparts it in love-waves of magnetism to his deeply wronged and suffering brother. This continues for months, the sick man growing weaker, fainter. But all this time the good thoughts of each enlist the interest of higher spirits, while the two brothers build by their thoughts and deeds of kindness a home in the better land. The last we witness is when earth yields up its claims, and the released brother, leaving the body, is borne in slumbers sweet to the abode awaiting him, by the brother now more angel-made. As time passes on, the flowers grow, the trees sigh, the streams ripple, and the birds sing sweetly in adjoining groves; for no inharmony, no sloth abides in that home; and so in blessing another, the blessing is returned. . . . Here you may ask, even though our motive was good, how we could leave our sun-bright abodes and tarry in the murky atmosphere of the hells? Be our answer: Spirits project the atmosphere or aural emanation in which they live and move. When descending into the hells, this personal atmosphere becomes a protective envelope, being positive to the general as well as individual atmospheres of lower spheres; but if one attempts to ascend from a lower to a higher sphere, his characteristic emanations are negative to the aroal flames which then become to him a consuming fire."

Immortality and Our Employments Hereafter  
JM Peebles