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MRS. N. J. WILLIS

SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY
DISCOURSES

A SERIES OF
LECTURES

DELIVERED THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP

OF

MRS. N. J. WILLIS

AT THE

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligences, owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

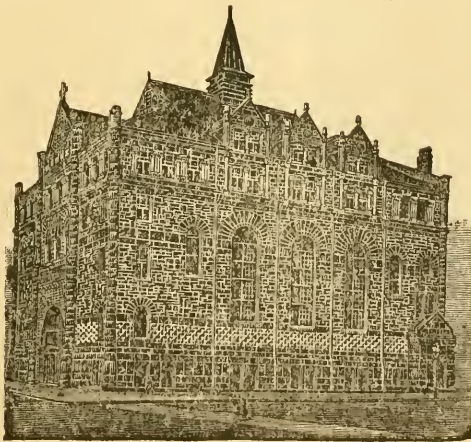
The invocation preceding the discourse is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

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*Christal, a Child spirit, magnet and messenger for the Temple Band.

[DISCOURSES REPORTED BY IDA L. SPAULDING.]



FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE

NO. 1.

LIFE UNTO LIFE.

BY SPIRIT EONÁ.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1900.

INVOCATION.

MAY the realms of the Infinite that surge 'neath the vast ocean of wisdom and love lave the lives of these children of earth, thereby quickening their aspirations and enabling them to outgrow that which fetters, that which causes sadness. O Life, Thou art sweet and beautiful in Thine expressions, Thou art grand through all the various pathways over which Thy children journey in endeavoring to reach the great Temple of wisdom, where the pearly thoughts of inspiration and knowledge breathe their divine baptism upon the soul, where the all-quickening impulse of aspiration rises, cleaving the ether, in all the beauty and grandeur that Nature can possibly express. Thereby we learn how beautiful Nature's expressions are; therein we read our lesson and understand that we are Nature's children and in at-one-ment with every revolving planet, with every twinkling star, with every human soul that, like ourselves, breasts the great ocean of life and joy and wisdom. May the silent baptism of brighter realms rest upon each and all here, and may they in the deep

depths of their beings find the lighted taper of truth that gives no flickering ray, but with its steady light points the way where life and harmony walk hand in hand.

For all the experiences of many saddened hours, for all the experiences of many triumphant moments, for all the experiences that have been ours in passing from life unto life, O Infinite Wisdom, we thank Thee.

DISCOURSE.

IN passing from life unto life, as you and all are and ever must be, the various experiences that come to one and all are varied in accordance with the needs of the condition wherein for the time being you vibrate.

The soul knows no distance, no space, no age. All worlds are its kin, and the purpose of its evolution is to become able to drink from every fount until we realize that from life unto life signifies more and yet more of the wisdom that casts its peerless gems into the consciousness of the human child through the growth and vibration of the soul. In speaking of the human child I would not have you think that we are distinct from you. I would, if possible, have you realize that we are very like yourselves, aspiring for all that it is within our capacity to grasp, for all that we can attain even as you thus aspire.

In your various embodiments you are conscious of but little that you have experienced as you pass through what you call the changing stages of existence. The past to your present consciousness may seem as a closed volume. There are, however, no closed volumes. All that we have learned, all that we have tested, all that we have observed, all that we have come in contact with upon this or any

other planet, constitutes our possessions and supplies us with the reserve force that you will never understand until you likewise have drunk from the sweet, flowing river of wisdom that reveals in its bright, sparkling surface the divine possibilities of every human soul.

You have your aspirations, you have your desires, no doubt, of a two-fold nature, the greater and stronger belonging on the material or outer pages of life, and the inner, the deeper, the lasting, the ever enduring being represented to you only by the faint aspirations that give you a thought, perchance, of how you would like to grasp all knowledge, of how you would love to scale all heights, of how rejoiced you would be if you could but understand the philosophy of life and that energy that governs all things. In these aspirations and many others you are in at-one-ment with us, yet you fail to realize that, in order to gain such knowledge, as vast as life's vastness may seem to you, you can obtain it only by self sacrifice, only by a steadfast devotion to the attainment of that which your soul craves. There is no cradle in which you can be rocked, and, while being swayed to and fro, receive wisdom from angels or men, no matter how much knowledge those who watch over you, those who guard you, those who protect you, those who love you may possess. It is only by the attainment of your desires and aspirations that you may realize that which you hope for, but, first, in whatever life you may find yourselves, you must learn self-sacrifice, how to come in contact understandingly with the law of Nature and cease to rebel against the same, and floating, as it were, on the great ocean of life, govern yourselves, for, forget not, no master will ever command you, no angels will ever bid you obey, no matter how much they may have attained. In the great realms where light brighter than your noonday sun gilds the mountains and hills with its beauty and grandeur, you must ascend those heights with tireless feet and by your own constant effort.

We know that the forces are scattered here. You have much to contend with, and oftentimes you feel that you should be privileged to demand that your wishes be gratified, that from some source, from some realms of wealth, there should be bestowed upon you in some manner that for which you ask. But whatever you have attained of spiritual growth you have gained not because it has been imparted by any other entity, but because you have labored in that direction. Others, by their experience, have no doubt aided you; but what you know you have learned yourselves, you have tested for yourselves, and you yourselves have felt the mighty throes within your own beings that resulted in that enlargement of the soul's consciousness that will enable you to drink in more of that profound wisdom that knocks at the entrance door of your very hearts for admittance.

It is not a question of how long one may have lived. I do not consider myself older than any of you. Wherever you have wandered, wherever you have found embodiments, you have built them yourselves, and ever must. It seems strange to us that it should seem strange to you that there is no limit to the powers that you are capable of unfolding and maintaining. The faculties and powers of the soul are greater than you can conceive. The question for you, then, and the question for me to consider is not, "What shall I do and how shall I strive, that in a certain fancied direction, I may reach a certain point?" but rather it is our part to pray, "O Life, in passing from lower unto a higher plane of existence, bear me onward by Thy guidance, instruct me by the intelligence that is borne upon every breeze, quicken my understanding that I may choose that pathway that shall enable me to accomplish the most for the world."

When I make this expression I am not referring to your little planet, but to all the planets that are speeding onward in the vast pathway of evolution in companionship

with your earth, many of them inhabited by people who have become versed in those spiritual laws that enable them to make their homes beautiful by the elements of harmony, beautiful by the conditions they bring into them; and whatever may be your thought, you, with us, are living to become world builders, world protectors and to aid in the oncoming of that time when all the people of this planet, although so benighted now, will realize that the purpose and meaning of life is not, what can be accomplished in the outer expressions, but, what can give to the soul its greatest radiance.

You, then, are like myself and like all others, for there is no difference in the purpose of all lives. You are more apt to think you know than I am. I think of my experiences and know the lessons they have taught me. You think very little of your experiences, but marvel oft-times, it seems to me, how little there is to love, and wonder what your friends are doing, what employments they have, and what there can be for them to outwork in the life beyond this. This very query is simply, so it seems to me, an expression of your dullness and lack of comprehension.

Do not think I am severe; but, remember, if in looking about this planet and gathering in, as no doubt you do, the expressions that from day to day are presented to you, you find the world full of active men and women striving to accomplish something—remember this is not all they live for, as you would almost think and perhaps many do. If this were so, then why were you invested with the powers that you possess? Many of them are not brought into activity here and cannot be; many of them are not quickened here and cannot be. Why, then, are you infinite in the possibilities you possess? Why have you within yourselves the powers that exercised, will enable you sometime to visit the beautiful planet of Saturn, sometime to visit other planets and come in at-one-ment with the people therein?

If it were necessary for you to build the bodies in which you are dwelling today in order to fulfill the mission of this life and measure its purposes as best you can, is it strange that, as you pass into a broader realm, you will be capable of building and enveloping yourselves in such bodies as will permit you to exercise the powers of which I have spoken by consecration, by suffering and being willing to suffer if thereby you can gain a loftier height, if thereby you can aid mortals the more? I have no doubt that each one of you would say, "I should be glad to know I could visit the different planets; I should be glad to know I could enter into the world's temple where are concentrated those forces that, by the watchful eyes of chemistry, science and art, are gathered together in order to be evolved in the formation of new planets and that I might use in the baptism of the children of different planets, each with the elements he or she most required."

This point, if point I may call it, is in the realm beyond your planetary system in one sense, yet in another it cannot be, for your planetary system is not known to you. It enfolds all, and the universe is your home and ours. In the fulness, not of time, for that has naught to do with the matter, but of growth and the soul expression which always accompanies it, you will aspire to that condition which will enable you to enter the beautiful realms where is the Sun Temple, and where you can have the companionship and co-operation of those who have measured life's forces as best they could and are now as we are, commissioned by ourselves and the law of our beings to watch over humanity and select such points as will be not only legitimate, but useful to the world. In this temple we are concentrating emanations that have been breathed forth through the ages. Could you behold them you would realize that within this temple is an unseen one whose builders are likewise unseen, and by and by there shall outspring a power and influence that shall become embodied

in materiality, a soul shall become incarnate, and life's expressions shall be indeed as wonderful and more so than any you have ever dreamed of.

If it were simply to gratify a fancy, to satisfy a mere desire to meet and mingle with you for a time and that were all; if it were merely to gather, with those with whom I am associated, the best elements we can and concentrate them, but could not cause them to remain, could not use them in our building, very little would be accomplished. Every ray of light from the Temple of wisdom, every emanation from the sun-angels, every vibration that trembles in the atmosphere for the moment and then rests, uniting with other emanations, is and will be imperishable. Therefore the elements will remain, the tabernacle will be built, but I shall not tell you what we purpose to accomplish. Surely it is no idle mission that brings us here.

The world has frowned upon the movement of Modern Spiritualism. It frowns still, but it does not matter. Ignorance always resists the oncoming of wisdom, but wisdom's crown never grows tarnished, and the light streaming from her sacred altar is never dimmed by man's scorn. Truth in all its bright habiliments remains untouched, it cannot be stained. Why, then, should you become excited and exclaim, "I know this and I know that cannot be"? Rest assured if you never wish for a re-embodiment you will never have one; rest assured if you never desire to traverse and retrace the great ocean of life in order to gather to yourselves all the powers and forces that the spiritual universe can furnish, you will never rise to the dignity of that spiritual condition where you can become a world builder.

You, I am well aware, have no conception of the meaning of the term I have just used, but when you realize that the powers of the soul are unlimited; when you realize that there is no wisdom that you are not capable of possessing yourselves of; when you realize that sometime, after you

have labored, and suffered, and sought, and entered into a still more secret chamber of the Temple of life, you will then begin to apprehend, dear ones, that every soul has its own peculiar mission, sacred to itself. If this be true, why worry? why be anxious? why think you know it all? Never came you to this life until you willed it; never came you to this embodiment until, as a soul, you purposed thus to do; never would you wear these embodiments had you not built them yourselves. Your consciousness in regard to all this may be lacking, but sometime it will be quickened, and the illumination of the pathways over which you have trodden will reveal to you the truth of that which I utter, but only when you realize that you are masters of yourselves; only when you realize that if you are in darkness you have not struggled to pierce the light; only when you realize that step by step may you rise out of whatever condition you are placed in.

The outward may rebel, the outward may complain, but the soul never. Every experience of my life has been needed, and only step by step, through sufferings and joys, through the expressions that came to me in the various pathways over which I have passed, have I learned what I cannot expect you to embrace until you have reached the point where I stand, and it is this: To rest myself trustingly in the arms of that Infinite Wisdom that cradles us all. When my own consciousness becomes quickened as thus I dwell in harmony, in peace and in love with all that is or can be, and there comes some thought that I have a mission, be it on this planet or some other, be it in whatever direction it may, when the voice of wisdom within me, not a power outside, bids me go forth, I am ready to obey.

This is why I am with you at the present time, not because any invited or bade me come, but because from within there came that consciousness that I should fulfill some mission by coming in touch with your lives. What-

ever may be your opinion or feelings. I know that I do come in touch with many of you this beautiful morning. I have just as kindly a feeling towards those whom I cannot thus reach, for all human beings are my kin, all human beings on this or any other planet that I can visit are in my charge as far as I may have the power to reach and touch their soul-life, for the commission of my soul to me, which is myself, and the commission of your intelligence, or soul, to you, which is yourself, bids us ever go out into those fields where we may cast the smallest seedling into those paths wherein we may breathe the faintest love and teach even one human soul.

And when the great revelation of this truth that has come to you is recognized, which it is not now by the great majority; when the grand purpose of the teachings of these mighty truths are understood, there will be no one to sneer, there will be no one to frown. There may be many who will be astounded when they behold their own ignorance and the unenlightened conditions in which they are existing, but only for a moment will they be overcome; for, looking through the rift in the clouds, they will see the shining pathway, they will realize the light gleaming from the Temple of wisdom, and they will know that although they have not attained their growth, the power and privilege are theirs. They have not grasped the fact that this great and infinite truth has come to your planet in this grander demonstration—nay, I should not say that, for even upon this continent ages ago, the people who lived here before those you call savages existed, held sacred converse with the spirits of the so-called dead who came to them, and sometime not far distant, you will be permitted to read their history that alone will be revealed to you by the upturning of the earth's strata. All worlds and all peoples that you know are older than you see, and therefore I should have said, since this great truth came to your consciousness, humanity has failed almost utterly to read

its mighty significance, and you who think for one moment that its purpose is finished when you behold its manifestations will find yourselves indeed greatly surprised.

Rejoicing with you in every manifestation, aiding and co-operating with you, we would have you appreciate every divine breath breathed in your midst ; but do not forget, dear friends, that the purpose of this great and oncoming power is the education of mankind—not the education of the exterior which so often cramps and belittles the individual, but that education that teaches you that you are souls, that you are gods, that you have capacities unlimited, that you are builders of yourselves, that you are saviors of yourselves, and if you would be masters of any art, you must master that art yourself, for the knowledge of any art or service cannot be bestowed upon you. Learning is one thing ; knowledge is another, which is far greater ; and in order to *know*, you and I must stand in the silence of our own beings, dependent upon the energy and aspirations of our own souls, not forgetting our loved ones, not forgetting the needs of others, but willing at all times to devote ourselves for an infinite purpose to suffering if necessary, to walking in dark pathways if thereby we may gain a grander existence, to embodying ourselves in such forms as will enable us to attain the experience we may require. For, think you, wisdom is limited ? Think you, you have all knowledge ? Think you, any one moment you can grasp sufficient knowledge to gaze upon worlds and systems of worlds and feel the mighty touch of that infinite energy that cradled you as a soul in the storm and bore you onward ? Think you, friends, that all of that wisdom that has spread before you the beauties, the glories and the grandeurs of universal life such as you with your limited vision can behold—think you that wisdom has spent itself ? Think you knowledge has become exhausted ? Think you that you are destined to live an endless life, you can have but little conception of, and still,

with all the faculties you are now conscious of, and have no use for them? Nothing to call out the mighty energy of the human soul? Nothing to call out the deep seated art that finds only a faint expression here? Nothing to call out that science that you dream not of, but which you shall investigate, and reveal to yourselves all the mysteries that now seem so strange and incomprehensible?

All that is incomprehensible, all that is shadowy, all that may seem to you impossible, bursts with lustre upon your spiritual vision beyond the ken of your physical senses and intellectual perceptions, and in that realm toward which you are tending, or, more properly speaking, in the realms of life in which you are even now dwelling you may find all the possibilities of your being and the power whereby they may find expression. Do not understand me to mean your outer lives: I am referring to yourselves in these embodiments, bearing with you in the centre of your beings, wisdom-gems, pearls and diamonds of beauty and radiance and of untold value, not because of their brilliancy and material worth, but because, in the sense that diamond cuts diamond and thereby adds a greater lustre, a new vibration is caused; in the sense, also, that every expression of every power you possess, however faint it may be, finds something more than an echo in the boundless ocean of wisdom.

I wish to impress upon you this one thought; namely, that you have much to learn. I wish also to impress you with one other thought; that with all your knowledge, with all your self-conceit, with all your ignorance, you have never caught a glimpse of that inner temple where I stand even now, glittering with diamonds of thought and breathing its baptism all around, where the echoes rising from human hearts vibrate 'neath and around me, chanting an anthem that breathes to me the sentiment of your souls. Every one of you with aspirations lofty, I say to you, smother them not; every one of you with trust and yet

fear, bury your fears and trusting in yourselves, be willing outwardly that the soul shall guide you, realizing that knowledge therein exists which will bear you onward and still onward unerringly.

I am glad more than words can tell to come in touch with your lives, to send from our Sun Temple waves of light that I know will illuminate your souls wherever you may wander. Whatever may be your experiences here, wherever your embodiments may bear you, sometime each one of you I shall greet and point you to the little radiating star that shall remain in my home, remain a thing of beauty and of reality, and that star is the thought that you give out to me this morning.

O children, with all the wisdom that worlds and systems of worlds may imply, and all the aspirations of your souls rising higher and still higher, bear this truth, this thought evermore with you; that you cannot cease to be, that you are, and just as long as you strive to govern yourselves by the outward senses, to that degree you smother the soul. Can you not, then, trust that Infinite Wisdom, that All-embracing Love that never falters or fails? Can you not trust yourselves as the little child trusts the father or mother and knows no fear? and trusting yourselves forget not that when the soul speaks you will know it. When, from the deep depths of your beings after you have laid aside these forms, whatever from within shall be your experience, you will know as you experience it; but you will learn there when seeking for wisdom, to put aside your own plans, when seeking for power to put aside your own ideas; you will learn there to say to the soul within, to yourselves, "Point me whatsoever pathway, bear me into the atmosphere of whatsoever planet, guide me in whatever mission shall be best for the world, best for the great work I desire to aid in accomplishing," knowing that this will be best for you also.

Trustingly I have greeted you this morning, and I

hope that no thought I have expressed may disturb you, but may it cause you to look within and measure yourselves according to the standard of your own soul, then with one, not momentary, but constant, aspiration for all the wisdom and knowledge you can possess yourselves of, with an entire abandonment of all your preconceived ideas and ignorance, in perfect trust float on the ocean of life, knowing that no power can deceive you, no harm can befall you, for the knowledge within shall guide you and the bright, beautiful realms beyond send you such wisdom and such a baptism of love and quickening force that you will feel as I do, what e'er betide me matters not.

I love to live, O Life,
To be e'en more in love with thee,
To pass from life to greater life,
And thus all measure by my soul,
As gathering in from worlds untold,
From realms unknown to you, maybe,
I gather e'en as gather you,
All you here require or there shall know.

NO. 2.

ADDRESS

BY SPIRIT ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 10, 1900.

INVOCATION.

BENEATH the light that sheds its infinite lustre over and throughout the wide realm of human existence ; before the great path that opens wider and still wider to the advancing soul ; before the radiance that, flashing from worlds and systems of worlds, blends in one mighty, triumphant wave, breathing its anthem of redemption ; before the joy beaming from the faces pressing forward over the great avenue of life, and 'midst the aspirations and expressions of humanity embodied, we pause to ask, O Life, what art Thou, and whither dost Thy pathway wind ? Around, and around, and yet around the mighty tide of being rolls, revolving in the great ocean of evolution and lifting the soul above its previous consciousness. Before that infinite and unseen altar that glitters in the diadem

of infinitude, permit us to uplift our aspirations, breathe our gladness, and rejoice in the life that now is and in the hope and expectation of a broader and grander existence.

ADDRESS

I HAVE no apology to offer for being in your presence unseen, no apology to offer because I find myself an individual existing still, no apology to offer because, bounding out from the mortal form, I landed on fairer shores; and for whatever I may have uttered in the past I have likewise no apology to make.

I gave as best I could the thoughts that were mine. I repudiated, because I *must* if I used my own intelligence, the Christian's plan of salvation. I told the people I did not believe in a continued existence; and if you have no evidence to the contrary outside creed and Bible, you have no more than had I. I stand in your presence today unseen because it is my privilege thus to do.

There are some before me who have listened to words uttered by me in the past, and I think they will bear me out in the statement I am about to make, that I feared no man, and some have made the remark that I feared neither God, man nor the devil. I do not at the present time. Standing on the platform of a conscious individuality, should I fear that of which I have no consciousness, no understanding? should I fear a myth? should I fear a dream? I did not, and I do not believe in the Christians' God; I did not, and I do not believe in the Christians' devil, and therefore I have no pleas to make in these directions, but just remember in the mighty tide of being that you may not have revealed to you all, and unless it is revealed to you, you cannot know.

However, I am here because I am, and perhaps some of you may think I have something to say in relation to the Bible. I am not going to dwell upon that subject today. Do you know you would not thank me if I came into your presence bringing a last year's almanac, and I would just as soon do so as to rehearse your Bible stories. I told you they were myths in the past, and every intelligent man, woman and child who reads the book by the lighted taper of their own reason cannot dispute my assertion. I never said that there were not some passages that would be good for you and me and all to live, but for all that it is not necessary that we should worship the past, that we should worship a volume.

I wish simply to say here and now (you perhaps understand that I am a child in manifesting in this way) that I am speaking through the organism of a woman who never liked me, who never had any sympathy with me, who was indifferent to my opinions because she knew I was short sighted and blind, and the lighted shafts of intelligence speeding from the minds of those who had forded the bright river of life, gave to her a consciousness that made her intelligence as a soul superior to mine. Therefore, whatever I say, you may understand very well is of myself.

You, no doubt, or most of you, realize the great fact of the continuity of life. Perhaps some of you are as I was, and ask for evidence that does not come to you. Be that as it may, I know very well when I say to you that I am here because I still exist, it is no evidence to you, and therefore I have no pleadings to make in that direction. I know I have risen from the material form. You will know, when you have passed through the change, that you have risen from the material form, and then you will realize that a boundless ocean of widest intelligence and loftiest thought peoples the grand realm that may lift its glory topped clouds above your prostrate being. I make this

statement because as I entered the spirit world I found myself prostrate, I found myself a living entity, but by the side of that material form which had been mine, and when it had been disposed of I was, as it were, prostrated beneath the great kindling golden light that beamed above me, and I knew I lived.

I have much to learn. Do not for one moment assume that I have entered your presence with the thought that I am capable of instructing you in spiritual matters. I am one with you on the great ocean of life, striving to grasp more and more ; and I am one with you in the cause of humanity, one with you in that cause whose mighty blows, one by one, shall undermine the vast temple of superstition, one by one break the chains that hold in thralldom so many human beings until people shall no longer cry as now, "We are Christians here, and at the command of our God and because of our Christianity we are slaying our kind in mid ocean."

I do not call that religion, I call it common sense coupled with intelligence that teaches you and me that human rights are our rights, and that if we are true men and women we should labor to undermine all institutions and all forces that fetter humanity. I feel that this is my mission for a time (how long it may be I cannot say), and my blows may be feeble and far between, but if so it will not be my fault. In view of the fact that we can never cease to be and that we are living for a purpose, it behooves us in spirit or material life to see to it that we ourselves take up the line of march and dare penetrate wherever slavery exists, wherever injustice is dealt out, and wherever wrong is found.

There was one altar before which I loved to bow when in the material world. That altar today I reverence above creed, form and ceremony, and I wish that you might, every one of you, reverence the same and live in its shadow continually—the home altar, and by home I

mean not simply a shelter, but the place where love abides, where man reverences the wife who is to him more than all the world, where the father plays with his children, a child once again himself, and where the children are taught the brightest morality, the broadest love and the divinest truths.

There are some people who used to think that I had one weak spot. Maybe I had. I have it still. If I had that weak spot I assure you it did not die out when I left the material world, and that was the boundless love of my being for my home and family. I would, had I the power, plead with not only every one of you but with all humanity to live in the home, to work for it, to love it. No matter about the Christ, the God, the devil or any of those who have had the front so long; they have certainly been sent to the back seat and behold love triumphs where hatred could no longer exist. In speaking of hate who can wonder there has been and is so much of that element in the world? Who can wonder there are discords, strife and wars when you consider that humanity has so long been taught to worship, through the Bible, those attributes that, cemented, may be expressed in the phrase, "damn you," for, when you come to Christianity you all understand that this has been the great lever whereby it has crushed human souls: the power of the fear of God, the power of the fear implanted in the hearts of the children of men that even if they were washed in the blood that flowed for the salvation of the world, God Almighty might still be angry with them. No one could know when the face of the Christians' God would be turned upon His children in wrath or when it would be wreathed in smiles.

Now let me say one word about the volume the Christian world regards as sacred. No intelligent man can read it and not discover that its inconsistencies and its contradictions are multitudinous. You will read in one place that God swore by Himself because He could swear

by no greater. There is no sense in all this. Then, in Genesis, first chapter, we read that God made the world and was well satisfied, but in the sixth chapter we find that the wicked so multiplied and thrived that He became discouraged and sorry and regretted that he had made man at all, and I don't wonder at it.

I am not here to criticise the Bible, and I cite these instances only because I want you to understand, if I make an expression that hurts you, that you may take the same volume and read it from Genesis to Revelation and you will find not only these but many more marked illustrations of what, if I were to make similar statements through a medium, you would call fraud. In one instance you will find that the son was older than the father; in another you will discover the fact that a manifestation was given to Elijah, when, according to Bible chronology, he had been translated fifteen years before, and, therefore, if the manifestation came, which I do not question or dispute, it came to him after he had crossed the river.

I want to talk to you, Spiritualists, Intidels, Baptists, Methodists, whatever you are or profess to be I care not—I wish to talk to you as men, women and children who are striving as I trust you are, to know and understand what life signifies, having as you do have, I will not say greater opportunities than I had, but having as great certainly to learn of life and the possibilities thereof. As I have already stated I am not supposed to be capable of teaching you of that life “over there” as many another man. I am one with you here and now, and if humanity requires my assistance in gaining or retaining that freedom which is the birthright of every man, woman and child I am more than ready to use my influence in their behalf, for it is because of the lack of freedom that you have bad creeds which have belittled every human soul, it is because of the lack of perfect freedom that you have to-day political parties that are as great a curse to the world as Christianity has been.

Some of you I am sure will not accept this view of the case, but it does not matter. They are a curse to the world because they are indeed nursing trusts and corporations and those forms of life that any one versed in Blackstone will tell you give no show whatever to justice. I make this statement because I wish to call all humanity out from beneath the very shadows of Christianity into the broad prairie of humanitarian effort, into that great arena of life where soul stands revealed to soul and each one is measured according to his intelligence, where manhood dare be true to itself. And certainly you would expect no less of me. You might expect a great deal more than you will receive evidence of at the present time, but that does not matter. You would never expect me at least to voice a thought that was not fearless, you would not expect me to give utterance to that which I did not believe in myself, and not only believe in but think I had convincing evidence of. The only reason I did not acknowledge the fact of spirit-life was because I was so, perhaps, stupid that I could not realize it, and now I realize one thing that I did not before : Every soul, every individual, has his mission, and they are wise if they fulfill it as best they can, if they enter the arena fearlessly.

I feel that my life was laid out in the groove in which I labored. Do not think for one moment that I speak egotistically. I know I shattered some people's houses. I know I caused saints and sometimes sinners to quiver because I did not fear their God, but what does that matter ? I was living my life and striving to do that which would quicken human hearts to a consciousness of the power of justice, and I do not think any of you who have ever heard me can say that I ever strove to express to humanity any sentiment that, if they lived in accordance with, would make them less noble. I would when here have made every man, woman and child not only freer, but would have rejoiced in seeing them attain that freedom that knows no

fear. You sometimes sing, "Dare to Do Right," and then forget all about it. It is perhaps a better sentiment than I can give you at the present time, and I would that it were so deeply engraved upon every human heart that because of it you would carry the battle-ax of freedom through all the pathways wherein you might walk and dare use it in spite of the unpopularity it might bring you, in spite of the frowns of those with whom you might mingle. And as for denunciation I can tell you from my own experience that after you get a little used to it you won't mind it at all, because you will know that you have striven and are striving to do your best. I felt that this life, like the flower, was soon to end, and not having the assurance of another life I was earnest in endeavoring to do all I could, not to prepare humanity to die, not to tell them what to do to be happy "there," but to urge them to be true here. Were I in the mortal form I would do the same to-day, and if the heaven you have hoped to gain and that has been prayed about so long does exist, if you learn that continued existence is a fact, you will not find yourself stripped and bare. I assure you that after finding myself in this new life I did not find a barren wilderness of woe and sorrow and misery. No doubt a great many Christians would feel that I did not get my deserts, but that need not trouble them. I followed in the pathway of noble men who gave me my first insight into the realm of illimitable grandeur toward which my face is set to-day.

In order to give you the best thoughts possible I wish to say that I congratulate you, every one, who know you live and cannot cease to exist; I congratulate you, every one, who are in constant, sweet communion with your ascended loved ones. And here I wonder, and wonder, and wonder still, that, with that sweet communion and the divine consciousness that is awakened in your souls as it must be in consequence of the knowledge of the continuity of life,—I wonder that you are not more earnest,

more alive to the vital forces of that power that brings to the soul its sweetest baptism. Realizing this, I am surprised that the Spiritualists in this and other lands are not more widely awakened. You delight to receive the loving messages from your dear ones, you are happy to receive the glad tidings of great joy, you aspire to be crowned with the golden diadem of truth glittering with rare jewels, but what are you doing to make the world better? what are you doing and daring in the creed-bound and Rome-bemuddled world?

Do not think I blame anyone. I should be the last one to cast a stone, but I do say to you that it seems so strange to me that your cause languishes, that you have time to quarrel one with another, that the lifting of the veil does not quicken human hearts to a conscious gladness of what has come to me and what will come to each of you. Many Spiritualists told me of the glorious fact while I was in the material form, that their dear ones lived beyond the River of Death, and that they communicated with them, but I was so constituted that it did not appeal to me as a truth.

I realize that as I built and maintained my earthly home for the sake of my loved ones here, so I am building and will maintain my home there to receive them one by one. I love my own no less because I love humanity, and I love humanity no less because I love my own so much, for the reason that in every human heart the fount of love is inexhaustible. If it were not for love, I say here and now, even in view of the glad hill-tops clad in beauty and grandeur I cannot express, even in view of the glory-beams that sweep from realms beyond, which I aspire to and shall reach by-and-by, if love were less to me than when in the mortal form, if I felt it would ever fade away and die, life were worthless and I would gladly lay it aside if it were possible, for without the intertwining of soul with soul by the power of love, without the prompting

through love to aid another, I care not for existence. But I am happy to say that as far as my experience goes, the deepest vibrations of love, greater than I ever dreamed of, thrill every fibre of my being and prompt my soul. I receive no message from the heavens above, no fear from the depths below, if there are any, no command from whatever may surround me, but from my own soul the prompting comes, "Go onward and complete life's mission; go onward and labor for humanity!"

Therefore I am in your presence to-day, rejoicing in your kindly smiles, rejoicing in your forbearance, realizing as I do that it is with difficulty I express myself at all and cannot as fully as I would. But this much allow me to say: Never since early manhood did I know what fear was, and in all the efforts I may make, in all the ideas I may put forth as time and opportunity permit, I assure you that I dare all things always in all places for the truth. I am determined to express it as far as I have the power and to live it as far as I can. I consider it a joy to battle against the forces that are fettering mankind, and as for laboring continually I certainly am devoting myself to striving to become capable and competent, if not to instruct my kind by word of mouth, at least to give them a supply of that force that I think you can realize I may possess.

If I understand Spiritualism, as you call it, it is the power that, sweeping from the realm of those gone before, will eventually redeem the world from all superstition, from all Christian error, and bring them out into the freedom of a noble manhood and womanhood where they may delight to vie, if need be, with one another in securing a weak one's rights just as quickly and earnestly as they would in securing their own.

I am not speaking of warfare on the field of battle. I need not, because at the present time humanity sleeps before the bloody altar and consents by its silence that

Molochs shall rule, consents by its silence that thousands shall be trampled under foot and robbed of the rights of manhood and womanhood that are inherently theirs. Hence I maintain that I have the right and shall exercise it, or strive to, of pleading, as opportunities are presented to me, that children may not only be permitted to be born right, but that they may be reared truly and healthfully. I shall continue to plead to humanity to seek after health instead of sickness; I shall continue to labor, as far as I have the power to enlighten them, that they may understand that their stomachs are not the places in which to store all questionable things, and that health, when you get used to it, when you seek for it, when you feel you need it, when you are determined to have it, is far more catching than all the disease afloat in the land.

When your children and children's children are brought up strictly honest and healthful, the nation will be crowned with the glory of manhood and the graces of womanhood. Then no slaves will be found groaning in the byways, no orphan children will cry in vain for food, no hospitals will flourish where incurables are forced to part with hope as they crowd together, but out from the mighty thralldom of disease and the damnation of the medical faculty, shall arise the great tide of intelligence that shall teach humanity to be healthy and wise, to eat and drink properly and think healthy thoughts, and then you will have Spiritualists who will be worthy the name, then you will have men and women worthy to be citizens of this great land that you and I love so well. Then shall I come and sit by the side of some patriarch beneath his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make afraid, for truth and justice shall prevail.

You have your homes in cities, towns and countries; you have your gardens filled with fruits and flowers and your houses with treasures of more or less value to you; you have hundreds of police to guard them, and still your

walls are scaled, your flowers stolen, your fruit-trees stripped, your houses robbed and you yourselves are assaulted; the little Arabs brought up in the street are even taught to commit those crimes that will lead them by-and-by to prison if not to the gallows.

Here we come to another point upon which I desire to touch; that terrible insult to civilization, that terrible terrible insult to the very claim of Christianity—the gallows, the taking of human life by authority vested in state or nation, for every intelligent individual knows that if one man has slain another and it is wrong to kill, than likewise it is just as much murder to kill the murderer. Although the Christians claim to believe as infallible every word in that so-called sacred volume, the Bible, and we are supposed to accept that claim and to believe that they live up to it, yet with the golden letter “Thou shalt not kill,” glittering before them, they are slaying right and left, not only the one who has slaughtered the victim of his wrath, stupidity or avarice, but as a nation they are fighting a weak and innocent people. And America is proud of her battle-ships and the terrible havoc they have wrought and may yet make.

O, America, did I ever dream that thou wouldst become a war nation! Did I ever dream that Christianity, with its bloody trail and its cruel pathway, would hold up its hand and swear it was just thus to slay!

Why, people, are you aware of the brink upon which you are standing, that brink upon which the waves of Christianity have borne you, laving the shores of Freedom's land, and giving, as you all know, sorrow, and causing anguish throughout the wide world? Have the weeping mothers, the grief stricken fathers, the innocent children and sweet wives no voice in this great matter of crime and wrong—a damnable war? If not, then indeed has America sold her birthright for a mess of pottage; if not, then has humanity shrunk from the fulfillment of its high office;

if not, then men have slept beneath the very altar of freedom while the cry of millions has gone up asking in vain for justice.

I make these remarks because I wish you to think. I hope after you have ceased to hear this voice you will think not simply of that which I have uttered, but think for yourselves, every one, and ask : Are you an atom floating on life's ocean at the mercy of this, that or the other wind that blows ? or are you a soul, a man, standing on the platform of freedom and demanding justice for yourselves, but no more for yourselves than for all others ?

Beautiful it is to many, no doubt, to think that after the strife and turmoil of this life, they are going to float into the calm sea of immortality. Beautiful, it seems to me, (some Spiritualists think it is,) to know their friends passed on before them are waiting to guide them into a haven of rest. I for one found my condition on the farther side just what my life here had made it. I never claimed to be a spiritual man, and I was not, but I claim that my love for my family and humanity was indeed the brightest jewel I possessed. I do not as yet understand all of those spiritual forces that ebb and flow on the great shore of immortality, but I am determined still to labor for human rights and to wield whatever power I may have to quicken human hearts, to quiet their fears, to ease their burdens and rescue them from sorrow and suffering.

I trust that there are none here present, who, if standing upon the shore and seeing some child of humanity sinking beneath the dark sea waves, would not at once plunge into the water and save the life of the unfortunate individual while the crowd looking on and cried "Bravo!" But here is humanity sinking lower and still lower in a slavery that binds your hands, your tongues and would fain fetter your very thoughts, and you gaze in apathy at the spectacle, for you are fast becoming a nation of cowards. Understand, I mean no insult, but answer me this : If a man

folds his arms while he sees wrong being perpetrated upon the right hand and upon the left, is he faithful to the high trust of an exalted manhood? is he faithful to the Christ incarnate within him, the one and only power that can save him from his errors?

I leave you to answer these questions but allow me to say also in asking them that I would I could quicken the pulse of the Spiritualists, for I realize that they possess a power of which they are unconscious. Why, do you know that if you Spiritualists had the keen wit and will to do and dare, if you had one-tenth the same devotion to principle and a determination that Freedom's voice shall be heard as had Abner Kneeland, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and others of that little group of brave men, who banded themselves together to war against southern slavery, you would have sufficient power to control the great army in the political arena and start the grand anthem of liberty rolling from the Atlantic over the prairies of the west even to the Pacific, and everywhere it swept, some human child would join in its mighty cadence, awakening the world to spiritual thought, to activity and a consciousness of the need of freedom in its broadest and deepest sense.

I thank you, friends, every one, for your kind attention. I did not enter your presence expecting in any way to give you any marked demonstration. I have given you the thoughts that burned within my soul, and I would to high heaven I had the power to cause them to catch fire and flame in your very hearts that you might go forth to-day, to-morrow, the next day and every day with the determination to be grander and dare all things for the truth, and no longer when you are sometimes in the society of those who scoff at Spiritualism join them in a sneer at it. I am aware that some of you say you know that it is a great and grand truth now without having passed through the change, hence all I have to add is this :

What you *know*, dare maintain before pastor, priest or pope, for there is no power on earth, there is no throne upon which a human being ever sat that the truth fears, and you have only changed to your greater self when you have laid aside the garments of fear and dare be free.

I congratulate you, then, in the attainments you have made, in the consciousness of the spiritual baptism that comes to you, and I am one with you, friends, in seeking to obtain more knowledge. I assure you that I shall strive to be a studious scholar, and I assure you likewise that when I grasp a truth, it matters not what it may be or where it may greet me, I shall, as I have opportunity, hurl it at humanity from time to time, for the great battle-ax must be, as it has already been, struck at the root of the tree of evil and wrong, of superstition and injustice, and that tree, by the eternal forces of infinite life, I can swear it unto you, shall be laid low.

Closing remarks by Spirit Hiram Abiff.

In the name of the guides we thank you one and all for every kindly expression during the season, and we give you the assurance that, wherever you wander during the weeks you do not gather here, you will still be in our charge. We shall watch over you, we shall strive to quicken your thoughts and bring you the best blessings we can.

Now before the veiled altar of Isis we, with you, would uplift our thoughts, asking to be enabled to pierce broader cycles, and behold beyond the veiling the glory of the greater truth.

NO. 3.*

WHY?

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT HIRAM ABIFF,

(A PHENICIAN OF ABOUT 3,000 YEARS SINCE.)

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1900.

INVOCATION.

WITH the consciousness of the power of that silence that breathes its divine blessing throughout all Nature, with the consciousness of the infinite forces that cradle matter in their immensity, with the consciousness of the divine pulsations of life even from the least unto the greatest, we pause before the great Isis for that thorough unveiling that shall enable the children of this planet to realize the divine possibilities within themselves, to behold as in a mirror the powers that wait to be unfolded, to behold by the quickening process of the soul that growth which is exemplified by the intelligence that marks the standard of the individual. O, Life, in all Thy wide unveilings, amid all the divinity of thine every expression, man may well pause, and bow in reverence before Thy

*In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

wondrous workings. Turning from the search through space into unknown realms, he may trace the life and the forces that bespeak life cradled within and around the planet upon which he dwells, repeating the story continually of growth, of expansion, of higher expressions and of grander attainments. May we all stand upon the great square of Thine everlasting truths in order to gaze always into the bright canopy that spreads its pinions above us and flashes its light into the deep depths where matter in Thy great laboratory repeats the lessons of life; for there shall man find, when he seeketh the power he has called God, cradled amid the atoms, that infinite power that speaks in thunder tones, in broader expressions, through greater developments. Yet there, where atom vies with atom, where matter in all its symmetry unveils its divine possibilities, and, in the silence of its might, speaks to soul incarnate in the same—there, O there, in Nature's laboratory, shall man find himself face to face with that power he has sought for so long in vain.

May the blessing of the white robed angels gathered here and the sweet benediction of love passing from your hearts, one unto the other, be the blessing that rests upon you this morning.

DISCOURSE.

IN the vastness of life's various expressions we may well pause this morning and ask the question, "Why?" Why have you gathered here once again after the wanderings of the few weeks that have passed since we last met in this temple and sit waiting for us to bring you that which shall give your souls deeper wisdom and more spirituality? Why am I striving to express to you

thoughts that I hope may not be uttered in vain? Why are we making the effort to concentrate, more and still more, the forces we may gather in the great universe of life? Why are we endeavoring, when you assemble together, to weave the emanations that outspread from your beings into garments that some soul may wear? You may, perhaps, think this a strange thought, but you do not know how busy your spirit friends and others are in gathering up the emanations from your lives that are befitting and appropriate for the same, weaving therewith that which shall benefit others, that which, outreaching, unseen and unrecognized save as they touch your brain, go forth on their mighty, unending mission; for, wherever we may be, whatever may have been our individual careers, one thing you can certainly understand, life has its purpose.

In the deep stillness of the night when the clear atmosphere permits you to gaze into the immensity of space, methinks you realize more than at any other time what silence signifies, especially if you stand on the mountain top or in the low, calm valley away from all mankind, with only the myriads of worlds in their revolutions smiling down upon you. Still the mighty engine of life throbs and still the mighty forces of the universe surge to and fro, and we learn more of ourselves, more of life, more of the reason why we live, perhaps, than at any other time.

No one can question that there is a purpose in life, and therefore this morning I grant you that I, as an individual, realize and appreciate your presence here, knowing that there is a purpose in the same. I gladly welcome you in the name of the band and of our co-workers; I welcome you in the name of humanity and of enduring truth; I welcome you in the name of that truth that cannot perish, and in consequence of the work that we are accomplishing here, I bid you welcome. I know you have brought good thoughts. I know you are here looking out toward the coming season thinking of what may be accomplished, and

thinking also, or at least I am, of what you can do to add to the volume of that power that shall measure the accomplishment.

I have a deeper thought, a deeper joy, because I feel that you are desirous of co-operating with us in making the spiritual atmosphere of this temple sweeter and more beautiful by the harmony you will bring with you from time to time. Let it be to you, as it is to me and my compeers, a sacred hour, a sacred mission. I would not have you, as you behold the manifestations that will occur during the season, carried away with those demonstrations, however wonderful and beautiful they may be, without any desire on your part to supply some force that will add to the volume of the power we expect to use to enrich your souls as well as instruct your minds.

Our work during the past few weeks has gone on. We have had no vacation ; we required none. Every moment, every hour and every day, as you measure time, some one of our band is engaged in the atmosphere of this temple in forwarding the work to which it was dedicated. We did not aid in its erection simply that it might become a by-word to ignorant minds, but, nevertheless, knowing well that it would become such and a source of unpleasantness to many, because bigots never like to see truth rear its shaft from the marble square of life upon which it rests.

The world has been seeking afar off for that power that is considered the greatest and most wonderful of all, seeking by throwing its thoughts, hoping by searching the heavens, by reading the lessons told by the stars as they obey the mighty universal power, to find there the First Great Cause. But there it will never be found ; only its higher and grander expression. There never was, there never can be a beginning ; but man shall learn to bow his proud head and find in the unveiling of the Isis, the unveiling of Nature in her deepest depths ; he shall read the lesson in the atoms and all the little forms which are ex-

pressing themselves day by day, and behold in those chambers of life that you might call cold and unfeeling, where no intelligence apparently is manifest, that same law operating that draws in the expressions of your lives, your soul to another. Mankind seek their mates by the law of attraction, and by the blending of the two, new offspring, new forms of life come into existence. Thus the earth is peopled. And so, deep down where no mind that you can sense has ever reached, you will find in every department of Nature that same power of attraction. Even in the smallest expressions of life atom attracts and enfolds atom, and from that embrace another form finds expression.

Here, then, we shall lead you, or rather point you ; and when humanity can take the time, friends, from the pursuit of war, from all that which belittles mankind as it spreads its devastating power over the world to-day—when you have the time to turn about and enter the inner chamber of life, stand before Nature's unveiling, plant your feet upon the great square of truth, and with the penetrating perceptions of the soul, read the lessons contained in what you call the lower world, you will find that intelligence is not limited or confined, that it is not above the possession of man, but that every atom possesses intelligence (call it any other name if you wish) sufficient for itself. You behold, if you study closely, in the existence of even the tiny insect, many expressions that man gives forth in his existence. By the same law of life it multiplies as man multiplies.

In the great arcanum of life man has turned from the real and sought the shadow ; turned from fact incarnate in every form of existence, and sought for some image of the God that has been and is only a creation of his own brain.

To-day we commence the work of what you, dear children, call another season. Must I say to you that it will be to you and those you may bring with you from time to

time even as you will? or shall I say, As you aid us by your kindly expressions, by your harmony one with the other, by the laying aside of all unkind thoughts towards one another, and enter the divine portals with your souls attuned to the sweet cadences of love, you will receive the best we are capable of expressing on this plane of being at the present time? When I speak of love I do not mean the attraction that one atom has for another, one insect for another of its kind, or one human being for another human being, but I refer to that love that is the essence of harmony and that you and I only understand as we attune ourselves, nor wait for any other, to the harmonies of life. Then we shall find no discord save that which is evolved by the expression of ignorance emanating from souls that fail to understand the law; it is then that the spiritual life may be lived.

Is it of no interest or value to you if we tell you of our homes over there, of the lives that we have lived? It will not be unless you live a life of purity, a life of spirituality.

I have no purpose to speak to you of myself this morning. It matters not to me whether you think of me as one or as another, for what is one life or one individual when we measure our length, not side by side with our kind, but side by side with that mighty shaft of truth that unveils the possibilities within the human soul?

Thus, dear friends, before the all-seeing consciousness cradled within your beings, may you be guided wisely and well and understand, as you do doubtless understand, that in building a temple the true workman, when he lays the brick, or performs his appointed labor in whatever direction it may be, endeavors to adjust every part to every other part that the result may be perfect symmetry. So within this external temple we ask you to continue to aid us in beautifying the spiritual temple that mortal eyes as yet have not seen. When the people shall gather in these

seats and give us an atmosphere free from ignorance, scorn, derision and craftiness, there will be revealed to the patient waiters an inner temple illuminated by the power that has erected it, and is demanded to complete it. To us the outer temple is not ; to you the inner temple is unseen ; but I say to you here and now that it shall be revealed to you, not, however, until you are worthy the revelation.

If you ask the question, " Why is this inner temple erected ? " I answer you this morning thus : These outer walls serve their purpose, and you need not be told what that purpose is. The inner temple that has been built by noble craftsmen, every one faithful to their duty, is intended to shield our friends from all antagonism, and shield you likewise when you come here with more and still more spiritual atmospheres, from the cruder material atmospheres that surround you. This is not all. Another reason why we purpose so presenting this temple to you is that you if possible may have a clearer idea of the temples there where sometimes you may stand beholding the unveiling of the Isis that was and is not, where you may stand and revel in the glory beams of beauty that shall not flash upon you from others, but outspread as emanations from your own lives.

O mortals, why need I ask you to strive to live more fully and completely day by day in accordance with your highest sense of what is just and right ! It is not for me to say to you, Live thus and so. I would place before you no lesson in words. I only ask you to read that which is traced upon the tablet of your own souls, gather your own wisdom, and *live* as devotedly, as perfectly, as truly as it is possible for you to live in your environments. You can, I am sure, understand why I say this. You must know that *professing* any religion does not make any one good. You must know that, accepting the fact of our return, does not improve your lives unless you strive to live better

day by day, unless you banish all unkindly thoughts, exercise more patience, be sweet and tender always. I know you will say that it is impossible. I fear it may be without a struggle. Nevertheless it is an accomplishment that you must acquire either here or yon, and if you acquire it here you aid us beyond expression and you aid yourselves as well.

I know that there is no one before me this morning who would say, "It does not matter what I do if I only believe what is good," because you all know that belief fades away. What you are is the standard of your manhood and your womanhood. I am here to aid you, to quicken you by a thought if possible that you may uplift yourselves until, in the clear sight of one who has been blind and had his eyes opened, you may behold, not the world around you, but a greater, a more important revelation; namely, yourselves as you are. No man, no woman and no child can be without employment if they undertake to correct themselves, if they undertake to overcome ail ignorance and live the perfect life.

When I say "the perfect life," I do not speak of it as a finality. We, on our side, have much to learn. As a little child I stand by your side, knowing that what I ask of you I have just as much reason to accomplish for myself. It is true that I have lived just beyond, and where I stand this morning no clouds hang low, no showers disturb, but the golden rays of infinite truth in all their majestic beauty gild all things. I gaze around and behold worlds upon worlds guided by the unerring hands of those who have become masters of planets, of atoms, of life. I behold in all their pleasantness and peace the groves where sages gather to exchange emanations and thoughts. Gathered in temples of worship and of labor we have learned to strike down by a bolt of power, as it were, through the atmosphere of different planets and listen to the voices of the atoms as they sing the great song of progressiveness.

O children, let us remember that with all that you can sense—and what you sense is very small in comparison with what you cannot—every atom, every vibration of life teems with your aspirations in mounting the great stairway where, gazing outward, with one glance you shall behold the power that has made all things possible, and in its clear unveiling you shall see the great law of cause and effect in its perfect workings. Here you shall learn that by that unerring law every form of life is governed as perfectly as is man. Here you shall find and realize your relationship as never before to the little things, and then to you the insignificant form shall become as beautiful as the rose. Deep down in the dark mud where you have scorned to look even, you shall find the mighty operation of cause and effect working with all its silent power and force, and by the upheaval of the same shall come forth higher forms, each, in your estimation, grander, nobler and diviner than its predecessor. The darkest material substances are pregnant with spirit; therefore let us remember that from that upon which man has been wont to gaze with scorn, disgust or indifference, comes forth the power that has made it possible for this planet to round itself out in its present stage of beauty and grandeur, to clothe itself and maintain an atmosphere more wonderful than its form.

Onward and still onward shall this great power roll. It cannot be destroyed. By and by when the purpose of this planet has been accomplished and this planetary system requires it, it shall change. Every atom and form of life, every vibration that centers here shall center elsewhere; and in the mighty moving and removing of worlds and systems of worlds, in the new births, and grander unfoldments, man shall learn that not he alone changes his form for a higher growth and a diviner manifestation, but all Nature vies with him in the great purpose of a thorough and complete spiritualization.

May your attractions, dear children, be such as you are worthy of, and may your lives be devoted to building yourselves in the sense that you shall become noble and grand in the highest manhood and womanhood that it is possible for you to attain in this existence.

NO. 4.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND
TOMORROW.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(A CLERGYMAN WHO PASSED TO THE
HIGHER LIFE IN 1893.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 7, 1900.

INVOCATION.

BEFORE Thine infinite altar, O Life, Light and Joy of our beings, unfolding Thy wondrous manifestations upon every hand, breathing Thy benediction upon all Thy children, we bow in praise and thanksgiving. Wheresoever they may be uttered, in whatsoever direction we may send out our thoughts, O Father and Mother nature, Thy life finds expression. There, from whatever manifestation we may contemplate, we may inbreathe something of Thy power, something of that glory that belongs to worlds and systems of worlds, something of that grandeur that adorns the mind of Thy children. O Life, we sail in Thy crystal wavelets, rising higher and still higher, drawing nearer and still nearer, O Father and Mother God, unto Thee in that we draw nearer and still nearer to that temple of

knowledge within ourselves whose store expresses itself as we touch Nature's divine revelations.

O ye white-robed ones, tenderly loved by these mortal children, blessed with the blessing that immortality alone can confer, made joyous by the joy that the soul only can measure, as ye bring to these mortals the flowers unfading that have bloomed in the gardens where ye roam, bear unto each sorrowing soul the sweet boon of comfort and consolation, bear unto each one weakened by whatever cause among the vicissitudes of life, that strength, that encouragement that shall enable him to surmount every barrier, and trusting in infinite wisdom, be strong to endure all pain and grief and take his part bravely in life.

O blessed children, ye who turned your faces from the dark earth—even with the first drawing of that breath that fled so swiftly, lay your tender lips upon the brows and lips of these loved ones who have called you dead so long. May the life-quickenning impulse from your beings enable them to realize the great fact of the life of light and gladness upon which ye have entered.

May all the dear ones return this hour bearing their precious burdens with them. O may you all come in closer touch not only with those you have loved and still love, but through them, by the blessing of our Father and Mother God, may ye come in closer touch with all humanity, that the mighty waves of thought, rising stronger, broader and higher, may speed outward, baptising mankind in the grand waves of life and love even here. May you bear to the children of earth a new religion that shall inspire every soul with the desire to bless every other soul, that shall touch every one as with a benediction from on high, quickening all with holy aspirations and ambitions tending to their own elevation or the elevation of their kind. Be with these mortals, O ye beloved ones, as day follows day. Lead them through the pathways of life as best you can, and make more comprehensible to their

understanding the great fact of your continued existence in all its joyousness, grandeur and glory.

Unto Thee, who art our Father and Mother and Friend, Soul of the planets, the sparrow and the sand-grain, now and forever, before Thy Divine altar, we breathe our gratitude for life and all its experiences.

DISCOURSE.

Only a few weeks and months have passed since we met in this place, and I wonder how much you, how much I, have profited by the lessons of those hours spent here. In this connection I feel like speaking of "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow."

As we take one glance back, realizing this great truth—for I have not the time, neither would you care to listen if I attempted to review all the past that you so well understand—we may marvel at its great accomplishments, its permeating, all-pervading influence.

You all know that I am deeply interested in this mighty truth disseminated here. You also know that the life upon which I have entered is more active and grand, and filled with a purer and loftier ambition than that which I knew while in the material form. I hope and I believe that in this new life I have gathered some power, some knowledge and some wisdom that will enable me, as far as I may be permitted to influence your lives, to aid you as you go out into the world and through you touch the souls of other human beings. For the first great motive that should actuate us, the thought that should fill our minds, even though we are slow in awakening to grasp its importance and significance, should be, let us never forget it, "How shall I live that I may benefit my kind?"

Not, "What shall I do for salvation? What shall I do that I may be saved?" But, "What can I do that I may bless humanity? What can I do that I may live the perfect life?"

When we look back into the past in relation to your Spiritualism, the world's Spiritualism, the great truth that has come to redeem the world, we find that there was not such a complete understanding of the laws of vibration perhaps, not such a complete understanding of the laws of spirit control, but it seems to me that there was a deeper sincerity among the masses; it seems to me that those who sought to learn the facts regarding the claims of Spiritualism entered the seance-room with a holier feeling as if in a sacred presence, and were less actuated by curiosity than are those who seek to investigate the subject today. Then they did not seek the presence of the so-called dead with the feeling, "What can my friends do to please and amuse me?" but in serious earnestness they asked, "What shall I receive that will not only give me evidence that my loved ones still live but enable me to come into closer and more perfect communion with them?"

Knowing somewhat—if you do do not think I did—of the home-circle, I feel that Spiritualists have departed from the path of wisdom in so far as they have departed from the custom of maintaining that institution; for it is there, before the altar where love and harmony should abound, with the hearts of our loved throbbing in sympathy with our own, that the diviner expressions are to be found, the holier aspirations are brightest, and it is there, in my humble opinion, that men, women and children may come in closer spiritual contact with those who have gone before.

As I look back and realize more than when here the value of mediumship, I regard it as the greatest boon that a human being can have, the greatest and

most perfect means whereby to educate the people in spiritual truth that ever was or can be devised. In this day when Spiritualists are departing from the former simplicity of their manner of seeking for the facts that Spiritualism has to offer and going outside those lines of thought suggested by its truths, they have more in common with doctrinal Christianity than ever before.

You may think it strange of me to make such a remark, but I am here, as I shall be wherever duty calls me, to speak the truth as I perceive it at the time of my utterance.

I sorrow when I see so much lightheartedness, levity and thoughtlessness on the part of those entering the seance-room with so little realization of the seriousness and sacredness of the time and the place, all seemingly possessed of the idea, "What can the spirits do to amuse or entertain me?" but expressed perhaps in the words, "What can the spirits do to convince me?"

It seems to me friends, that the greatest and most satisfactory evidence you can ever receive will come to your own souls. You may stand before the psychic and listen to the reading of articles from morning until night, and yet does it educate your souls in those mighty truths that you and I are seeking to understand?

We are not living today as in the yesterday, simply and earnestly. Of course you understand this; it needs no elucidation; it only needs the reference thereto. And yet Spiritualism, opening wide the great gateway that leads to life, light and immortality, beckons every child of humanity to bow before its peerless realities and revel in the multiplicity of its facts. It does not come asking you to receive aught without the evidence of its truth. It demonstrates the fact that your dear ones return and communicate with you from the land beyond, and it demonstrates that fact day by day and hour by hour to your own consciousness, dear children, if, in the only spirit of the

hour you outreach for that which is highest and best, *after you have prepared yourselves for the reception.*

If you were about to present yourself in any place where were gathered a party worthy to be your friends, whose dress and manners were what you call of the very best, you would not think of going there in your old coat, with unkempt hair and unwashed face, but you would dress yourself as carefully as possible, feeling perhaps, "I am equal to the rest." And yet, when Spiritualism spreads its feast and invites you to an entertainment with your angel friends, how many an individual who has spent the day and perhaps the whole week in the busy marts of trade presents himself in garments that have gathered the grime and dirt of the street, and, all unwashed and unkempt as he is, expects to receive the divinest benediction possible.

I am perhaps more earnest in this matter than you think necessary, but to me holiness is holiness and love is love, and there is a proper place for each and every condition of life. If I am seeking the grandest and highest truth that can possibly be revealed to me, if I would receive the divinest revelation that can be made to a finite mind, I must first make myself worthy to receive it. All too much it seems to me Spiritualists divest this great gospel of Spiritualism of its sacredness, and I would give you this, my opinion, without causing offense, for certainly there is no human child, however low, however degraded, that I would not take in my arms today as tenderly as possible and bear it upward into brighter and purer conditions. There is no human child that I would to-day pass by on the other side and scorn to give a smile and cheering word. Therefore I cannot be accused of disregarding the ethics of Spiritualism when I say that in my opinion the encouragement of those who give these manifestations or demonstrations which cannot be classed among spiritualistic phenomena, consisting of the reading of articles and

what the common people call fortune telling, they wrong not only themselves but all who come in contact therewith. They have forgotten to study the divine law that permits mediumship; they have forgotten to learn of the sacred light that shone on the world eighteen hundred years ago and is shining still; they have forgotten, or perhaps they never learned the fact, that Spiritualism came to resuscitate religion in all its purity, in all its brightness, in all its grandeur, in all its glory. The religion of Spiritualism pure and undefiled, is glorious and grand because it is the religion of the soul. It enters into the very life of a being, clothes him in new garments, and crowns him monarch among his kind—not as a monarch in material life, but as one learning to gain the power that shall make him monarch of all things by and through the laws of vibration. It is by and through the laws of vibration that our thoughts find expression in words. If there is a mistake therein it is because we do not thoroughly understand the law.

I am not uttering these words simply to please your fancy or to learn your lesson for you. It is to point you to the scroll that you may read it for yourselves even as I read it for myself.

As we look onward to the tomorrow we may see why it is necessary (in my opinion at least, it may not be in yours) to be prepared to understand every vibration that fans our cheek and brings us power from the spirit-world, every vibration that causes the atmosphere of this planet to tremble with the force which your angel friends bear to the world.

Although knowing something of these manifestations I acknowledge before you that I had a very meagre comprehension thereof. I knew very little of them, I know very little today, comparatively speaking, and I am not here to speak in any pastoral manner, but I am with you as a fellow-student in the field of spiritualistic lore, I am a

companion with you in the great pathway that reaches down to earth and over which we may climb to the golden gateway, finding still beyond Nature lifting her voice and proclaiming the onward march of mankind, the advancement of the soul and the growth of humanity out of discord, out of inharmony, out of war, out of misery, out of crime, out of weakness, out of sin.

Did I not believe that Spiritualism brings all the power that universal life proclaims, not by its loud thunders, not by mighty convulsions, but by the still, silent force that bears your thought and my thought outward on the atmosphere to exert an influence little dreamed of, I should not be here today. Could you behold the thoughts of just the few people sitting before me as I perceive them, rising in the atmosphere, mingling and commingling and separating, some floating off in one direction and some in another, you would understand the power of thought. Here is where soul life begins to find its grander and broader expression. Here is where we stand before the vastness that no finite mind can bound, before the reservoir that is inherent, and realize indeed, dear children, that the yesterdays made possible the conditions of today. If the conditions of today are not what you and I would choose, they are the legitimate offspring of that which has preceded them.

Now I am not pleading for the past, I am pleading for the today that you and I may lift ourselves in all the strength of our manhood and womanhood and take some part in the possibilities of the future. The tomorrows will be what the today is capable of permitting them to be, and so, perforce, of the conditions that shall be ours in the future.

It is of Spiritualism, the glorious life upon which I have entered and its effect upon humanity on earth that I delight to speak more than upon anything else because I am living it, because it appeals to me closer and still clos-

er, and I feel that my life would be so incomplete without it. My soul burns within me as never before to teach mankind the truth as I behold it, to inspire them with the desire to elevate themselves knowing that I cannot aid one human being only by the process of thought. If by one word I can induce one soul today to lead a better life I shall have accomplished my mission. If I say to a man, "Were I you I would lay aside my cigar, I would smoke no more because it injures your spiritual nature," and it would cause that man to lay aside his cigar, I should know I had done a deed for which I would receive a blessing, for in the world beyond he would thank himself that he had the courage to heed my suggestion and carry it out in his own highest expression. I cannot lead another, I cannot elevate another, but I and every one, by the power of suggestion, by the power of thought even though unspoken, may cause those who are doing that which is injurious to themselves, physically, morally or spiritually, to lead more cleanly lives, have higher and holier ambitions and aspirations and a more enduring love for humanity, and when we thus do we are performing our religious duty.

To me there is no religion worthy the name save that which makes you and me better every day of our lives; and how better? I do not wish to say, "by ceasing to do evil and learning to do good." I do not mean that. I mean making ourselves receptive to those influences that, sweeping from the heights of immortal glory, come like messengers of light and love, quickening our every aspiration and desire and lifting us into the atmosphere of those vibrations that shall give to us a boundless power.

It seems to me that if people understood, or strove to study the law of vibration that permits the exercise of mediumship and realized its utility, its beauty, its strength and its grandeur, there would be a far greater expression of psychic force and a deeper, broader and higher devel-

opment. For certainly you and I, each and every one of us, are reaching for the highest and best we can possibly obtain. You and I do not wish to grovel in the mud and the mire when we may wander 'mid the beauties of Nature that are spread everywhere about. We do not wish to wander in the swamps and low-lying places unless we may be able to bless others there by imparting to them a quickening impulse to rise from out the same. I am also sure that for ourselves we desire to know and understand every law that we are capable of apprehending, and I am surprised more and more at my own ignorance and weakness, as well as the ignorance and weakness of others. I am more and more surprised when I learn that scientists, despite the lines of research they follow, know scarcely anything of the laws of vibration, nothing of the mighty currents that surge to and fro, nothing of the mighty forces that are spiritualistic in their nature and that are indeed the motive power of all existence. This is a science that can only be unfolded by the quickening that shall come and give expression, enabling the individual to manifest his spiritual nature.

Man is to-day living on the material, the animal plane. This statement no one will question. The reason is found in the mighty thought that peoples, as it were, the world, the thought of "How can I conquer in this, that or the other direction." The great world about you is wild with the idea of grasping, for man is learning to grasp all he can, forgetful of those who fall by the way-side and caring not what becomes of them. You may hear the voice asking, "Who are my brothers? Who is my mother? and who are my sisters?" It is the eternal voice of Justice that never sleeps or slumbers, and yet no man can answer. This is of the today.

Looking about us we behold wars and discords, and our kind trembling beneath the thought of the power of greed and oppression. We need not pause to complain,

we have no occasion or time to find fault with anyone or anything. It has come in the mighty evolution of the life of the planet, and you and I must meet the present conditions as best we can, not with complainings, as I have just said, not with gloomy countenances, not asking, "What is God doing that he is letting things go thus-and-so?" but with the earnest thought: "I will infuse into my kind, as far as I am able, soul-quickening thought. I will touch some human child by the grand question, 'What can I do for the tomorrow?'"

Look out and behold the dawn of that tomorrow that will surely come; but before its beams shall reach you in the full glory of the day I perceive that which may indeed cause you to sink in sorrow and despair. Yet beneath all tumults there is a mighty spiritual force sufficient to lift all human beings from ignorance into a condition of the consciousness of that truth that shall come in the tomorrow, whose golden dawn shall breathe its sweet baptism over all humanity.

Wars will cease. People will pause in their mad, wild career, when they realize the great fact, which I do not believe is realized by many, that, as you live here, so your life must be there. When this truth is pressed home more and more closely and man understands that if he has caused suffering and sorrow, if he has caused wars and discords, if he has dealt out injustice, he must meet and suffer the same himself, methinks you will then behold the dawn of that day when mankind will pause and say, "Spiritualism has come to reveal to us a perfect world, it has come to teach us how to attain a perfect life, comparatively speaking, here, how to enoble our souls, how to be just to all and strive to give a complete return for every blessing that has been bestowed upon us; it teaches us how to feel kindly towards every other human soul and takes away that all too quickly coming thought, 'I do not like this or that one, and I hate that other'."

O, the tomorrow shall come, and its angels in garments white and as pure as the ether that swells on the hill-tops of immortality shall come, and Spiritualism with its multitudinous blessings shall spread its pinions over all the wide world when in every land, in every clime, even out in the islands of the sea the people shall have learned the wretchedness that comes to themselves by injustice and shall seek for their own blessing and later for the blessing of others.

In reaching that golden era, in tracing our pathways into its brilliancy, dear friends, no matter on what part of the planet we may exist today, no matter where our lives may be expressing themselves, let us remember that we have something more to do than to ask for our spirit-friends to return and then simply say, "I heard from such an one last night," with no new thought or aspiration awakened by the coming of that one who came to us yesterday. It is the same story repeated over and over again with no progress made in the spiritual advancement of the individual. Now do you know what I am looking for? I am expecting to find evidence of growth in the tenderest plant that can blossom in human life. I am expecting to find human beings becoming so charged with spiritual thought and the power of the love their angel friends bear unto them that I shall hear them saying after attending a spiritual seance: "I heard from Mary last night. She told me to go tomorrow and do such-and-such a noble deed, and I am going." Or, "I heard from father last night, and he told me to see if I could not make my influence felt in reaching the children of our district out in the country. I am going home, call my neighbors together, and see if in the school-house, or in the parlor, or, if no other place can be secured, out in the barn we cannot gather the children together and teach them of the tender love of those gone before, teach them to speak the truth, not because of the opinion of others, but because it is right."

I am looking, then, for the waning of all creeds, for the waning of all forms of human oppression and tyranny, and I am looking for the oncoming in the to-morrow of resuscitated manhood and womanhood when no individual will be afraid or ashamed to say, "I am a spiritualist." He will know that by that affirmation the world will understand he is no longer living for himself and his own alone; he will know that by that affirmation the world will also understand he belongs to no political party that is not governed and guided by some one standing upon the broadest platform erected on principle, and living and acting and talking only in the direction that shall be for the salvation and peace of all human beings. Thus shall we make conditions for the millennium that the poets sang of so long ago and of which they have sung all along the line of the ages. I see it coming in glory; I see it in the newly awakened aspirations and hopes of those who are being cursed by the power of might; I sense it in high and holy thought sweeping out and rising above turmoil, discord and poverty; I hear it in the clear chimes ringing from immortal heights proclaiming the advent of the new era. Then shall humanity exclaim, "I am ready, O Father, to receive Thy message and obey Thy behest, for it corresponds with my own convictions, it teaches me what my soul responds to." I would not have you blind actors in life's great drama. I would have you, fathers, mothers and friends, look not alone for a message of comfort and cheer, but for a communication directing you what to do, and perhaps after you have been thus quickened your own soul will spring into activity, and in the morning hour it will whisper to you, "Go to yonder widow and see that she does not want; go to the orphans and see that they are cared for." It is not necessary that you knock at every man's door or speak to every woman you meet, but when you go forth let the mighty thought of your own being surround you like an aura and be as a helpful force to those with

whom you come in contact; for I assure you that your thoughts are more potent than your words, and in the tomorrow shall be recognized the power of thought floating from human souls and quickening even those who do not like to be told what they shall do until of themselves they go and do just what you and I and every right-minded person would be glad to see them doing.

O golden day of holiest love
 When life shall linger evermore,
 And hate, so long triumphant o'er
 Fields of carnage and of sin,
 Shall be as though it had never been.

O power of mind, when the human soul,
 All quickened by its high behest,
 Shall rise, proclaiming, "I was dead,
 But am alive and prepared to bless,
 To right all wrongs, to elevate,
 And for every one to do my best,
 Using for this my potent thought."

May you thus live, and may you manifest the highest expression that can come to you in your lives as mediumistic individuals.

Although you see me not at the present time, when you do behold a representation of myself on this platform, remember that I shall never attempt to materialize in your presence simply to gratify your curiosity. When you see my form standing where I am standing now, I charge you, and I charge you one and all, to remember that I am making the effort that I may be enabled to touch the lives of human beings, to help them to uplift themselves, give them evidence that the soul never dies and the assurance that I am their friend and a laborer, faithful as I am capable of being, in the great vineyard of human life.

NO. 5.

THE SOUL LIFE.

Discourse by Spirit Ann Lee,

(FOUNDER OF THE SECT CALLED SHAKERS, WHO PASSED FROM THE
MORTAL IN 1784.)

Sunday Morning, October 14, 1900.

INVOCATION

INTO the realm radiant with knowledge we would, if possible, send our thoughts this morning, striving as always the soul must to gather the brightest and best fruits that hang from the great tree of divine life which we learn to understand only as we see it reflected in the great mirror of objective existence. There we behold ourselves; there we see mirrored our silent aspirations and longings; there we see mirrored the many vibrations that find no outward expression; there we see mirrored as far as we are capable the possibilities that await us. Thus, O Life, before Thy radiant altar, rejoicing in all the experiences that have been, and endeavoring to prepare ourselves for all the experiences that can and shall come, we await those wavelets that, rising higher and still higher, bear us into the great Unknown. For, no matter how many have become conversant with its joys and its many privileges, it is an unknown realm to every one who has not of himself tasted its privileges. Therefore we all, these Thy earthly

children and Thy children, O Life, who have passed into broader experiences, wait before the great portals that shall open by-and-by and permit our entrance into wider realms of beauty, into grander structures of thought, into temples of learning where thought-gems out-gleam in their splendor the brightest jewels that mankind have possessed.

May we come *en rapport* one with another this morning, may these dear friends gathered here come *en rapport* one with another as we with them and they with us, and, outreaching into the wide world of universal life, may we strive to so expend our own energies and life forces that we may realize our nearness to all Thy children, feel the needs of others as though they were our own, feel the joy that wakens in the soul of one who has learned by experience some new thought, and see reflected in the atmosphere of those about us brighter and more beautiful flowers.

Immortal life with all its golden sheaves, immortal life with all its grand possibilities, with its sweet, pure atmosphere, enfolds these children. Therefore I can only voice this thought in committing them gladly and trustingly to its mighty currents, guided by the unerring minds and hands of those who are masters of all these atoms: May these mortals be baptised anew in its waters and be inspired and uplifted thereby.

DISCOURSE.

[N endeavoring to voice the thoughts that come to me this morning, I would ask you as one like myself to enter into your soul life, I would ask you as one like myself to realize the sacredness of the moment, for to me it is more sacred than words can express. Although I may realize the

value of only a little fragment, as it were, of the store of treasures that are ours, still I rejoice in the sublimity and grandeur of that which I have learned, understanding, however, that it is but a foretaste of that which awaits you and I and all.

It seemeth unto me that it is only when, no matter where we live, we come so closely in touch with ourselves as to realize what we are, shall we ever be able to comprehend all the greatness and grandeur that abounds upon every hand around us ; and it seemeth to me likewise that the people of this planet ever have and are still pursuing the pathway that is, strictly speaking, on surface lines. They have ignored the power of the soul, they have trampled upon things spiritual, and by the forcefulness they have infused into the outer sensibilities they continue to remain animals. In utter forgetfulness of the high destiny and the magnificent inheritance that are theirs, they live and enjoy that which constitutes the shadow. The real they are all too unconscious of.

You speak of the "shadow-land," but if I were to direct you to it I should point you here, to the existence of the human family in the present day upon this planet where you are dwelling amid the shadows of the real. You see no soul life. I could not say you do not feel any soul life, but you see, you think of that which is outside of soul life. In the sense that it is lesser, because strictly speaking, as I understand life, there is nothing useless, it is proper, and it is well that you live as you are living. In that you must for a time thus abide, because you cannot behold the reality, you walk in the beautiful shadow of the forest. You conceive of the beautiful truths and all that harmonizes with your nature there, little dreaming that the soul of all that you enjoy, appreciate and love transcends in beauty, in grandeur and usefulness your highest conception of the same. For this reason I have asked you to spend a few moments with me and others in striving to com-

prehend that soul life that becomes quickened day by day.

You all understand that the body possesses no soul faculty. You all understand that your energies, your thoughts, your genius—all that makes you the noble man or woman that you are is not seated in your physical form. The body is the shadow ; the soul is the reality. And as we enter into the soul life let us strive to feel that we are entering a chamber of incomparable treasures, a temple where the brightest jewels you can conceive of remain unpolished because the soul is cramped. In the sense of paying your attention to and being led by the senses instead of soul wisdom, you are, methinks, more than you realize, governed by your surroundings. When you understand, by study and meditation, by enfoldment and growth, your own powers and the possibilities lying dormant within the deep depths of your soul natures, then the body and your thoughts will be more completely governed by the real. This must inevitably prove to be the case with every human being.

Just as long as an individual requires experiences in this life, just so long he will obtain them. Just as soon as he outgrows them they will cease. It does not matter how many incarnations we may have, it does not matter how many physical planets we may dwell upon, our experiences, wherever we may be, are such as the soul requires and demands.

Memory is not a power of the body. Yet some have questioned if in the ascended life, as you call it, the soul remembers. How strange to me this query seems, because I realize that memory is the power that holds the key to the great storehouse of all the experiences of our previous lives. If it were centered in the material form you might well say, "It is not strange if in spirit-life they forget the occurrences of the past, but being a property of the soul it is as indestructible as the soul itself. I say unto you, dear children, that all the experiences you ever

have had, are having or will ever have, are indelibly fixed in the great chamber of memory, and whenever you require them to review you will be able to recall them. In whatever condition you may find yourselves in the great evolution of time, of world and of soul growth, you will realize the great fact that memory and that something, call it by whatever name you choose, that causes you to love art, that genius that prompts you in your most fruitful efforts and endeavors—all that makes the same a substance of thought, activity and earnest aspiration, belongs to the soul.

From the soul and by its operation the power comes to you whereby you have built and maintained the form wherein you dwell today. No one save yourself has moulded the body that constitutes your tenement. You are not conscious of your workmanship. You cannot see how it has been accomplished, but sometime when you have awakened to a broader growth and a deeper genius you will understand that soul life is the center of life, that in soul life are centered all the powers and properties that are necessary to awaken those attributes that make man manly and woman his equal, for in the land where I am dwelling condition is not measured by sex. Whatever the soul chooses its form shall be, that and that alone will be the result. Sometime in the realms beyond you may look out—I could not say down—and see how as a soul poised in your own atmosphere you have like a magnet drawn attributes and elements that were necessary to the building of your home in which you are living by virtue of the potency of that quality of soul that is your inheritance by innate right.

When the people of this planet cease to seek so far away from themselves for truth, when they cease to seek so far away from themselves for God or Infinite Energy, and endeavor to understand themselves, they will realize that I, not the body, I rule in my present incarnation; but that I

a soul, am capable of giving out currents of forces and elements that shall assist me and others as I may require assistance and others may require my assistance. Therefore, dear children, is it not fitting, is it not proper that sometimes you turn away from the turmoil that marks your every-day lives and enter into your soul natures, not forgetful of the needs of the outer being, true and faithful to the duties thereof, but no longer forgetful that you are here a builder, that you are here building your home, that you are here building by expanding your spiritual natures, that you are adorning the parlors and apartments of your soul life just in that measure and degree that sometimes at least, you turn from being slaves to your environments and revel in the deep chambers of your soul where silence reigns supreme, but where there is ceaseless activity. The more you turn in this direction, dear friends, you will learn that a something you will not be able to explain quickens within you, that intuition grows stronger, and you will learn to look through the port-holes of materiality and see things and beings as they are. You will live in a new world because the reflective powers of the soul are capable, if cultivated, of revealing to you more wonderful objects, than you have dreamed of and especially more wonderful powers than you have known.

In this great world of activity in which you must for the present abide, we are aware that you have barriers crossing your pathways, and we are likewise aware, as we have already stated, that all these conditions are necessary. If, in these conditions, you are compelled to use greater force, to pay closer attention, to be more devoted with less effect than seems just and right, it is to teach you, first, the duality of your nature, and, secondly, the duality of your duties. It is to teach you also of the necessity of coming *en rapport* with every other soul, and by that I do not mean that you can feel alike towards all or

embrace all with the same affection, but I use the term in this sense ; that you have no differences with any other soul, that you could come *en rapport* with all, knowing that whether or not they are agreeable or pleasant to you in the outward expression, matters not so much when you realize that the outer expression never fully represents the soul. It never has, it never will, and possibly it never can in this life.

In view of these facts let us pause for one moment and look at the present state of affairs religious. I do not care to refer to what I believed. I was impelled into the pathway I followed when here ; others are impelled in different directions. Yet as you look round about you, you must see that the worship of today consists almost entirely in outward expression, form. The soul is not fed to any considerable extent in your religious institutions, because mankind has sought to find a God outside and failed to discover the ever-abiding one within ; and the purpose of this spiritual influx, the purpose of our coming in touch with you and with all mortals as far as we may, is to quicken soul life. Never, methinks, will the people of this planet have occasion for smiles without sorrow, never will they have peace without wars, never will they have calm without storm until they turn from the worship of vain idols and find themselves ; and when they shall find themselves there will be no great and no small, but all will strive to bless another before themselves. Then the rich, sweet blessing flowing from the deep depths of the soul that has been confined so long will baptise the individual and all others within reach of his influence.

I ask you if, in your minds, it is not a sacred thought ; namely, to know that whatever your aspirations, your hopes and desires may be, if you would have them fulfilled you must labor for them. No one can bring about the fulfillment for you ; not even those who gladly return to minister unto you. It is your own work that you alone can

accomplish. It is our privilege and pleasure to aid you as best we can. It is in this direction that man must turn his energies, his thoughts and aspirations ere the Millennium can dawn. Along this line human beings must cultivate the garden of human existence before beautiful flowers can blossom in everyone's personal plot of ground.

How gladly would I have told you this morning of the beautiful realms that unfold before my soul life; how gladly would I have told you of those with whom I mingle, yet I have left out those more beautiful thoughts for this reason: In this, the beginning of the season, I wish you well; in this, the beginning of the season, my heart goes out to every one of you, and I long to see you commencing the work of cultivating your highest faculties so that when the snows shall have drifted and melted, and the sunshine of spring shall have come, you will know that you are a living entity, know that you are indestructible, know that you are a soul, having all the attributes that are necessary for advancement in an illimitable future. I trust and hope and know that love has spread her pinions above you, and breathed over you a sweeter message than you were ever conscious of before. May you strive to understand yourselves, and when you shall reach a certain point in self examination, in self culture and in soul effort, then—not that I would speak of myself as capable—I shall be rejoiced to come and express to you in a different direction my thoughts. For I would have you remember this always: Your thoughts are the materials that you need for the structure that you desire to build; all your thoughts are potent; your memory is a bright gem that you can never part with. Remember also that every attribute you possess, whether conscious of its existence or not, is yours not alone for a day, not simply while you are dreaming in these bodies; they are yours to be quickened until they uplift you and bear you into the great realm of the higher soul life. They are what you require in order to under-

stand the mighty problems of life in every direction ; they are the forces you cannot afford to lose, nor can you lose them ; but as the noble workman would keep his tools polished and sharpened, so must you keep the faculties of the soul bright by use, so that when you enter the world beyond you shall see and understand more fully the duties that await you there.

May you be blessed in your present life, and may you feel from within the quickening that shall blend with the quickening baptism that shall rest upon you brought from spheres celestial by those who guide you day by day.

NO. 6.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Discourse by Spirit William Lloyd Garrison, (Abolitionist
Who Passed From the Mortal in 1879.)

Sunday Afternoon, October 14, 1900.

INVOCATION.

IN the midst of the vastness of earth's turmoil and the deep vibrations of sorrow that rend the atmosphere, in the midst of the great tide of that power that man terms evolution, we outreach to inbreathe Life's all-quickening force that thereby we may become conscious of our necessities, conscious of our individual powers, conscious of our duties one towards another, conscious of the needs of our kindred in every land and clime. O Life, radiating in all Thy divine possibilities, touching man with higher and holier inspiration and infusing him with loftier aspirations for a broader existence, we realize something of the mighty tide of events that must enfold Thy children, we realize something of the power through whose upheaval Thy children shall learn that wisdom that sages and masters have invited their attention to. O may the quickening power within every human soul become so strong and broad and deep, that each one will no longer think of bowing before another in

order to receive instructions as to his duty. May the great tide of human life rise and swell in its advancing pathways in accordance with Thine infinite law until every where freedom finds its habitation and peace folds her pinions over all Thy children.

We invoke this hour, O Spirit of truth, such truths as we may be able to voice and such as may have some effect in revealing yet other truths that are striving to make themselves manifest throughout the wide world. Aid us in perceiving, aid us in bringing, aid us in receiving the touch of those who have penetrated wider realms, than have we. Aid us O ye who never sleep or slumber, in striving to awaken human hearts to the needs of the hour, to the responsibilities that rest upon them, and to their duties unto themselves, and may the sweet benediction, and the blessing that only noble effort can expect to receive rest upon one and upon all.

DISCOURSE.

IN taking a glance at the outlook, we may perhaps express the thought that it matters not to what party any individual belongs. It matters not whether he belongs to any party or not. We are not purposing to speak to you in the interests of party spirit, for I trust you are all aware that partisanship has been carried too far for the interests of the victims who are asking in vain for the privilege of existence.

We stand with you in the midst of one of the greatest, if not the greatest revolution this planet has known. We realize the trend of events, but we have not the time, even if we had the capability, to trace through all history the rise and fall of nations. We realize with you that the

star of American liberty has shone with almost undiminished splendor, and we also realize, like yourselves, no doubt, that its rays are somewhat dimmed.

In looking out over this continent and gathering the people under the X-rays of our souls, let us remember that we have to deal, not with one, not with a few, but with all. We realize with you, that class has found a place in American history, and just so far as class legislation finds its place, just so far a republic becomes weakened. We may ask the question, "Why?" We may ask the question of "where and how?" but it requires no one to rehearse to you the great facts as they stand out in bold relief upon every hand today proclaiming that your government has no respect for the laboring man. If you dispute the statement, all we have to ask you is to follow, not our utterances, but your own investigations, and you will see that America and her institutions are threatened.

Today you are approaching an important crisis. Your Presidential election is near at hand, and the privilege of casting a ballot is a privilege that perhaps many men do not appreciate as they should, for the reason that party has dethroned principle to a great extent. When one man like Rockefeller, when many millionaires and manufacturers such as you have scattered about America, say to their employes, "We shall shut down until after election, and if such a one is elected we shall open the doors of our factory directly," those workmen realize that it simply signifies, "You vote for whomsoever I have referred to or you lose your place." Upon this rock are stranded hundreds of men who are dependent upon their labor from day to day for the subsistence of themselves, their wives and children, and the maintenance of their homes, and behold, as at your last Presidential election, they vote for whomsoever they are forced to vote for. This you call free balloting! This you call free America and the privilege of her citizens!

A great question comes up when we behold men ground down by their employers or waiting anxiously for the opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. You decry and deplore strikes. They are indeed a terrible expression, but what do they express? The mighty power of the iron heel of trusts and combinations. Laboring men are forced—and no man of intelligence can deny it—either to strike or be ground deeper and still deeper into the soil of poverty. While I would banish all strikes if I had the power, I would first banish every vestige from this glorious land of that which causes a strike. There is nothing in the wide world that you can place your finger upon that is not governed by the law of cause and effect, and the cause of the strikes that are even now in progress is not found within the bosoms of the men who are standing between the welfare of their children and friends and the mighty arm of poverty, knowing very well that unless they call a halt, unless they demand some recognition, they and their dear ones are to be ground lower and still lower in the scale of human expression, and deprived of all that man cares for, because no individual cares simply to live and be a slave.

When we toiled for the freedom of the black man we toiled for a lesser curse than that which broods over free America today, for African slavery was confined to one section of the country only. Today I am, and I trust some of you are, striving for the freedom of millions of slaves to the present industrial state of affairs who throng your cities, more in some places than in others, and still the great fact remains, as I have already asserted, that your government has no respect for the laboring man. This tends where? It tends towards imperialism of the rankest nature.

Perhaps you would say that these men might appeal to our courts, where justice is being dealt out with an impartial hand. Do you not know that every time they do

appeal to your courts those courts decide in favor of the combinations and trusts which hold your government in their power? Where, I ask, is that sentiment that was the life and energy of America? that sentiment that gave to every human child a smile of cheerfulness; namely, that all human beings are born equal and have the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Is this right, I ask you, secured to all at the present time? Nay, verily. The moans of those who beg and beg in vain for recognition are answering, "Nay!"

Looking out into the arena of life, what, I ask you, are the signs of the times? Can I present to you a glowing picture of prosperity, of peace, of love, of harmony? No, I cannot, and if I were to do so there are thousands who would rise up in condemnation because they would rightly say it was not a truth that I was voicing. For we understand, and humanity will sometime comprehend, that truth is the mighty power that must sooner or later be unveiled, not only in the political arena, but in every department of life.

If, then, these words that I have uttered are true, what are we looking forward to? Your officials are quarrelling and over what? Over that which they may gain. Your millionaires, your combinations and your trusts rule the political world, and, ruling the political world, direct your government to a greater extent than you perhaps realize at the present hour. And when America, be it said to her shame, stooped to conquer those islands of the sea and subdued them by the power of might, she gave away a great portion of her birthright.

Where a great nation desires to conquer a weaker nation, to take from another country any of its possessions, whether land or treasure, it first sends out missionaries. It always has been and it always will be the method pursued. Then it must, perforce, send the sword and the army to protect the missionaries, and a curse has followed

every time. The recent conflict in China is indeed a black spot in the civilization of the present day. Why has Europe or any nation outside that continent any right to dictate to you whom or what you shall worship as your God? Who has any moral right to say to you that your thoughts of the Deity shall not be thus and so? If the Chinese were to come here and ask you to worship their God in accordance with their ideas, would you concede that they had a right thus to meddle with your religious affairs? But China has been flooded with Christian missionaries who have been followed by soldiers, and hundreds and thousands have been slaughtered there in consequence.

You will exclaim, "The Chinese rebelled, and by slaying our missionaries they incurred the penalty inflicted." I am not sure but they ought to have been slain. Going there with their religious views so at variance with those of the native population, how could they expect to be cordially received? No doubt many of them started out with sincere motives, intending to win the Chinese and save them from the sin of idolatry, but they have abused and robbed them instead.

Were I the monarch of any nation, the governor of any people, and foreigners were to come to my subjects or fellow-citizens and say, "You must lay aside your religion. You are idolaters, and we shall compel you to worship our God, the only true God," I think I should reply, "Wait a moment, my friends. This is our country, inhabited by our forefathers for ages."

The Chinese can truly say this, and although many call them fools, yet they have art, they have science, and in many directions they could teach much to the children of America. But it does not matter if they have not one atom of scientific knowledge, have no culture according to your ideas of culture, they have a country that has belonged to them for centuries, and it is theirs by the same right that America is yours. No army of men from England or

any other nation, I am sure you will agree with me here, has any right to come to America and say, "You Americans have worshipped thus and so long enough." There are some people who would say to Spiritualists if they had the power, "You shall not worship or believe thus and so any longer," and think they had done a good deed; but as far as Protestantism is concerned I wonder if you would receive them with open arms, saying, "They are messengers from Almighty God, and we must submit, yield them up our lands, yield them up our all." We would indeed become, in that case, what the Chinese must become, friends, if they are to accept the teachings of your missionaries, false to themselves.

Now religion is a matter that does not belong with state. It is a matter that should always be separate from it, and those wise framers of the Constitution recognized this fact. We claim that in this, or any other land upon which the sun shines, every individual has a right to his own opinion as far as religion is concerned, a right to worship a heathen idol or the mental image of the Orthodox God. Your soul is your own, your religion is your own, your life forces are your own, and religion is a matter that swords and battlefields should have naught to do with.

Hence we come to the great question of the outlook at the present hour, the signs of the times. Just as sure as you live, unless America withdraws her oppressive men, there will be as bloody scenes enacted upon this continent as have been enacted over the seas. You may think this a wild statement, a false alarm, but I tell you that cause will lead to its legitimate effect.

Remembering, as you ever should, that man's hands, wherewith he delves in the soil or builds the home wherein he expects to reside, are his by the right of natural possession, no power of might should be allowed to restrain him in the use of these implements of labor. On the other

hand there are quite a few people who have a million of dollars for which they have no use. Yet a little while ago an oil king raised the price of oil, and immediately endowed a college. The world considered him a liberal man, not realizing that not one cent of that endowment money came out of his pocket, not realizing that he sacrificed not one iota of comfort therefor.

This is one instance out of many that are occurring frequently right along, and do you suppose that the laboring man, and the laboring woman as well—for I believe that woman should be considered a citizen of the United States as much as her brother man, and woman bows beneath the burden and shrinks beneath the lash that is applied to her as well as man—do you suppose for a moment, as you look out to observe the signs of the times, that the workingmen and working women will allow this oppression to continue? I am not speaking of the power of God; I am speaking only of that power that is dormant in the human soul, that will awaken in all its might ere long and sweep all before it if oppression continue. It will continue as long as you care to have it, I assure you, because the people are asleep and do not realize the state of slavery in which they exist. As I have already said, southern slavery was black enough, but it did not embrace so many slaves as the slavery of the end of the nineteenth century.

What can we see, then, for encouragement? Some of you, I have no doubt, think that if the present incumbent in the highest office of this government is not re-elected, all will be lost. Strange as it may seem to you, I shall have no tears to shed, for with the foulness that now exists in Washington, I would be willing to welcome any change almost. No one can do worse as far as reaching out the mighty arm of imperialism is concerned. When one, and it may be one of my own kin, speaks against imperialism, I am aware that he is arousing antagonism, for

I realize that the two parties, one for imperialism and one for the preservation of human rights, stand arrayed in battle, against each other, each ready and willing to cast the foulest aspersions they are capable of uttering upon the character of the other.

At that critical period—it was critical in my estimation—when Horace Greeley, in the nobility of his nature, was seeking for justice and right, he received at the hands of his opponents his death blow, not because he was not a worthy man, but because he could not bow to the dictum of those in power. The poor man, crucified as much as was he of eighteen hundred years ago, went down, not to his death, but down into that valley where he cast aside the material form : and I do not forget that even then unholy hands shrouded that body, nor do I forget that when the last services were held that the form lay encoffined looking more as if it had been thrown in than as if any decency had been observed in placing it there.

These may be thoughts that you do not have, but go ask those conversant with the facts, and you will prove my words true and more, demonstrating this : that in the great, mad rush of political life those who are determined to win at all hazards have no respect whatever for their opponents. The time was when there was no such stain on the escutcheon of any party. The time was when a man elected to office was respected even by those who did not accept the principles that were endorsed by the party electing him ; but today manhood and womanhood are neither respected. Today there is rotteness in Denmark. There is a new departure, and the prime movers in trusts and combinations rule the government.

Laying aside all partisanship, and remembering that the Democratic and Republican parties are not representatives of the best American citizenship as they once were, let us seek for that principle that was so prominent in each. Let us not forget the sufferings of Washington

and his soldiers at Valley Forge; let us not forget the courage and endurance of those who gave to you and me the blessing of American liberty such as it has been. When those living in the wild stretch of unpopulated country dared the livery of England and resisted her encroachments upon this continent they were actuated by the purest patriotism. Let us ask ourselves if we are worthy descendants of such sires. Have the mighty truths ingrained into their lives, which they sowed with such prodigality, taken root in our hearts? If so I would ask you, and you have a right to answer this question and demand that your reply shall be heard, can you consistently permit the oppressor to still oppress your kind?

Pause for a moment at this point, and look about you. Observe the noble buildings in the city of Boston. Observe the march of what you call science and art. You see everywhere evidences of human genius. You may bow your head before the master of some noble mansion. You may say, "I worship that man. Why, he has earned and he lives in the most beautiful home I ever saw. I am always glad when I see him." Do you ever think how he obtained that home? Do you think I am about to berate him? Not at all. He has, very likely, obtained it by honest effort; in all probability he has paid every dollar he owed on it. Yet how came it possible for him to inhabit that house? He did not himself build it. He had not the genius to design or the skill to rear its stately walls, although he possessed the genius whereby he acquired the fortune he has invested in it. It was the hand of the laboring man that delved in the soil and dug the cellar, that laid the bricks and blocks of marble; it was the arm of the laboring man that builded it from base to roof; throughout it bears the imprint of the genius and skill of the workingman, and yet one would think its beauty and grandeur due to the ability of the man who occupies it.

The high state of civilization attained at the present time is the result of the workingman's labors. How else do you travel by electricity? Who builded the roads running all over the country? Who has delved in the soil of this mighty continent, beautified it and drawn out from the deep depths of the earth those materials whereby man stands so pre-eminent to-day? And yet how many of you in passing by the laborer ignore him! You do not, or at least the world does not, consider him fit to sit at the feet of the one whose mansion his brawny arm has builded.

I could speak of these things, I could multiply these instances until the setting of the sun, but I will simply say to you that the laboring man and the laboring woman are important factors in every department of life, and yet trusts and combinations continue to exist and increase. Human need knocks at the door, but they will not grant the poor man's prayer unless they choose to do so. Why, men and women, what are you made of? Are you immortal beings that you are willing to remain silent while the laborer is oppressed and ground down when you know that without his strong arm the world could not advance so rapidly? Are you willing to see passed out to him, in return for his earnest, conscientious efforts, the little mess denominated his dinner on a pewter or even a tin platter? "But," you may expostulate, "he is not served in that way." Well, perhaps he is not. At the same time the pay the man receives does not allow him to have that which is much better.

What I am pleading for is opportunity for the workman to labor at proper remuneration; I am pleading for food for the hungry, clothing for the naked, shelter for the shelterless; I am pleading that the heavy burden of want may be removed from the shoulders of those who are indeed the sinew and bulwarks of American liberty. I am pleading likewise that human souls shall not be crushed, and that every man and woman shall

be recognized as the equal of every other. You might answer that this would not do, because we could not endure the society of all. The recognition of human equality would give them entrance into the best society. Let me ask you, what is the best society? Is it to be found where your millionaires, your stockbrokers, and your bank managers gather together and gloat over their riches? Is it where, in humble walks, men and women gather together seeking for information in regard to all affairs of life? Is it down in the hovels where trusts and combinations have found their victims who shiver in the cold and ask in vain for bread?

You may think this is a doleful picture, but I have not presented the situation as dark as it exists to-day. Mark you well, if you think it is overdrawn, ere many years have flown you will not have to wander far from your own homes to verify its truthfulness.

But I am hoping for better things. I know there are sleepless workers over there on the other side of life, and I realize that these conditions are being permitted to exist for a purpose. Therefore, shall I complain? I do not, for I behold through all the darkness the oncoming of a brighter day; and yet I would that you might assist in hastening its dawning, for I realize, as in the olden time, that the American government will not consider the rights of the working man any more than it considered the black man worthy of any attention—did not consider that he had any needs. That is why we fought, and we fought successfully. Why? Because out of that agitation came the civil war; and because of the same feeling and sentiment to-day you are being permitted, I will not say you are being assisted except by your own weakness and selfishness, to let matters go on until oppression shall become so dark, so deep, so heavy and so strong that the laboring men throughout the land, not those engaged in one business alone but all, will rally to the cry of distress as voiced by their own.

I should have no confidence in myself if I could say that I blamed them. I could have no respect for an individual who would not fight for his own liberty, neither would you. You may pooh! at their grievances and say that their condition is good enough for them, but how would you warm and light your houses to-day if it were not for those men with blackened faces who labor down in the mines where circumstances might have placed you? And yet intelligent men and women scorn the agents by whom Almighty God gives them their luxuries, and treat them as slaves.

Just pause to think for a moment. This is not all of life. Those who possess immense riches and those crushed beings who have no time for social enjoyment or education are passing, and passing swiftly to that bourne, not from which no traveller returns, but through the golden gateway into the land of souls. We have a little illustration of the changed conditions in that other life in the story of Lazarus and the rich man. What can be the state in the spiritual world of one who has controlled trusts and combinations but has never thought of his soul growth? If he has any religion the God he worships is spelled "G-o-l-d," and when he shall lay aside his material form all his millions will be as naught to him, he can count them over no more. The arm wherewith he has oppressed his brother man hangs by his side helpless, and perchance standing close beside him may be one or many of those whom he has crushed. Then comes the awakening hour.

Knowing what I do of life, were I in the mortal form, even if I felt so disposed, I would not dare to oppress one human soul, and I say to you that I pity those who are oppressing the weak because I know the time is coming when they will change places with their victims, when for every wrong they have inflicted upon others they must suffer ten-fold more than have those victims of their power. The law of retribution is inexorable. I want to

call your particular attention to this fact because I want you to have some purpose in life, I want you to be true, and to aspire for more than this earthly life can afford you. You are all to be ushered into existence over there. Are you willing to give your consent longer that millions shall be chained to poverty, and ground down in want and degradation while you smile upon those who are oppressing them? or are you ready to acknowledge the fact that by-and-by there will be a day of reckoning, for certainly there must be?

Leaving with you this thought, let me refer once again to America. With all her darkness, with all her blindness, with all the present demonstrations of the power of greed that blots her escutcheon, the light will come to her. How long the night will last it is not for me to say, but I know that the principles of liberty embodied in her Constitution will by-and-by assert themselves. I feel that men will sink deeper and deeper into what you call wrong and degradation until the laboring classes as with one voice demand their rights, and pause not until they are granted. In looking forward I feel that by-and-by from the ranks of the laboring men, from the homes of the laboring women shall go forth a power like unto that exerted by him who blessed the olden world, because love shall right every wrong. Truly America will be redeemed, but perhaps not while you wear these material forms. Her redemption will come, not by the power of wealth or might, but when your government asserts its high privilege and directs all these matters, it will come by the power of that retribution that will settle all conditions; it will come by the power of that thought that will awaken in the human breast the consciousness of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; it will come in the quickening of those soul aspirations whereby every one will desire and demand liberty for himself and grant the same to all others.

May you and I — I assure you that so far as I have the power I shall — labor for the advancement of that oncoming time. May we plow as best we can the deepest furrow in the soil, and by-and-by be instrumental in bringing joy to human beings when once again our glorious flag shall be recognized in all lands as the emblem of liberty; when no more in any country, heathen, as you call it or civilized, it shall be hissed at; when in all the glory of its stars and the beauty of its coloring, it shall proclaim to the world that nevermore shall any stripes be placed by one man upon his brother. Then shall the eagle lift its crest and sound once again the clarion cry, not of war, but of joy and liberty.

May you, children, be true to your highest aspirations, be true to the truth, and walk where truth leads, whether you stand alone or in the midst of a vast multitude. Surely you will be builders then of that tabernacle of love that in the future shall shelter all who shall dwell in this fair land.

NOTE.—In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

NO. 7.*

WHAT AM I, AND WHAT AM I CAPABLE OF BECOMING?

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT AGRIPPA,

(AN EGYPTIAN OF 6,000 YEARS SINCE.)

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1900.

INVOCATION

INFINITE and All-pervading Presence, enfolding all of life even as all of life enfolds that Infinite Energy that never sleeps nor slumbers; O Infinitude, in Thy vastness in relation to worlds and systems of worlds, even as in relation to the possibilities of the human soul, we would drink from Thine ever-flowing river of wisdom, we would inbreathe Thy divine vibrations, we would sense the great tide of being in all its power, in all its possibilities as far as we are capable, that thereby we may come in touch with ourselves. No longer would we seek for the all of wisdom in some distant realm; no longer would we seek altogether for wisdom imparted unto us by others, but we would strive to penetrate the deep chambers of our own

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possibilities and learn how to exercise the vital forces within our beings that we may lift ourselves into that condition where worlds and systems of worlds speak to us in truthfulness of the mighty history of ages. As we trace the lines of thought evolved thereby, may it enable us to realize more and more fully not only the wonderful mechanism of these human forms wherein these people are dwellers today, but likewise the wonderful mechanisms that the soul requires in its unending march; and in order to understand this we must understand the divine possibilities and powers within, reading as in a volume the record our soul has traced unerringly upon its pages, sensing through the deep vibrations of our being all that life permits us to sense, and drawing out from the hidden recesses of the reservoir within the powers and possibilities that mankind has sought for in different directions and sought in vain.

O this morning may all who have convened here and all whose thoughts vibrate in unison with our own in their homes be touched by the influence and inspiration of the hour. May we all realize that we have gathered within the Temple of life, not to scan, not to analyze, not to judge one another, but, by the illuminating forces that we are capable of exercising within ourselves, to become more acquainted with the indwelling one, that thereby, with all the possibilities surrounding us, with all the potencies of which we are possessed, we may become masters in life's great laboratory. May we become students worthy of the name, not because we have learned to repeat the thoughts of others, not because we can accomplish in mechanics or art that alone which others have taught us, but because we have learned to bring forth from the resources within ourselves new problems, new possibilities, that thereby we may come in closer spiritual contact with all human beings, in closer touch with life in every department, in greater harmony with ourselves, that before the altar of selfhood, not with pride or vain boasting, but in the consciousness

of our attainments and capacities, we may revel in the great problems before us. For whatever problem may be placed before the people in the outward, the greater, the more triumphant, the infinitely glorious problem is that of understanding themselves to that degree that they may come into at-one-ment, into perfect harmony with all of life's forces and unfold that perceptive faculty that will enable them to gauge the vibrations and express for themselves the highest possibilities.

Therefore, before this great problem of life we lift our beings in unison with these mortals, asking for naught, but, with reverent, silent devotion, lifting the thought within ourselves of the determination to accomplish all the possibilities that we are capable of accomplishing, to read all the so-called mysteries, and behold, gleaming in beauteous splendor, that which was veiled from our eyes—the wonderful problems we have sought to solve. Therefore we rejoice in life's mission and the law whereby we are still enabled to come in touch and co-operate with the dwellers on the various planets and those ascended ones who follow their advancing star beneath the arches of external life and liberty.

DISCOURSE.

MID the various experiences of life wherever we may be, there must come questionings from the soul, and the question, What am I, and what am I capable of becoming? cannot be a vain one.

In the life that you are living at the present time, the great majority live, question and explore upon the surface, having no deep, soul touching thought of what "I, as an individual, am," having no idea, and, I had almost said, very little if any regard for "thyself." This applies not

to one but to all human beings, to myself and all others in a greater or lesser degree.

The great question upon your planet has never been answered, Whither am I bound? what are my capacities? and, in short, what am I? The outer form is not you. It is simply the implement of the soul, the tenement, if you choose to call it so, wherein for the time being you are incarnate.

The great religious thought has been to live as taught and not seek for the soul's highest expression, whereas the great, and, to me, the true purpose of spiritualistic thought at the present day is to teach humanity to turn from their idols throughout every country and all lands and endeavor to come in touch with themselves. For when you gaze as in a mirror into the depths of the soul and behold reflected there its possibilities, see the throbbing of those powers that are prevented from finding expression, you will realize that you have never known yourselves; you will realize likewise that the purpose of this life, the purpose of any incarnation, is to reach the highest point possible, not as you climb a hill, but by drawing out, by cultivating and commanding the latent forces of the soul. Perhaps you will grasp my idea better if I say to you, that, when your aspirations rise, as oft-times they do, and you desire to know that which you feel is the unknowable, to attain that which you have been taught is the unattainable, you may rest assured that that aspiration comes from some effort of your soul-life to reach the highest point that aspiration may touch.

It is only when you understand this that you will become Spiritualists worthy of the name; it is only when you thus become conscious of and obedient to yourselves in this direction that you will realize the sweetness and beauty of soul expansion and the gladness that comes to one and all sooner or later as they are enabled to grasp the condition of human beings as they are, judging them

no longer by their acts, measuring the standard of their manhood or womanhood no longer by their weaknesses, but by their aspirations and soul expressions.

It is for this that we are laboring, it is for this that I would touch your lives at the present time if possible : that you may understand all that others have attained you may attain and more. The soul has been and is being starved because you have fed it upon that which is the result of mere guess-work, while within the chambers of your own being the glittering truth of life's great demand has been unheeded and unheard.

You are living, then, for what ? To bless the world ? You cannot bless the world until first you have fitted yourselves for that expression save in an outward degree. You may give to the needy, you may feel kindly towards the poor, but, children, the great blessing that you would confer upon others can only be given when you are exalted above all belittling thoughts, when you vibrate, by virtue of your soul growth, on a plane where there are no aspersions floating, where you nevermore judge another, but where you come in touch with Nature in all her divine expressions and realize that you are one with the soul of Nature, the soul of all life.

Some wonder at, and a great many are ignorant of, the great fact of materialization, and hence sneer at it. Why ? Because they have not reached down into the lighted chambers of the soul and drawn therefrom the knowledge that every one possesses. They have not entered Nature's realms and become in at-one-ment therewith, thereby realizing that Nature, in the external expression, is continually materializing and dematerializing. You see it in the processes by which one season follows another ; you see it in the putting forth of the buds and leaves. You know of the forces that abound in the atmosphere, you know of the powers you can command ; but the powers that your senses cannot take into consideration,

but that give birth and support to the forces you do recognize are greater still. The vibratory waves that rise and swell, bear the atoms that fashion not only the bodies you wear all your physical lives, but the forms you wear in spirit.

When you seek for the power that gives to the internal the possibility of clothing itself in the external garments that you call the tree, you see but the materialization of the soul of the tree. You may not be ready to accept the thought that every manifestation of life is impregnated with the spirit, and you cannot forget the old idea that spirit is the expression of the soul force that is centered deep in every form ; but if you do not understand this now you will sometime, when you come in touch with your own soul forces, that the real energies of life are *not* centered in any or all outward forms. They cannot be. These forms are simply the expression of that silent, unseen, voiceless energy that never ceases or slumbers. You may call it God, you may call it Jehovah, you may give it any exalted name you choose, but to me it is unnamable and the purpose of my life is (and you will sometime reach the same point) to seek and understand until I may read from the provinces of the great vibratory world the lessons that that world alone can command. Then shall I, as I understand my own soul forces, likewise understand all other human beings, for this must be the result, it cannot fail. Then, understanding every atom that floats, we shall understand by its form, its rising and falling, what its mission is and be enabled by the combination of atoms, in consequence of the soul power we are striving to unfold, to bring to humanity not only the evidence of materialization, but the greater evidence of etherealization, opening to your gaze and the gaze of the world not simply a spiritual world with the many emanations there where your loved ones dwell, but the mighty world of infinite power all around you—yourselves, every one of you seemingly to you a central figure as you ride on the vibratory waves of

life's activity, your vibratory condition governed by yourselves. You vibrate upon a plane very material or you vibrate upon a plane very spiritual, or you vibrate upon planes of untold numbers intermediate between the two.

This is but a faint idea of the purpose of your lives and mine. No greater mistake, with the effect of crushing the ambition of human souls, has ever been forced upon the children of men than this; namely, that they were irresponsible for their existence, and yet that this life was the all-important one.

I do not care to enter into the details of your methods of salvation. I may sum them all up thus: They have been and are a method to crush the life and ambition out of every human soul that has ever accepted them or ever listened to their exposition. I do not say they have not contained some uplifting thoughts, but the fact is that they have given to the world at the present time its capacity for warfare and turmoil, and it is only when man shall learn of himself to know and understand himself and use his own soul forces that the human family shall lift themselves above the benighted condition in which they now exist to a great extent.

Many of you realize that our teachings are intended to assist human beings to live a soul life. Therefore, in speaking to you this morning, I would have forgot no longer that this life is important, its every day, its every moment, in order to build that condition whereby, when you reach another embodiment, you may be satisfied as you look back to your mission here.

Speaking of these silent forces, if you do not accept them (and the only reason you will refuse them will be because you do not understand them) there are unseen ones here who are hungering for them, and whatever word of truth I may vibrate in your presence cannot perish. Some soul somewhere in the vastness of life will gather in the vibrations that I send forth by this effort, and even

if you should all receive them with ready acceptance, still the vibration goes on. No voice that heralds truth is ever silenced in the sense of the effects of its utterances being ended, for it vibrates and floats, and floats and vibrates as long as there is one human child that can be benefitted thereby.

In endeavoring to call your attention to yourselves this morning, I am moved upon by a desire of my own to benefit everyone of you and all whom I may reach, for in understanding yourselves you are lifted into a new world. I am well aware that you do not know to-day how to exercise the forces of the soul because you have never been taught how, because you have never learned distinctly how, and it is only when you strive, no matter how insignificant your capacity, to understand this matter, that you can do this; it is only when you have the aspiration for that which you know is lofty, good and useful, and make a determined effort to utilize that aspiration. Sitting down with folded arms and aspiring for something to be brought to you is not what I mean, not what I would suggest. If the richest prize your soul requires or demands glittered just beyond you, and by an effort you knew that you could reach it, you would not sit still and wish that it might come to you, but you would say, "I will arise; the mountain is steep and rugged, my feet may be pierced, but I see the gem glittering on the rocky side, and I will obtain it.

This is where man's greatest implement is found, in the power of the soul, that you might perhaps call the will, an indispensable lever by which man conquers all things.

If you were satisfied I should find you at fault, and I could not be satisfied with you if you were simply to gather here, listen to the words uttered, speak pleasantly about them, and then forget them. I hope and wish to be satisfied only in seeing you individually satisfied by striving to accomplish all you can. Very well I know that many of

you have much to lay aside ; very well I know that you have much to overcome : at the same time, beneath the surface of your outer guise in your soul life, which is yourselves, there lives the mighty forces that sometime you will command and they will obey. When those forces are commanded and obeyed, then, friends, life becomes sublime, for, however dark your environments may be, the mountain glitters with its many jewels ; however much your weakness may overcome you for a time, the consciousness will come to you that you possess the strength, you possess the power, and the only necessity is to bring them forth by the exercise of those faculties that you have so long neglected through ignorance. Never in the spirit world will you be satisfied with yourselves until you have commanded this mighty reservoir, namely, yourselves, to give forth its richest fruitage, to yield its mighty forces ; then, guided by will and reason, behold, you may perceive the vibrations of thought, of energy, and grasping them in the magnitude of your soul's strength come into at-one-ment with Nature.

We may talk, standing in the corner, about being in at-one-ment with Nature, and think, "I feel kindly towards her, I have no quarrel with Nature." This is not what I mean. It is rising in the dignity of that soul life, it is unfolding the grandeur of the possibilities of the soul until you have no occasion to think you are in harmony, you *know* it. You know it by the constant surging of those vibrations that lave your beings ; you know it by the sweet expressions outflowing from your lives and coming in contact with like expressions, which permit you to perceive in the distance, as it were, the gems that you are capable of grasping by an exercise of the will ; you know it by feeling in accord with all of life ; you know it, friends, not by feeling that you are permitted thus and thus to do, this and that to accomplish, but you know it because you see spread before you the great world of cause and effect, and

you realize that you are a master builder in life's great temple. Can I say more?

I cannot name over to you all the powers and possibilities that you possess, but remember that Spiritualism does not consist altogether of these seances that simply please you ; it does not consist alone in your coming in communion with your spirit friends ; it is not all rehearsed to you when you are informed that you shall meet your loved ones gone before ; it is not all revealed to you when you are told that in that life that is to be, an unending existence awaits you. It is not all the information you require to be told that in the life beyond, the faculties of the soul will find expression, but the greatest significance attaches to its teaching that here and now you may be quickened in your most sacred emotions, that here and now the power of the soul may so permeate your very life that you shall be able to realize that above all other things, truth is sacred, and also realize that we come not simply to please you or while away the time. We are with you to be associated with that band of workers that constitutes the world's redeemers, not by voicing thoughts, not by giving demonstrations of our presence, though they have their place and purpose as aids.

But the world's redeemers must come in touch with every soul-life, and the souls incarnate must realize that there is something for them to do. And, what, pray, is there for you to do? It is not enough for you to believe that you shall live hereafter ; it is not enough to believe that we can return ; it is not enough to hope this. You wish to know it first, and then to rise to the conviction that you are co-workers with those gone before, co-workers with every expression of Nature, co-workers with all of life whatever its expression may seem to be to you. When you drink in this knowledge life in every condition becomes sublime. You will no longer bow your heads and say "Environments make me thus and so." You will no

longer bow your heads and say, "I am a victim of circumstances;" but man, rising in the dignity of soul-life and soul-consciousness will exclaim: "With all the powers of the will in activity, I will overcome. I am here to grow; I am here to learn." That which is revealed to us is not unfolded that we may cast an empty glance upon it, but that we may be incited thereby to rise and penetrate the pathway, the veil over which has just been lifted because of our capacity to behold beyond it, to rise and enter therein and grasp all that has an attraction for us.

For many years Spiritualism has languished because mankind has never been taught that the God dwelling within must first reveal its beauty, its power, its grandeur. When this revelation comes there will be no sickness. Health will glow upon every human countenance, strength will be given for every need, and the soul will find its highest and grandest expression while in the material form.

This, then, is our message to you this morning: It may seem afar off to you, but I say that the possibilities that I refer to are within yourselves, and the powers that are there resting, wait now to be brought into activity. Lay aside your pre-conceived idea of what you know and seek to know all you can. This became my motto long ago. I trust that I have no pre-conceived or idle conceptions now. What I am seeking to know and what I may know, be it little or much, is not what I have gleaned from others, but what I have obtained by searching in the vast laboratory of life for the answer to my aspirations.

I know that the elements in the atom, blending with emanations from your forms, enable us to give you, not a spiritual form, but the presentation of a form that for a few moments remains tangible in your midst. I know that when mankind shall awaken to the touch of the soul-life it will be nothing strange for men and women to walk the streets in broad day light side by side with the friends that have been called dead. I know that from the great ex-

pause of life that lifts its mountains of wisdom and spreads its valley of peace, from the great tabernacle wherein you and I may worship no matter upon what planet our soul expressions may be found, there flows a deific power that shall lift every human soul. I know that the mighty tide of influence sweeping over this planet shall become so strong that all mankind shall see, not in the distance, but revealed to themselves, the possibilities within themselves. I know that if, from my home where now I stand, I can cause these vibrations to touch your senses, I may likewise send outward to an illimitable degree the same vital forces ; and I know that there are those of vast powers compared with my own waiting and operating in the arcanum of life. I know that soul-life will triumph, and every power of the soul find its expression.

We do not expect this to be accomplished by any wholly while wearing these forms of clay, but sometime in the great world that will never cease to vibrate, it may be when this planet has been dematerialized, it matters not when you and I are living an endless round of existence. What we may not comprehend to-day no one can inform us. What we may not grasp to-day no one can grasp for us. Of ourselves we must rise, our soul forces held, as in the balance, over the mighty pit of ignorance until lifted by the soul itself, we shall be able to penetrate the realms of wisdom and draw to ourselves from any planet we choose, however distant, that which we may need.

Hence, permit me to say to you this morning : The powers of the soul are illimitable and inexhaustible, and by them we are able to understand not only every atom and the rising of its vibration, able not only to read every line of cause and effect, but also able, dear children, to create forms of beauty that you at the present time might consider impossible. Therefore, bear with you this morning, whatever your present judgment may be, this

thought : I am a soul ; my mission ; to understand every force of life and become acquainted with every vibration that speaks to me with its silent power.

NO. 8.

THE REVELATION OF THE HOUR

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT THOMAS PAINE,

(AN AUTHOR AND ADVANCED THINKER PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE
IN 1809.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 21, 1900.

INVOCATION.

© LIFE, within Thy wondrous temple we bow in gladness to inbreathe whatever of truth, of justice and of love we are capable of receiving. Into Thy vastness, illimitable as divine, we would enter by the power of thought, gathering flowerets upon every hand, gathering thorns if we must, because Thou dost spur Thy children on to higher heights by thorny experiences, that, while piercing the soul, quicken it to the performance of nobler deeds and for greater endeavors and grander achievements. Therefore, recognizing Nature as our God, our servant and the All-embracing Power that we receive as we require it, before her altar and her altar alone we bow reverently, asking for the revelation of greater truths step by step, asking the bestowment of special gifts as we become worthy of them by our endeavors that thereby we may come more in touch with our kind, more in sympathy

with those who need our sympathies, more in love with those who need our love, more *en rapport* with those who clasping hands with us, haste onward to higher and broader liberties.

O Life, Thy teachers who have lived and exemplified character and fidelity, still live in a brighter realm, and we rejoice that Thou dost bestow upon them the power whereby they continue to minister unto humanity.

We rejoice, O Nature, that thy bosom is as broad as Universal Life, that the chapters of thy great volume are as illimitable as life itself, and every lesson written by it upon a sand grain or wheresoever it may be traced, reveals unto us and all a higher pathway, a broader life and a diviner liberty.

O ye who have entered where the gateway never closes, ye who have gathered around the council fires that never die out, ye who bear the flag and torch of liberty evermore, breathe your blessing upon this people as far as they are receptive thereunto, and quicken as far as possible the hearts and lives of these mortal children until they realize that life is not a dream, that they are not here to take part in an empty show, but to attain that manhood and womanhood that makes noble the man and gracious the woman. Be with us as listeners, be with us as aiders during the hour that shall pass, and may the divine touch of a lofty inspiration, silent though it be, cause these mortal hearts to quiver with gladness. May the sweet love-touches of their friends quicken them to earnest endeavor, to fidelity in all the relations of life, and make them seek for the truth, remembering that there is but one indivisible truth, and that alone is the priceless gem they are in search of.

O Life, we rejoice in Thy blessings and Thy benedictions. May we be enabled to touch human hearts and be touched thereby until in sweet gladness we are recognized as one with mortals evermore.

DISCOURSE.

WHETHER the thoughts I utter please or displease my auditors has no weight whatsoever with my purpose at the present time. It is always pleasant, supremely pleasant, to be acceptable if one does not, in order to receive approbation, feel obliged to lay aside one's own convictions. In this life it requires independence to speak out and act out without fear or favor.

Whatever I may utter in relation to "Revelation" at the present time, remember I am voicing my own thoughts—I alone am responsible for them. If I utter that which is not true you certainly are not obliged to accept it; if I voice the truth it is your pleasure to accept or reject it as you see fit. I bow to no man at the present hour any more than I did when in the material form.

In reference to revelation I yield to no individual my right to my individual opinion after I have sought for myself and discovered a reason for the same. All opinions should be based upon thorough research, and every analysis we make should be made, not with an eye to prove our opinion or guess work correct; but to arrive at the sterling truth. If, in the olden time I repudiated so-called revelation, I repudiate it just the same today and know of no revelation that matches our all-nature. Before her altar, indestructible and divine, we may all bow and read the lesson of trust, of grandeur and of wisdom.

As for forms and ceremonies, as for Bibles and creeds, I have no new thought to give you. I stand upon the foundation that I have rested upon for some time. These things are naught to me, but if they are to anyone of you, I say to you, "Prize your Bible, prize your creed, prize your forms, prize your old clothes just as much and as long as you choose, but for me I am endeavoring continually to weave new garments, to read more and more clear-

ly still the great volume of Nature, not as limited to this planet, one little speck, as it were, revealed in the great arcanum of life, but the all of the universe that contains more than you or I can measure or span.

My purpose at this time is to ask you to strive to weigh and measure for yourselves that you may understand what revelation signifies to you. It does not matter to me one iota—and when you come into a consciousness of your own selfhood it will not matter to you—what some one else has proved for himself, only as perchance it gives you a thought that leads you to investigate and the revelation comes to you yourself. It does not matter to me what may have been revealed ages past to others, it does not matter to me what may perhaps be revealed to-day ; I stand before and within the mighty forces that sweep and surge throughout universal life, myself to grasp the all, myself to know what liberty signifies, myself to understand what human rights indicate, myself to ask that it may be revealed to me what is and must be, and that only, a government by the people that shall be sufficient to secure the rights, liberty and happiness of all.

Hence it is hardly necessary for me to say that to me church and state are and ever should be as wide apart as the poles. They have no relationship one with the other whatsoever. It does not concern the church what your political views are ; it is not the business of the state to compel you to declare or even to ask you what your religion is. These two institutions should be completely separate ; but are they so at the present time or is there a converging, is there a quiet tampering, is there a mighty power moving onward, and in its all-conquering march bringing our nation to its feet ?

These are questions for you to ask yourselves, these are questions for you to answer for yourselves ; but having in other days been deeply interested in the government of this country that claims its people are free, I am

no less interested now, and if I were to pray I should pray that the revelation might come to every human soul that would enable the individual to understand the signs of the times and the nature of the conflict that is already at your doors.

The religion which reveals the glory of the soul's ascension is well; the religion which teaches of love and the fulfillment of every-day duties is grand, and no man accepts it more readily than do I. But that religion which makes a man forget his country, or causes him to consider his country second to itself is no religion for me, because my religion must be engrafted into the every condition of those matters and things that have to do with the welfare of every individual soul. The revelation for which I ask, the revelation I love, the revelation that ought to be acceptable to one and all is the revelation of hidden things, the sly hand of cunning politicians, the great arm of the power that is crushing, just as sure as you live, the liberties of the people, the answer to the question why is your government interesting itself at the present time in church matters, mid the islands of the sea, whether that religion be the Catholic or anything else? They who claim that the government is not committing itself to the Church of Rome do not know whereof they speak, and if your present president is re-elected it will be at the mandate of the archbishop who is about to visit your continent.

These are revelations which you may not credit, but time will stamp them as true. America's sons and daughters have slept before the altar of an inquisition that is black beside the Inquisition itself, and a tyranny worse than that of Nero. What does it matter if you do not accept these thoughts? I do not fear the outcome. I know only this: The sons and daughters of America, because they will not read or behold these revelations, must wade through dark, muddy waters; but deep down in the heart of every American is the innate love of liberty

that by-and-by will spring forth with a power and alertness that will cause you and others to realize that it is time for action.

I do not purpose at the present time to enter into a discussion of your every-day affairs or the revelations that should come from day to day. You talk about and I rejoice in the liberty of the press. At the same time when the liberty of the press is turned into license, and it spreads its falsehoods from Maine to California, and from the south to the north, it is certainly time to cry "Halt!" to that kind of liberty. I believe in the liberty of the press most completely as far as it is true to the standard of decency and morality, for when you undertake to form or allow a government to exist that is not based upon morality you have entered upon unsafe waters. You are not where the tide of liberty flows in all its rippling, silvery brightness onward to the gateway of the perfect day.

Remember this, friends, I am standing in your presence, one with you, a citizen of the United States still by virtue of the love I bear this nation if not by virtue of what I have suffered for her liberties in times past. While I realize that the hearts of the American people and the hearts of a vast number of those who have sought these shores and become Americanized are attuned to the anthem of liberty, I am just as well aware that they are not awake to the mighty problem of the hour, not awake, shall I say, to the "trickery" that is being played upon them? For certainly there is no man who does not respect his own opinion more than the opinion of anybody else provided he is worthy the name of man, and when I speak thus I refer to those men whose opinions (and women likewise) are not founded upon somebody's say-so. If your opinion is based upon what this, that or the other one says, it is not your opinion at all. It is yours only when you have delved deep in the furrow of life and sought and found and weighed for yourselves every cause and effect that produced

that which you are seeking to analyze. It is yours, when, as Americans, you sift the truth from the so-called news spread far and wide regarding this, that or the other.

Let me say that no man who has the love of liberty in his heart, no man who would use his right of franchise in a few days, provided he had been absent from America for a number of years, could come to the city of Boston or any other town or city in the land, and could gather from the press information to guide him in his desire to vote for the best interests of the country. Why? Because, taking up one paper, he reads of the rascality of those who represent the other party; taking up another paper he reads of the greater rascality, if possible, of those who are nominated on the other side, and if he be an altogether honest, upright man, he will believe the whole crowd is composed of frauds and liars.

You are allowing blackmail, you are allowing the press, with all its indecency, to spread that which is not true in regard to every candidate who has appeared before the people—I do not except one. There is no man before the people at the present time that has not some virtue, and there is no one that is perfect, though it may seem strange that some are not.

Now, then, what do you ask for in this great revelation? That we may go to the Bible and find out what it really contains, or that we may go the Bible and believe that we are reading the word of Almighty God? And here allow me to say, that, if there is any one here who despises me because I did not and do not accept as infallible that ancient record, I thank you for your kindly feeling and at the same time I ask you when you return home to take your Bible and read through the book of Ezekiel; then I would ask you if you were to write a letter and it contained such filth as is contained in that book do you think your government would allow it to pass though the mails? That is the question I want to ask you, and then I would

ask you, if I am to blame because I have not such a man God as could command his children to wallow in such moral mire. This is sufficient, and this is why I accept no revelation save that which stamps itself as clear and pure and sweet to me ; whatever it may be to you is not for me to question.

In regard to religion : You cannot be a religious man and not be true to the Constitution of the United States, and I say this in the very face of the fact that some of your senators are repudiating that Constitution and consider it only fit for the waste basket. But let us remember this : that shortly this tinkering and tampering will become an entering wedge controlled by the power back of the Roman Catholic throne. Understand me : I love every devotee of the Catholic church, I love every human being that lives, but I do not love them enough to rock them to sleep over a lake of fire, I do not love them enough to say when I know they are standing upon the crest of a volcano, "You are all right, you will not be harmed." I do not love them enough to see them sell their priceless possession—not their money, not their houses, not their land—but their votes that they may be counted in a certain direction and not rebuke them, for the man who would sell his vote has no manhood that is worth speaking of.

The great revelation that awaits the American people is the revelation that signifies justice to all, the revelation that proves to the children of this country far and wide the great fact that they have rights and their rights must be respected, the great problem that solves itself in only one direction, and that is purity of thought, purity of action, purity of purpose. The revelation that awaits the American people is their duty to weigh in the scales of their reasoning powers every candidate's fitness for the office to which he aspires, to decide for themselves his honesty and uprightness—in fact, the character of the man, for the time has not come when there are women can-

didates. There will be after men have for a while longer forgotten their manliness and continued selling the rights and privileges of the American citizens for a mess of pottage. In that era manhood will come to the forefront and woman will stand by the side of her brother man pleading for justice for all. In that era man will acknowledge that women have brains and souls as well, and I do not hesitate to say that women will be the saviors of America, but when, oh when? When it is revealed to man that he alone is not all that exists, when he shall see, by the light of the new revelation, all the attributes that he possesses in the wife of his bosom and the daughter of his heart and feel the mighty throbbings of that life that tells him that this one, though a girl, has her rights, and that another one, though a boy, should be educated to honor and desire purity in politics.

I am very well aware, friends, that I have uttered a sentence that is inharmonious with the present state of affairs in public life, for purity in politics does not exist to-day only in the silent breath of that mighty Angel of Liberty that waits to advance. It does not exist in either one or the other political party; but, methinks (and for this I have no fear), that when the American people realize that the Constitution their forefathers loved and bequeathed to them is in danger, that some of its intrinsic sentiments are to be eliminated, there will be an awakening and a revelation.

We may talk of liberty, but it is something of long ago. We may talk of peace, but it does not spread its pinions over the beloved people of this land to-day. We may hope for conquest, and it may come in the outer world, but, remember, a pure, upright government and a pure church, either, cannot exist where a great majority of the people are crushed. Instead of the Negro slavery that existed in the South, white slavery multiplies North, South, East and West; and can you call it a free nation,

can you call it a prosperous nation when those who are obliged to subsist upon the proceeds of their daily toil are forced from their labor? "But," you say, "that is their own fault; they strike." Never, methinks, or very seldom, until they have been forced to do so by the gaunt hand of poverty and oppression. You who condemn the strikes, let me ask you one question, What of the lock-outs?

It is indeed a deplorable condition and would be our despair were it not, that, through the shadows and the darkness, through dishonesty and the infidelity to trust, we may see the revealing that will come and bring its all-quickenng power, touching the hearts of the American people as they never have been touched before, until, in city, in town, in hamlet everywhere there shall spring forth from the homes of the workingmen a demand for their rights, a demand that the government take into consideration the management of your corporations, if you have them then, the management of those large concerns that to-day are directed by one man, millionaire though he may be. For it is not safe, friends, for hundreds of men to be at the beck of, and be dominated by, one individual simply because he owns millions of dollars. Why? Because he may lift his hand, and they shall starve; he may lift his hand, and they shall have no employment. Such victims of circumstances exist in your mining districts to-day, and scattered all over the land are the slaves to this system—slaves! You may call it liberty, but liberty does not exist, because it cannot live in the hearts of a portion of the people when the other portion is crushed.

What does all this signify, then? The revealing of the letter of the Declaration of Independence: "All men are created equal," and if it is not written "all women are likewise," every intelligent person knows that woman gains her birthright by the same process that her brother man

gains his. All are born—it is said “created,” but I know nothing about the creation. I know that people are born into this life free and equal, and, as parts or sparks of that Infinite Whole, contain the germs of the illimitable power that shall aid them in an endless progression.

This government was established for the welfare of all the states. I know that other states have been added to the Union, but that fact does not lessen the responsibility of the government and the needs of the people.

The most important revelation that can come to the American people is a realization of the power of the law of justice and truth, a power that shall quicken all human hearts until they demand that the constitution be obeyed to the very letter. Then and then alone will you realize what liberty signifies; then and then alone will those who have sought these shores from other lands find their hearts beating in unison with your own; then and then alone you will have no occasion to war with China or any other country. In that far off land made sacred by the life of Confucius, in that land where the Chinaman bows before his idol, your government has no right to send its representatives or its missionaries and dictate to that people what their religion shall be. Therefore it has made a mistake in lending itself in any degree to such a policy in my opinion. Of course I do not say that my opinion is worthy your consideration. If this is true of China, it is also true of all lands upon which the sun shines. No matter if you live side by side with a Chinaman, you have naught to do with his religion or he with yours. If, as you kneel before the altar in your church, a Catholic enters by mistake (for only in that way would he enter) and begins to count his beads, what is that to you? If as he counts his beads he sends his thoughts to the Virgin Mary, let them go forth in silence, you cannot prevent it, they will do no harm, and perhaps the Virgin Mary may be able to send him a blessing. Speaking of

soul rights, not of political rights, you have no business to say to him, "You shall not take your beads out in our church."

The Chinese are more peaceable than many other nations. But, setting yourselves up as judges, you say that they are responsible for the affair of the Boxers. I declare that the churches and the missionaries are the prime cause of all the trouble and of the deluge of blood out there. I ask you to put yourselves in their place, for you can never judge another until you have as far as possible placed yourselves in the condition he is in. I ask you, If you were in the Chinamen's place, would you have received the missionaries any more acceptably or readily than did they? When you realize that those missionaries went forth presumably worshipping God and with the avowed purpose of winning souls to Christ, and then engaged in traffic, making money out of their trades with the Chinamen; when you realize that in the midst of their prosperity they strove to force it upon the natives that they were heathen and knew nothing, do you believe you would have received them pleasantly, or would you have said to the man that came to your home and talked in that way, "Come in; be seated; take my property; do what you please"? I think you would have said, "Yonder is the door, and you will find the road just a little farther; if you do not find it alone, I will assist you."

There are never two sides to right, there are never two sides to justice. They are straight as the line that reaches from earth to the sidereal heavens, straight and strong and pure as the love-beams that float in the great ether world of space. They cannot be tampered with. Therefore I say to you, Instead of walking as others dictate, strive to awaken, strive to be alive, strive to weigh all things and hold fast to that which is good. When you probe the principles of either political party you will

find much that is beautiful and worthy; but when you probe the acts and efforts and intrigues of those parties you will find that there is indeed rottenness in Denmark.

Do not forget that we are here. I am just as much — I think I am more busily engaged in this mighty warfare than you are. I am but one of hosts, watching from the towers of that higher life, striving to incite whomsoever we may to earnest endeavor, and just so sure as the waves of light falling from realms beyond touch the hearts of those who are or have been traitors to this government, just so sure you will realize a spiritual phenomenon.

The power, then, that permits this — where is it centered? Not in the Christians' God by any means. It is permitted — why? For the same reason that America was permitted to hold the black race in slavery until the time came when, through the messages from the other world, your then president, Lincoln, was bidden to "let my people go." When he wrote the Emancipation Proclamation, he penned it beneath the touch of the great guide of those who are watching and working for America and her people.

Do not think for one moment that we shall grow weary in the march. Although years may come and go, although there may be far more falsehood and oppression, it will be permitted until the lesson has proved sufficient to open the eyes and awaken the conscience of the people. They are slumbering now, but surely the awakening will come when human hearts are pierced sufficiently. Then glad will be the hour, and whether you will have ascended to our life or not, we shall all rejoice that at last the American nation recognizes the rights and privileges of her every citizen, recognizes as well the rights and privileges of every other nation, and also recognizes the fact that the religious belief of any individual is nothing to her. Then and then alone we may repeat gladly the message that I love, for I assure you that I strive to be the embodiment,

as far as I am capable, of that principle that knows no country, no church, my religion to do the good I may, my life to devote its every energy to the welfare of my kind wherever they may stray, and the forces that I can gather from whatever source or direction to cause to outflow and flood the world. Not I alone am doing this, for around me, above me and beneath me the unnumbered hosts that love America are engaged in a fierce battle in her behalf.

You have been blinded by the cunning of those who have sought filthy lucre; you have been blinded by the falsehoods of those who have bought up the press, and to-day the press stands beneath the power of, and governed by, a strong syndicate.

But life shall flow on, beauty shall spring forth on every hand, flowers and thorns shall bloom and grow by the way-side, human hearts shall groan in sorrow and tribulation and human hearts shall rejoice and chant the glad anthem of peace—all in the mighty swirl and conflict of a nation marching through that which is more perilous than was the fabled experience of a certain people in passing through the Red Sea. But if it be a sea of blood and gore, a sea of slavery, of sorrow and of shame, if it be a sea engulfed wherein America's sons shall realize that they have sold themselves, still America cannot be lost. Her liberties shall not be encroached upon. The mighty Angel of Life, breathing from realms beyond, heralds the glad tidings, and though it may require a long period, yet surely the time will come when all slavery will have passed away. The people of this fair land shall see a wide difference between church and state. The church, if you have one, shall care for itself; the state shall ride in all its triumphant glory, and the great ship that now beats about in the darkness shall sail, proud and free, 'neath the stars and stripes while her crew shall chant, "Liberty now and evermore."

NO. 9.*

THE ETERNAL PROCESS OF MATERIALIZATION AND DEMATERIALIZATION.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT EONÁ,

(THE SPIRIT WHO WROTE THE BOOK "EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITS EON AND EONÁ IN EARTH LIFE AND SPIRIT SPHERES.")

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1900.

INVOCATION.

MID the sweet cadences of Life's great anthem we blend our aspirations and reach out the earnest desire to ascend higher pathways, to pierce broader avenues, to read more clearly the mighty lesson of existence traced in the atmosphere of every planet, written upon the tablet of every soul, and finding expression not only through matter in its various forms in denser conditions, but in the more spiritual states where it is higher, deeper, broader than words can describe. O Life, Thou art beautiful in all

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Thine expressions ; Thou art grand in all the attainments Thy children are capable of ; Thou art divine in all the possibilities that apply to the flower and to the human soul, to all worlds and the all of existence in its immensity. We may not grasp Thy wholeness, we may not understand as yet all Thy beauties, but may we strive to feel and understand the import and the truth of the one thought, that every experience, whether it be in the shadow or the sunshine, enriches the soul in that by the trials and vicissitudes, by the darkness through which we pass, we bring out from our inner natures that which naught else could evolve. And if the bright sunlight, the beauty of the flower, the sweet harmonies are to us in our various conditions more acceptable, they only touch one line of our lives. All things, then, converge to the end of nourishing and strengthening the individual, and whatever incarnation, whatever environment, whatever trial, whatever joy may touch the soul, the life's purpose cannot be accomplished without the same. Therefore, rejoicing in all that has come within the range of our experience and observation, we rejoice likewise in anticipation of the immense volumes that are yet to be opened ; at the illimitable pathways lighted by a more effulgent splendor than we have yet beheld which shall open to our vision and over which we shall advance ; and at the larger consciousness or knowledge of ourselves that shall quicken us and incite us to greater effort in seeking to awaken, as far as we may by our silent touch, the consciousness of our kindred. May the light that shines with ineffable beauty ever undimmed in the pathway of the ascending soul, shed bright rays over the pathways of these Thy children, and may they sense in part, at least, the vibrations that rise and fall, not alone in the atmosphere enfolding them, but in the great vibratory ocean that constitutes their soul life ; for here they shall find a volume scarcely opened ; here they shall find a revelation, discovering its worth and

properties little by little, that is of more value than words are adequate to express.

O Life, may Thy blessing rest upon us ; may we all be uplifted by Thy sweet baptism, and may our quickened spirits strive to rise through knowledge into the higher realms of spirituality.

DISCOURSE.

[BRING you my tenderest greetings and the touch of a hand that has grasped many experiences in life's great chapters, the touch of a soul that, with yourselves, is striving to pierce the veil that hangs between you and me and unknown realms. But, whatever may have been your or my experiences, they are meagre compared with the great volume of life's possibilities that awaits us.

In voicing such thoughts as I may be able to express, I wish you to feel that I come into your life as one with yourselves in spirit in striving, and striving successfully, to solve life's great problem. If, in the past you or I have groped through pathways dark as night is to the day, if we have struggled with conditions and been sad and lonely, it was not our fault or Nature's. We live because Nature lives. We learn because Nature inspires us to learn.

I wish you to go with me as far as possible into the realm of soul-life. All incarnations are small compared with that which constitutes the real builder. When we stand before the altar of ourselves we stand before that power that is sufficient for our every need, because we stand before that source of supply that, containing within itself all that is essential, possesses the ability of reaching into Nature's deepest depths and securing such of her treasures as for the time being we require.

You understand, no doubt, that your bodies are not made for you. You are incarnated by virtue of the worker within who has sought and found in Nature's laboratory all the essentials to commingle and maintain in their integrity certain component particles as long as you need them. It is not wise, therefore, in your present condition, to lay out your plans to reach into the great Beyond, because you have not attained as yet the faculty, the force, that will be required of you and that you will possess when you pass into other environments.

You are sustaining the forms you are wearing to-day by virtue of the food that inspires you as well as by virtue of the silent, unseen forces of Nature that you, a living soul, command and obtain. In the outer realm you do not realize this work as you will in coming time, yet strive to think, if you do not know, that you are never idle. When I speak to you thus I mean what you call the soul, the real individual, for you understand that the form through which you manifest yourselves in materiality is not yourselves at all. It is that which you have builded unconsciously, and no other, save as you have had inspiring assistance, or as an influx that from Nature has accompanied and aided you.

I wish to speak to you in this wise that you may understand you are active workers in the great field of materialization. You have materialized these forms that you are wearing to-day, and as long as your soul-life is capable of retaining and requires them you will continue to dwell therein. When you need them no longer, you will pass out and leave Nature a portion of your own life blended there with sufficient to decompose or dematerialize them.

Granted this, you wait not for the hour when you leave these material bodies. You are continually dematerializing. You are continually materializing. You do not see it, you do not sense it, you do not

realize it, but science and your own judgment tells you that you are constantly throwing off and taking on new elements, else these forms would not retain their substantial character and would not serve your purpose. This is a natural law in the great realm of materialization. You become so accustomed to it that you scarcely think of it. The silent worker within, ever on the alert, is seeking for the elements in matter that you may require from moment to moment.

Could you see your forms as I behold them, you would perceive from every pore, from every finger, from every part of your bodies, but especially from the extremities, a constant flow of different colored emanations. You might call it magnetism, you might call it electricity, but while those elements are in activity there they bear outward from your forms the elements that you no longer require, and thus you relieve yourselves of forces that otherwise would become burdensome to you. As this outflow continues, could you behold what is visible to me, you would see on the other hand, the atmosphere throbbing, the atoms more active than you can have any conception of, infusing into your bodies elements to take the place of those which have served their purpose, and which the worker within has bidden depart in accordance with the law whereby the forces in your soul-life master them. Thus your bodies are being continually refreshed, continually relieved, and in this vast field of even crude material life you and I may learn a lesson of great value.

In whatever incarnation may have been or will be yours, the law holds good. There is, therefore, as I have already stated, no necessity for you to speculate in regard to the matter. You will realize when you need incarnation ; you will realize when your soul-life demands a new materialized form, be it to serve you in the material sphere of activity, or be it to serve you in what you call spiritual realms. As you advance into the realm of soul-life (I use

that expression as implying that condition in which you will become conscious of what you are, of what you are doing, of what you have done) memory will no longer fail you. If your present forms are not sufficiently flexible and obedient to give you the memories of other times and other lives, it is simply because it is not essential ; but the time will come when the right chambers of memory will reveal to you, without one break, without one omission, without one darksome night, the whole of your past experiences. The whole of the experiences that have touched your souls will be your treasured inheritance, and thereby you will understand why certain ones were necessary in such-and-such a condition of life ; you will review, if you choose, the mighty chain of your experiences and realize how you have been continually building your manhood or womanhood.

It is then, with joy I greet you, not to bring you one sad thought ; for as memory flashes athwart my being and I see the pathways, never forgetting them, through which I have darkly wandered, the pathways in which I have suffered as well as rejoiced, I realize that all were necessary to enable me to be what I am at the present time, to enable me to bestow what little I have upon others in my wanderings, and to render it possible for me to reach higher attainments, as it is likewise for you. I have no desire to send forth a prayer that I may be thus-and-thus guided and directed, for I *know* the monarch within will lead me safely and direct me correctly.

Sometimes in our needs as we advance along our never-ending pathway, we leave the homes that have become endeared to us by sacred ties and sweetest joys. This is as true in the life you call spiritual as it is in this, the outer life. You love your homes, you love your surroundings, and if you are called upon to change them, you sometimes grieve over not only what you have become familiar with in your lives, but over the memories that

cluster there, forgetting or not realizing that all that memory can reflect to you you take with you. So in spirit life : If we feel a great need and we have to leave a home that we have adorned with joy and gladness, a home where we have loved to sit and look out on the shimmering waters and feel the breath of the morning fanning our cheeks ; where we have loved, as you love, to contemplate the beauty we have been able to add to that home—when the time comes for us to leave it all we at first look round and feel almost sorry, but only for a moment ; for, as we feel the sweet embrace of that enfolding vibration that bears its ether to and around our forms and we move on by virtue of the inner needs, by virtue of the needs of our soul, we rejoice that the journey, if I may so express myself, has begun. There is that ineffable joy, that gladness, that something that I cannot voice to you that breathes its sweet presence and beauty upon us, and we feel not sorrowful that the home we have labored to beautify, that we have enjoyed, the home from which we take nothing, is to be ours no longer ; but we take pleasure in the thought that some one or some others will find it ready for their occupancy, find that abode with its deep, rich colorings, its charming scenery, its harmony and its strength awaiting them, and abide there until they likewise, by virtue of their needs through growth, shall move on. It is a beautiful thought to me, that when we are building that which is attractive (and this is as true of you as it is of us) we are building it not to enjoy alone, not alone for our own pleasure, but that others also may drink in its sweetness ; and I would impress upon your minds and hearts this great fact : that we are striving to aid you in building a spiritual temple that shall indeed be not only a pleasure and a joy to you gathered here, but a pleasure and needed help unto others.

I am waiting, living where life is beautiful. The divinity of that life in golden threads of light repeats to

me the stories of art and of science that I love, and yet I am waiting. I know I shall not always tarry where I am abiding now. We cannot rest when we become alive in soul; we cannot rest only as we rest in earnest endeavor, only as we rest in activity, and while we have no worlds to conquer, we have, in the great chapters of life before us, all worlds (and yet I know there is but one world) and all conditions of life to explore; before every altar we have yet to stand and read the lesson that is for us to read; before every atom we have yet to kneel and realize its companionship with ourselves, realize that from the deep chambers of matter there is continually being evolved that which, passed through the great laboratory of life, becomes fitted for our use whatever we may be or where-soever we may stray.

Could I rest, could I feel that I had reached the summit of life where for me never more there might be some quickened pulse, some renewed desire to enter into a greater, wider pathway while there are so many unexplored fields before me? If the desire has not yet been born within you it will be at some future time, and you, like myself, will be impelled to penetrate the atmosphere not of one but of every planet. I have been able to visit some planets besides the earth, and yet I have not read all that the life of this earth expresses, I have not found revealed to me, by my earnest searching thought, all for which I am seeking.

In the outer world I watch the great processes of materialization and dematerialization, knowing that planets like individuals must pass through various stages and conditions, knowing that life shall bring to you and to me all that we can aspire for. O how gladsome the thought, how joyful to me the fact, that we are never to sit us down and have all of life's treasures lavished at our feet, that we are not to sit down and have others bring to us the beautiful flowers, penetrate for us new realms and give

us thoughts that we accept without one mental effort. This may answer for a time in the outer world, but I know that your aspirations, like my own, reach out for that alone which can satisfy, and that must surely be the power that we claim and demand, and, by claiming and demanding, possess and utilize the power to materialize and dematerialize even worlds. This work can be accomplished not by one individual alone but by the united power of the workers in infinite wisdom. We are living then the highest destiny, wherever we may be, that you can conceive of, and as I have already stated, the idle talk that is so often indulged in, which is nothing more or less than guess-work, is wasted strength. The soul, when it realizes its soulship and its at-one-ment with all of Nature, rises in its own dignity and expresses only that which it has proven. Therefore, in this state in which I am now living we have no discussions, we have no disagreements, for the very reason that we cannot discuss, as you in your wisdom may, a point about which we know nothing. We have learned in our various incarnations not to strive to impart our imperfect knowledge of a subject to others, but wait until we have tested, examined and gained a thorough understanding of it before we seek to instruct any one.

I speak of this because I would have you wiser, I would have you sometimes silent rather than proclaiming what you believe but do not know.

I would bring you any sterling truth in my possession, although I know the words I utter are poor and feeble; and yet I am glad to greet you and to tell you that in yourselves you will find the power that shall help you at all times to control yourselves, to live in the sweet atmosphere of that germ life where you look upon others around you who, like yourselves, are occupying bodies which, however, are unlike yours. They have materialized their bodies as you have materialized yours, by collecting and

concentrating just those chemical forces that, as a soul, you required for your education here, for the purposes of your life here. And if environments have some effect upon you they need not weigh you down, for when you realize the fact that you are masters, that you are monarchs, and that in your soul-life you have permitted this and that to occur, you will never feel to complain of another; then you will comprehend what I have already stated, that every bitter experience eventually adds strength to the soul that has passed through it, that every experience, whatever it may be, is that which the soul has permitted in order that it might permeate and color the life of the individual.

Thus it is, when we realize this, that all life acquires a new glory, all beings are beautiful in our sight; and if some have been capable only of an incarnation that forbids their highest and brightest expression, we have only to wait for their greater growth and strength, wait, in other words, for them to obtain their needed experience, forgetting not that your experience with them, even though it saddens you, is what you likewise require.

You may think these are unpleasant thoughts, but in the great wholeness of life you cannot find an error in that which is permitted to find expression. In the realm of Nature you might exclaim that something was wrong when you beheld the mighty throes of a newly awakened volcano, when in the forest you witnessed the destruction of those giant monarchs by the furious tempest. And yet with an eye keen to the truth, could you penetrate to cause from the effect and understand the needs of the planet, you would realize that every throb, every vibration, every convulsion, Nature demands for the perfect fulfillment of her highest expression. In the realm of those unseen forces, when you witness the fierceness of the storm that sweeps over your land, when you see the flash and hear the thunder of that wondrous power that is life and

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light, do you comprehend the fact that it is Nature's voice and Nature's needs making their demands? When you thus realize, thus understand, you will perceive more of the beauty of all forms and conditions of life, and when you shall have passed through the changes that await you and have fulfilled the missions that it will be your privilege to fulfil, you will realize the beauty and the wondrous grandeur of the operations of soul-life.

Would that I could impress you more fully. Gladly I come in touch, as far as possible, with you; and remember that I do not feel I am far away from you. I do not feel that I live remotely from you. You do not know how far away your lives were in other incarnations from the now—you cannot tell. I assure you that I feel I am one with you in seeking for that higher growth, that broader, deeper knowledge that shall enlighten my being and yours, but asking for myself no favors, asking for myself not that the wider pathway shall open directly, for I know when I am ready, when my experiences have ripened me for higher conditions, I shall leave my present home. I shall feel just a little sad perhaps as I look out over the waters sparkling and flashing in the sunlight that lend their beauty to its grounds; as I listen for the last time to the voices of the birds that have sung to me so often their song of joy and love; as I gaze upon the valley where the children dwell in all their sweet loveliness; as I look at the walls of the abode I have labored to make bright and beautiful that the spirit might rejoice in its habitation. I am aware that I shall look around with sadness, then quietly say: "Good-by, dear home. You have served me well. Some other one or more will enter here and enjoy the fruit of my efforts, and as they dwell in love and harmony will beautify you still more to their own taste." As I feel, as I know I shall, the touch of that power that shall bid me to a new birth, to a higher incarnation, as I feel the enfolding arms of the great ether of

life, I shall have no sorrow, I shall have no regret, but as heretofore in every change, a gladness, not for myself, but to obey that silent power that guides us all in our wanderings whether we know and understand it or not.

In seeking to comprehend life, then, strive to look deep, strive to be broad, and in seeking to understand spirit life, may you realize its boundlessness. As we endeavor to give you little, simple proofs of materialization, may you not forget that continually before your gaze the great process of materialization and dematerialization is going on. Nature breathes it and life bestows it, and you and I, I am sure, gladly accept it. May you, then, rejoice as you have never rejoiced before. If you have trials, bear them bravely, knowing that there is a purpose therein. If you have joys, treasure them above all price for they shall give strength to your souls. Weave, dear friends, joyfully and trustingly, the threads of sorrow and of happiness into one golden garment, and you will find that the strands of sorrow or sadness will grow bright as they come into harmony with the lighter ones. When you think that from your beings, as I have before stated, there outflows this vital fluid, the electro-magnetic force that disintegrates and bears off the elements that you have no further use for, remember likewise that on the incoming tide of the great sea of ether and the great vibratory ocean, you are receiving and being enveloped by new elements, new magnetic and electric forces; and forget not that in this operation you are the worker, in this operation the soul stands pre-eminent, refusing and repelling its old garments, or that portion of them that has become worn out, and is commanding and obtaining from Nature that which supplies their place.

GREETING BY "SPIRIT CRYSTAL."

I come to-day with a gladsome shout
 And a song so full of joy,
 O I would come and touch your hearts

With a bliss without alloy,
I come with a bound and a gladsome shout,
For my feet have stronger grown,
And my sandals glow with a silvery cord
As I bring you a joy unknown.
O light and love shall bless you here,
And o'er your heads I see
The beautiful star of the one who fled
Just out of your sight to me.
She stands where the glittering lights
Cast radiance o'er her form,
And from that shore to you do come
The loved ones, every one,
With flowers so bright and with love so kind
I know your hearts will warm.

NO. 10.

ALL IS GOOD.

A DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT THEODORE PARKER.

(A CLERGYMAN WHO PASSED FROM THE MORTAL IN 1860.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 28, 1900.

INVOCATION.

BEFORE Thine infinite altar, O Father and Mother God, we bow and, with uplifted hearts, breathe forth our aspirations, striving to pierce higher realms of thought, striving to attain higher altitudes, striving to invoke that all-quickenning power that shall infuse into us fresh enthusiasm in all that relates to human welfare, human advancement and human happiness. O Infinite Wisdom, throughout the wide world Thy glory reflects itself; in every human heart the touch of Thine ever-pulsating being repeats its story of quickening life, and throughout all of Nature the divine possibilities that awaken the soul to a study of its divine revelations are found upon every hand.

May we, as students in life's great school, learn to comprehend the deep purpose of all existence and realize, one and all, our duty in every condition and at every step along our never-ending journey, that thereby we may come in closer touch through sympathy with our kindred

everywhere, that thereby we may apprehend more fully the divine possibilities within ourselves, and strive to come in contact with those higher forces vibrating in the great world of thought that shall aid us in elevating ourselves and in bestowing, everywhere we may find our expression, something to bless other souls.

May we rejoice ever in the constant communion with our kind of whatever clime or nation, in spiritual or material spheres. We are grateful indeed for the boon that enables us still to labor for our own, for the power that enables us to enter the presence of those we love and strive in our feeble manner to be of some little assistance to them. May these mortal children realize not only the nearness of the friends just "over there," but their deep interest in the every-day existence of those they left on earth, striving in all their cares, in all their trials, in all their weaknesses, to guide and protect them, and bearing continually to earth from the realms beyond whatever power and influence they may there gather.

O that the world may awaken to the mighty knowledge that heaven and earth are one, to the great fact of the continuity of life, and that in this fact is to be found the redemption of humanity from all weakness and sin. May the all-quickening touch of thy potent spirit, O Nature, stir the spiritual pulse of the people of this city, of this and every other nation, until they all, as with one voice, exclaim, "We no longer dream, but we know that we feel the presence of our ascended ones as they press our brows with their tender lips; we know we hear their voices as they whisper in our ears; we know that the pathway over which their white feet have ascended will by-and-by be opened for our advancement into the realm of spiritual life." And knowing this may the spiritual power that has rested over this land gently touch the hearts of the people and bring peace on earth and good unto all willing souls.

DISCOURSE.

I AM well aware, friends, that I shall not be able to express myself as clearly and fully as I could wish, but I come to you with a heart filled with gladness, I come to you with the desire to greet you every one in brotherly love.

When I come into your presence I realize how long mankind has talked of good and evil, but I have almost forgotten to think of evil only as I sense that which is expressed by human lives ; for, entering into the great world of spiritual thought, entering into the great world of human life, even though my experience may be small compared with that of many, I can voice but this one sentiment, all is good. No matter what I or any other may have suffered, no matter what may rack the minds and enslave the bodies of our kind to-day, I cannot find evil in the world, and I feel that the idea of its existence has been cultivated altogether too long.

You may think it strange that I should make this assertion, and I may not be able to make it plain why I can make it. But as I stand here and gaze outward upon every hand I may behold the effect of wars and disasters ; I may gaze upon those whose feet bleed as they climb their Calvary, and I may sorrow and sympathize with them because of the condition wherein I find them ; at the same time I cannot lose sight of that one unerring law, that one Infinite Energy that holds all things in its infinite embrace. If there is wisdom and intelligence in the control of Nature and of Nature's laws, if they demonstrate that wisdom and intelligence, if there is, as some of you believe, an omnipotent power, then indeed we must learn to accept the good and wait for that which in our ignorance we call evil to develop in its own way until we behold its fruitage. Thus you have only to wait, as in Nature's

realms you wait for the poisonous plant to grow, and, by the changes that are wrought in her laboratory, to bear wholesome, luscious fruit as instanced in the peach tree of the present day, once a poisonous shrub growing in the wilds of Persia.

We may now trace backward through life from effect to cause and find that many things in the external world that man once denounced are now utilized to his advantage. Yet Nature never pauses in the enfoldment of her properties, never ceases to ascend in the scale of progression, and why should we?

I most firmly believe that the human family is being taught far too much about evil. I believe they are being denounced too much, condemned too much. I believe there is displayed too much the feeling of "I am better than thou," for I believe that in the great scale of eternal justice every soul floating out and finding its pathway as it clothes and re-clothes itself is quite as pure as every other soul, and if one soul has clothed itself in a form that prevents its highest and best expression or if its environments have cramped it, shall you and I condemn it? Is there not something else for us to do if we stand upon a higher plane than to gaze down and harshly judge them? The day will come when you will have no time to stop to think how mean some one else is. This fact humanity will learn when they accept the teachings of Spiritualism brought by the angel-world, that denunciation never makes an individual better. You may unkindly criticise a boy, you may whip him day after day, week in and week out, and he will grow no better, for every time you use the lash you raise antagonism within his soul, and you drive him by lack of sympathy into the valley of "I don't care."

My idea is this, then, and it is drawn from revelations made all along the line of the ages for eighteen hundred years, illuminated by the light of Spiritualism today: Were I a father in the material form with children around

me, knowing what I know at the present time, I would not permit any one to speak an unkind word to them. I would allow others to tell them of their goodness when they were good, of their nobility when they were noble, but I would not permit them to be frightened, as many a child has been, by the fear of ghosts or by any other method. This is just as applicable to older children as it is to the little ones who are attending school.

Human nature—what is it? It is the nature that is yours and mine; it is God-nature; it is soul-nature. What are its needs? What are its requirements? I care not how thorny the pathway or steep the hill, neither do I care how flowery the way or easy and roundabout the ascent, every human soul is more tractable when spoken to gently. Even though you cannot always agree with people, there is no occasion for idle argument, for heated discussion, for the expression of hatred—the bane of modern civilization. Surely it is the bane of your political parties in their conflict today, for you hear nothing good of the candidates of the opposition from one side or the other.

I do not propose discussing the political situation, however. I know that it will redeem itself. I do not call it evil. I call it the gathering of thorns instead of flowers; I call it the ignorant bowing of men to serfdom, and if it is not serfdom I leave you to judge for yourself what it is.

I am saddened by the discord and inharmony prevailing all over the land, and you may say to me, "If that is so, how can you say there is no evil?" Because I would not call that fruitage that seems to be evil an ultimate fact; because I realize this truth: All that you condemn is necessary for the quickening and education of mankind that they may comprehend sooner or later that religion consists not in forms or creeds or ceremonies; that state and government do not depend upon party spirit; that life in all its departments waits for what? For that pure and undefiled religion, that deep sentiment from the liv-

ing soul that raises the standard of manhood until man can say to himself, "I have no one to blame. I am here to learn, and whatever may be my ignorance at the present time, whatever there may be that mankind calls evil in the expressions of my life, I am here to outgrow, I am here to blot out, I am here to overcome by gaining knowledge and wisdom. I am not here to sit in judgment upon any other human soul. I am not here to cry out at Nature in the midst of some volcanic action, "What are you doing? What evil are you working in the valley where thousands of people have their homes? You are all wrong to thus destroy!"

Neither am I here to arraign Nature before the altar of my individual ignorance. Rather am I here to learn the cause and the effect of the manifestations occurring all about me, and to glean a lesson therefrom. I may gaze upon the mighty throes of Nature and call them glorious when I understand that they are the outward expression of pent up forces seeking and finding vent, thereby refining and purifying the planet upon which you dwell and rendering it more suitable as a habitation for man in the material state. Thus Nature builds her mines and thus she supplies the needs of her children. Had there been no volcanic action, no mighty convulsions the earth would not today be capable of supporting human life.

Passing from these expressions of inanimate Nature to the human family, let us remember that we are closely allied to that from which we have obtained material to build our forms while incarnate. From Nature's vast storehouse we draw our supplies. No individual God above has willed that we exist. No individual God above has sent us out from his great reservoir to float as best we may on life's silvery ocean, but we are because we must be a part of Nature, and every atom responds to every expression of my soul as far as I am capable of touching that atom and yours likewise.

Then if convulsions in inanimate Nature are necessary, who shall say that disturbances in the human family are not equally so? They are unpleasant indeed because man does not understand their cause, and hence he plunges into this great vortex and without reason expresses himself unwisely, whereas if he stood calm, as before the gentler throes of Nature, gazing down upon what he might call the wreck, not of individual life, but of happiness, and said to himself, "This is the outcome, this is legitimate at the present time, and by it humanity shall ascend to a higher plane" he could not call it evil. We might say that ignorance had made it more gigantic. At the same time that Infinite Wisdom, the Father and Mother God that I worship, throbbing in every atom and speaking through every channel of life, says to my soul, "All is well! Look not at the result of the now—the harvest is not ripe, humanity have not grown wise; but they are advancing through all these struggles, and through discord and war they are learning the lessons they would not heed if they came in any other way."

This may seem to you a strange proclamation, but all I ask of you, each one, is to take this thought to your homes, and if at every point in life's great chapters which relate to humanity or to Nature, you can stand and face that Infinite Wisdom whose divine energies breathe throughout the universe and declare, "Thou art unwise!" you either accept this proposition or you virtually stand arrayed against this mighty force and exclaim, "You do not know what you are about!" The great tide of life back of you and me, within you and me, and with which we blend and operate, must be and is a unit. There is no departing therefrom. There is no getting away from that one life. Either we are enfolded by intelligence and our intelligence is sufficient for our needs, else we are not. Choose which horn of the dilemma you please, but as far as I am capable of comprehending and grasping the all of being, I am

ready to accept all things as I must, not unwisely strive to spend my forces correcting Nature or arraying myself against the on-coming tide of knowledge that is sweeping up from the valleys and down from the hills and mountains of life, bearing humanity onward and onward to that point where they will stand as equals, realizing that indeed all men are created free and equal, and that each individual, whether he declares it or not, has sufficient intelligence to guide and govern himself. Then when you look about you and see your brother wallowing in the mud and mire of the ditch into which he has fallen because of his love for alcoholic drinks, you will not condemn him and if you are wise before you have attained to this condition, you will cease condemning him and see to it that a law is enacted that will punish the man who made him a drunkard instead of opening the doors of your parlors and places of fashionable resort to the saloon-keeper, calling him a "good fellow," while you speak of his victim as evil and nothing more.

I tell you, friends, when you weigh this matter well, you will realize that the very souls you have called evil and crushed beneath the iron heel of a progressive humanity are indeed higher in the scale of individual goodness than are those who have crushed them. And while I despise all that is permitted to exist that oppresses my kind, while I look with sorrow upon the great number of saloons that dot the streets of this fair city, and behold with still more sorrow the hundreds of victims robbed of their wits that crowd its thoroughfares while their wives and worse than orphaned children are robbed of the fruits of the husband's and father's industry, of all that made up the nobility of the man that the maiden accepted feeling that she had indeed a protector in the hour of need, of all that made the father's love blessed—while I despise all this I cannot say that it is evil for this reason: While it brings evil consequences in its train and crushes humanity,

it will be a means of uplifting them in the fulness of time, for men are not always to remain in ignorance.

When people are ready to receive the teachings of Spiritualism in all their purity and adjust their daily lives thereunto, there will be an out-growing of selfishness that now is cultivated to an alarming degree; and if sorrow, degradation, destruction and slavery must be the methods whereby the human family attain to this degree of manhood and womanhood, I have no complaint to make. I do feel that it has been, is and will be through tribulation and sorrow only that mankind will awaken to a consciousness of their needs and to a full realization of their duty to not only do unto others as they would have others do unto them, but of *feeling* unto others as they would have others feel towards and think of them. If you do the kindest act that you can conceive of, if you lavish gifts and bestow your sweetest smiles upon another and at the same time your heart is bitter against the one to whose face you are gracious and loving, what does it profit that one? what does it profit you? There are many at the present time who are thus living a lie and do not realize it, but when they are awakened spiritually they will be startled at their own reflection in the mirror of the soul where they will see themselves as they really are.

When you feel towards another as you would that another should feel towards you, I ask you, Will you not see goodness in every human soul? If you listen to a quick word, will you not feel that it really is not evil, but only an expression that for the time is unpleasant? For, looking deep into human nature, we perceive not one being upon the tablet of whose soul goodness is not written, not one who is not worthy to stand side by side with you and me.

Remember, that in speaking in this wise, I am not referring to those people who are committing depredations, but to those who may be likened to the weeds that

grow side by side with your corn, your grain, or whatever you wish to harvest. You say that the weed is useless and worthless, and yet by plucking it it may be made to enrich the ground. I grant you it is no place for it in your corn-field, and if you are a good husbandman you do not allow it to remain there; but after all, Nature expresses herself through it, and in the poisonous or useless weed that grows by the side of the corn, if you analyze it, you will find noxious elements which it has taken up and which otherwise would have encroached upon some other form of life.

Take, for instance, the insects you despise. They disturb you and you exclaim, "I hate them! I do not know why God created such things." But Nature gave them the power of expression, and their purpose is for good, as you will readily perceive in the case of flies that feed upon substances which give them life and activity for a short period, but which would be poisonous to you, and having changed the character of the same, they give them forth, harmless elements, to be reabsorbed into Nature's vast reservoir.

You may analyze all of Nature everywhere, and you will find a cause for every effect; and as you trace the line of life and its wondrous conditions, rising higher and higher on every wave of evolution, you will realize that all is good; that if you obtain goodness it must be out-worked from within; and that goodness does not consist in exalting one's self, in feeling that "I am better than thou," but it exalts itself by the growth of the human soul.

When man stands upon his own platform, as it were, in the full consciousness of a desire for right and truth in every department of life, he has not an unkind word, he has no unkind thought for anyone. He may say, with the deepest love in his soul, to him who has committed some great depredation, "I am sorry that you allowed your

ignorance, and, in consequence of your ignorance, your passion or selfishness, to commit this crime, and yet I love you; I love you because, deep, down beneath this act, there is a soul white with beauty; I love you because I know that you are capable of throwing off all that prompts such acts and may become pure and upright as you pursue your journey onward to higher realms."

Who shall say it is not right to love those who are crushed? Who shall say it is not right to love all mankind when we realize that they are tending in one direction? All have had the same great experience of bounding outward from the reservoir of life, incarnating themselves as they have advanced onward and still farther onward, in those elements and properties they desired for the soul's expression, and, with the goal in view, glittering with matchless gems, singing the anthem of immortality, which has risen from the deep depths of their sorrow and suffering, who shall say that there is one, unworthy of love? Who shall say that there is one however despised, however completely cast out from humanity's heart today, that should be told continually, "You are a miserable wretch." I tell you that love begets love, that truth begets truth, and the quickening glow of the human soul shall show itself more readily when all humanity shall turn away from greed, away from the worship of an unknown God, away from political strife, away from discord and war, away from the altar of selfishness, away from all that belittles humanity. In the light of that mighty love that sweeps the lyre strings of the eternal world none shall say, as they climb the steps of immortality, "Behold, there is one who has committed an atrocious crime, and now he is ascending the same mountain that I am striving to scale! He has no right here; he was a wretch there."

The glory of Spiritualism and the glory of all life is in ignoring evil and acknowledging good till every virtue in the individual is made to glitter like diamonds in the

diadem of eternal truth. Let us rejoice within ourselves, therefore, whenever *we* are satisfied with ourselves. It is not necessary to ask some one else if you are good, for you might get a mistaken judgment. It is not necessary to ask some one else to love you, but *be* that which commands love by living the life that does not cause you to quiver or flush when you look at yourself in the glass. Rise in the strength and beauty of your manhood and womanhood and behold no evil, but seek for goodness, seek for health, cease to complain, cease to express yourselves as sick. If you feel faint or weak, say, "I have a little wave passing over me, but I am all right," and mount the ladder, and you have no idea how bright the world will appear to you. Where shadows seemed to lie across your pathway and dark clouds hovered above you, you will behold the glory that always accompanies the spirit of cheerfulness and contentment.

You have no time to seek for weeds and thorns. Leave them to their own mission. The great need of your being and of mine (for this admonition is just as applicable to me as it is to you, having advanced only a little way over there ahead of you) is to attain all the good we can, and by that growth that we are capable of, give out expressions that others shall accept because of their goodness, for life to us has but just begun.

I have seen, since entering this world of souls, such beautiful altars, such sweet reverence and love, such divine unfoldings of human spirits. I have met those who were crushed almost beyond endurance by their own inconsistencies, and I met them as a brother. They entered the spirit world low down, but they are reaching out and climbing, because, deep in the soil of the soul was implanted that goodness that cannot be slain, for it has life, and you and I must seek to wear its golden crown. Therefore, dear friends, strive in this life—I will not say to be charitable, for I think you will forget it—to warm your

hearts with the quickening power of kindness until you have that forbearance and that patience which you would require and hope for were you situated as they are and they as you are. Deal gently with the erring, not only in thought but in practice. I know they must oft-times be dealt with by the law. It is necessary for the safety of others, and I acknowledge it in a world where humanity are seeking to attain civilization, in a world where, because of the cultivation of lust, of passion, of greed, of selfishness, you have to hire so many police to watch, to guard, to protect, to fetter so many human souls.

O for the hour when the Angel of peace and harmony shall brood over America and her children may live as free from fear as do the inhabitants of some of the heathen lands where our missionaries have gone to convert the people. All hail the hour when the light of spiritual truth shall illuminate every heart! O hail the hour when knowledge shall obtain to that degree that the most wretched and diseased will have the courage, realizing their possibilities, to imitate the noblest and best. All hail the hour when might shall no longer rule with its iron hand, when there shall be no more crushing of the victims of toil beneath the cruel power that holds them so relentlessly down. It will come. I see it in the golden tinge of the dawn of the new era. I see it in the quickening pulse of human hearts. I see it in the right and justice that obtains despite crime and wrong. In that on-coming time mankind shall bow before no altar save that of Eternal Goodness, where they shall be baptised in the love that outflows therefrom and that shall enfold all who need succor, all who need sympathy, all who need love and kindness.

Let us remember, friends, that Spiritualism is the religion of the heart not simply in that it unites your lives with the lives of those that have gone before, not alone in that all your heart aspires for shall be yours in the great

world beyond, but it is the religion of the heart because with its all-quickenng power, it shall so educate human souls in the time to come that no mortal child wandering shall ask in vain for bread, that no child wandering, lonely and forlorn, shall ask in vain for a smile, but ail, as one great family, shall receive alike and be able to exclaim, "We have enough and to spare." In that hour even the hearts of millionaires shall be touched and the poor shall be fed, pastors shall preach what they believe, creeds shall vanish, and those who enact the laws shall so frame them that kindness and mercy shall be shown the erring.

May you all help in hastening the dawn of that glorious day. May you aid by clothing your own souls in bright garments and decking them with the flowers of goodness, by beholding goodness in every other human being. May you aid in bringing about that condition by seeking for health in sickness, goodness in evil, and walking in the broad day-light or beneath the moon's silvery rays exalted by the thought that you at last have found the secret of happiness in making others happy.

NO. 11.*

KNOW AND UNDERSTAND THYSELF.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT KING OF THE INNER TEMPLE

(An Egyptian of 5000 Years Since)

WITH MESSAGE BY HIS QUEEN,

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1900.

INVOCATION.

INFINITE and All-pervading Intelligence; Wisdom, Light and Knowledge, breathing Thy divine blessing by the quickening of every individual life, by the pulsation of all beings that are enfolded, in matter, by the possibilities of the myriads of forms wherein Thou art incarnate; O infinite Wisdom, in every sand-grain Thou hast Thy abode, in every breath of the atmosphere Thou dost express Thy strength and beauty, in and through all life, in the midst of the vast evolution of matter and spirit, Thou dost present Thy lessons to Thy children. We may understand Thy subtle powers and

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligences owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Thy wondrous workings enthroned in every soul, guiding and governing all life, only as we understand more and more and yet more of ourselves. May we comprehend, and may these children here present learn this lesson, that, only through the mirrors of their own beings, only by the enfoldments of their own possibilities, can they read Thy manifestations or come in touch with Thy divine blessing. May they turn from the altars erected outside, turn from the mirrors that others may present to them, and gazing intently into the deep mine of their own possessions, seek to awaken the latent forces therein, and become more and more conscious, O Infinite Intelligence, of the fact that Thou hast Thy throne in every human heart.

Therefore, before every human being, before every flower that blooms, before every manifestation of life in this, the outward world, or this, the dark planet earth, we bow with reverence and gladness, striving to learn our lesson from each expression that the mighty ocean of vibration permits, striving to learn our lesson more perfectly as we come in touch with the silent forces of Nature, and to realize more and more that we are one with them and one with Thee, O Infinitude.

DISCOURSE.

SURROUNDED as you and all beings are by the divine possibilities of life, we may well ask the question, How shall we—how can we obtain knowledge of all things, not only all things that at the present time you are capable of recognizing by aid of the outer senses, but all the unseen infinite pulsations of matter and spirit as each performs its legitimate part in the great work of soul unfoldment?

I can bring you this morning no more profitable lesson—and even so I fear you will weary of it—than may

be expressed in the sentence, "Know and understand thyself," for therein is contained all the knowledge that you are seeking, save those expressions from others, save those demonstrations that may touch the outer and cause you to believe. But, children, we are here to teach you how to find this open pathway that leads to infinite wisdom and thereby obtain the power to exercise an infinite force.

Strength of soul consists not in outward possessions, and the purpose of our coming, the purpose of this temple, has been and is to aid mankind to turn from the worship of unknown and unknowing gods, to turn from the altar of self-esteem and belief, and trace for themselves (no other can trace for them) the lessons that are written within themselves and that there wait to be presented to their consciousness. There is no pathway leading to the grand heights of spiritual enfoldment outside yourselves. There is no power to aid you in scaling celestial altitudes except the power to exercise that which is in your possession, and you need not strive to come into an at-one-ment with an individual you know naught of, with forces outside yourselves until you have first come into a close at-one-ment with every faculty and power you already possess.— This is not the pathway of ease that many have taught wherein you may gain the greatest heights of wisdom, for whatever wisdom you would possess can be imparted to you only as through the unfoldment of your soul forces, your keen consciousness, you know for yourselves because you have measured, you have weighed, you have read and taken it into your very life.

This is why, in the different unfoldments, we are striving to aid you in attaining. Our lessons to a great extent are and must be to turn your attention from the gilded domes of worldly pleasure and the wild worship of earthly or material grandeur to the sacred sanctuary of the spiritual temple within yourselves. I am well aware

that there are some among you who scarcely understand what this signifies for the reason that you have not been taught to know yourselves. You have always and ever been taught to look toward something greater than yourselves, something grander in its possessions than you had, and hence the neglect of the soul and the absence of that consciousness that alone can make you worthy your own respect in the deep sense, that as you respect and love that which is beautiful on every hand, wherever you may discover it, you may likewise discern and admire the beauty within your own soul. You may look upon and rejoice in the beauty of the flower, and it need be no question of what the flower is or may become. You look at the chemical arrangement, understanding it not. You call it Nature's handiwork, and so it is, and every blossom is individualized by its own soul consciousness.

I know that your earthly *savants* in their material wisdom would deny this assertion. Nevertheless, I make the statement most emphatically, that the soul consciousness of the flower pervades the flower, the soul consciousness in every expression of life pervades that expression; and hence Infinite Intelligence is incarnate in every form, breathing through each and every being and unfolding its possibilities by the law within itself that guides and directs the same. It cannot be otherwise.

You look about you, and upon every hand, whether you accept the idea of one God or nay, you feel that there must be an Infinite Intelligence somewhere, you feel that there must be an Infinite power somewhere. You have been taught that that power, that Intelligence is remote from you, sitting at one side, as it were, willing, directing and giving forth its silent commands. Here is where the human family have wandered far from the altar of truth, far from that Infinite Intelligence and the Divine Power they have sought to find. For, as I have already said,

taking upon itself the various forms of matter that clothe your earth—and all that Nature presents to you is included in this expression, or, at least, I would include it—every atom, however insignificant you may consider it, is just as much individualized, just as much vivified by the Divine Energy as is the divine expression within yourselves.

It is, therefore, like an ocean, boundless as the broadest aspirations can be, embracing all life, and yet it is one great whole. You forget, when you look upon the waters of the deep, dark ocean that every drop therein has an individualized existence in that every drop contains all the elements that are necessary for making a sea. The worlds, like a great family of drops, are gathered together by the divine law of chemistry and governed by the centrifugal and centripetal forces of Nature. The energy of each drop of water harmonizing with every other drop holds the body of water together to fulfil a purpose in the economy and growth of the planet. So every human being may be likened to every other human being, and the human family to one vast ocean of human beings, each one vibrating in his own condition. Some may be likened to the waters composing the ocean and some to the elements and energies that are used and exercised on mountain heights as in the deep valleys, making complete, not the great story of creation, but the wonderful lesson that every atom, whether it be a drop of water, a sand-grain or whatever else, is the clothing of that Infinite Energy sufficient for its needs and its purposes in its present incarnation.

As you stand before the altar of your own beings, you will realize the great fact that every sleeping, inanimate atom, as you may call it, is ever active, ever throbbing with life and energy, ever giving forth that which is demanded of it. We may visit the desert and behold with the eyes of the spirit, rising from every sand-grain resting

beneath the burning rays of the sun, an emanation which loses naught of power, naught of spirit in the mighty purpose of the building of planets, in strengthening force and the vibratory activity of life.

However interesting it may be to me or might be to you, I need not dwell upon this great world of thought and life and force that Nature spreads before you, inviting you continually into her dark chambers or on to her mountain brows to gather in what you may to aid in your soul's growth, for I had a deeper object, if I may thus call it.

You realize even now something of the boundless resources of Nature, but only will you realize that which I have been speaking of in its fulness when, as I have stated, you look within and find there mirrored every expression you have gazed upon in the outer world. It is only by the consciousness that you are capable of coming into your own powers, your own possessions, that you can find the doorway, opened by no other hand than your own, through which you shall discern the powers and elements that you are asking to possess to-day, and possessing them, you shall feel that you need no longer ask your angel friends to do for you the work they cannot do save as aids.

We would, then, awaken human souls to the consciousness that life within has been ignored all too long, that the true life is the soul-life, that the true master, the genius that shall guide them in all the pathways before them, is ever with them, and that the intelligence that operates through all worlds and systems of worlds as well as human beings is but that greater intelligence with which your intelligence blends, the combined intelligence of the great human family and that great world of matter and external life that you have yet to understand.

When, however, you shall have attained this point, you will take up intelligently the subject of materializa-

tion. You will realize that the workers are never silent, never inactive, and you will learn the process by and through which the intelligence that governs universal life can concentrate sufficient force, by the activity of its disciples in certain atmospheres, blending it with the emanations from human beings, to make much possible that you at the present time would not credit, and that, in your greater wisdom than ours, you would declare without a thought could not be.

When you stand before the fires that never cease to burn within your own beings; when you realize the intelligence that is there dwelling and the possibility of the mighty forces it is capable of out-breathing, then you will lift yourselves into at-one-ment with all that you are, with all that you hope to be, and then with that universal intelligence that blends with your own in the mighty causes and effects that are continually being expressed in your world and in all others.

To study life, then, and understand its significance, one should first knock at the door of his own temple. To understand another ere you pause to judge him is first to understand yourselves, then there will be no bitterness expressed when others who do not understand themselves are hasty either in remarks or in acts. It is the one great pathway through which and out of which you shall all sometime enter the Temple of harmony. It is the one course you can ever pursue and reach the heights of your soul's ambition. Not all the Christs that ever were or could be crucified can aid you in this matter save by bestowing upon you their kindly thought and breathing upon you the gentle baptism of their holy love. But, children, you have the power within to cope with all of life, to drink from the sparkling streams of thought that flow unceasingly, and by exercising your energies to awaken and break the bonds in which ignorance has so long held you.

I need tarry only to tell you that the work we began

long, long ago we are pursuing as vigorously as ever. We wait for the quickened energies of humanity to add to the volume of our power, and while we wait we are acting—there is no idle waiting—and the lapse of five thousand years is but a moment to me. I may span it with a thought, I may take in the lives that were and that are, and come in touch with your lives as a student pursuing my studies with you.

I ask you with your hearts, not by outward expression, I ask you with your souls to welcome us. I cannot prove to you my identity by whatever I may say to you. You have only my assertion unless you prove it to yourselves; but if I come to one or more of you and a response comes from the depths of your being I am welcomed as no words could welcome me. I thank you for your kindly thoughts this morning, for your ready attention, and ask you—I know you will not take the suggestion amiss—to strive, with me, to learn more and more of the immense possibilities in your possession, to awaken the latent forces within, to reach down into the deepest depths of your beings, up into the loftiest heights of your soul's revelation, and, from the innermost recesses of the faculties embodied there to the broadest thought you are capable of receiving and giving forth, you will find jewels lining the pathway and the light of those gems shall surely guide you in every expression, in every effort, in every ideal of your lives.

BY THE QUEEN.

I, too would voice one thought,
 The beauty and the sweetness of the life
 That loves to blend e'en as one.
 I come to you and gladly stand beside my king,
 Not in your presence here,
 But, bending o'er the sweet, white spray
 That from your soul ascends,
 I breathe to you the gladness of the life I live.
 O sweet it is to know that human hearts can mount

The ladder by the silent sympathy of the soul's ambition.
 Sweeter still, indeed, if possible it were,
 To touch with kindly thoughts and deep soul love
 The waters of those who are still incarnate
 E'en in mortal forms.
 And thus I, too, would breathe
 My blessing on you all and say, to each and all,
 This message true and kindly bring I here :
 You all are seeking and will find,
 If you've not found it yet,
 The life that makes the happiness
 The soul most craves.
 You may pass through sorrows,
 And the darksome night may cause the tears to flow,
 But over all the sweet, sweet breath
 Of love will breathe its blessing,
 And through all your efforts, as you strive to stem
 The tide that leads to the deep chambers of your souls,
 Great knowledge there at last you'll find revealed,
 All which so long you've sought in vain,
 There'll you find, and strangely be moved,
 As you realize the strength
 You've longed for and never known before.
 And then sometime I'm sure you,
 Like myself, will stand
 In recognition of your greater powers.
 Rejoicing, and rejoicing more
 That all the world is unto you akin ;
 Rejoicing, O so deeply, that all human beings' love
 Is or shall be yours, and that
 From the deep, deep depths of your love
 All shall be blessed.

Dear children, in our union and our love
 We walk here hand in hand,
 One with you all in all that tends
 To your unfoldment.
 One with you all in all that shall
 Aid you to raise the curtain
 From the treasures you possess—your souls.
 I see them glowing with their holy aspirations,
 And I love you all, and from the home
 Where now I bend to whisper these few words to you,
 My hand clasped in the hand of him who is my king,
 I send you sprays of flowers unfading as the cloudless sun ;

I send you fragrance from the realms beyond
That breathes its blessing and its tender spray o'er all ;
I send you from my heart the deepest, strongest feeling
I can give, and this assurance :
I am often here to greet you in a silent way
And learning with you how the best we may
Express ourselves in this your atmosphere.

Heaven speed you onward,
And the deep love tones of harmony
O may they vibrate in every heart with deeper tone,
Until we list and hear the anthem
In our home beyond.

May the love that makes you king and queen, man
and woman, child and angel, be and abide with you, guid-
ing you in all that is noble and true, and lifting you into
the consciousness of the mighty powers in your posses-
sion.

NO. 12.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY,

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,

(ORATOR AND REFORMER WHO PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE IN 1899.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 4, 1900.

INVOCATION.

© LIFE, into Thine infinite regions of research we would enter and draw from Nature her divinest revelations. Before the light of Thine everlasting truths, as reflected in all of Nature 'mid all her secret chambers wherever the lighted torch of intelligence breathes its benediction, we would unveil our beings. O Life, we sail on Thine ever-broadening, whitening wavelets, striving to pierce the darkness and obtain that power that shall enable us to look within, behold ourselves as we are, and realize the infinite possibilities that wait to be awakened into thought and activity. There is no effort that Nature puts forth that does not find its ultimate, no cause that does not blossom through effect; and, therefore, O Life, we sail on Thy boundless ocean, rejoicing that nevermore the shackles that have bound our kindred so long may be riveted, that nevermore the tidal stream of superstition upon this planet shall enfold in slavery her children, that nevermore the night of dense ignorance shall rest upon this land, but that the clear light of truth may

illumine some human hearts so thoroughly that all may be directed thereby.

Rejoicing in life and in the possibilities before us, and hoping and aspiring to live more completely and understand more fully that which we meet, we breathe out our desires before the unseen altar as before the seen, hoping that all that is beautiful and grandly triumphant may yet be revealed unto us. We know only as far as we have sailed on Thine ocean waves, O Life ; we know only that which has been made plain to our understanding, and we rejoice in the realization that, by the quickening touch of Thine Infinite power dwelling within, we may reach higher heights and understand more completely the grand problem of existence.

DISCOURSE.

IN the great chain of life, the links of which are our experiences, we are, all of us, doubtless broadening. Whatever life may have been to me is my own. Whatever thought in other days I may have voiced to humanity, I voiced from the standpoint I then occupied.

It has often been said that I was accustomed to tear down, to take away all that was sacred from the saints and give them nothing in return. But in the work of building and rebuilding in this life you do not expect those who demolish to erect the building. You understand that their part consists in seeing that every portion of the structure is brought low in order that the next step may be taken by the builder, that of erecting a better and finer building according to your wishes or needs. Therefore, all I have to say is, that I ever strove in the past to impart, as far as possible, to others only what I knew.

As you are aware, I had no faith in the Christian re-

ligion. I had no especial reverence for the Bible. I think that, side by side with that volume, my reverence for truth stands preëminent ; in fact, I considered it less. You may call me egotistic if you wish, but I repeat that I strove to give that which I knew, and in my soul I knew that no sensible, reasonable man could accept the teachings contained in that record and believe in the God that was there pictured ; and if any one does believe it, accepting the thought that God is and was and ever shall be responsible for all conditions, that He spake and it was, that He commanded and was obeyed, that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge, he must believe also that God is responsible for all that follows in the path of cyclones, earthquakes, wars, in the mighty harvest of death and damnation upon every hand. But as sensible, reasonable beings I ask you who is responsible for the havoc wrought all over this as well as other lands ? Who, for instance, is responsible for the cyclone on the gulf that buried hundreds and hundreds of human beings beneath the wreckage at Galveston ? If God Almighty is responsible let us hope He is having a good time at the expense of humanity ! Let us hope, if hē enjoys this kind of manifestation, if He is imbued with this kind of religious element, that He is gloating in the destruction wrought. But for me I have no belief in the existence of such a being, for I could not trust any such a God—no man could trust such a monster even if he would.

When it comes to knowledge afforded by the Scripture, it seems to me that I should have been a bigger fool than I was if I had known only what is to be found recorded in that volume. If all of art, science, nobility of character—all that makes man manly and woman womanly were to be copied from that volume, and that alone were the possession of the world along those lines, I hesitate not to say that we would have a class of pigmies instead of the noble class of giant men and women that now walk

the earth. I have just one point to make in this connection. I ask you, if you can find the spot, to accompany me in thought to the Garden of Eden, and there no one can claim that the volume states that Adam and Eve obtained any knowledge from God. God forbade them to partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but they took it in defiance of his command and walked out—if they were there.

I merely point you to the fable, which it is, and then I have no more to say in relation to Bibles, to creeds or to gods for if I am searching for aught to assist me outside of myself I am seeking after the God, I am seeking after the life, I am seeking after the truth that shall make myself and humanity free.—Free, not in the simple sense of breathing; free, not in the simple sense of accepting what others teach us, but free to live our own lives.

If it was true I did not tell of it, and I am thankful that I did not attempt to tell when here of the life "over there." I did not try to picture to my auditors the life beyond this because I did not know if it were true. I may have had my hopes, I may have had my dreams, I may have had my aspirations. They were mine and not the world's. I am quite satisfied, and that is enough—not but that I wish I could have mown a wider swath. I wish I could have demolished more of the idols that are crucifying humanity, I wish I could have cast more creeds into the bottomless pit of forgetfulness, but aside from that I am satisfied that I worked on the line I think I understood, that I proclaimed to the people the wretchedness and nakedness of creeds, that I proclaimed to them the poverty of Christianity and the soul impoverishment of that individual that trusted therein.

Coming to another line of thought, I want to ask you as my friends and neighbors, who was and is responsible for my life and what it shall be to me and what it shall be to others? I look not beyond the blue clouds nor deep

down into the dark pits of matter to find my answer, for it comes welling up from within my own being: "*I* am responsible for every word, act and thought of my existence, no matter what that existence may be."

My religion, as some of you no doubt know, consisted, to a great extent, in the maintenance of the purity and integrity of the home. I feel that the deepest religious nature of a man or a woman is drawn out in the sanctity and seclusion of the home. I do not believe in the home where the family gather together and shut themselves in away from the world, never looking beyond its four walls, never inviting others in to enjoy its blessedness, to converse and strive to gain wisdom with them. The home that can truly be designated such is one which you will enjoy in the next life as well as in this, a home where every member is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, where the father and mother live in peace, devoting their energies to making their children happier and better and more blessed from day to day, to developing and cultivating their children's faculties of mind and heart, thus aiding them in obtaining in the outer world those associations that shall assist them in the growth and unfoldment of their nature in every and all directions. I believe in the home that reaches out its welcoming arms to friends and neighbors; a home where the angels of earth come and go at their pleasure, and where you need not be afraid that you will be contaminated by any one you may meet at any time, for like always attracts like; a home where the neighbors, having spent a pleasant and profitable evening in social converse and music go away saying, "We have had a good time over at John's, and I feel better and stronger for to-morrow's work because I have been mingling with friends, because I have carried to that home, I trust, something of my life, and surely I have taken away with me pleasurable thoughts."

Hence I do accept as a fact the assertion I now make,

that the father and mother are responsible to a great extent for the education and the career of their boys and girls, and I believe I was responsible while in the material form for every truth I obtained and cherished, but not to myself alone ; for, while they were mine in a certain sense, they were the world's in a broader sense. If, as has been said of me, I had no fear of God, it was simply because I knew no God ; if I had no fear of the devil, it was because I had had no occasion to become acquainted with him—I knew no devil ; and if I had no fear of man it was simply because I strove to be an honest man. I have been criticized because I have said that an honest God was the noblest work of man. Still I consider that there is a truth in that statement to-day. I know of no God above man, and I would take it home to myself as much as I would have you take it home to yourselves—the necessity of making ourselves noble and honest and truthful, of making ourselves superior to forms, to creeds, to ceremonies, and far superior to the so-called Christian God, a man-made God. The individual who is thus noble and honest and truthful in all things towers above the great surging masses as one who knows whereof he speaks and strives to read correctly the lines of life.

I return to you to-day with what I have been able to glean myself. I hardly feel, however, that I should use the word “return,” for I have been to no far distant realm, I have not been to that shore whence no traveller returns, neither have I seen any white throne nor the flames of the bottomless pit, but I have taken just a step or two beyond the limitations that were mine when cradled in the material form. I can say to you to-day that I know something of Spiritualism is true. I do not purpose to tell you any more. There are loftier heights, I am told, and grander realms beyond. I do not question it, but I do not know it. I only know that to-day I stand on an illimitable shore, not of time but of life. I know

that to-day I have a form that is just as real to me as was the form I used to wear. When, as I stood by the side of my brother, and expressed the hope that continued life might be given to him and to me, I did not know it. To-day I know I have not died. I know I am the same weak man that the clergy despised, and yet I am proud to say (I do not proclaim it egotistically by any means) that even though they despised me they often told me that they admired my honesty. If I had an honesty of purpose when here surely I have the same now.

If it be true that God is responsible for all the sorrows, for all the sins, for all the mistakes, I ask you as your brother, Do you love him? If you do you have reached a broader expanse of goodness than I have. I could love no one or naught that would crush my brother; I could give no approving smile to any one or anything that would damn my kindred. If He notes every sparrow's fall He must have a busy time in watching the fall of the victims of your war 'mid the islands in the sea and the victims of circumstances all over the land in the mighty shadow that, like a dark cloud rests upon humanity to-day.

I tell you mankind have been taught to scorn those who dared think and act for themselves, and then they have learned to scorn those who grasped their responsibility as I would grasp the oars of the bark I was to row over life's silvery river. To-day we do not need to spend all our thoughts and time upon Gods or creeds unless we choose. If you wish to waive all responsibility, if you wish to become an ignoramus, you have only to lay aside your manhood and womanhood and bow obedience to creeds and dogmas. If the pastor and his devotees give you the right hand of fellowship and are "hail fellow well met" with you, exclaiming, "We are glad you have come to Jesus," I can tell you one thing, when you enter the sacred chamber of home and are about to lay your body

on its couch to rest you will certainly despise yourself for expressing a lie, as you must have done, for the reason that no intelligent, sane man can accept the teachings of so-called holy writ. I do not say that there are not some beautiful passages therein, for there certainly are. At the same time there is, as you all must acknowledge if you are honest, much that is not so creditable to the intelligence and enlightenment of the race; but we have been told, and I was condemned because I did not believe it, that we must accept every word from Genesis to Revelation or be damned, and the great mandate goes forth, you are damned if you do and you are damned if you do not. Away with all that belittles the human soul and cramps and dwarfs it!

As I said before, I have taken one more step, I have learned one line more than I knew when in the material form. I know that I am all that I was when here, and I hope I shall be more, I hope I shall be better, far better, for no man can attain perfection. What then? This simply: My responsibilities have not ceased, my interest in humanity has not waned. I despise hypocrisy just as deeply as I despised it in this life, and I do not fellowship with those who practice it. I would if I had the power, touch every human heart so effectually that it would quicken their spiritual perceptions to the extent that they would be able to comprehend the enormity of the error that has been sown broadcast among the members of the human family, fettering their souls and insulting the agnostic with the declaration that he never accepts anything until it is proven to him, that he demands facts. Is this a disgrace or an honor? I claim that every man, wherever he may be breasting the mighty tide of existence as best he can, has no right to accept that which he does not understand. His father and mother, his teachers, may have told him thus and so. If he accepts it as *their* belief it is very different from taking it down at one gulp

and saying, "I *know* it because father said so, because I heard mother praying God to have it so." No such belief possesses the power of will, and the man becomes indifferent, inactive, and ceases to strive to climb the ladder of soul consciousness.

While I have tender feelings and a boundless love for humanity I am not blind to their faults. I love the clergy, but I pity them for their ignorance. I love their victims, but I pity them for their slavery. Should I, however, because of the love sweeping from my heart to theirs—should you and I strive to cover their falsehoods under the mantle of silence? Should I say to some one else, "They think they are all right; let them alone"? Should I say to you, my brother and friend, if you professed to accept the creed and I did not, "Well, it may be all right," when my very soul burned with the consciousness that, deep down in the soil of your soul, you did not accept it? I do not believe that the preachers of the present day really believe that which they preach *in toto*. I do not believe that those who profess the Orthodox faith profess it because they accept it at the behest of the soul. What, then, do I believe? I believe in the mighty power of psychology, hypnotism, call it what you will, that causes men to follow one another like a flock of sheep. They are, in fact, something like the individual, who, going into a certain place where some wonderful performance had been advertised, found a man whittling a stick. Said the latter to those about him who had been told that they would learn a secret, "Whittle from you and you will not cut your fingers." The investigator going out felt that it was not his duty to tell those going in what he had learned, so a large majority of the crowd received the same advice and helped to fill the pockets of the same blessed fraud.

Now, then, friends, I believe in uplifting to the light of day all that is in you or me. I believe in penetrating every stratum of human life and in teaching the children

of earth that God has something else to do than attending to your affairs or mine. When you come to this conclusion, that an honest God is the grandest and most perfect work of man, and bring it home to yourselves, then you will be able to say with me : "I am here ; it may be to accomplish this work. I am here ; it may be to clothe myself in garments befitting the Godhead within me. I am here to grasp every truth, and, as far as possible, to undermine all evil, all wrong, all sin, all superstition."

If you say that there is no wrong, no sin, no harm, no people being enslaved mentally and spiritually by the church, then I can only say that you differ from me and will change your opinion most completely when you shall have lain aside the material form, for then, like myself, you will realize that you are just the man, no more and no less, that you made yourself. If you are not an honest man here you will not find yourself an honest god there until you have developed the powers lying dormant within you and unfolded the divine possibilities centered there and become as a god with the powers and possibilities that have been attributed to that Infinite One about whom we have heard so much.

Coming, then, to the side of life upon which I have entered, I desire to say that I am more earnestly endeavoring to touch human souls than when in the material form. I do not know what I shall be. I do not know what heights of glory lie beyond me, what forces surge and swell in the vastness before me, what temples not made with hands, beautified by the saints, pierce with their spires the ether dome ; I do not know and I cannot describe to you all that I fancy you and I shall learn, shall know, shall understand, shall test for ourselves sometime. Hence I shall strive to remain true to the motto I tried to obey when in the material form ; namely, to tell and to talk about only that which I know of myself, to dethrone Theology as far as possible, because I knew and know to-day that it is false and it is

wrong to teach men and women that which will detract from their manhood or womanhood.

I do not think there is any one within the sound of this voice who does not believe that I strove to be an honest man. I had my failings, no doubt about that. I had plenty of them, but they were my own. I have my failings now, but for my life I am responsible. Even if I have existed where the dark waves of time have rolled millions and millions of years, even if I am co-existent with the infinite power of Nature—no matter where I have been, where I am or will be, I have been, I am and I ever shall be responsible to myself for my endeavors, and to you I shall be responsible for whatever of good I may bring you or for whatever of sorrow I may cast athwart your souls. I am responsible for my life and my every act in the boundless realms of universal life, and hence I come to you at the present time responsible to myself for every word, uttered as best I can, but realizing that it is more difficult to speak to you through another organism, stranger to me than was the one through which I had become accustomed to speak. Shall I be deterred by this fact from coming, and sit by the wayside until I may shout "hallelujahs" in your ears and you hear it directly from me? No, I shall not.

While in the body I know that I demolished creedism in many human hearts, and I am glad that I aided some in striking the fetters from their souls. I am here to continue the same work of demolition just as far as I have the power to do so, and the necessity obtains: For I have this comfort and I glory in it, I have this joy and it is my treasure, this gladness and it is to me more than all the prayers that were ever breathed; namely, I know that man does not die when he lays aside the material form. I know I live, and living I know that all the faculties of brain and soul, all the powers that I possessed in the mortal body are mine; and more, I know I rise higher and higher in the scale of unfoldment.

I have met many whom I knew on earth. I have met some pastors—no matter to what church they belonged—I have met them in their sorrow, I have met them waiting for the judgment day. I have met some who tried to abuse me while in the material form, but their abuse had no effect because nothing like that can ever touch me; and as I have entered their presence they have started, almost in holy horror, exclaiming, “You here!” With a gladsome smile I have answered, “O yes, I am here; I haven’t gone down yet; I haven’t yet received my summons.” Looking at their garments and then at my own, I assure you the comparison was no disgrace to me.

I rejoice that I have the power thus in this other life to prove the truth to those who are wedded to their idols and will not look above or beyond them, who still feel that the God they worship holds over mankind a rod of iron, and who are disappointed that the flowery bed they hoped would be all ready to carry them to the throne of grace and of glory is not quite finished and, consequently, they must wait in fear and trembling yet a while longer. Therefore I think my appearance in this other life is doing more good than it ever did in the material world. Why? Because when they behold the old, cruel, iron monster they thought I was, as I am, genial and kindly, for I cannot be anything else when my soul is filled with gladness, do you know it knocks the bottom out of their hell. There never was a man, I think, that they longed to have the devil pick his bones any more than they did mine, and yet, as I have said, I love them. They are the victims of a cruel imposition, and I wish to tell you this because I want you to know that I have not laid down my labors but have taken them up more zealously than ever, and wherever I receive tidings that some one is in a similar condition to this that I have just cited I make my way to that individual and appear before him as soon as his eyes are open, but like little kittens you have to wait until such people can see you.

In this other world I am living a perfectly natural life. Why should it not be so? Even upon this little planet we realize how perfectly Nature provides for her own; then why should not the other life provide just as fully for the soul and its needs? I am studying to understand these things more and more just as I would study any subject upon the material plane, and to me it seems perfectly natural that existence in the two spheres should be so much alike. I have not wandered far away, and I find at every step something new and interesting to investigate, something to learn. The powers that you call psychometry, the powers of the soul that enable me to reach back and understand more of life, are to me a pearl of great price.

I cannot tell you all my experiences. I have not been in glory, and I have had my sad moments since entering this world. I left much undone that I should have done, and I made mistakes; and, like others, I have had to go all over the ground again and make restitution to every soul I have ever wronged and correct every error, for as I said before I am responsible for all the littleness that was mine. In this way life becomes more buoyant, life becomes more glorious to me each passing moment.

My love for the darlings I have left on earth grows stronger day by day. I know they are drifting nearer and nearer to these immortal shores, and a joy fills my soul that no tongue, unless it be touched with fire from off the altar more than mine, can express.

Therefore once again I ask, Who is responsible for the sorrows, for the sins, for the wrongs of this life? Instead of an unknown God I claim that humanity is responsible for it all. If I am responsible for every breath I draw, for every act of my life, so is every one else, and hence I am here.

O that I might touch your lives with sufficient force to make you realize the boundless powers of the

human soul! And yet I have not tested the illimitable powers of my own being, but I know, I feel within me, a mighty throbbing that tells me the facts I demand I shall obtain. I did demand facts in the material world, for it is true that the agnostic claims to walk only where he is sure of a place for his feet, and I am now just as honestly and earnestly striving to understand and demand of myself the force and power that shall enable me to grasp the facts that I am sufficiently advanced to make use of now. No doubt I shall have to move faster, no doubt I shall have to school myself, no doubt I shall have to seek to understand more of this new life and gain more force and power, for I am responsible, with you, just as far as I have any influence, for all the wrong that still remains unrighted upon this planet. I am responsible to the divinity within if I do not use all my energies to overthrow error, to overthrow creeds in all their might, and to build a monument to manhood and aid mankind to create an honest God within every human heart, so that the light from the soul shall flash out and the glory-beams of truth shall be reflected from ocean to ocean.

In the world where I now dwell there are no forms, no ceremonies, no creeds; there is no one to say to another, "You must walk thus and so or I will despise you." But sometimes the inhabitants say to you, "Will you roam with me in yonder grove?" and if you respond in the negative there is no unpleasantness, for soul meets soul in perfect harmony.

Life in this great realm certainly transcends all of earth that I ever saw or understood. As we stem the mighty tide of being then we strive to understand more and yet a little more of that which surrounds us. O how earnestly I wish I knew more that I might describe to you the beauties of the vast Beyond! The needs of humanity draw me back, and yet if I could I think I would not present to you the picture of that fairer land that I have seen

more vividly. Why? Because my mission was and now is to demolish until the work is complete, and then how gladly will I endeavor at least to aid humanity to build nobler tenements, to seek for health instead of disease, to erect homes that shall be not only lodging houses but residences where the neighbors and friends will feel free to go and exchange thoughts with the members of the household, where the education not scholastic attainment, for that is accomplishing its work elsewhere—where the education in soul-life is gained by friendly intercourse and instruction. I would not have every man say to his wife, “Here is our home and you are my queen,” and let that suffice, but I would have each man say to his chosen companion: Here is our home. I shall go out day after day into the world where I shall see new faces and exchange thought. I obtain from others more or less and impart to them that which I possess. Here you are queen. Invite your friends in. Have all the company you wish. By the interchange of thought keep yourself young, your face bright and turned heavenward, and let the sweetness of sympathy elevate and the tenderness of soul communion with others make blessed this, our home,” because we cannot live isolated in any condition of life and live the best possible existence.

Lest I detain you too long I will add but a few words.

I am not asleep, neither am I dead. I am well aware that I have much to learn before I can unfold much to others, but I say to you here and now, in this your church, and in the presence of these immortal ones clothed in garments whiter than I can wear, floating above and around me, that as long as life is mine I shall give sledge-hammer blows to error, I shall strive to scale the mountain heights where liberty and light and love shall dawn upon my being, I shall cast myself down and out upon the great sea of life where humanity is struggling, although I am but one in the great army of ascended souls, one in the mighty

ocean of human endeavor. Be it, then, as I have already said, that I have lived ages, my responsibility for every act and every pulsation of my being is mine, it belongs to no one else, and living now in the valley of the spirit-world, whatever I may do, whatever I may attain or fail to attain, the responsibility is mine and mine alone. If I bring to you a false idea it will not be my intention, but the responsibility is mine, and I accept it just as readily as the responsibility of bringing you a gladsome thought.

May you likewise strive to probe all things, and in passing over the great stream of life may you pass from rock to rock, from truth to truth, from line to line until you understand at least that the God of Christian conception is a myth, vanishing in the distance, and in his stead the mighty universe rolls and throws its eternal spray, a blessed baptism, over the lives of the children of men—that God, the mocker, that has been given to humanity, is swallowed up in the sea of oblivion and in his stead you behold, in the glory of the resurrection and the grandeur of the soul's attainment, the master minds that people the world immortal, the master minds that come and shed their radiant light o'er you and me. I believe, because I see them, that they live in a higher realm than that which I have attained. I do not say I know because I have not entered there, but I know their garments are brighter than the noon day, their eyes sparkle with a light indescribable, and on their brows I see the signet of eternal truth which glows like the stars and in whose radiance my being palls. Therefore I am responsible for the belief that kindles the hope within me and makes it gleam brighter and still brighter, that I too shall ascend those grander heights of spirituality.

All hail whatever condition may come, be it of sorrow or pain, if by that experience I may become like unto those exalted ones. But surely I feel prompted to say to you that my work now is here and wherever I may touch

human lives. I left the plow in the furrow because I was called yonder and must obey, but I have taken hold of it with both hands again, and rest assured that no line of thought I can bring to humanity will make them less noble in their attitude one towards another, will make the husband less faithful to the companion of his choice or the wife less gracious and womanly in the discharge of her obligations as man's help-mate. I shall not remain dumb in the presence of creed that has bound man, woman and child from day to day in irksome fetters, but fearlessly will I utter the thoughts that will startle the people even if they do not accept my ideas, knowing that when you startle an individual he will think and think, and by-and-by the truth, like an entering wedge, will find its way deep into his heart.

Therefore, friends, I thank you one and all for your kind attention. I know my effort has been feeble, and I can only say that if the flag of truth has trailed in the dust at my hands, I hope others will lift it where truth gilds the domes of life, where indeed the temple you and I may build shall round itself in beauty, each separate gem of thought radiant as diamonds with the glory of the land beyond toward which they shall light the way.

All hail whatever may be given unto you! All hail the light that from the realms beyond shall flood this land as never before it was flooded, until human souls shall everywhere behold the radiant light of truth and seek no longer idle gods or vain, but just within behold the sleepless guardian of their lives.

NO. 13.*

WHAT ARE WE? WHENCE CAME
WE? WHITHER ARE WE
TENDING?

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT HIRAM ABIFF,

(A Phœnician of About 3000 Years Since)

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1900.

INVOCATION.

BEFORE the greatness embodied in the infinitude of life, reaching outward to grasp more and more of that almighty power that rises and swells in human souls as in all the possibilities of Nature, we wait for the unveiling of the Isis, we wait for the unveiling of those grand thoughts that are cradled in eternity. Reaching outward through the divine possibilities of our existences, reaching downward mid all of life's infinite pulsations, we realize the unveiling in proportion to the quickening perception of our interior nature, we realize the unveiling as

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

we understand more and more of wisdom's pathway, we realize the unveiling of ourselves as we sense the mighty tide of events. Cradled in the immensity of that Infinite Power, we realize our possibilities, and, becoming awakened by the mighty touch of our own soul's aspiration, we behold at last the Isis erected in every soul, the unveiling of which signifies to one and all in its full potency the unveiling of the infinite chambers of individual research, the unveiling of the powers of the soul in correspondence with the unveiling of the mighty process of life, the unveiling of, and the capacity to trace, the lives of cause and effect and thereby become masters of that genius that our souls demand shall be awakened and quickened that we may come in touch with every vibration, with every atom, with every soul force in the vast realms of universal life.

Therefore, O bright and beautiful ones, rising in the grandeur of the soul's constant elevation, sweeping the universe with your quickened perceptions at a glance, breathe upon us this morning the forces and emanations we are capable of receiving, and may these children behold, little by little, the unveiling of the Isis that shall reveal to them not only the All-seeing Eye, but their own quickened interior perceptions that they may learn to walk, not in accordance with the dictates of one or many, but in accordance with the promptings of the God within.

Before Thy altar, O Great and Infinite World of life, of soul, of matter, of spirit, of thought, of vibratory forces, all that existence signifies, before Thy altar we wait for the greater unfoldment, knowing that as we become more and still more quickened the great gate shall be opened, the veil shall be lifted, and lo, atoms and worlds, while the mighty tide of events sweeping the universe with its significance, shall proclaim to us all the grand and glorious lesson of deific power.

DISCOURSE.

ONCE again we greet you, realizing that the words we have to utter, have very little import compared with the vibrations that we know will act upon you during the time our thoughts are being spoken.

As you all realize, we are here for a purpose. This is our abode. Not that we are confined to any location, but this temple, which we have builded with the assistance of our faithful brother is our cherished home.

If we speak to you again and still again of the necessity of understanding yourselves, of knowing what you are, whence you came and whither you are tending, we trust you will bear with us, for this, you will sometime need no assurance of, forms the foundation of character—of life indeed, for what were life without character? and what were Spiritualism worth to you unless it aids you in elevating yourselves, in standing before the altar of your own beings and demanding of yourselves rather than of some one else that which you desire to know?

It is not our purpose nor yours, we trust, to look after one's neighbors' faults and failings. You are here to discover the power of that almighty force centered within yourselves, and instead of looking beyond the blue dome yon, or it may be, of looking above, in thought, to the unveiling of the Isis, you are to see yourselves within your own temple, within your own horizon, and realize that the unveiling of the Isis to you signifies the unveiling of your latent forces, the quickening of your faculties, the development of that mighty potency within your beings whereby you come in at-one-ment with yourselves. Much is talked of about at-one-ment with Deity. Allow me to say to you that you will never be in at-one-ment with Deity until you are in at-one-ment with yourselves, and what I mean by that expression is this: To study self and leave your neighbors to study themselves; to stand in the

inner temple of your own souls and demand the reflections that shall teach you the possibilities within yourselves ; to reach back, if you cannot find in the present those startling truths of a pure and undefiled religion such as existed in ancient Egypt—to go back and bow with those you call idolaters.

In those far, far off days, there were two methods taught to the people. That which signifies simple morality and all that applies to the true life in the externality were given to the common people, whereas the more learned, the upper classes, were taught the same with the addition of science, art and philosophy to a degree that you are discovering somewhat of in the present day. When the ruins of Egypt have been fully explored you will find evidence of the existence of many things that you will utilize, for many of your so-called new inventions and new thoughts were cradled in the long, long ago. Within the inner temple of *the* pyramid there are records yet to be unveiled, traced, not upon parchment, but on imperishable substance that will prove to you, or to humanity, that the prophecy of what is being revealed in the present day was given five thousand and more years ago ; and, taking one mighty sweep from that time to this, could you behold as I can, you would perceive the fulfilment of that which was revealed and hidden, not lost. Truth cannot be lost. Only for a time it may be hidden from the people who seek therefor, as in the burning of the library at Alexandria when, of course the people lost for a time the richness that would have accrued to them if it had not been destroyed. Yet those records will be (I had almost said reincarnated) reproduced, but not until humanity has outgrown something of selfishness, something of self-exaltation, more of that which leads one to forget one's brother, and all, or nearly all, at least the majority of the members of the human family stand like brothers before the great altar of Isis asking not alone for a revelation

from some outside source, but also for a quickened power to be given them whereby their own forces may grasp the possibilities within.

It is for this we rejoice. In the meantime we are constantly working. Even now, could you behold with your clairvoyant vision, you could not point to one inch of space within the walls of this temple that is not occupied by some living soul. You may ask, Why are they here? for what purpose? To give forth forces and to concentrate your emanations; by the knowledge of chemistry that only a continual research can impart, to concentrate and mould emanations and elements, holding them here, as I have sometimes said to you, we hold the power and shall give it expression only when conditions permit, only when you are able to bear the same.

I am well aware that you would all exclaim, "We are ready now," I am well aware that little boys are always ready to believe that they can exercise the same judgment and discretion that their fathers can employ, but the child must, step by step, go over the same pathway in order to gather the father's experience and, hence, his knowledge. Therefore, whatever we may know you cannot know until you have grasped its truth. Whatever I may have in my possession of knowledge in the line of science and art, I cannot impart to you. I may give you a thread so attenuated and shadowy that it scarcely represents what I possess; and yet you may obtain all the knowledge, and more, that I have attained because there is no limit to the powers of your souls. Just as long as a man is satisfied with what others can impart to him, just so long will the veiled Isis be impenetrable to him, and only as the pulse of the soul is quickened and man heeds the quickening will the unveiling be discerned.

Knowledge never comes, friends, without effort upon the part of the one who seeks it. Knowledge in the direction of which I am speaking comes only when the

soul awakens and demands it, and just as long as humanity are satisfied with themselves and continue to spend their time in seeking out the thoughts and feelings of others, just so long they will remain deep down in the scale of spiritual activity, just so long the veiled Isis will stand before them without one glowing spark save as a form representing a life.

Why should we not here this morning, why should we not everywhere and always, as we contemplate your planet even your solar system, give out our worshipful thought? For we gaze upon a wonderful thought, a planet all obedient to itself, the All-seeing Eye searching and penetrating as its rays pierce the atmosphere and the deep soil until by its warmth and magnetism the flowers are quickened to express their beauty and breathe their fragrance.

This is a cycle of mighty evolutionary forces which is guided and governed to a greater extent than you have any conception of by the banded arms of those who once assisted the *savants* of Egypt, of Greece, of all the older countries and of some other planets, holding in the power and compass of the soul's forces the same essential properties that are necessary in the creation of worlds and in the guidance of humanity.

If, looking about you, you may sorrow in that conditions may not please you, it is not necessary that you should bemoan your fate or that of any other. When you come to understand spirituality and the great purpose of our coming as well as the purpose of your own existence, you will then realize that you have no occasion to bemoan any occurrence that may come under your observation, for even though it has been a sad experience for, or lesson to you, there has been some cause that produced the effect, and the only method I should suggest to you would be to have no spare time or forces to give out in opposing it. I would not have you even pause to exclaim, "That is too bad! I am so sorry!" but rather, looking upon the wreck,

if you call it such, I would have you say: "That is an expression that I do not understand. I will seek to find the cause thereof, and, reaching out into broader avenues, pressing the compass to my breast, I will still demand the unveiling of the Isis that I may, by the greater quickening power of my being, be enabled the next time to avoid a like experience.

In the work of materialization we hold in the atmosphere of this temple such forces as we are capable of gathering from those who come here, from whomsoever we can in our realms and from the earth. The vibratory forces of the universe yield to us for this purpose, and when you shall understand the law of chemistry as applied to the intricate process by which we accomplish the desired result, you will realize why sometimes a form standing before you drops, seemingly, into nothingness in an instant. The spirit is left standing there, for the materialized form that disappeared was only the garment that the chemist wove. When your souls shall become quickened to discern spirit more clearly you will realize, on such an occasion, the presence of the spirit still erect clothed in robes of such an etherealized nature that, in your normal state and with your unawakened perceptive power that you call clairvoyance, you could not perceive.

It is for this, then, that we wait, laboring constantly before the unveiling of the Isis that is not represented simply as one statue, one form, one gateway, but rather as a veil, if I may use that expression, enfolding every human soul; and when you shall understand the laws and first principles of Masonry in all their beauty and grandeur as they were understood, when, in caves deep beneath the surface of the earth, its members labored, concealing their instruments from the common people, you will understand and appreciate our work better. In those days the knowledge acquired by the members of that order was withheld from the common people because of their utter

ignorance, and because it was not safe to impart it to them. In the first place they could not comprehend it, and in the next place they could not utilize it. But the knowledge possessed by the initiated in art, science, and philosophy you will sometime have revealed to you, a knowledge that has not been borne along on the tide of civilization.

Therefore, if in other days, those whom you have despised because they worshiped, not one or many, but all demonstrations and forms of material existence, I ask, was it a crime? Was it an idolatrous worship any more than your worship of an image created through ignorance, superstition and fancy as your God? Every atom is sacred to me, and I would bow gladly before the rays of the sun that kiss your face this morning because therein I behold infinite power, because therein I feel a touch akin to my own being, because by the light and emanations that outflow from that orb I may gather some force that may aid me in my present work.

I feel that if your children, every one without an exception, were taught from infancy to worship every manifestation of life there would not do so much cruelty, so much ruthless slaughter, so much excruciating torture of animals that have become useless to you. I tell you, friends, the time will come to you in this or the sphere toward which you are tending, when every form, every expression of life, even though not pleasing to you, will be considered worthy of your worship because you must sometime realize that that being, whatever it may be, is allied to you by the very possibilities of its existence—it cannot be separated from you.

I rejoice that I am related to every force that gains an expression upon this planet. I rejoice that everything however uncouth, or crude it may be, or however much man may despise it, is related to me by virtue of the fact that I contain within my being the same properties that gave birth and expression to that of which I am speaking.

It is only when you learn to come into at-one-ment with Nature that you will realize what the term means and understand that you come thereby into at-one-ment with yourselves. I ask you, does it quicken any high, aspiring thought within you to despise the worm that crawls? Does it bring to you any exalted aspiration to tread upon the snail that is beneath your feet? I think not. Therefore I should say of the one or of the other, "It is here to find experience in this form by the law of cause and effect, and by virtue of the impulse that I possess to put my foot upon it and crush it, there shall come to me a higher revelation and to the world a greater expression of the vital forces."

When you study Nature's laws and her infinite possibilities; when you gather in your arms, as it were, varieties that she produces, do not say, "This is horrid! That is repulsive and ought never to have had an existence!" but say instead, of them all, whether one glitters like a jewel in your possession giving you pleasure, or seems unattractive to you, "There are the expressions of the same force that gave me my existence. I will gather them and weigh them every one in the balance of my reasoning powers. I will strive to unfold those faculties of the soul whereby I may trace them back into their former existences, and, by the lighted torch of that higher revelation, I will seek to understand the reason for their present condition." You will find in nearly every instance that these existences make it possible for humanity to express itself in the noble physique, with the grand intellectual faculties of the present day.

You may not accept these thoughts at this time, especially if you can stand before the manifestations of that Almighty Power that giveth life and unction to all things and correct it, for then you have certainly grown wiser than I am or shall be. When, however, you lay aside your pre-conceived ideas, your opinions and ignor-

ance and stand before the veiled Isis demanding the unveiling of all the powers that I refer to and many more; when you take one glance in this direction, friends, you can but realize that life has a vast import, you can but realize that life does not consist simply in living the few years you tarry here and then entering into a place of rest forevermore.

O let me ask you, then, one and all, to enter into, by soul research, Nature's majestic avenues and read for yourselves her divine revelations. Let me ask you for your own sakes to cease to worry and question and think why this one, that or the other does thus and so. Let me ask you to cease to despise the most wretched specimen of your kind, for he represents, in the great universe of life, just as much of goodness as do you. He may not have found the environments through which to express the faculties of his soul as perfectly as have you, and, therefore, he may not have attained your position, but he possessed, lying dormant, perhaps,—within the secret chambers of his own being, all that you possess, and sometime, having become more unfolded, he will stand by your side your acknowledged equal.

It is because of this, then, that we have come to demolish the structure of selfishness and vain glorying that humanity has erected, and this is why so many turn away, this is why so many will have naught to do with Spiritualism, and they will continue to cast aspersions upon it until they are ready to lay aside their wilfulness, their idleness, and, placing their feet upon the great square of truth, exclaim, "Lead me, O Infinite Truth, wheresoever Thou wilt, only lead me in the pathway where my energies shall be quickened, where my own possibilities shall be unfolded, where my life-work shall commence in an upward direction."

Mankind have been taught that they were gods, masters of all they surveyed. They shall be, but not by the

power of might, not by the power of wealth, and not until, in the full unfoldment of soul forces, the Isis has been unveiled and they can behold the glory and the beauty of their talents, finding expression as they breathe forth their divine and infinite possibilities.

This is the lesson I would teach you this morning, assuring you that while I have been uttering these words I have likewise been engaged, in conjunction with my compeers, in collecting scattered forces, in bringing to the altar of this temple new powers, that as you deserve, shall be revealed to you; for, as I think I have stated before, we defy all the power of humanity to overthrow our work; we defy all the combined forces of organizations and individuals to stay the onward march of our coming. While people may cast aspersions upon us, those aspersions will return as bitterness to the souls of those who sent them forth; they shall fall before our temple, fall before the radiance of that power that we are concentrating here and disappear, as far as their effect upon our work is concerned, like the mist before the morning sun.

Understand, we labor without fear. We have no occasion to look for enemies. If we have them, we know them not. If they give out unkindly thoughts concerning us, this temple or our brother who sits before you this day, they cannot harm us, they cannot touch us. They only wound the soul of him from whom they emanate.

Therefore, I assure you, friends, that we shall continue here to give you the best demonstrations we can, and sometime in a perfectly etherealized form I shall walk this hall and float in this atmosphere, seen by those who shall enter here with honest hearts, seen by those who shall enter here seeking to find the way whereby the unveiling of the Isis shall become to them the power and occasion by which they shall learn to know themselves and hence grasp the greatest blessing that is within their possibilities.

Therefore, brothers one and all, and sisters as well, let us always remember that the All-seeing Eye beams kindly upon us, as in all the lodges of that sacred order, sacred to me because in all its purity it teaches morality, it teaches nobility of character, it teaches us art, it teaches us science, and if Christianity has darkened some of its fair pages, it is only in consequence of the fact that the members of the same today have the glory of greater degrees but not the grandeur of the simplicity of the first five degrees in that they have introduced much from the Christian religion, in that they are not insisting upon living in uprightness of thought and character and in search of the truths of science, in search of knowledge in regard to art. Sometime the recently added degrees will be laid aside or else from creedism withdrawn.

May you then, whatever you are—whatever you profess to be matters not—whatever you may be, strive to seek the unveiling of the Isis that will reveal unto you the open way to your own souls.

NO. 14.

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(A CLERGYMAN WHO PASSED FROM THE MORTAL IN 1893.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 11, 1900.

INVOCATION.

IN the aspirations of humanity, in the voices that chant the grand song of immortal life, in the myriad expressions of Nature as she gives forth her volume in silence, we read of the pathway of ascension. O Life, Thy golden rays proclaim the grandeur of all existence, Thy divine breathings pour forth the anthem of immortality. Thy glorious plains, Thy mighty hills, Thy lofty mountains and deep valleys, Thy worlds and systems of worlds vibrate in harmony with that universal law that uplifts the human soul in gladness before the altar of truth. May we thus learn to uplift ourselves, realizing that we float on the waves outbreathing from our lives, that we live within the deep depths of our own experiences, that we glean knowledge by observation and by the quickened pulse of the soul that breathes its higher aspirations outward through the avenues of materiality. O Life, we rejoice in Thy glory, we rejoice in Thy discipline, we rejoice in all that is, realizing that our Father and our

Mother God breathes in every atom, vibrates upon every breeze and lives in every human soul.

O ye who wear the white garments of immortal life, ye who still love and wait before the altar of these, your dearest friends, we invoke your baptism, your kindly assistance not alone that heart may touch heart and life blend with life, but that from this presence there may ascend one silent breath that shall pierce the white ether of eternity and utter a benediction, radiant with soul-aspirations, before the throne of Infinite Wisdom.

O Infinite Soul, ensphered in all that is, may we learn of life and life's possibilities. May we learn to trust ourselves, and learning this in mortal life, there shall blossom in outward existence the sweet rose of harmony, and love shall crown every human being. O Life, Thou hast given unto these children the sweet blessings and benedictions of those that love them. Thou hast permitted Thine ascended ones to watch over these mortals from day to day. Thou hast enabled them, by Thine everlasting laws, to walk side by side with mortals, and we thank Thee that these Thy children are permitted still to enjoy the counsel of father, of mother, of friends and kindred if they will, that they are permitted to open, by their aspirations and efforts, wider and still wider the gateway that leads to the attainment of a knowledge of art, of science and all that gives to the soul its grandest powers, to all that gives to humanity its mighty truths, to all that imparts to every one that which they stand in need of. Therefore, before Thine altar, O Nature, our Father, our Mother and our Friend, now and forever we breathe our gladness for life for ourselves and for all, for experiences, whatever they may be for each one, knowing that by and through them life's brightest garments shall be woven, and by the earning and obtainment of those garments Thy children shall realize that they draw nearer and still nearer unto Thee.

DISCOURSE.

BLESSED are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Blessed are they that suffer, for they shall rejoice. Blessed are they that bear pain, for gladness and a song of joy shall thrill their souls. Blessed are they that pass through tribulations, through sorrow and darkness, for the golden dawn of the glorious day of the grand reunion of souls that have been baptized in the deep waters of misery shall light up the hills of immortality. Blessed indeed is life in its every expression, in its every form, in its every condition, for, as I glance about me, I perceive and would say that all is good. Blessed be each and every pathway I have trodden, and, sometime in the future if not to-day, you will each and all rejoice and exclaim, "Blessed be the pathways that I have trodden with sorrow, and blessed be every sorrow that came to me that I did not incur by my own wilfulness, whether caused by the ignorance or the unkindness of others." Blessed be life in its every expression, and when I say this, I say it feeling myself in touch, through love, with every manifestation of life, with all that is high and broad and wonderful as life's expressions are—worlds and systems of worlds comprehending the mighty grandeur of existence, life in all its lower degrees breathing its benediction upward, upon and within us.

The message I would bring you this morning, friends, in this : Blessed be life, blessed be every sorrow, every joy, every pain, every song of gladness that awakens the deep echoes in the soul and causes the individual to rise and come into at-one-ment, not alone with the unseen source of all, but to rise within his inner being and come into at-one-ment with the sacred, holy aspirations of his own self.

I rejoice in the fact that life cannot cease. I rejoice at whatever life has been in the past. I rejoice that the

Infinite, whatever it may be, is an indwelling force of every human soul.

If, in other days, I have worshiped a man-made God, if in other days I accepted man-made creeds, if, in other days I did not hear the deep and mighty tones vibrating down in the dark chasms of the earth and rising in holy cadences through all of life and being, it was right, it was best, and I rejoice, not because I was ignorant, but because thus it is written that this life shall be, because in the unfolding chapters of time and life we shall understand more and more—at least methinks I do—of our littleness, more and more of our weakness, more and more of our childishness, more and more of that ignorance that causes us to feel that we are grander and better than some one else; we shall understand more and more of that something, that selfishness and greed, that impels us to reach out and grasp all we may, forgetful for the time being of those in need. Only when we shall realize life in all its divine possibilities, only as life's grander problems unfold themselves before our greater spiritual growth, shall we comprehend the fact that there never was that which was not correct.

I am not speaking now of the doings of humanity, and yet I would not wholly separate them from this thought, for I believe that every soul is doing the best it can. It is written that faith is the substance of things hoped for. So is the absolute, potential truth, and truth wins its own way through every department of life. Therefore shall you and I in our feebleness find fault with that truth that has lighted up the darkness of the ages for other souls, but that you and I, as far as our present consciousness is concerned, have never analyzed?

Let us remember that we are not the only people that have lived; let us remember that we are not the only people that make up the great and mighty human family. Let us remember that if the light that once

glittered brightly has grown dim because of the power of might over right ; if for the time being might can crush truth or cause it to remain unheeded, sometime it will rise and assert its power and possibilities, and every human soul will gladly accept it.

I think, as an individual, that when mankind learn to look to themselves more for that which they require to develop and unfold the spiritual nature ; when they learn to rely, not upon others, but upon themselves, not upon some outside power, but upon the power of their own souls for guidance, for knowledge, for strength to will and do to, they will have started on the right path that leads to perfect performance and accomplishment.

To me this is a great thought, one that I strive to keep prominently before me because of the need I have therefor, and by it I expect to turn many a deep furrow in the uncultivated soil of my own capabilities. Until mankind pause to think for themselves, to obtain knowledge first-hand, they cannot or will not realize that they are here, not that some one else may save them from error and sin, not that some great power may save them from falling into the deep chasm they have been taught to fear, but to save themselves from ignorance and wrong by knowledge and right living and right-doing. I have at length learned the great truth that my life is my own, that I and I alone can give it its best expression ; I and no one else can bring from the deep depths of my own being all the tenderness, all the love, all the aspirations, all the knowledge, all the truth I am capable of. Life without love and tenderness would be to me worthless. Life without love and tenderness to reach out into the avenues of pain, of sorrow, of sadness, of misery as long as these conditions exist, is a failure, and one who can stand and gloat over his worldly possessions expressing no sympathy with those who mourn has failed to attain to that degree of manliness to which I aspire. Therefore I

repeat, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

How much comfort do mourners receive to-day? Passing on the street a little procession following the form from which the spirit of a loved one has fled, you are moved by a sort of pity for their grief, and you say, "I am sorry for them." That is all. Who goes out, and, in all the tenderness of soul expression, gives comfort, hope and cheer to the mourner? for what gladness can come for a time to those who mourn? I understand what human nature is, and even with your knowledge of spirit-life and of spirit communion I know it is impossible for you not to mourn when those whom you have been accustomed to meet from day to day, who walked by your side, who sat at your table, or slept perhaps at your side go out into the not unknown, but out of the home and out of your sight as far as the physical form is concerned. Yet even to these, if they do not accept as true the false idea of the material body being the individual instead of a garment merely that the spirit wears only for a season and then lays aside to don a more befitting robe—what joy and gladness there is for mourners such as these to light up the dark precincts of the tomb, what happiness is afforded by the voices that are wafted down from realms beyond proclaiming, "Behold, the pathway is lighted and made more glorious by the advancing feet of your ascended one!"

Why, heaven grows brighter even though you may not be able to locate it, and I cannot locate it for you at the present time, I cannot even tell you the location of the place where I am a dweller, for to me the world broadens, life enlarges, and my home and my heaven I find in doing all the good I can, in coming in touch with human hearts, in living in accord with the highest aspirations I am capable of, and in fulfilling the mission that is mine; namely, to seek within myself for the power that I may

exercise to bless others, to seek within myself for the vital forces I need in order to go forward in the pathway that leads to knowledge.

However much of faith we may have it certainly does not satisfy us. No matter how deep our sanctity, no matter how trustful we may be, remember, friends, that faith can only be the handmaiden to lead us to knowledge. If you have faith that you are to be benefited by crossing the street, you must cross the street in order to know that the benefit has come ; and thus in broader, in deeper, in higher lines faith is indeed the handmaiden that opens to us the portals of our inner beings, the soul, and quickens us to aspire and to strive. What are aspirations worth save for a hope as they flit across the soul's consciousness unless carried into activity ?

Blessed are they that mourn, for their rejoicing shall be exceedingly great. Why ? Because whatever you mourn for, whatever saddens you—and I would not make any exception—whatever you may see that causes you sorrow to-day or to-morrow, shall be a source of gladness sometime even in this world, I believe, and in that world beyond I know beyond a doubt. I mean that every human soul, in whatever condition it is or may be, is striving to do the best it can. You may not accept this thought at first, but I know that after you have studied the matter thoroughly, after you have yourselves attained a higher altitude of spirituality, it will become a part of your creed, as it were.

When you pause to judge another whom you consider beneath you in the scale of moral or spiritual growth, you do not question what his surroundings have been, what his environments are, what the conditions were preceding the natal hour even from the moment of conception. When you judge an individual you do not pause to think, "If I had been placed in such surroundings I might not have done so well." Just let us remember that no indi-

vidual consciously has the privilege of demanding what his condition shall be. It may be, and I think it is true, that the soul understands, but you wind round and round many an unbroken pathway ere you find the higher life where you will learn that every experience was intended to awaken the latent powers within, for every experience shall tend to enlarge the forces of the soul; every experience must tend to the quickening of the spirit indwelling which is to become master of all we can comprehend.

Therefore, as I look about me, I am not discouraged at what I perceive that is not in harmony with the law of right and justice. True, I mourn as I gaze on the wretchedness that exists in the city of Boston alone. I mourn over the sorrows of those who survive the slain in battle. I am pained at the sufferings I witness caused by the power of might where the question of right has not been brought into consideration. My deepest sympathy and tenderest love go out to the stricken, the sorrowing, the wronged ones in the isles of the sea and in the land of the Boers whose homes have been taken from them so rudely. My heart yearns for the suffering ones in the city of Boston, crushed, crushed, crushed by the use of intoxicants that are permitted to be openly sold and by the immorality that stalks in broad day-light through the streets of this fair city. But I do not say that I mourn as do those who have no hope, and while my deepest sympathy and my love outflow to them, while I am touched by their misery, I realize that these are their experiences and as such have their mission in the life of every so-called afflicted individual. I do believe most firmly that all the sadness and sorrow, the cruelty and weakness, the demoralization and the sins that are petted to-day will in time quicken human hearts until there will be an outgrowth from such conditions, until men, realizing their soul powers and their duty to themselves, will shun the pathway that leads to the prostitution of their sisters, and woman will stand erect in

the glory of her womanhood, dare to be true to herself, and not be forced by circumstances to sell her birthright for a mess of pottage. I accept these conditions as inevitable for I realize that through them men and women shall rise in the dignity and grandeur of their manhood and the beauty and glory of their womanhood. By and through these experiences, men shall learn to be men and women shall learn to be women.

This glorious religion that I would I had the ability to present in all its power and grand unfoldment, this beautiful religion that some of you scorn under the name of Spiritualism, comes to redeem humanity from all such thralldom, and it will, it must, accomplish its mission—it cannot fail ; but it begins where it must, at the other end and pursues an opposite course from that which has been followed so long. It is of no use to tell men and women to do this, that or the other ; they will not do it. It is of no use at the present time to speak very much of the anger of God. Do you not realize, friends, that people in and out of the church are drifting away from that idea? They are drifting away on the silent waters of Spiritualism that flow beneath the very church altar.

The mighty problem of life shall be solved, and in its solution man shall learn that, instead of seeking after an unknown God, he must seek within his own soul for those forces that shall enable him to attain those heights of knowledge and of spirituality that he aspires to gain. He has wandered long in the lowlands ; he has wandered long in the wilderness of unbelief ; he has wandered long in the desert, accepting belief in the efficacy of atonement through the crucifixion of him who came to teach and preach eighteen hundred years ago, to redeem the world ; he has wandered far from the altar erected in his own soul, far from the God that alone can save him.

When mankind accept this truth and look within, my dear friends, they will begin at the a b c, begin where con-

sciousness begins to unfold, where the torch of knowledge begins to burn, where the sparks of intelligence and spirituality begin to glow, and you will realize more fully that whatever height you may desire to gain, whatever glory and grandeur in art, or attainment in science you may aspire for, whatever you may hope to be, you must make yourselves befitting that condition or state by exercising your latent faculties. No power, no individual outside of yourselves can uplift you except in this manner : You may realize that others have attained that which you also desire to possess ; you may admire their greater wisdom and take counsel with them ; you may follow their example even as you would follow the example of Jesus. But remember that that inspired teacher never claimed that he could save all humanity, he never claimed that he could redeem the whole world. He simply came to unfold the truth, as far as his power of mediumship permitted. He uttered some noble sentiments, he presented some grand principles, he dared to be true to the truth as given to him, true to the mission he was sent to perform ; he dared bear his cross and suffer and lay aside the material form. Even in that last expression of his earth-life he gave utterance to no thought of being better than another, because on the cross he said to the thief at his side—and if he said it to one he meant it of a thousand—“ To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise,” not in the material body, but thou shalt be with me in the spirit-world clothed in a spirit-form and possessed of a life and that cannot be taken from thee.

While we have all reverence for the life and work of him who thus came preaching and teaching the truth as it appealed to him, while we admire and love the loveliness of the character of our elder brother and would follow his example as closely as we may, let us not attribute to him what he did not himself claim. The very heart of the gospel he taught is expressed in the golden rule ; the wis-

dom, in these few words, "Physician, heal thyself." Naught better or wiser could he or any other give.

There are some before me who ignore the religion of Spiritualism or openly scorn it. Why? Because of their ignorance.

There may be a delicate and intricate piece of mechanism over which some man has labored day and night, year in and year out. An individual who has never before seen it glances at it casually and exclaims, "That is good for nothing!" The mechanic would naturally query, "How do you know? You have not examined it?" Yet this is the attitude assumed by many in regard to this mighty truth that sweeps from the eternal hill-tops and is being unfolded day by day for the benefit of the children of men, the same grand power that was exercised by him crucified and that is also utilized by his disciples, the mediums of the present age. Therefore, friends, let us rejoice, realizing what we have to rejoice in.

I want to say to you this: I have tender memories of Trinity. I have tenderest and deepest love for every one I ever met there. I have no regrets, I have no occasion to mourn. I did the best I could. I know there are some souls who enter its precincts Sunday after Sunday to whom I ministered while incarnate, and to whom I now minister as best I can; I know they realize I still live, and I rejoice and am glad. Therefore I say to you, what matters it where you sit, what matters it where you worship if you do not worship that which is not true?

Going back to the beatitude, "Blessed are they that mourn," I would add, blessed are they that mourn their ignorance today, for a gladness shall come to them in the morning when they shall rise out of their lukewarmness and be infused with zeal; when they shall awake at the touch of that power that comes to redeem all mankind and to awaken them to a consciousness that their spirit-friends are with them to assist them. The immortal hosts are not

with their mortal friends to save them only as they may be enabled to aid their dear ones in endeavoring to save themselves from all those things that they ought to desire to be saved from, especially from the ignorance that allows the world to sleep on despite the wretchedness, the misery, the want and degradation of the masses crushed by the power of might and wealth.

There are many who do not realize that love is the most effective lever that can be employed in the work of removing conditions that do not conduce to human weal. Indeed, they sneer when the word is uttered simply because they do not comprehend or appreciate its whiteness and purity; do not realize how, in every human heart, it shines with undimmed lustre if it is not concealed by selfishness; do not realize that, by-and-by when the awakening comes, it shall develop the faculties and powers inherent in every human soul.

Dear friends, one and all, they that mourn shall be comforted by the golden light of knowledge that shall come to you proclaiming and proving to you the gladness with which your spirit-friends manifest to you. Their constancy and fidelity to you while here still remain. The faithful wife and companion, the lover, the child, the father, the mother, return to you over the pathway by which they passed to higher realms, and whatever love and tenderness they felt for you while in the material form still lives, for all that is of the soul is imperishable—it cannot be destroyed, it cannot die.

How glad I am to be able to say to you at the present time, in view of these facts, that dear, ministering ones hover about you this hour, their spirit forms clad in garments of different hues made luminous by emanations from their individual soul lives, their beautiful faces so aglow with joy that, could you but behold them, you would exclaim, "This is indeed that gateway of heaven!" There is not one mortal present who has not one dear one

hovering so close that it seems strange to me that you do not hear the rustling of its garments, that you do not catch the import of the silent message, unspoken though it be, of some one you loved as it is wafted to you on the psychic atmosphere.

Do you not say that this is recompense enough for your sorrow and sadness when, over and about you, hover those who loved you while dwelling here and who love you now ; when just beyond opens the pathway wider and still wider leading yonder ; when all you have aspired for but felt was in vain lies awaiting you within the veil ? For there is not a holy aspiration, a deep desire welling up from the human soul that shall not find its fruition, its completeness sometime. Knowledge comes to us step by step, and you need not wait necessarily for the fruition of your desires, at least in part, until you have entered the world toward which you are tending—rather, I would say, the life toward which you are tending, for I claim that there is but one world, and in spirit I am not separated from you. I am one with you in forwarding any movement whose object is the amelioration of the conditions of human beings in any and all departments ; I am one with you in your holiest aspirations and desires ; I am one with you in seeking to understand more of the purpose of life and in gaining knowledge that will enable me to use my energies in accomplishing all I may. You understand, I have no doubt, that in this life even, those who accomplish the most have faith accompanied by activity. The scholar does not gain his learning in a moment, but step by step as he labors by the light of faith in results. Every one must attain knowledge by his own efforts, must dig and delve in the dark mine to possess himself of its treasures.

In speaking of spirit life and the life of the soul, friends, did you never think that all life is soul-life ? Your lives today are the soul-life, but the soul is cramped here, its pleadings are unheeded, its inspirations smothered. It is

however, continually asking for a wider, a fuller expression, and by-and-by you will gladly open the portals, and with a holy joy you will apprehend your own possibilities, you will learn what Spiritualism teaches, what a pure and undefiled religion it is, and that it comes as the handmaiden of the master, it comes to redeem all mankind from error, from ignorance, from sin, from wrong and to open wider and still wider the gateway to knowledge, and by vivifying the material atmosphere of your lives it will pierce the deep centers of the soul until you will all exclaim as with one voice: "I have been dreaming! I feel something stirring within my very soul; I know it is a power I have not sensed before. I see those whom I have called dead. I behold the earth and the planets as a mighty panorama in grand procession before me. I see humanity crushed and sinking beneath my very feet. I soar in thought and rise in the loftiness of an at-one-ment with All Good, and I behold a new universe grander than that of worlds and systems of worlds revolving in space obedient to the same law that evolved them and evolved my being. I am conscious of a life such as I have never before known, a life in which I may unfold and develop every power and faculty within to grasp all knowledge that the universe contains, all the joy and gladness and glory for which man can ask."

Do you call this nothing? Do you call this no more than the old teachings? Do you call this endless progression no better than the old idea of heaven where the elect might sit at the right-hand of God forever, gaining no new truth, scaling no heights and attaining naught? Do you call this no more desirable than just merely existing and promising an individual, however divine, throughout eternity without aspiration, without the glorious, golden privilege of exercising all the faculties of the soul? Why, friends, what would life be to us if we were to be divested of the faculties that we possess? What would

life be to us, no matter how grand and beautiful our surroundings, no matter how sweet the harmony of music floating upward from countless hosts of worshippers with their golden harps, unless that life be an active one, for what is life without activity? What is activity worth unless it lifts us higher and higher?

Spiritualism is the religion of light, the religion of gladness, the religion of joy, because it allows you to clasp hands, as far as you will, with your immortal friends; it is the religion that opens to you, if you will permit it thus to come, the great pathway that leads to knowledge. When you accept it you no longer are forced to ask in vain, "Is life immortal?" There is no longer need to ask, when the last fleeting breath leaves the material form, "Is the soul dead?" when you become quickened and educate yourselves—obtain knowledge yourselves, for you read the answer at a glance as upon a scroll. It is then you realize, within the deep depths of your soul, that you have something which the world neither gave nor can take away; you have something that will say to you, "Life is worth the living," and the living is to cultivate one's self until every faculty is rounded out in beauty and the individual stands preëminent in a knowledge of art and science—a *savant*.

O for the life that gives to me the knowledge whereby I may explore worlds and systems of worlds! O for the life that gives me the power to delve in the deep depths of the earth and read the lesson that every sand-grain teaches! O for the life that gives me an understanding of humanity, a brotherly feeling for all my kind! O for the life that gives to me the consciousness—not egotistically do I say it—that I hold in my possession all the elements that are necessary for my existence—all to be found in universal life, by the proper use of which I may scale the greatest heights and learn the grandest truths!

This and more—so much more awaits us, and do you

wonder that I am not satisfied with the teachings I gave humanity before I passed out of their sight, physically speaking? Can you wonder that I am here to teach and to preach of what I have learned in the land of souls over there? Can you wonder that I am even more interested than when here in seeking to comfort and instruct mortals and to assist them to discover and know themselves? I trust not. Be it as it may, I am glad and rejoice in that, for myself and all others, the great anthem of immortality shall ever resound. I am glad and rejoice in that, however ignorant any human soul may be today, sometime it shall be transcendent in wisdom. I am glad and rejoice that Nature and I are one, and thereby I realize my relationship to all things that are.

Hail, holy light, eternal truth,
 That beams from star to star,
 That trembles on the morning mist,
 And lights the night afar!
 Hail, life, that gives to me a love
 That in my spirit dwells,
 A holy joy that thrills my soul
 Until the anthem swells!
 Hail, holy light, O holy flame,
 That kindles every heart
 Until in all true love is born,
 To nevermore depart.

NO. 15.*

DISCOURSE AND MESSAGE.

BY THE SOUL-MATES, WISDOM AND PEARL.

(Of the "Sun Angels' Order of Light.")

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1900.

INVOCATION.

THROUGHOUT the infinite realms of life, Great Spirit of all existence, we recognize that power that, entering into the soul and finding expression through the activity of human life, lifts Thy children unto planes of spiritual thought, peace and harmony. May the sweet, gentle baptism of love in all its divine purity touch these children here, enabling them to turn their gaze within and read there the clear lessons that wisdom has traced, thereby becoming more acquainted with themselves and with the infinite possibilities in their possession. By virtue of this understanding they may polish every jewel within until their innate forces, hitherto unrecognized, spring into activity and bear the rich fruitage of peace and liberty

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligences owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

for all Thy children. May the benediction floating downward from the great Temple of life reach these souls here gathered, and may they realize the sacredness of the religion that entereth into their dual existence, and bringeth them in contact not alone with Thine ascended ones, not alone, in sweet communion with those whom they have loved, but in touch with that grand anthem of life that breathes its cadences everywhere and scatters its dewdrops like pearls over every human life.

O may these children, by their aspirations, open wider and still wider the portals of their own interior existence until they may behold the radiant reality of life upon every hand about them and likewise behold and understand for themselves the value of the jewels in their possession, that thereby they may be incited to live the most perfect life possible upon this plane and indeed so grace this planet as to leave joy and gladness in the hearts of those here, as well as to bear with them to the beautiful home they may have prepared themselves to enter, the brightest garments possible for them to weave in this existence.

O Life, bestow Thy blessing upon these mortals and may the dear ones from beyond guide them safely through the tangled mazes of earth's pathway and lead them into that line of thought that shall enable them to enter into the Holy of holies when their individual missions here have been faithfully fulfilled.

DISCOURSE.

BY SPIRIT WISDOM.

WITH the deep and divine possibilities of the soul and all that applies thereunto, we, like yourselves, have a question that clasps the eternities. Seeking, as you are

knowledge, striving to obtain that knowledge, that shall bring unto you peace, you have failed in a great measure, because of the teachings of the past and present, to grasp the one thought nearest home, the one link without which you cannot pierce the greater cycle of a spiritual existence.

You all understand that our mission is not for the purpose of pleasing you for the time being. We are here to lead you, as far as you will permit, into, to you, unknown pathways where spiritual light, like radiant jewels, glitters upon every hand ; we are here to open to your consciousness, or rather to assist you to open the gateway to your consciousness, that you may know, not simply that life continues after the few days and weeks you spend in these material forms, for it is not simply and alone a continued existence that would or could satisfy the human soul, but that there is a boundless realm of activity with untold possibilities just yonder.

We are immortal souls, and, therefore, there is no occasion for us to labor to save the soul, but there is much necessity that we labor to adorn it, for it is indeed ourselves. The forms you wear will, in a few days, be as nothing to you, but the experiences you have been receiving will become to you like dreams that you have left behind you as you take your advancing steps where knowledge lights the way, and compared to all the knowledge that man can obtain in this life regarding external or material needs, the knowledge you may obtain of yourselves transcends all other. That which men call religion, I would have you understand in this connection, has never be exemplified by the lives of the peoples of the present and recent times, and it never can be exemplified by any human life until humanity recognize their soul properties and realize that every act here forms one thread in the garment the individual must weave there. He must weave his own robes for the life immortal. No other can weave

them for him. He may have more loved ones than he can count bending over him from the realms above, with tenderest love and deepest interest, but they cannot weave the smallest part of his garments ; they can only assist him by quickening his soul's aspirations to spin and weave his robes himself.

We are well aware of the loathness of mankind, in their present condition, to accept that which leads them away from empty forms and binding creeds, away from the pathway by which they fancy they may find someone who will suffer in their stead. But away from all creeds, away from all ceremony, away from the path by which you have sought the unknowable and the unapproachable, you will be surprised to find that for which you have searched so long; namely, that which is inherent in yourselves. The powers of the soul cannot be estimated by your present conceptions, and it is here at the very altar of every individual that we would light the taper that will guide you to the higher life. It is only when man shall cease to worship angry gods and bleeding saviors, turn his steps toward the deep valley of purity and externalize his highest, best and noblest thought; it is only when he draws upon the inexhaustible resources existing perhaps unknown to him within his own being; it is only when he recognizes a religion such as this that he will cease to bemoan the result of wars and cease to be puzzled by the question of, What shall I do to be saved? This question has blinded millions to the truth and destroyed their happiness and peace. The only pathway of ascension to a condition which you aspire for is by discovering and utilizing the powers that you possess, and you will realize sooner or later that this pathway leads, not away from yourselves, not into distant, unknown realms, but into the deep chambers of your own soul. Here you find the cycle you have not pierced, here you find a mine you have not explored. It is the soul that liveth

forever ; it is the soul that triumphs over and governs all ; it is that which, going out when you lay aside these forms, enables you to recognize the loved ones you have mourned and brings to you the joy that you have earned—no more and no less.

These may seem strange doctrines to you, for I am well aware that you have not been educated along these lines, and I am likewise aware of the difficulties by which you are beset amid the environments in which you are placed. Yet the Infinite Justice and Purity never has a shadow of turning, and we must climb the heights, however lofty they may be, ourselves, and seek that sublime submission where we may stand in any condition of life and say, "Wherever the truth shall lead I am not only willing but desirous to follow."

It is for this that we give you our thoughts this morning, knowing full well that you will not carry them out practically quite yet to any extent, but realizing also that the thoughts we scatter in your midst like pearls shall never perish, and sometime, when you are ready, they will aid you in seeking to discover the priceless jewel that you are, for every individual soul is a gem more precious in value than you can conceive of

Looking out upon the boundless and wonderful expressions upon every hand, you may not understand the power that holds and guides and governs the sunbeam ; you may not understand the power that voices itself in the mighty storm, yet it is the same power that speaks, in its silent language, in the deep depths of your beings. From the temple where we worship and wherein we dwell, I send you, accompanying the thoughts uttered here, whatever of power you are capable of receiving, filling the atmosphere wherein you remain for the time with those invisible elements whereby we shall bring you greater illumination. Seek, therefore, to know, for whatever knowledge I may have gained I cannot impart to you ;

whatever you may have gained by experiences you have passed through, you cannot give to another. In the great school in which you are placed as all peoples upon all planets are placed, you are receiving an education that no master mind can impart. You must learn for yourselves. By studious effort, strive to discern one step after the other up the ladder, and ascend by virtue of your own strength and energy.

Knowledge is useless, or nearly so, unless it is utilized. You recognize and accept this fact in the broadest sense in external matters, and it is just as essential, I assure you, in matters of a spiritual nature. Call it by whatever name you like, it is that for which mankind have sought all along the line of the ages, and it is that which they have hoped might be bestowed upon them. The great burden of the prayer of pious men and women has been that some power superior to themselves might give it them. This cannot be. There is no power superior to the power centered in every soul. I repeat, because I wish you to understand it thoroughly. There is no power transcending the power of the human soul. You realize, of course, that the powers that are exerted and known by yourselves fall below the mark of my expression ; but you, every one, possess all the properties and powers that are exemplified in the great reservoir of Nature incarnate in your own beings. The great mine of vital force, of activity, of thought guided by the will and the consciousness that you may cultivate, enables the soul to stand with all its rich inheritance, where only the eternal sunbeams from the great centre of Infinite Wisdom can compete therewith.

This thought, if you accept it, lifts you above all serfdom, and enables you to comprehend that if you have in your possession these forces, you have no time or strength to waste in seeking some other individual or outside power to serve you, while you fail to use the vital forces of your own beings. Here, then, is a point, children, that

I would have you remember, even if you are not ready to accept it now. You long to know whither those you love who have laid aside the mortal have flown. Your anxious thoughts rise sorrowfully. Whither have their wandering feet strayed? You can only learn by the uplifting of your own soul forces, opening wider and wider still the avenues of communication between your outer and interior natures, until gladly the dear ones are enabled to bring to you a knowledge of their charmed presence. This is simply to give you evidence that they live and love the same as ever, but they bring you a greater blessing; namely, the assurance that life broadens and that when you are ready to lay aside all selfishness and live for the truth, live to seek for the knowledge that cannot perish, for the knowledge that, when you have done with conditions here and leave the material form, will not become worthless to you, you will come into that inheritance whereby you can enter that state of peace and joy and gladness for which you long, and where once again the soul reveals itself to its kindred soul, and the mate in earth life enters the presence of the waiting one yonder.

The lessons that come to you, even the lesson of the morning, will be to you of more value by-and-by, when you comprehend this fact: There is but one road that leads to the unveiling of truth; there is but one pathway to the realm of acquired knowledge, and that you must discover for yourselves; there is but one power, save the powers that come as aids, and that power, more essential and more potent than all others to you, is that which is centered in yourselves.

As I scatter these thoughts from 'neath the Temple of the sun, may you receive what is acceptable to you individually and severally, and, if possible, be blessed thereby. I speak to you as one who sends you his message now, as one who will meet you sometime when you will realize as you cannot at this moment, how truly the words that have been spoken apply to you each and every one.

MESSAGE

BY SPIRIT PEARL.

From the land where the waters flow
 All sparkling with white pearls,
 I bring to you my message now
 And twine with Wisdom's words.

O, thoughtless sometimes one may be,
 And feel he need not strive
 To seek the heights that leave the sea;
 For where the mountains live and throb
 Life broadens and glows more white
 In the day's sweet dawn, more gentle in the eve.

I bring you then, each one, dear friends,
 From my fair home beyond,
 Bright flowers. They ne'er shall fade,
 But stay unseen, unknown to you.

Yet you shall bear them every day
 Upon the tablet here,

And when you enter where I dwell,
 I'll gather and twine them there,
 All fair and lovely, for your souls
 Will have woven your garments well.

Bright are the ones that come to-day
 In all their lovely dress,
 Their robes so white, so pure, they stay,
 And strive you to impress.

Think not if we lived long ago,
 We've drifted far away,
 There is no far away to us
 When human lives 'mid darkness ask
 Some token or some word,
 Some happy thought to grace
 Their lives with beauty and to bring
 A quickening clasp through love.

Hence, may the pearls I scatter here
 Rest sweet on every soul.
 And may your lives from day to day
 More brightly glow, and I shall know,
 O, I shall know, as I know now
 What kindly thoughts you give.
 Each thought and feeling flows before

My vision even now,
 And some are dark, and cold and drear,
 And some athrob with love.

O, bless you one and all, would I,
 From my sweet home beyond,
 Where flowers and pearls bedeck the fair
 And wisdom's crown is won;
 Where, in the light of the brighter day,
 I'm weaving garlands now
 To vie with all of Beauty's art,
 So fair no tongue can tell.

I'm striving, striving, striving still,
 To bring to each that I may touch
 A something that shall thrill the soul.
 And as you love the ones you've loved
 That have drifted out and moored
 Their barks on the shores just beyond,
 O, strive, if you would meet them there,
 To live e'en here the life you know
 Shall bloom with worthiness for them.*

Upon one and all we bestow the blessing of Wisdom
 and Pearl. May the sweet baptism of love fall upon your
 souls from the loved ones you have known.

*NOTE.—Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

NO. 16.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT WENDELL PHILLIPS.

(ORATOR AND PHILANTHROPIST WHO PASSED FROM THE MORTAL IN
1884.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 2, 1900.

INVOCATION.

WITHIN Thy vast temple, O Life, we outreach our aspirations and invoke Thy blessing, realizing that that from which we desire to receive baptism throbs in the sand-grain, breathes in the animal, speaks in man, and, with a glory matchless beyond the power of words to express, enfolds the divine possibilities of existence. O Life, Thou art boundless. In all Thy vastness no mind can grasp the all. Worlds and systems of worlds bespeak Thy glory and majesty. From this little orb whereon we once dwelt, we lift our souls in gladness unto Thee, rejoicing that the planets vie with humanity, and by the expressions outspeeding therefrom, the soul gathers to itself that power whereby, through growth, it attains its intelligence. O may we, in the outward waves that are bounding onward and still onward, realize our childhood, our weakness, and yet rejoice in the pathway by which we have ascended, in the knowledge we have attained, but knocking more loudly

and determinedly at the great gateway leading to wider possibilities until, from sidereal heights, the glad streams of glory speed their way earth-ward and Thy children become thereby baptized in their life-giving elixir.

O Life, may Thy children understand that Thou art as inexhaustible as boundless, and that every aspiration, every thought, every desire of the human soul shall receive the jewel it has sought for before Thine altar. May Thy children upon this planet realize, O Life, Thy possibilities, and learn that, in order to understand those possibilities, they must read themselves line by line as step by step, through their own efforts, they ascend their Sinai and glory sometime in the glad beams of the spiritual existence.

O Angel of liberty, spread Thy pinions over all the people, and may the sweet breath of thy love and thy earnestness bear unto the hearts of the children of men that which they have so far turned from—principle, that thereby they may be quickened in the beauty of manhood and the sweetness of womanhood, advancing side by side, until all over this fair land the Angel of peace shall pause, and, resting from her tireless flight, dwell with the dwellers here.

O Life, we praise Thee for all the experiences that we have tasted, and we rejoice with exceeding great gladness as we praise Thee for the grander and more complete unveilings of Thine eternal whole that shall be ours when we become worthy to enter into Thy greater temple and partake of the rich viands there spread for our enjoyment.

DISCOURSE.

I N the divine possibilities of life we trace man and his mission, and let us remember, whatever we discover,

that we are striving to unlock the tabernacle of truth. Therefore, instead of asking, "What shall I do to be saved?" or "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" let us rather pause as we contemplate the present condition of affairs in your land as well as all over this continent, and ask the same simple question, "What shall I do?" Not especially for myself, not especially for my own interest, not especially that I may draw to myself friends, nor yet that I may become a possessor of houses and lands."

Withdrawing from all these selfish pastures wherein man loves to wander, let us ask the question, for it is just as necessary perhaps for me to seek an answer thereunto as it is for you, and I do ask it of myself continually—"What shall I do? How shall I put forth my best efforts that I may aid my kind, that I may shed some light upon dark pathways, that I may incite some soul to live a noble life."

Surely, in looking about with a realizing sense of the true state of affairs in this land that we all love so well, it seems to me that you can all recognize the necessity for every man, woman, and even child to ask of himself, "What shall I do that the world of human beings may be blessed? What can I do to stay the cruel hand of war? What can I do, not to purify politics, for it is past purification, but what can I do to impregnate human souls with a realization of the fact that 'life is real, life is earnest,' and that whomsoever forgets his brother in every thought, in every effort, in every act, is a cumberer of the ground to the extent that he allows slavery to walk in the bright glare of the noonday sun without a protest, and permits war to stretch its devastating hand over all the world, only exclaiming supinely, 'I cannot help it! I did not inaugurate the war; I do not approve of it, but what can I do about it?'"

If there was anything I really disliked when in the material form, it was to discover and be obliged to mingle with people who were only half born, and perhaps I have not

gotten over that feeling yet. I like to meet men and women born to that degree of manhood and womanhood that they dare stand before the horrors threatening this country undaunted, and not plead for liberty but demand it. I say men and women, for I believe this is the privilege, right and duty of woman as well as man. It is not for her to be simply a helpmate to man, by caring for his home, by cradling his children in her arms, but it is for her to stand by his side even in the din and conflict of war; and here allow me to say that you have had a noble example of woman's endurance, of woman's daring out among the so-called savages that England has been slaying with such a ruthless hand, the women who have stood on the battlefield side by side with their husbands and fathers. If war is to be pursued, if war is right, teach your daughters to shoulder the rifle and unsheath the sword, and bid your wives follow you into every pathway you may tread. But you may answer, "This is not in accordance with the precepts of civilization." Is it more in accordance with the precepts of civilization to leave them to be slain and worse than slain in the homes you have left unprotected, to be forced out into the pathway of wretchedness and crime, the victims of treachery and robbery such as so many are, sad to relate, at the present time? I wish you to understand and I believe that you will agree with me ere I have finished if you do not at this moment: If you study well and weigh that which comes under your observation you can but realize that civilization is making slow strides and few in the present day.

Here before me are men who have belied their right. This is a strong expression, and blame me if you like, but I repeat, there are men before me who have belied their right at the ballot-box in that they have cast their vote for one they did not wish elected but had not the moral courage to be consistent, to stand firm and strive to purify the great political arena. Therefore I say that every man,

woman and even child that belittles himself by doing that which he knows is not according to his best and highest light, whether it be in matters pertaining to party or church, fails to grasp the crown of true manhood or the sweet grace of the highest enfoldment of womanhood.

Perhaps you will think I am bitter; I have had that adjective applied to me before. But just as long as the eternal arches of truth echo to the cry that sweeps from earth, moaning, despairing, but begging, praying the Author of life that Freedom may fold her mantle about the children of earth, that Peace may once more abide with the dwellers here, that the devastating power of war may cease and the demoralization that always follows may speedily disappear, I shall continue in the work of endeavoring to awaken humanity to a sense of right and wrong, and to a realization of the situation not only in this land but all over the world.

Let us look and see where America stands today by the logic of events. Between two vast parties, two great powers; namely, the power of poverty and the power of wealth. I do not care to dwell long upon the picture. Upon the one side you behold the rich, the capitalists, and those engaged in unlawful trade, fastening, as it were, closer and still closer the chains of slavery around the poor, and the poor are being crushed because they are poor, they are without sympathy because they *cannot* cope with the man of means.

A few years ago you had a little class, called the middle class, but its members are fast disappearing. They were the bone, the sinew and the wealth almost of the nation. They were versed in mechanics, in the arts, in those industries that make a planet fit to dwell upon. Where are they now? It is something more than an echo that answers, but can you answer? A few have ascended the scale and stand side by side with the millionaire, but the great majority that constituted the wealth of our nation

are impoverished, scarcely knowing how they may obtain a livelihood and maintain the home that shelters their loved ones. They were men more manly, men more noble, men more kind-hearted, men more filled with love for their fellow-men than the majority of millionaires, and yet they have been cast upon the altar of sacrifice. Why? Because America is given over for the time being with her present millionaires to aspirations for wealth and greater possessions. The labor, the genius, and hence the real wealth of the nation have been despised, and today how many are there in need who receive sympathy? How many are there who receive a kindly thought? I leave you to answer.

Let us remember that though truth may seem to be crushed to earth it will surely rise again. You are in the midst of the greatest revolution the world ever knew—not simply America is the scene of the conflict, for it spreads, it widens, and ere you shall have done with it you will have paid more dearly than you have already for that far distant archipelago. Wrong never turned into right, and two wrongs never make a right. Our Constitution, glorious in its assurance of freedom and liberty for all, is despised, and even the men highest in place, men who should be most highly respected, ignore its principles to a great extent, and that principle upon which your revered Washington said the integrity and prosperity of the nation most of all depended is forgotten or is sneered at; namely, morality.

Here, then, in selfish conditions, in selfish hopes, aims and ambitions, lies the cause of the one continual quarrel for the almighty dollar. The citizens of this country have forgotten the principles that marked and illuminated the days of the Revolution, that marked and crowned the brow of Washington and later the brow of Lincoln, and that mark even now the character of those sterling patriots who gather from the shores "over there"

to watch the trend of events in their beloved land. They watch and they wait anxiously, but not in vain, to behold the freedom they died to secure, preserved to their descendants, for the time is coming when the beauty of spiritual thought will so permeate the world and touch human minds that mankind will eventually learn one thing if they have not already grasped it: Many stand before the church altar, not because of their reverence for the Most High, not because of any special virtue they behold in form and ceremony, not because they hear repeated the words of him whose prayers welled up from the plains of Galilee eighteen hundred years and more ago, but because of its popularity, which is a mistaken popularity at that, and as such they will recognize it when the truth shall be revealed to them, or rather when men learn to lay aside their bigotry, their pre-conceived ideas and dare to plow a new furrow instead of following in the rut their fathers and grandfathers before them saw fit to follow.

You are aware that some men seem to think it is quite sufficient reason for them to remain in the Democratic or the Republican party, as the case may be, because their grandfather was a Republican or a Democrat, and they would not depart from the old man's ways for the world. Yet in the department of art, in the field of scientific research, in the realm of those marvellous inventions that are the boast of your day, it is just as reasonable to follow where your grandfather led the way. Your grandfather did not have electric lights or the power of electricity in any form; why should you? Because, bless your dear souls, conditions have changed entirely. But how? By virtue of the fact that there has been a constantly repeated effort and a constantly repeated success to a great degree.

You may go back quite a number of years, and you will find, just previous to election day more particularly, that those men have been considered the smartest who

could tell the most lies about the candidate of the opposite party, and if you think the newspapers are telling you the truth you must believe that you have had in the highest seats of government some of the worst rascals in the country. Scarcely a candidate has been before the people who, you have been told, is fit to walk the streets. One party has blackmailed the other without mercy, and hence you have sought for the greatest number of rotten eggs possible to fling at the candidates you have wished to defeat. Do you call this the proper method to pursue in so-called civilized and Christianized lands? Do you call this freedom, do you call this living the life that Washington and those who suffered with him at Valley Forge would wish you to live? Do you call yourselves men thus to do? I cannot say this to the women for they have not yet received the franchise, and I trust I shall never have occasion thus to reproach them, but I hope I shall sometime have the privilege, if not to-day, of asking them if they have voted for *honest* men. Take, for instance, those who constitute your Congress, your rulers at the city of Washington, and you have not one there who has not been painted as black as the pit of Satan, and this in the day of American advancement, this in the day when you pride yourselves on your scholastic attainments, this in the day when fifty thousand church spires point heavenward proclaiming the love of Christ and him crucified, while fifty thousand men, victims of your rum-sellers, fill drunkard's graves!

You may wonder at me for uttering these thoughts, you may feel that your pious ears are harmed thereby, but I tell you that as deep as the hell of corruption is or can be, just so long as my brothers and my sisters are crushed beneath the iron heel of slavery, just so long as they cry for relief, just so long shall I sound the alarm and raise my voice in warning, striving to give to those I love some thought of the value of freedom. When you come to that point there are very few people to-day who are free ; half the people are living a lie.

These are strong statements, severe charges. If they do not apply to you, do not accept them. I do not mean you who are here alone, I mean the world at large. The happiness of multitudes is being wrecked upon the accursed altar of selfishness. I mean that man's ambition is running into the great pathway where selfishness rules almost entirely.

You count with pride perhaps your millionaires. But do you know that if I were in the material form, a beggar in your streets, and one of your millionaires should say to me, "I will supply your wants—I will give you one-half of my possessions if you will do thus and so and obey me," I would turn from him as a dog would turn from a bone that had no meat upon it, and tell him to perish with his dross. I would sooner stand beside the man that begs from house to house, if he begs because he has been crowded out of that pathway where he once had the privilege of earning an honest livelihood.

You are, I repeat, in the midst of the greatest revolution the world ever knew. You have spread your arms, I had almost said, over all the earth, and you are to receive from China, ere you are through, a blow that you are not prepared for.

O America, the land I love so well, the home of the slave I strove in other days to liberate, the home of the slaves I shall strive to liberate in the future, how hast thou fallen from thy high estate! But let us remember that America is not the only nation that seems to have taken a step backward. Other nations have given you an example of this tendency. Behold Rome in all her glory, her seven hills lighted by the mighty torch of science and art, but becoming too arbitrary and arrogant she sank into the darkness of night. Other proud nations have followed and are even now following in her footsteps. England is today holding her strong arm over a helpless people that in the name of God and humanity she had no right to dis-

turb and distress, and in her guilty greed she glories in the shedding of the blood of the innocent. But wait! Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, and through England's present war added to others, her kingdom falls!

You may not accept this statement as a prophecy, but wait. Time never hurries, and I only ask you to go back in mind and trace the history of the nations of the earth as far as you can, and you will be obliged to acknowledge that every time they have failed to sail by the soundings of the plummet of truth, every time they have turned away from justice and right to worship their idols, they have fallen.

So likewise shall it be with America. Unless her sturdy yeoman, her sons and daughters rise in the dignity of their manhood and womanhood and demand honest men at the seat of government, she shall fall in a night and for a time rest beneath the iron hand that her children have allowed to bind her, but not for long, remember this. Locked between the arms of two mighty oceans she shall rest until, Phoenix like, she rises in new dignity and grandeur, the continent we love, holding within her possessions greater possibilities, more marvellous wealth and the noblest people that ever the sun shone upon, although for years they lived in bondage, having sold their rights in that they permitted hordes of the ignorant from other lands virtually to rule them.

Let me say right here that I would clasp the hand of every man, woman and child from other shores and bid them welcome to our beloved land. At the same time I would not have you think that if I were driving a pair of horses I knew how to control, I would say to one who never took the reins in his hands, "Get in and drive; you are all right," because it would not be safe. While I would welcome all who desire to come to the broad shores of our fair land, I would not, therefore, invite them to at once take a hand in the government or even extend to

them the franchise. I would show them first "old glory" I would point them to the stars and stripes and to the eagle perched high above. and say, "We welcome you here, but you must be one with us and obey our laws, you must prepare yourselves to become good citizens, and you must live here twenty-one years before you can exercise the privilege of the ballot. Our boys have to do so, and why should not you?" The foreigner, in the majority of instances,—and to the majority the law must be made to apply—is but a child in the practical knowledge of self-government. Should he be accorded privileges not accorded to our own children who have breathed the air of freedom and been taught its proper use and not abuse from the hour of their birth? I think every intelligent man will agree with me that no one should be permitted to drop his vote into the ballot-box until he can read and write—until he can read not simply extracts from the Constitution, but be familiar with its text and the spirit thereof from beginning to end.

I pause here to say to every father and mother, every man and woman, every boy and girl, that you should make it a religious duty almost to read frequently and understandingly that most precious document that guarantees the rights and liberties of the people of America. I do not believe that I am exaggerating the truth when I say that not one-half of you have read the Constitution of the United States through, and therefore I emphasize the statement that it is the duty of fathers and mothers especially to see to it that it is read in your homes at least once a week and its sterling principles imprinted upon the plastic minds of your children until they understand the laws of justice and right.

One word now in relation to imperialism. I suppose I am somewhat old fashioned in my ideas.

Let us look at America as she has been—not isolated by any means, but a united nation from her borders, north,

south, east and west, even though she had that conflict south of Mason and Dixon's line a few years ago. It was a necessary experience. Why? It was the fruitage of that slavery that your forefathers adopted—nothing more nor less. Right must come uppermost, and slavery is wrong in whatever guise it may appear, and by-and-by you will see as I see.

Now, then, let us look at America as she stands to-day. United she cannot be. Her possessions are broad. All hail the mighty flow of her rivers! All hail the grand sweep of her prairies and all that gives unction to life in her beautiful realms! For me, I would, with all my heart and soul, have commended your government if it had ended the war when Manilla fell, if it had withdrawn its troops instead of buying off Spain and sending her cruel officials home with the left hand, while with the right hand it wielded a greater sword with which to subdue the people of these islands, thus proclaiming them in effect incapable of self-government.

I wonder if, when England contemplated the invasion of America, she had said to the colonists, "You are incapable of self-government, we shall subdue you and then civilize you," how her declaration would have been received by those independent spirits who took part in the act of throwing overboard into Boston Harbor that famous cargo of tea?

If I am a wretched and ignorant victim of poverty, and yet have built me a home in the desert, is it any occasion or justification for any man to come and crush me to earth and take my cabin from me because of its little value? Upon the same principle, friends, you have crushed those whom you had no right to touch with the cruel arm of war, for might never makes right.

The Filipinos are not yet subdued; the Boers still live. You have never seen a nobler specimen of manhood than the general of the Boer army, or people more honest

and faithful in all the relations of life than those Dutch of South Africa whom you call ignorant and degraded. Even conceding that they are what you have designated them, what is it to you? Their homes were there established, what wealth they possessed they had labored for. Their wives and children whom they loved as you love the dear ones of your household were there, but where are they now?

Imperialism has no right to trespass upon the ground of others, and therefore to me America with all she has accomplished stands today less inviting than if Christianity had not here attained its full blossoming, because it was a Christian people, or they claimed to be such at least, that told those islanders thus and so, and were believed in consequence of their claims. They told the Filipinos that they were simply going to lift the arm of Spain that it should no longer crush a helpless people; they were simply going to send an army large enough to protect them and leave them to work out for themselves a higher civilization. But no sooner had the beast tasted of blood than it craved more, and the craving has not ceased.

I wish you to investigate this matter for yourselves, and in so doing you may at first very naturally ask me if the men standing back of those who are doing this wrong cry, "Halt!" would not those in power obey. I trow not at the present time, for heedlessly the masses cry and heedlessly the masses submit. Therefore, allow me to say to you, friends, that we, on our side of life, are terribly in earnest. The light flashes from the council chambers where are gathered those who have labored, fought, bled and died for America, those who wrote her Constitution, those who have been the soul of American liberty. You are being permitted to wade through a red sea of blood because you are willing to submit without a protest to the multiplication of trusts. But by-and-by the people will cry "Enough!" and demand that the government

shall take some matters into its own hands. Before this demand comes, however, I should pray most earnestly that you might have a different set of men in Congress from what you have now as a whole ; I should pray that men demand, if you are to submit to the lobby, if the lobby must make the nominations, that it nominate honest and upright men.

You have some in the highest seats of the government who are good Christians, you will say. Go ask those whom they have ruined what they think of such Christianity ! Go ask the naked slaves, panting in the torrid heat 'neath the rays of the noon-day sun, what they think of such Christianity ! Go ask the suffering orphans, the bereft widows, the childless mothers whose natural protectors have been slain—murdered on the field of battle or shot down in cold blood beside the homes they were seeking to defend, what they think of such Christianity ! I tell you it is a dark blot upon the face of that system of religion that has failed to liberalize the world and to point the way that leads where the eternal sunbeams rest upon the foot prints of those who have ascended and are still climbing the steps in celestial realms.

When humanity learn that they cannot throw the responsibility for their sins upon Christ Jesus ; when humanity realize that they cannot sell rum for fifty or seventy years until they count their victims by the thousands, and then put the burden of their wrong-doing upon Christ Jesus while they escape by some side door into heaven ; when they realize that there is but one gateway between this life and the next, and that over there they *must* be weighed in the balance by their deeds here and even the thoughts they have harbored, they will see it is important whether they live rightly or unjustly, whether they are true to principle and to themselves or feel, as a great many do at the present time, that if Christianity be true they may slay, and slay and slay their kind. It may be your

President thinks that when he gets on that last bed and cries, "O God forgive me for the battlefields that have been strewn with my victims ; forgive me for the tears of the women made widows by my wars ; forgive me for the children made orphans, for the lives wrecked and ruined thereby—forgive all for Christ's sake." perhaps that will be sufficient. I leave him at the throne, wherever his prayer will reach. He must answer.

I do not wish to close until I have spoken a moment of something pleasant. If my words have been unpleasant for you to hear and unpleasant for me to utter, it has been a necessity that I should voice just the thoughts I have. "Why?" you may ask. Because the God within, as I stand between the mighty sweep of the other life and the horrors enacted on earth, impels me, and I must and will, as long as life beats within my being, pray and plead for human rights, pray and plead for the abolition of slavery, pray and plead for peace on earth and good unto all willing men, pray and plead for the unfoldment of that manhood that shall give to one-half of creation that nobility of character that shall permit your wives and daughters to walk the streets at night unharmed by the villainy of man.

Life does not cease, and from realms far beyond I enter your presence to-day. Wherever friends or foes may have located me matters not. I am free as a bird, I am glad as the running brook, and my life is joyful. If I speak words that sound sorrowful, if I am saddened as I see the people of America passing through a great sea of trouble, I rejoice that it will end. If it needs must be that this suffering should come before they will awaken to a consciousness of truth and justice and right, then I would not lift my hand to stay it, but rather to speed it on.

You may well ask the question, "What shall I do?" but it is not for me to tell you only this : The more you ask that question of yourselves and the more your acts

and lives accord with your highest aspirations, the more you think and long to know of the world whither your loved ones have gone and how you may so live as to enter there with joy, the more you conform to the principles of true Spiritualism, drawing its lives parallel with the lives of him who spoke eighteen hundred years ago, the better will you be prepared to enter that life when you have done with this. There are no wars there. There are sad conditions indeed caused by the law of retribution, and the hell that has been pictured in vivid language by the church cannot exceed in suffering and pain the misery that comes to those who have crushed their kind. Restitution must be made by the wrong-doer for every pang he has caused another, every injustice he has practised.

You are all drawing nearer to those immortal shores, and ere another year there are those before me who will have sailed over the waters that divide this earth from that better land and entered there. What I wish to say to you is that you will find a country of peacefulness there, you will find a land of reality, you will find homes not made with hands but formed by those gone before you, and whatever your garments may be you will have woven them here. There nevermore will you hear the din of battle; there nevermore will you hear the beggar cry, "I am hungry and no one will feed me;" there you will behold no shelterless ones; but, if you have lived a life worthy of their love, if you have lived such a life that when you stand before your ascended mother or before one who is more to you than a mother you will not be ashamed or afraid, you will enter the presence of your loved ones with joy. If you have not lived the life you ought, you must make restitution to yourself for the wrong inflicted upon yourself by the neglect of any duty that may have been yours to perform ere you can enter into the full joy and happiness of reunion with those gone before.

It is for you to decide whether your duty to humanity

calls for you to raise your voice in behalf of the nation's welfare. It is for you to decide whether you will still continue to support the rottenness of the present system or bind yourselves with a few determined men to right the wrongs of the government—bind yourselves with a few earnest souls such as Brother Kneeland was, who dared to beard slavery in its den, and you will succeed in your attempt to purify Washington. What we accomplished in the direction of abolishing negro slavery was to me, when I entered the spirit-world, a great joy. Now I am living there happy and contented and striving for higher and grander possibilities.

The life before you shall not be
 Shadowed by wars and sore distress.
 It glows in beauty, and your hopes
 Shall bud and blossom where joy abounds.
 There you shall behold great monuments of art,
 For Art her chaplets weaves e'en there.
 "What shall I do that I may climb and bask
 In heaven's eternal light?
 What shall I do when I leave this form below,
 Speed outward to the ones I love the most,
 That there I may be clothed in garments white,
 Befitting the company I there would meet?"
 O men and women, children, one and all,
 If not for this life strive to live for that,
 For this is fleeting. What you can and may do
 For the weary and the naked, do it now,
 Nor wait until another hour shall come:
 And live so that in the other life
 The joy that you aspire for shall be yours;
 With me to stand and gaze, no longer wondering how,
 With me to stand and gaze upon our country's angel
 Dwelling here but clad in the garb of peace,
 While liberty shall reign supreme—
 All this for you I see.
 O gladsome hour, America, thou shalt be free!
 Thy sons may falter and by the wayside bleed,
 But out from human hearts shall spring
 In gladness that great power
 That shall arm the soul and voices raise
 Proclaiming and demanding freedom for one and all.

NO. 17.*

RELIGION.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT ZOROASTER,

(A Persian Medium and Teacher of about 9000 Years Since.)

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1900.

INVOCATION.

INFINITE Power, breathing Thy benedictions everywhere and baptizing Thy children constantly through their own aspirations and efforts, Thou art enthroned in all matter and life, giving expression to Thy various forces through all of Nature's revelations, imprinting Thine image in every human soul that thereby the acts of the individual may blossom in beauty and be as far reaching in effect as worlds and systems of worlds in their evolutions, enfolding Thee in their uplifting tendencies. O Allah, we worship even more before Thine altar, be it in the desert where human feet have never trod, be it upon

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligences owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

the mountain height or in the deep valleys of material worlds, for there Thou art. Wherever life, motion and being are expressed, there is to be found Thine imprint, and there Thy great purpose may be read by the students who penetrate those pathways. O Allah, we rejoice in our at-one-ment with Thee. May we rejoice even more deeply in our at-one-ment with every attribute we possess that thereby, linking the faculties of our soul's center in one chain of strength and power, we may bless Thy children wheresoever they may wander even as we would be blessed, and that thereby also we may open the gateway that leads to brighter and broader realms of truth.

May these, Thy children waiting here this hour before Thine altar, realize their possibilities, and coming into touch, O Allah, with all that is divine in Nature, becoming quickened in all that is divine within themselves, may they understand their at-one-ment with all things which elevate the soul, enlarge the knowledge and light the lamp of reason.

O Allah, we thank Thee for Thine every blessing and rejoice in the pilgrimages we have made, even as we rejoice in our present pilgrimage as we draw nearer and still nearer to the great Mecca where knowledge spreads her lavish feast and all are invited to enter and partake thereof.

DISCOURSE.

THE thoughts we shall express to you at the present time must have a bearing upon yourselves.

We are here always to aid you. We are here to accomplish our mission by the deep purpose implanted within the soul, and hence are one with you all.

In speaking to you in relation to the religion of the

present or past, permit us to say that no man or class of men ever established a religion. They have established forms, they have, as it were, evolved methods, they have added their various ideas ; but all laborers in the vineyard of life that have benefited the human soul, have made religion by endeavoring to call the attention of the people to the great fact that all principles worthy of acceptance are worth utilizing and that that religion, whatever it may be called, is of no value unless one's life is quickened thereby to outgrow selfishness and all worldly ambitions, save such as are necessary for the fulfillment of the requirements of the present life. The religion of the day has become indeed very material, so much so, in fact, that you can scarcely distinguish one of the avowed professors of any denomination or sect from one who claims naught in that direction.

The only effort we may make to be of real advantage to you or the world must consist in endeavoring to draw your attention away from the idea of enthroned idols or gods to the deep chambers of your own beings where you may be quickened by the holy desire to do right, to build for yourselves the broadest and noblest character, that thereby you may attain to the highest type of manhood possible. This is religion pure and undefiled, the religion before whose altar you may bow in adoration and not belittle the soul, the religion that teaches the highest morality and presents for your worship not limited human attributes imperfectly expressed at the best, but the loftiest, holiest conceptions of perfect love and wisdom.

It is thus, then, that we understand life.

Glancing back to the early days of Persia or India, I behold the sweet, religious sentiment then made prominent, which may be expressed in the sentence, "If you have one doubt as to the right or wrong of an act you are about to commit, do not perform it." To-day that sentiment is not the living force and power that it then was in the world.

If it were the motto of humanity at the present time to the extent that we strove to make it the motto of the lives of those who lived in those days, the human race would indeed blossom out in beauty and sweetness of character and soul far exceeding what you now have evidence of.

The religion that teaches you to be satisfied with the expressions of one day or a few days has no part in the economy of nature and no part in your spiritual growth. If it teaches you to hope and expect to enter a place of perfect rest when you leave this plane, there to abide forever, it is indeed a perfectly impossible religion, and outward life of pretended religion is impossible to one of devout aspirations who worships everything he can conceive of as good. I would call your attention, then, to the gulf, if I may use the expression, which exists at the present day between the religion of the soul and the popular religion of your time. It is true that peoples have arisen who have lived sweet, pure lives, striving to attain as far as possible a partial perfection on this plane of being; but like the attainments in science and art of other days, the religious sentiment of old has been buried beneath a mass of creeds and dogmas that today clothes your religious thought. The loss to yourselves, children, may be somewhat imagined when I say to you that the purity of your religious aspirations gauges the standard of your manhood and womanhood.

You may fancy this, you may guess that, you may believe whatever you choose. It matters not to the great Jehovah dwelling in every form of materiality. Life does not stoop to obey or serve any special master. Its loftiest heights are trodden only by those who, forgetting all, save the one thought, to be just, to do right, gain thereby the wisdom and power to follow wheresoever their aspirations lead. In speaking thus I do not mean to do that which is right in the sense of acting any more than of thinking, for your thoughts are your life. Do not think for one

moment that you may enter into a spiritual condition and sense the exaltation that is possible there fresh from a life of falsehood, fresh from a life in which you have been absorbed in worldly ambitions, forgetful of the needs of others, for it is impossible. True, you may go from the mad rush of material hopes, ambitions and the desire for power and place, and enter into the sanctuary where the spirit-world will manifest to you as best they can; you may start from the dense, murky atmosphere in which many dwell and enter the presence of those through whose instrumentality you hope to receive the benedictions of those you love, but you cannot receive that blessing that is yours by right, unless you enter the presence of those holy ministers only after having prepared yourselves by shedding your material garments of worldly thoughts, ambitions and schemes and clothing yourselves in befitting robes. Light and darkness do not dwell together. The light penetrates the darkness and casts its brilliant beams where before the shadows dwelt.

Humanity have toyed for centuries past with the most sacred treasures of the soul. They have cast aside, as it were, and buried beneath the altar of their selfishness, the purity of that religion that is possible to exalt one. The world to whom the great blessing of spiritual light has been proffered, the world to whom we are striving to minister as best we can, bringing to them the golden grains of truth, have toyed with the divine messages that have been given from beyond, and toyed in the sense that they have thrown aside the most sacred teachings and caught up those thoughts that for the time being if gratified would amuse and satisfy their curiosity.

Thus it is, as I have already said, that religion is forgotten, and by religion I mean the cultivation of the soul, the most sacred powers of your beings. I likewise would emphasize this thought: You all expect to attain to a happy condition when you shall lay aside these forms;

you expect, I am sure, not to take with you there the sordid garments of selfishness or the tattered rags of in-harmony. If this is the case is it not essential that you should rid yourselves of them here? I am well aware that some of you will say, "It is impossible to live, as the world moves today, a thoroughly exalted life." I am likewise aware that your environments, to a certain degree, fetter you, yet is it true, children, that you are so weak, so frail, so impoverished, in your soul life that you cannot refrain from doing an injury to another, be it but a spoken word, be it but an angry look?

You must, assuredly, plow deep furrows in the soil of materiality in order to sustain your physical forms, provide shelter for yourselves and furnish your homes, yet you recognize the duality of life, and I am sure you would not say, or acknowledge even to yourselves, that you have not sufficient manhood and womanhood to enable you always to govern yourselves, always to keep the light of sympathy undimmed. Of pity I have naught to say, for so much comes under that head in your day and ends there, but the sympathy outflowing from soul to soul, even if you are delving in the soil, even if you are laboring unremittingly day and night for a bare subsistence as some are and must—the royal beauty and grandeur of the soul displayed even by those bowed down by toil in kindly, sympathetic thoughts and feelings are worth living for, and those thus giving of their soul's best have not lived in vain.

This is the religion I would call your attention to, the religion that walks with you day by day, the religion that enfolds your brother in the same garments of peace that you love to wear, the religion that cares for those that need your care, the religion that forgets not that sympathy in life is the most desirable jewel to possess and that to live signifies more than simple existence. Hence it cannot be, it is not what you profess; it cannot be, it is

not what others think you are—and here you all realize perhaps that others may think better of you than you deserve—it is what your lives may express. No savior from among those many saviors that have been crucified for truth's sake, and not that humanity might be saved by their crucifixion, can ever save you. Willing to suffer to the extent of laying aside the material form for truth's sake, those martyrs, as you call them, are worthy of imitation surely, but the individual who aspires to follow them must sink all selfishness until it disappears out of sight, and live in the realm of an exalted spirituality. When mankind shall thus strive to live, I do not say that they will here attain the highest heights, but I do say that they can control themselves and grow nobler and wiser day by day, until living shall not be the struggle with inharmony and strife and unkindness that it is today.

When you realize the sacredness of the spiritual baptism that comes to you and to the world; when you realize that, wherever we are endeavoring to accomplish this purpose, we depend somewhat upon your assistance; when you forget not how sacred life is, turning aside if you like, from all man-made religious creeds and dogmas, turning aside from all idolatry of any being or any savior to the worship of every sunbeam that pierces the atmosphere, you will feel a gladness that will tell you that you are in unison with all that pulsates in the great realm of universal life, and you will become conscious of the fact that you are here in accord with an infinite purpose and have a mission to perform in aiding yourselves and the world. Then you can live in an atmosphere of such purity and exaltation, that even although all men may despise you at first they will see your life blossoming out in harmony and be incited thereby to follow your example and seek for the same golden grains of truth.

It is not necessary to speak to you of the remote past, of the religions that have existed in nations that have

risen to the height of their glory in external expression and then descended and rested, even as in the present day my land rests beneath a cloud because the people have forgotten such teachings as those of Plato, of which you of today know something, because they have forgotten the teachings of those who preceded and followed me: namely, to live in that purity that thinks ill of no individual or thing, in love with all, and consequently, in that harmony that ends war, strife and devastation.

Mankind have turned back from following that which is exalted and are seeking for that power that may be expressed by the phrase, the triumph of might over right. Let right, justice, truth and love mark your every thought, word and act, and if sometimes, because of habit, a hasty word is spoken, strive not to repeat it. Live out the grandeur of your soul life, capable as you are, every one, of reaching into the deep realms of spiritual thought, of grasping the hands of those who gladly proffer you their assistance, of kindling fires of truth with our aid that shall flash into pathways of darkness and superstition, of realizing your powers, the purpose of your existence, as well as our purpose in coming.

I do not consider myself above or beyond you because I have lived, as likewise have you, in the long ago. Because I am living in a different atmosphere from what you live in I would not consider myself any the less one with you. As long as one child of sorrow asks in vain for a kind look, as long as one soul in darkness forgets itself and speaks the hasty word, as long as religion seems to be a cover instead of a lifted mantle that reveals the altar in the clear light to whomsoever may observe—as long as these conditions exist, surely I with those associated with me shall have a mission to perform in your midst.

I need not speak particularly to you this morning of our special mission here. We know why we are here. We know to what extent we have established our forces

in this place that time or the power of might cannot overcome. We know that the pathway and the line of light that links us with this temple is indissolvable, and from this altar that we have here set up shall yet radiate a glorious power that shall indeed incite mankind to nobler acts and greater endeavors.

You have had your so-called religions. You have had and claimed your right to have, what you designate Christianity. They have been indeed to a great extent empty and vain in as far as they have had the power to stay the hand of war, because their altars have been erected outside the human soul. You have builded your altars to an unknown God. You have dwelt upon the idea that some other one must have suffered for you, and that therefore and thereby you could seek and find salvation. O children, you have worshipped outside the great Temple of truth, you have not beheld the splendid, glittering altar erected therein and heard the sweet message breathed from every part of the sacred edifice, "Come unto me." Just as long as religion, or religious thought, remains outside the interests of the human soul, save in a selfish manner, just so long it will be a failure.

Perhaps I ought to explain the expression, "save in a selfish manner." The truth of the matter is, friends, that the prevailing thought of the great majority of religious devotees has its birth in selfishness. Do not think I am unkind. I pity the victims of the system, and I would that they all could realize that not until they bow before the shrine within their own souls can they behold their savior—if they need one. It is there and there alone that you will recognize the powers that, quickened by your aspirations, shall exalt you, round out your souls in beauty and enable you to live.

I assert that when humanity shall accept and bear in their minds continually the thought that when they have the least doubt about what is right or wrong, to refrain

from doing the deed and always be led by what they know is right, surely no one can say they will be led far astray. It is then that a direct line may be established between your present lives and the height of that exalted condition you hope to attain that will aid you in the fulfillment in the greatest degree of life's grand purpose here and now. One thing you may all be sure of: Not until you lay aside all your pride, your pre-conceived ideas, your belief that you are better than any other, and have become as little children in simplicity and love, wandering in the valley of truth, will you touch your lips to the crown you hope to wear. Not until you thus, by your own efforts, exalt yourselves can you be exalted, and then no matter how many times you fail, if you strive continually and untiringly to overcome, you will succeed,

And enter where no midnight reigns,
 But where the flowers all flecked with dew
 In bright and sweetest beauty smile,
 And where your lives and mine shall be
 Resplendent as the glory beams
 Of life's eternal sun.
 No one you worshipped or have loved,
 No one you've thought of long and wished
 You e'en like him could exalted be,
 But what sometime with equal joy
 And gladness you shall live and be
 In all thy soul's great wealth divine
 As their divinity doth rest,
 Making you equal unto him
 Whom you have worshipped from afar.
 All life is pure and simple, sweet.
 All truth is fragrant with the breath of love divine,
 And all that live in harmony
 Shall see while here the bright and nearing way
 That leads to realms of eternal day.
 Be wise and let your lamps of truth so brightly shine
 That you may see your paths, dear friends,
 And live in love with all mankind.

May truth's mantle rest upon you one and all, and may the dear, kindly touch of those that love you quicken you to constant endeavors and noble efforts as you press on over your upward way.

NO. 18.

THE REAL GREATNESS AND USE OF THE INSIGNIFICANT.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT ASHER.

(A PERSIAN OF 9000 YEARS SINCE.)

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1900.

INVOCATION.

ACCOMPANYING the silent aspirations of Thy children, O Life, we would breathe our joy in all that sparkles 'mid the grandeur of worlds and systems of worlds, our gladness in the growth of human souls enabling us more and yet more to realize the infinitude of our own existences. The joy that wells up in the human heart, faint and feeble, is a prophecy of the grander vibrations that shall breathe a silent anthem within the great Temple of wisdom, and each emanation rising from Thy incarnate children here, blending with the voiceless anthem that sweeps the lyre strings of infinite worlds, begets for that in return some silent blessing. May they realize this in order that their aspirations and thoughts may be more sacred and lofty, more trustful even, until, while enfolded in these material forms, they may indeed mingle with those higher ones who watch over the destinies of individuals.

We bestow upon each one here this morning our blessing and the blessing that comes to every soul by virtue of its own consciousness in earnest effort and untiring energy, and that cannot be imparted by another ; but with the silent sweep of the great hand of destiny and the mighty vibrations that circle worlds and systems of worlds, the aspiration shall find its fruitage, and the blessing outreaching from the inner shall even enfold the outer.

May we all sense this morning the sweet presence of that power that no individual can evolve, that silent force that is ever acting though unseen, ever potent in all its voiceless operations, ever triumphant in its own time and condition, never erring in the great cycling march of those elements that are constantly being brought into activity by the builders of worlds and the guardians of humanity.

Therefore, before these children we would send out our grateful thought for their presence, our tender thought for their growth in all that shall enlarge the borders of the soul, in all that shall enable them to behold, through the atmosphere wherein they are dwelling, the great pathway over which, in the fulness of time, their feet shall pass, as they enter into their greater but well-earned possessions.

DISCOURSE.

IN all the wide range of life's possibilities, humanity are inclined to seek after that which to them seemeth greatest. They crave the mountain's crown rather than desire to walk in the valley of simplicity. They desire the crown of manhood and the wonderful material unfoldments of wealth, and tread continually over the brightest gems that glitter in the depths of matter, wondering, as they gaze at the top of the building, not how the founda-

tion was laid, but how it was possible, in some grand cathedral, for the architect to have attained such glorious conceptions, and give due and perhaps all honor to those who have adorned, while the toiler laboring at the base is forgotten.

So, likewise, in the majestic march of worlds as of individuals, in the building of worlds as in the growth of souls, we are too prone to forget the necessity for those minute and seemingly insignificant lives without which the possibilities that are yours at the present time were not yours. You forget the toil and struggle of the little coral workers, 'neath the dark waters of the ocean, as, with all the effort of which they are capable, they build the base of continents. You forget, in the simplicity of their existence, that they are just as useful in the economy of nature and of life as are you and your work, for, without the little builders that mankind never think of recognizing or feeling grateful for, the conditions obtaining today upon your planet were not.

Therefore we would call your attention this morning, not to the great, not to the grand, not to the overarching pinions of that spiritual life that trembles in the mighty force of life's vast arcana and sends outward its blessing everywhere—we would not call your attention to these save as in connection with the unity of the whole whereby such stupendous manifestations of life hold relationship to the smaller, and, as I have already said, the more insignificant, so considered, and yet none the less significant. Wherever we may wander, wherever we may send forth that psychometric power of the soul that you are learning something of, we shall find the silent workers to which man denies intelligence, denies memory, denies all save an existence of a day.

When we enter into life's vast arcana, we shall realize that all life, however small and apparently unimportant may be its form, or under whatsoever name it may exist at

this or any other time, is just as important to the world's existence and therefore to your own expression upon this plane of being as are those conditions that you consider indispensable. Without one of its manifestations you and I were not.

All life is a unit, and when man shall turn from seeking after the great and striving to grasp the fruit that grows upon the topmost branch of life's tree and shall endeavor to understand the builder at the root, he will begin a new lesson and realize that every life, however insignificant it may seem, however distasteful to his fine senses, is just as essential as is his life or mine, and he will likewise realize that every form of life holds within an incarnate soul sufficient for its needs. Your soul suffices for the building of the form you wear today. The soul of the coral worker is sufficient for itself. Think you what you call instinct is not more than you credit to the same? Could you gaze upon those little creatures from day to day, year in and year out, in their ceaseless toil forming those beautiful coral beds, you would come to the conclusion after a time that they knew what they were about. If they have not studied mathematics, they have that power of perception that renders their work as builders complete and suffices for the great generative power that ever more builds and never builds in vain.

I have referred to these matters that you may—for I trust that you are interested in life and knowledge enough to strive for yourselves—learn from the little things that all life is a unit, and that whatever volume of truth we may possess, all Nature partakes of the same.

You have on your continent animals that build their little houses year after year, and in the construction of the same they show, what you would call in man, economy, and exhibit foresight in preparing for the winter, by laying up, ere it comes upon them leaving them without any means of subsistence, sufficient food to sustain their little

forms during the season of cold and frost. To me it is intelligence, and I claim this : There is naught that exists enfolded in matter that does not possess that degree of intelligence that is sufficient for its own activity and that thereby it may supply the needs of the soul incarnate in whatever form it may be.

What, then, matters it whether one is a dweller upon earth, as you are, encased in these forms today, or whether one existed upon this planet many, many ages ago? What matters it how many incarnations are needed if through each one man obtains a broader experience and attains a higher condition? Thus let us remember that we are in the same world all the time. There is but one in all the vastness of universal life. What has been my experience in the far past, whatever I was, with whom I have dwelt in other ages, matters not.

I am greeting you this morning in order, if possible, to bring you closer to yourselves, that you may, instead of gazing while you stand at the base of the mountain, continually at the mountain top and wishing you were there, pause and examine every stratum and all that is represented in that particular spot where you are standing.

You cannot understand life and life's forces until you realize that you must leave those scholastic attainments which are education on the surface and of which you are proud, but, taking all the knowledge that is truly such, enter the great school where Nature unfolds her possibilities and where you may learn by your own observation, one by one, the mission of those little forms of life that you have sometimes been vexed with and sometimes wished you could exterminate, wondering why an Infinite Intelligence could have permitted that which is not pleasing to you to find an existence here.

Incarnate in every form where matter pulsates you will find, and sometime will understand fully, a force like

unto that which you call deific. It is deific and possesses deific power in just that measure that it requires. This applies just as much to inanimate as to animate forms, and is a fact that I would that I could impress upon you to that degree that you would not forget it. All life, and by that expression I mean all matter blended with and quickened by spirit, holds its own individualized soul, but all souls are like the drops in a vast body of water, each individualized, each complete, each sufficient unto itself, and yet you cannot separate them as you gaze upon them as a whole, you cannot distinguish one from another. You are discovering, nevertheless, little by little in a crude way, the power that can be generated by men from water. You are discovering new powers and new forces continually because the growth and spirit of the age demand it, and yet there is nothing new. All life is pregnant with a mighty force, and the life of the little insect that annoys you pulsates 'neath the dome of eternal energy by the same law that you vibrate. If these little forms vibrate for a time upon the same ocean or line of vibrations that you vibrate upon, it is simply because you require their presence and especially the elements they throw off.

No life, however insignificant, whether you crush it beneath your heel or cause it to perish outwardly in any manner, is ever lost. From the tree that you cut down and burn there goes forth the soul, or elements that constituted the real tree, while you have "destroyed," as you consider it, only the outer, the form in which a soul was incarnate, not a human soul assuredly, and yet that soul life is just as indestructible as is your own.

In giving your attention to these lines of thought and studying them, you will find new resources and obtain new knowledge. If this be true in what you call the lower expressions of life, can it be less true when you come to a study of man and all his faculties, possessing more than these other forms to which I have referred, be-

cause the existence of these others has made it possible for him to partake of the vastness of all? Hence his attributes, his possibilities, glow with transcendent beauty. Nevertheless, you and I, however far we may have progressed, whatever altitude we may have attained, whatever may be our unfoldment, cannot reach a higher unfoldment until we have discarded that thought that is caused by our own smallness in this sense: In striving to ignore and failing to appreciate the little lives that surround us. Here is another truth which I desire to reveal to your thorough understanding: If such lives are all important, what of the little lives of the children that are forgotten.

In order to attain that condition or expression that all aspire for, man must come into at-onement through sympathy with all forms of life. If he would possess unbounded wisdom he must seek to gain more of that wisdom that can be obtained only by his own recognition of his relationship with Alpine heights and all that life bespeaks. Realizing this, he becomes fitted in just that degree to exercise the power of his mentality and will, and, standing upon a pinnacle that no one has builded for him, he reaches out and becomes a builder himself.

Therefore we keep continually and prominently before us one care in our work in this place as well as in our work all over this earth, so wide and yet so small and insignificant, you might call it with just as much reason as you call the little forms of life unimportant and useless, compared with the brighter ones touched by the radiant power of that life, that centers in all and obtains its brilliancy to a great extent from the combined emanations and forces that sweep out from human souls and impart a lustre that you cannot understand to the planet—and our care is this: Not to give you a thought that you cannot grasp. I would not give you an idea, however much it might inspire and incite you to effort, that you were unable to utilize if you should endeavor so to do. But you

all understand that no one can expect to obtain that which he desires, sitting with folded hands and making no effort toward securing it.

We gladly come to minister to you, and if we do not enter your presence what makes the difference? The lines of thought traversed by the power of soul one knows how to guide, bear to you my message this morning, and I trust it will be none the less acceptable because I am not in your immediate presence. I possess no power that you have not the capacity to unfold; I have gained no height to which you may aspire that is not within your reach. Yet you realize this: The child comes helpless into your arms, and you recognize the fact that it must learn all the little arts that lead to manhood or womanhood itself. You also recognize the fact that if the child cradled in your arms asks to be lifted to the realm of knowledge that you have attained, you cannot grant its prayer, but you would tenderly say, "My child, you must wait and learn step by step." Hence I say to you all that you must expect to do the same, you must gather to yourselves a knowledge of the lesser lives that surround you, that by a comprehension, not of their actual existence, but of their needs and their effects upon your life, you may become richer in thought, wiser and more skilled in that art that will enable you at all times, whatever may be your condition, to seek and find that which you need. If you are sick you need not dwell upon that sickness, but, ever on the alert, realize that the air and Nature hold many a silent remedy, realize that health comes by constant cheerfulness and trust, realize that you live, not to bemoan your fate, but to rejoice in whatever condition you may be and gather from all beneath, around and above that which will render your temple stronger. For, understand, the sad soul has hard work to repair the tenement wherein it dwells. The soul that is depressed and continually brooding upon unfortunate and unpleasant conditions or the

weaknesses of the flesh, cannot gain that strength that it is possible for it to call to itself when it is allowed by cheerfulness to accomplish its higher mission.

This is a matter that will appeal to your understanding better by-and-by, and when you understand it you will realize that it is of the greatest consequence what food and drink you take into your systems, what chemicals you use to make your bodies stronger and likewise bring them into and hold them in that condition that will permit the soul to best express itself. Who can wonder that the higher self is manifested so incompletely when one pauses to reflect for how long humanity have looked outside and been continually borrowing thoughts even as they have borrowed medicines and foods, forgetful of the fact that they themselves, without medicine, hold the panacea by which they may keep a purer form enfolding them than can be maintained by the poisons with which the so-called remedial agents of the present day are deeply charged?

This then I would say to you, each and every one: All that you are to learn of the vast universe may seem to you a task, yet it will grow pleasanter step by step as you thread your way onward, never forgetting that you are not living alone for self, never forgetting that the lives that you have despised, the things that you would have banished from existence, all have their part and purpose in the economy of life's great unfolding.

It is our purpose and our mission in this place, not to strive to bring you that which will gratify your idle curiosity, not to seek to please your fancy or tickle you with a straw, not to endeavor to entertain you and go no farther, but to bring you, dear children, into the vestibule of the Temple of wisdom where, standing beneath the light that will rest upon you, you may look down, and as you behold grade after grade and formation after formation, life throbbing everywhere, you will realize that the purpose of your life is to come into at-one-ment with all

that makes the planet upon which you dwell pregnant with the great life forces. Why! the planet is alive with power, alive with energy, and you wonder who the builder was, you wonder who the maintainer is, you wonder who supports all that you behold and much that you do not behold. I say to you that life itself is sufficient for all, and every sand grain glows with the power that gives to the builders of higher thoughts some material wherewith to work. Every life that you crush beneath your feet because it is distasteful to you, yields itself beneath your vengeance a victim to a false pride, an egotistic self-complaisancy; yet it is not dead, it does not perish.

It is necessary that you protect yourselves from the attack of a vicious beast or poisonous serpent; it is necessary, likewise, that you protect yourselves from the maliciousness of a vicious man, yet the power of self-protection that you are at times obliged to exercise will, after a while, as you become more unfolded, develop into a force not brutal in its nature, and you will not strike a blow to defend yourselves. O will you ever realize that all lesser lives may have been touched by the same power that gives to man his beastly character to be outgrown, not by virtue of sacrifice or by the laying of some offering upon the altar, but only by virtue of a constant uplifting! Man upon this planet will obtain that degree of spiritual power by which he may walk in the midst of the wild beasts of the forest unharmed, because he will carry with him no revengefulness, but armed with the mighty sword of truth and the potency of that will that every one is capable of developing, he will meet the fiercest animal and subdue it with a thought and motion. Never by cruelty, never by slavery will even wild beasts become truly submissive. You may fether and cage them and so render them harmless, but it is only by the same power of growth that enables man to conquer his own debased self will he be able to control what he is pleased to term the lower creation.

It is perfectly logical to assume that in order to control others one must first learn to govern himself, and hence I ask you to strive to learn how to control yourselves at all times and under all circumstances, forgetting hate and all its relatives and standing firm in the dignity of that manhood or womanhood that marks you the master of yourselves. You can then say : "I have conquered myself; now I receive from my own deep consciousness the credentials whereby I am enabled to go forth and conquer all that I need to in my search after wisdom. I go not forth to slay, I go not forth to enslave, I go not forth to belittle any individual or thing. I go forth realizing as best I can the needs of all, vested with a power within me whereby amid storm or whatever condition, in whatever scene, I can command the elements to my safety."

This condition humanity is reaching out toward slowly, very slowly, and not until they are ready to lay aside their idols, which consist to a great extent of superstition and ignorance, not until they are ready to come into at-one-ment with all that is and realize the unity of life, will this power be recognized, although it is vested in every one of you as in all human beings. Your incarnation at the present time is just what you require. Therefore seek to build anew and keep radiant with health the forms that you are wearing today. Seek to come in touch with that which will lead you into by-ways and highways where you will learn to admire the beauty of the things that you have crushed with a feeling of repugnance and even hatred. Take the insects that are so annoying to you and place under a magnifying glass. How beautiful they are in an artistic sense! Behold the little organism, so intricate in its mechanism, so tender, so frail, so delicate, and then tell me whence came it, who built it? If you seek the voiceless answer of Nature, she will reply, "The soul incarnate has builded its tenement

even as thy soul has builded thy tenement in which thou art dwelling."

Hence, as you look about you all life glows with a beauty and grandeur unknown to you before. You gaze upon the matchless wonders of the lives you have destroyed with careless hand, to say nothing of the human family, and you find yourselves standing in an open doorway whence you may look out and behold line upon line and sense the great throbbings of the vast ocean of atomic matter working out its mission. Perchance ere you shall have lain aside these forms the veil may be lifted by the quickening of your beings and you may see, as you glance at realm after realm unfolded by the mighty power of art, laborers and workers 'neath the arch too transcendent to impart you one thought concerning which, that are never idle. As you gaze, wider and still wider shall open realm upon realm, radiant with beauty beneath a sun that never sets. Perchance you may see, not so far to me, but just out there, a little home, bright with the love that pervades its atmosphere. A fountain is sending its many colored spray upward and breathing an anthem as it rises and falls and rises again, blending with the song of the birds that sing in unison with human beings. Behold the trailing vines, behold the flowers over which we wander but crush not, and behold just beyond the little home where now I recline, the Temple of wisdom, radiant in its matchless beauty, with its doors wide open inviting you and me to labor to earn and possess ourselves of knowledge sufficient to enable us to enter there and gather more sparkling gems than mortal ever dreamed of. Not that we may possess them simply, not that we may bear them with us as trophies, but that, from out their brilliancy, we may send some thought to those who need it whether upon this planet or any other, for when we enter there we shall

stand where all planets yield to us their treasures, and where we shall have attained power to visit other orbs than this earth.

May you become wise and well-versed in all things.

NO. 19.*

UNTO YOU SHALL BE GIVEN THE KINGDOM.

Discourse by a Medium and Teacher of About 1900 Years
Since.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1900.

INVOCATION.

BEFORE the open way that leadeth to life and light and joy we pour forth our aspirations and strive to grasp that outflowing ocean of thought that bears earthward its unnumbered treasures. O boundless are Thy realms, and in the unfoldment of Thy vastness Thou dost bestow upon thy children all they need. Therefore, O Life, in the fullness of soul satisfaction we would weave the threads of past experiences and twine them with the aspirations of the present, while we strive to clothe our spirits with the brighter garments and crown our lives with the more splendid jewels of perfect knowledge. Step by step we ascend our Calvary, step by step we climb the

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligences owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

mountain, little by little we open wider and still wider the doorway leading to infinite knowledge, and lifting our soul forces wherever we may wander, we touch ourselves the spring that, vibrating, will pierce a new cycle and bring to our consciousness deeper and grander thoughts, thereby kindling within us holier aspirations and more earnest desires to bless our kind.

O Life, Thou art beautiful, Thou art abundant, and in all Thy pathways Thou dost scatter Thy blessings. If sometimes one walketh amid the shadows, if sometimes he beareth the cross, if sometimes sorrow and pain rock his being, Thou dost reveal the silvery lining that always sheds its radiance and sends forth its healing power.

May we as soul forces gather around Thy altar this morning and drink from the ever flowing silent river of Thy inspiration, O Life. May we sense, if we do not hear, the anthem within. May we behold the entrance to those broader pathways that are continually growing brighter and more beautiful, as they pierce the great realm of infinite wisdom.

O may Thy sweet ones ministering to humanity everywhere this hour, O Universal Soul, be enabled to touch human hearts with a sense of their presence, be enabled to quicken within human souls a deeper consciousness of the purposes of life that thereby the soul incarnate in every form may as far as possible behold mirrored in the great ocean of infinitude the faces of those who have guided and guarded them even as they behold the pathway over which by-and-by they shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

DISCOURSE.

UNTO you shall be given the kingdom, and unto you shall come great rejoicing. Being lifted up you shall

verily behold and realize the kingdom of heaven within, and seek no longer for the kingdom afar off, seek no longer for the impossible or for that which is indeed wholly separate from your lives. Within yourselves exists the great chamber within which you shall find more and yet more of that heavenly condition for which mankind in all ages have sighed and hoped and prayed.

"I and my father are one" expresses an at-one-ment which you maintain one with another and with all that life signifies. It may signify very little to you comparatively speaking, for as yet you are not gifted with the fulness of that vision that shall by-and-by be unfolded in all its wondrous power.

The kingdom of peace and gladness for which you have sought shall be yours only when one may enter the secret chambers of your soul and see there reflected innocence like that of the little children upon whom the Father may rest His hand in benediction and breathe, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," not because of their stature, not because of their few years in materiality, but because of that innocence that marks the pure child-life from which man slowly but too surely departs. In seeking, in hoping, in praying for happiness or for the kingdom of harmony and peace, or heaven, without wearing the crown of worthiness were idle. It were idle to ask of Nature or any power outside of yourselves for the privilege or the blessing of being transplanted into a kingdom for which you have woven no befitting garments, or into a kingdom you may find as you find an empty building where you may enter in and rest.

The kingdom that concerns you and all, the kingdom of heaven that will be revealed unto all in the fulness of time is within yourselves. No one can unlock the gate; no one can open the door that leadeth thereto save yourselves. No matter how many aspirations and wishes you may have, looking ever around and beyond yourselves,

seeking for the kingdom were vain. Striving after that condition that breathes to every soul in the fulness of growth that knowledge that enables him to discover the kingdom within, one learns that that kingdom can have but one ruler, one master, one director, and that is one's self. Thou art supreme in thy kingdom however small it may be. Forget not, when you look out upon the world and behold all its splendor, all that which thrills your being, that you have in your possession a kingdom greater and of more value to you than all worlds and systems of worlds unless you count their vast importance in the sense that without them your own existence were not.

The complement of all that is wonderful is mankind. Whatever we may discover out in the realms of activity; whatever we may discover out in the surging throng, in the midst of bustle and strife where men lose their strength in worldly pursuits; whatever we may gain of greatness and power, whatever we may learn of the beauty of art, thy kingdom, O man, thy kingdom, O woman, is greater; and when thou shalt enter into the silent chamber of thy soul and there shall be revealed unto you the kingdom of nobler possessions, thou shalt realize that the glow and glory of thine own powers transcend the glow and glory of the outer world.

You gaze upon the outer in all its marvellous beauty and wonder where the central forces may be found that sustain all things, forgetting that every part of the great whole supports and sustains itself by virtue of its innate properties, and the forces around it that inflow and vibrate as aids in building and maintaining the form. Truly I say unto you, one and all, that this and this alone is the open door that leads to realms of enduring peace, of perfect rejoicing. Here only is where, although you may toil and toil and still toil, can be found the haven of rest, for, if you were this moment released from these material forms, wherever you might gravitate or float, you could

not find the place, the kingdom for which you seek. In spirit life as in every grade or condition of life on the mortal plane, you are the kingdom. You maintain it in its purity; you maintain it in its beauty, else you have much to overcome. When mankind can realize this great fact: That no one can lead them by the still waters of peace, or, as they journey along, guide them to the entrance of a kingdom they have hoped to possess, but that wherever they are their inheritance is within, they will save themselves, not from an angry Deity, but from their own ignorance and all that accompanies ignorance and what you call evil by virtue of the exercise of their own noblest effort.

How glad I am as I realize that within every human soul there is a possession greater than has ever been attributed to any savior so-called of the past, greater than has been or is attributed to that which you term God. In and through your lives the great Master vibrates, in your souls the builder liveth, and you yourselves hold the implements wherewith you build the house not made with hands which shall be indeed a substantial reality to you when you enter the land where you shall require such habitations.

Think not, then, that the all of inspiration has faded and passed away; think not because you cannot ascend the summit at a bound that you cannot reach the height; think not because you have looked in all directions, hoping to find the entrance to the kingdom, that there is none; but rather turn about and seek within for the priceless jewel that waits to be recognized, and when recognized it is you and you alone who can polish the gem.

How transcendently beautiful must be the knowledge to you, as it comes little by little, revealing to you the pathway so near the inheritance that is not to be bought or accepted as a gift, but that is already your own. If it be an effort—for it requires constant attention and earnest

activity to adorn thy heaven or thy kingdom, shalt thou despair? shall thou become weary? shalt thou ask, "Why cannot some one do this work for me that I without an effort may enter in and find rest?" All such questionings would proclaim the lack of perception on the part of the one thus questioning, for who shall do the Master's work? Who is the Master? Who is my mother? Who are my brethren? Who are my sisters? The Master is thyself, and thy mother is the great angel of love whose pinions brood over every human soul. Thy brother, thy sister, thy neighbor—I need not say unto thee who they are, but verily look thou out and behold them upon every side. The downtrodden, the out-casts, those who are bearing their burdens, their crosses, their wretchedness—these are thy brothers and thy sisters as much as are those to whom thou mayst look for assistance in material ways.

O give me the soul that tasteth bitterness if in that bitterness it discovereth the entrance to its kingdom, rather than the one clothed in purple and fine linen, who has no kindly thought for those who do the world's bidding! Be it, then, known unto you that many of those who do the world's bidding and who are called by you laborers and the dregs of society, will bring unto the gardens of paradise a kingdom fairer than will many of those who scorn and deride them. Let us realize that truth is eternal, and to understand and be governed, guided and blessed by it, one must not walk by on the other side. One cannot realize and enjoy truth unless his soul is imbued with and his life quickened by the holy love that enables him to minister unto those in need.

"Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of time" is the song your dear friends sing. This is the song of those who have enlarged their possessions, whose heaven is a haven of delight, who feel the needs of mortals as their own, who strive to quicken in the consciousness of the children of earth a deeper and more

complete recognition of that pure religion that is lived in every act but has no agreement, no affinity whatever with forms or shows, that, entering into the human heart, leads the individual, you and me and even the proud monarch who sits upon his throne—down from the mount of self-assertion, from the mount of worldly greatness and pride, into the valley made glad alike by the flowers that grow in beauty and the sweet smiles and cheerful greetings of the little children whose innocence proclaims the nearness of that heavenly kingdom and aids those who enter that valley, if they have not already found that kingdom, to discover it there.

Be ye therefore as little children in innocence, in willingness to learn and to lay aside all that is false, all pride, all worldly ambition, and, sitting at the feet of the Master of your own lives, sitting at the feet of the angel ones that watch over you, enter into and enjoy your own heaven, enter into your chamber and pray, not necessarily in words that are borne upon the breeze to some being of whom you have no conception, but in silent aspiration for knowledge, and unto you shall be revealed beauties fit to adorn that inner sanctuary of the soul. Holy indeed is that condition that enables man to prostrate himself before the majestic power of his own being and breathe before the altar of his own kingdom this thought: "I know, I feel, but I cannot comprehend what I am. I do not understand, but verily here and now I withdraw myself from the world and all worldly ambitions, from the altar of superstition and error, and enter into this inner chamber of my own being, looking within and asking that there may be revealed unto me that which shall guide me, that which shall curb my ambition if necessary, that which shall quicken my aspirations, that which shall enable myself to be revealed unto myself that I may adorn the kingdom that is mine not for my own glory, not for my own gratification, but that thereby I may be the better fitted to bless others."

In developing and drawing upon the hidden forces of your beings, I say to you, children, here and now, that you will find a mine that will reveal its worth and beauty unto you just in the degree of your trust and recognition of it, and the revelations that are being given you at the present day are for this especial purpose. Too long have mankind worshiped idols ; too long have they bowed in vain glory before unknown gods at unknown altars ; too long have they sought for, hoped and trusted to find some one to suffer for them ; too long have they asked the Father to commission some one to take from them their burdens and bear them that they might go free. It is needless to say that all this belief, all these hopes, all these prayers even, are vain and only throw over the soul that thus beseeches the shadows that prevent it from seeing the clear light that shines within. Verily I say unto you that when you turn from this cold, so-called worship and seek for the bright jewels that adorn your own lives, you will indeed be rejoiced at the beauty and wealth of your own possessions. Your kingdom will be unto you of greater value than all worlds beside. You will find there little cells, compartments, or chambers wherein are stored treasures you dream not of, and only by a quickening of the spirit will you receive knowledge that will enable you to use your vast possessions in securing all that you will ever require, for the powers and forces of the soul are inexhaustible.

Man wanders in the darkness seeking after strange gods, and strange, winding pathways whereby he may enter into the kingdom of happiness he has not earned only because he has been thus taught, and the ignorant teachers, blind leaders of the blind, have aided mankind in shutting out from their consciousness the great wealth of the heavenly kingdom. Therefore I am here to speak to you the truth. May you understand it, may you love it, may you live it in order that your lives here

may become sweet benedictions and blessings unto others, in order that you may so clothe yourselves in the garments you have woven for yourselves and so adorn your own kingdom that even before you pass into the "Beyond" you may realize that you require no passport to happiness save the credentials you have engraved by your own efforts upon the tablet of your soul.

Did you ever think how much more you would enjoy the heavenly kingdom if you earned it yourself? Did you ever think, when you have hoped to stand beside those you loved in that realm yonder, how it would seem to gaze upon the garments you wear, beautiful and brilliant I hope they will be, feeling that because of another's life in whom you trusted, you are thus robed? Would you not rather be able to say, as you mark the radiance of the garments you shall don, "I have woven every thread of these garments that I wear," not with worldly pride, but with that deep pride of the soul that rejoices in the kingdom of heaven that it has builded for itself.

This is the kingdom, this is the home to which reference has been made when you have been told that "there are many mansions in my Father's house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Your lives are mansions every one, and when you enter that kingdom there shall be another mansion not made with hands. You shall dwell in the home that you have builded while here, and your kingdom shall sparkle with the noble deeds you have done, with the growth you have attained, with the harmonious lines you have woven around yourselves just in accordance with the earnest fidelity of the builder.

If unto you it seemeth strange, if unto you it seemeth hard and toilsome thus to make your own way, thus to ascend your own Sinai, thus to bear your own cross, to live your own life. to beautify your own kingdom; if to you it seemeth an almost unending task and far more difficult than to fold your arms and hope that some one else

may do it for you, verily I say unto you it is the only method, it is the only way. You are the builder, and no one can enter unto your kingdom and adorn it for you. Others may live noble lives, they may sacrifice their mortal existence for you, but it shall only adorn their heaven, not yours.

O may this pure and deep-toned religion find an abiding place in your every heart, so that when you leave these forms and pass into the realms of paradise it may glow in your eyes with beauty as you glance around you. Then will you rejoice as you enter there that you bear your kingdom with you and have thus made it possible, amid beautiful surroundings in the realm of peace, where other kingdoms sparkle in the light of an eternal morn of joy and gladness, to sing an anthem of gratitude and praise that your kingdom is in harmony with the homes not made with hands. May the blessing that cometh from your lives be the richest blessing that you can receive, and as your noble deeds grow broader, deeper and brighter, may you indeed, one and all, by your individual examples, aid others to build their kingdoms, and may your lives breathe unto every one the admonition, "Go thou and do likewise." Then what joy shall express itself upon this planet, what gladness shall abound, for verily, instead of, as now, beholding one striving to rise above another you will perceive all men seeking for the best advancement possible, seeking to bear the agonies of their own Gethsemane and striving to wear the crown of the victor only when they have earned the same.

BENEDICTION.

Peace be unto you!

NO. 20.

THE STONE THAT THE BUILDERS REJECTED.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT THEODORE PARKER.

(A CLERGYMAN WHO PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE IN 1860.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 23, 1900.

INVOCATION.

MAY the anthem rise throughout the wide, wide world, "Nearer, O Life, to our grandest possibility, nearer to that at-one-ment with the great soul of all existence that shall enable us to comprehend more and yet more of the infinite purpose of life, nearer to the hearts of humanity, nearer to a realization of that truth that shall assuredly assist mankind to attain their perfect freedom, nearer to a comprehension of the great pathway over which we are all passing as we enter into Thy broader domains, O Life, and bask in the matchless beauty of Thy wondrous unfoldment!" O may we all come into a more complete understanding of ourselves that by the exercise of the divine forces within we need no longer fear, no longer tremble in view of the Judgment Day to come, but realize ourselves as the great masters of our own faith, realize ourselves as

coming, O Nature, into at-one-ment with thee in that we draw nearer and still nearer to a comprehension of thy divine revelations.

May these children this hour, when the sweet music from the grand churches all over the land rises and swells in harmony, breathing their expressions of peace on earth and good unto all willing souls, draw nearer to a recognition of the oneness of humanity and comprehend the wondrous fact that the unseen are more active than those seen by mortal eyes, that the great world, illimitable and divine that stretches out and out, is thronged with those who are bending over the lowly places of the weary ones being borne from the manger where rest the unconscious children of the present hour, and breathing their blessings and benedictions upon all humanity everywhere. May we all rejoice in the rising glory of the star whose beams may be seen not only in the east, but south, north and west, whose radiance in all its transcendent beauty proclaims the advancement of spiritualistic knowledge, proclaims in silence the birth of the new Christs in the quickened consciousness of the Christs that are incarnate in material forms. O may the star of Spiritualism whose brightness is indescribable be seen, sensed and recognized by Thy children, O Life, everywhere. Its light permeates all existence, its golden tints pierce the darkness of materiality and the dawn of a new era is prophesied and heralded by its kindling rays.

Therefore we praise Thee, O Life, that today in this place we may recognize the beauty of the gospel of freedom, the gospel of the soul, the gospel of love that gives to mankind all they require, guiding them, if they but will be guided, from the dark paths of earth. However sad and dreary the way, may Thy children ever be conscious that above them gleams the undimmed star of Thy eternal truth, the bright, prophetic star assuring them that there is no death.

DISCOURSE

UPON this day of all days there should be gladness, not because of the supposed birth of an individual, but in consequence of Nature's unfoldings. You behold, as it were, yonder sun obedient to the great laws of Nature, apparently speeding farther and farther away, but to return in a short time to caress the earth with its warm, genial kisses. Thus when you understand Nature's revelations you will find them far transcending much that has been called divine.

To-day, all over the land, with very few exceptions, there is rejoicing in your churches, and for what? I leave you to ascertain. The dead past must bury its dead. The world is cruel; it ever has been, not from intention, but from ignorance. Nevertheless, as long as humanity bow in ignorance before custom, so long will the bright star of spiritual truth shine continually and with no uncertain glimmerings.

Today, however, I am thinking of the stone that the builders rejected. All of you have no doubt read the story, and we may question what that stone was as we go back to the life of him whom you know only as the volume called sacred tells you. Whether you believe it true or not matters very little. The workers at the present time as well as the workers of old in building their spiritual temples have rejected the most precious stone, and their monuments and other structures must therefore crumble into dust because any temple that is builded without being cemented with truth cannot bear the wear and strain of time and cannot fail to be penetrated by the ever increasing wisdom and perception of mankind.

When Jesus said or is supposed to have said to Peter, "Who gave this knowledge unto thee? Thou didst not obtain it from man but from my Father in heaven," he

meant the power of inspiration. "Upon this rock, namely, inspiration, I build my church, upon this rock I build my truth, upon this rock as a teacher of humanity I stand and from the words of my mouth I give unto the people that which comes to me from the great realm where the inspiring forces of life's great center are stored." His mission, like yours and all others, dear friends, was only the mission of a noble manhood, and will you ask if yours is less? I trow not. Then every man's mission is to fulfill to the best his highest duty and give the most glorious demonstration of an unselfish life that he is capable of.

I do not care at the present time to dwell upon creeds and forms. I never could bow my head to them, neither can you, and that man or that woman endowed with intelligence who professes continually and never looks beyond the profession, lays aside the highest attribute of manhood or womanhood. We live to think, we live to act, we live to examine every brick and every bit of material that shall build the temple wherein we worship, whether it be built by material hands or reared by the holy aspirations of the human soul. But let me remind you here and now that the holiest aspirations that you and I may send upward on the wings of that earnest Christian hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," are worthless unless our lives, day by day and line by line, match and harmonize with the same.

There has been altogether too much praying, altogether too much blind belief, altogether too much breaking of baker's bread and drinking of grocer's wine and calling it the body and blood of him who was once crucified. Do human beings of intelligence require such material elements in order to enable them to thread their way mentally and soulfully into the great realm of life's immortal chambers where they shall find revealed *the* Christ, one that is of more importance to them

than even he who spake and preached eighteen hundred years ago? When I speak thus it is with all the reverence due a brother man, for the reverence due to a god I have no occasion to offer, save in this way : I love godly men, I love gracious women, but I can express myself better by the terms, manly men and womanly women.

Looking about you at Christmas time you behold so much of churchianity with its creeds that have ever fettered the human mind, with its forms that have brought not reverence but fear to the human soul ; you behold the proud trappings of the Christian world, as you call it, the grand cathedrals and beautiful churches from which rise strains of music almost divine in harmony and expression. I love music as you love it, but let me say to you here and now, ask for yourselves, analyze for yourselves, probe for yourselves and then determine how much is for show and how much is done simply and truly in his sweet name whose birth is at this season so generally commemorated? We all know the simplicity that marked his life and teachings, but it is evidently forgotten.

We all understand, and it is not necessary before an intelligent people like yourselves to rehearse the story of how the builders of Christian churches, forms and creeds, in turning over the material to lay the foundation, have rejected the most important stone. Where shall we find it in order to utilize it? We find it unshorn of its beauty, we find it glittering as with diamonds, and the common people, such as Jesus taught, are reaching out toward its bright and golden beams. The stone the builders have rejected, the stone they are rejecting to-day is the truth as it was exemplified by the Christ and by many another who has walked in the pathway of human beings. It glows to-day with greater radiance than ever shone over the babe of Bethlehem, and I wish you to understand that I am casting no reflections upon the story, whatever he may have been if he existed. If some of you declare he never

lived of course you are right, because you must know the truth of the matter better than those who have met him over there. Hence I shall have no arguments with you whatsoever ; but remember this : It was a babe entering earthly life by the same law that gave you and me and all other human beings physical existence. It was a human birth, then, an immortal soul incarnated in a tiny form, and the builders of that long ago, with Caiaphas at their head, rejected the simplicity of his teachings. He dared be true. Are you as brave, are you as true to the truth? He dared climb step by step the mount, he dared bear his cross, he dared be crucified and pass out of the mortal form knowing that into the reviving arms of life he should be received.

This has been too simple altogether for the Christian churches, this has been too easy to understand, and hence the great and wondrous change and the terrible threatenings in thunder tones hurled at people by their pastors telling of death, of hell, of damnation and of an angry God, until not only the children but tender women and upright men have shook and trembled before the fearful denunciations of the pulpit like the leaves of the forest and scarcely dared to lift their heads lest they might be cursed. I tell you here and now that your revivalists going up and down in your land have done their work well, but the increasing intelligence and knowledge of mankind is leading them onward to a realization of the fact (and you will find it to be so by the unguarded expressions of its members, friends) : that the church is becoming an entrance way to what people call society, that the church is a system whereby men may serve the devil six days in the week and pretend to be saints the seventh, hanging up their Sunday clothes Monday morning and with them the *religion* that had no existence.

I want you to give me your attention for a moment. It may be an old story to you and you may weary of it be-

fore you cease hearing it, but I tell you this : As long as religion in sacerdotal robes stands before the people and commands them in the name of an angry God to do thus and so, to be this and that on the one hand, and on the other the prostitute and he that made her such walk openly not alone in the darkness of the night but in broad daylight, the truth must and shall be spoken. This is a platform upon which your pastors avoid standing, for they are afraid of the rumseller, they are afraid of the libertine, they are afraid of the trusts, they are afraid of those who have bought and are ready to sell, at the expense of human souls, human liberty, justice and right. I say shame upon any people or class of people who accept a religion that permits its devotees to sit down supinely in some corner saying, "I know such-an-one is not a good, upright man ; I know he is engaged in a business that is wrecking year after year the lives of hundreds of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons ; but he is one of our parishioners, he is a member of our church, he pays well into our treasury, and therefore it won't do to talk temperance." Your pastors say it, and why should not I repeat it ? "It will not do to talk temperance to our people, it will not do to go against that which is becoming popular out in the world."

I tell you that a religion that allows itself to be bidden to hie away to some secluded spot just for the sake of the smiles of some one who is wrecking human lives—a religion that is thus accommodating is one with which I have no sympathy and for which I have no use whatsoever. Just as long as pastors are paid to preach sermons under which such men can go to sleep (and they seem to be quite willing to preach them) religion pure and undefiled will not be the moving force in the world that it should be and is destined to become.

I cannot understand such a condition or state of mind, and I never could. When in the material form I

strove to teach the truth, and when I began to preach (I do not say it egotistically or self-conceitedly) my one thought was to be true to myself and true to all with whom I came in contact, that I might obtain and understand all the truth that I was capable of assimilating and give it to the people undefiled. My work in seeking to benefit mankind I left behind me ; whatever it was it is not for me to say, but I may state that then, as now, I would have disdained to ascend the steps of any pulpit where I was told, as I know some of your pastors are told at the present time, especially when making exchanges, "You must not touch upon such and such points for our people constitute a fashionable church and they will not bear it." There exists a great gulf between right and wrong, and when a religion permits those who should stand on the mount of right and justice to descend into the valley midway and say, "I cannot tell the people the truth—I must ignore it to a great extent," I assert that the stone the builders accepted has become very rotten.

The great rock of spiritual truth that the builders have rejected lies easily accessible and attainable, and over it, bright and undimmed, shines the star of immortality lighting up the pathway of every human soul and inviting all to follow where it shall lead. Lo! as you gaze upon it it grows brighter and brighter until it shines with a brilliancy unequalled, and the truth shall echo and re-echo through the corridors of time and the arches of eternity until the people of earth shall realize that they are indeed redeemed. No longer shall they have an angry God to fear, no longer a relentless death to dread, no longer a bottomless pit on one side and the Christians' heaven, just as undesirable, upon the other ; but they may behold before them the great pathway winding backward through a line of infinite ages over which mankind have ascended as step by step they have threaded their way through unnumbered experiences, circling about here for a while and

opening upward and revealing to the human soul the star that never can grow dim, the truth that neither owns to nor asks for slavery, the truth that shall inevitably make all humanity free.

I am sure that some may ask when this will be. I might ask that question were I here in the mortal form. I cannot say in what year it shall be, but I long for its coming. Looking about me and feeling the disdain upon the one hand and the recklessness upon the other, perceiving men and women who know better, refusing to hear the voice of Infinite Wisdom proclaiming from the hilltops of eternal life, "Let my people go," and holding them in the slavery of poverty, in the chains that are worse than death, I also wonder when a brighter day will dawn, although I know it will surely come, as surely as the material dawn of your tomorrow.

If this be a too painful picture to contemplate today, if you think I have overdrawn it, I ask you to go out into the streets of Boston and look about you—I do not ask you to go farther for it is not necessary—and you will find it exemplified on every hand only a thousand times worse. You will find a thousand times more wretchedness, a thousand times more unfeelingness or hard-heartedness than I have described, for it seems to me that the majority of those who believe in eternal torment are very willing that the ignorant and those who are not akin to them shall go down to hell. Ofttimes you hear them saying, "Such-a-one must be lost because he never professed Christ and him crucified," but when it comes into their own homes, when it strikes at the hearts of those that have been so cold and unfeeling towards others, then there is quite a difference.

I leave you to follow out this line of thought for yourselves, for you know as well as I do what Christianity is teaching. I acknowledge here and now that it is teaching many a noble lesson, but at the same time, friends, let us

not forget that the worm that gnaws at the root of the tree will destroy its fruitage although for a time the fruit may not show the decay. Just as surely as you live the worm at the root of the great tree of Christianity is eating away little by little all the nourishment that ever existed there, and what shall be the result ?

Are we arrayed against Christianity ? I do not think that true Christianity is recognized by the world. It seems to me that that which is called Christianity is a mockery. If you think this is a harsh statement I ask you to go and list in the still hours to the voice of him who taught eighteen hundred years ago, go and listen to his mild expressions, and then as you rise from the reverential attitude in which you have placed yourselves, if you have heard aught that carried out practically would bless human lives, obey the mandate, pausing not to say longer, "I have no influence ; I can do nothing."

I know that there are some sitting before me this afternoon who have no more sympathy with Christianity as it is taught and practiced today than I have, and yet I know that you dare not say so. You go to church with no interest in what is said or done for the sole purpose of being counted. I do not mean any one before me now, but you all know that a great many go to church as a means of helping them in business, to be popular, or for the sake of this, that or the other ; and those who call themselves Spiritualists go there and take their children there in the morning and in the shadow of night's mantle sneak into a spiritual meeting saying, "I know it is all true, but I do not want to give up my sitting in my church, and I send my children there."

I would ask all such fathers and mothers, Do you ever stop to think that the time will come when your children may rise in rebuke against you ? Do you ever stop to think that your child is being taught to be a hypocrite ? Do you ever pause to ask yourselves, "Will this

course cause my child to be true in all the relations of life?" How would you feel if sometime your boy should commit some sinful act and you were to say to him, reproachfully, "How could you!" and he were to reply, "Well, father, God will forgive me, and I wanted to do it?" How will you feel when you meet your children on the other side of life if you have permitted them to be fed on husks when you knew and accepted spiritual truth and realized the worth of the stone that the builders rejected? You avoid speaking of Spiritualism before your children. I know this is so. There are fathers and mothers who are continually going to Spiritualistic meetings and leaving their children at home or saying, "Run over to the Methodist church, or the Episcopal church," whatever it is that is handiest to get them out of the way. Why, friends, do you realize that these are immortal souls committed to your care, a trust more sacred than your lives, more important than your happiness and your peace here? You are responsible, not to an unknown God, but to yourselves for every lesson you impress upon their plastic minds.—I know that in this day and generation, not more so now than formerly, but more so than I hope it will be in the not far future, the responsibility of parentage is ignored. The children come, they are cradled in your arms and their material wants supplied, they attain growth, they are sent to school and that is about all.

If you would do something to worthily commemorate the life and work of him whose name is outwardly honored throughout the so-called Christian world, I ask you, every father and every mother, if you have not already done so, on the Christmas day that is soon to dawn, to erect an unseen altar in your homes by simply drawing a curtain across the corner of your sleeping room, if you have no other place, and to sit there with your family night after night instead of crying out, before you have made one effort or sought to discover one sign that it may

be a fact, "I know materialization is an impossibility!" If in your own home you sit, and sit as honest, reasonable men and women should, trying all things, proving all things, you may receive a greater blessing than ever church or creed could bestow, for the white lines of infinite truth drawn from the mountaintops of wisdom gleam in the sunlight of immortality and their radiation and vibration send powers to you laden with beauty, health and wealth.

I leave your duty to yourselves, I leave your duty to your children, I leave your duty to humanity in your hands. The world asks of every Spiritualist to be true to himself. If you have been true to yourself you have a right to know the truth, and, no longer placing the bushel over your light, by-and-by I trust the light of truth will so brightly burn in your souls that you will so live as to allow its beams to shine far and wide.

We are all interested in the children. I would that this temple were filled with little ones this afternoon. I would indeed rejoice at their presence, for I feel that if in the coming time we do not gather more of the children into our great spiritual movement we shall lack that which will give it permanency and an increasing power for good.

But today let us look upon the bright side.

Spiritualism has given the stone that the builders rejected, and it has been already laid. Thought upon thought the building is being erected, and here in this place we have that temple unseen that indeed is being rejected not alone by the church people but by many Spiritualists, for I am sorry to say that with a great majority, or at least many of the latter, they are satisfied with a demonstration of the fact that their friends and companions can return to them from beyond the grave. The fear of death is gladly laid aside, but duty is forgotten. Hence permit me to say that when one becomes a Spiritualist in reality duty is remembered though its voice is silent. In every path-

way and avenue of life men, women and children live their Spiritualism, or should.

Today the old century is waning and the new one approaches with its scroll unrolled, white and pure as the breath of morning. I would, as I have already said, that you were, all of you, sufficiently interested in this great truth to erect an altar to it in your own homes. If you have no room to devote entirely to this purpose, draw a curtain across the corner of a room you are occupying, sit faithfully at stated intervals, and give your friends an opportunity to reveal themselves to you or to demonstrate their presence. I do not hesitate to say that if you sit earnestly, being at peace with yourselves and leaving outside all the world that you are not in harmony with, before another year shall draw to a close you will be able to tell how much you have been benefited. But let me beg of you not to take this step with the thought, "I would not have my friends know it for the world!" Do not sneer at the consecrated corner and feel that you are doing something that you are ashamed of. Why, were I in the mortal form I would rejoice to herald to the whole world this fact, were it such: "I have a cabinet in my home. I am trying to heed the commandment in the Bible, 'Prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' Night after night I am proving the spirits to see whether they are visited with power sufficient to demonstrate their presence to me or not."

This is the coming religion. Therefore when you assemble for your home circles, enter your cabinet in a reverential spirit, feeling that it is a sacred place, that there you are to receive the most precious blessing life can bestow, that there you are to learn the truth of greatest importance to you. Give a little time to the friends you pretend to love, give a little time to yourselves for soul growth, and if you have children take them with you into your seance-room. If they are little babes even, fold them in your arms and

there let them sleep, for the emanations from their sweet forms will aid in bringing to you a power that will be to you as a divine benediction, and over you I know will shine the star that will herald the pathway leading to life and rejoicing.

Let me say to you that all you can do for humanity strive to do *now*. I want to point you to a class of people ere I close whom many despise, and yet they tower mountain high in their good deeds and kindly efforts, in their self-sacrifice and earnest endeavors, in their practical work for the benefit of others over those wedded to Churchianity. "Who are they?" you ask. Why, the despised Salvation Army who are today asking you to aid them in feeding the hungry, who are today standing on the street corners asking for your pennies in order to feed those who otherwise would go dinnerless on the morrow. I know that many churches are feeding the hungry and doing good in various ways, and all praise I would accord to the noble deeds they perform. Do not think I do not notice and appreciate kindly acts and earnest endeavors, wherever I see them, and I wish the Spiritualists would strive as one banded army to see what they can do, not only, in feeding the hungry, but in staying those mighty forces that are hurrying men and women downward into poverty and distress more and more year after year, for the laborer is worthy of his hire, and many a despised laborer will, on entering that life over there, take precedence of his master.

We look at the beautiful architecture of your noble buildings, we look at your fine streets and broad avenues, your extensive boulevards and never think of the toiler who made it possible for us to use and admire them, never think of the builder whose brawny arms have made it possible for you to enjoy all the luxuries of life. When we think of all that we delight in on the material plane we attribute it to the wrong class. It is the wealth of the

millionaires, we are wont to claim, that pays for it, while the hundreds of thousands who do their bidding, who are able to secure sufficient for their needs or starve, as it may please their rich employers, are despised, and yet the labor of these poor men and women produced all that of which the millionaires are possessed.—Perhaps you call this justice, perhaps you call this distribution of wealth right, but to me it is the height of injustice that the industrious laborer should not be able to command sufficient to meet his every human need.

This coming Christmas day I shall be with some of you, for I am watching with intense interest the progress of events on earth from the battlements of the spirit spheres, and I hope I shall be able to come in touch with your souls as you think of the needy. Think of and give to your own lavishly if you choose, feel for your own all the sympathy and tender love your heart is capable of, but, friends, save a few pennies with which to bless some child of poverty. Go out into the street and give to some dirty-faced one who may be saying to himself, "Nobody cares for me," occasion to smile. Take the *poor* in your arms in a spirit of fraternal love. That would be a very distasteful thing for you to do, would it not? But remember him who said, placing his hands upon the heads of the little children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and forget not to ask yourselves if you are greater than was he. If your standing in the great world of souls is higher than his, if a brighter light illumines your way than brightens his, if your path from this land to the home beyond where your loved ones dwell is lined with loftier thoughts than he gave to humanity, if you are more just in all your incomings and outgoings unto others than was he, nothing greater could I ask for you this hour as my heart goes out in tenderest love to every one in all the world that needs my sympathy, but more freely does it flow forth to the wretched impoverished ones, those who have not where to lay their heads.

As the days roll by let us not forget this ; that whatever we accomplish here is accorded us there ; that whatever we omit here we miss there. No one has suffered for you or me that we may go in some roundabout way and get unworthily into a home of peace and happiness.

Then all hail to the stone and the placing of it at the base of the great Temple of spiritual truth! The builders of forms, the builders of selfish creeds have rejected it, and, lo, it glows with a heavenly beauty, it speaks to human souls of a better life, it breathes its benediction above and around all humanity, it chants the glad anthem of love and immortality. All hail to it as the old century wanes! We cannot regret the past as it hurries from us. Let it yield up its crown, for its record is stained by many a cruel deed, not because of desire, but because of ignorance. It will carry to the great realms of spiritual life a terrible picture of bloodshed, wrong and wretchedness. May we become so quickened that we may turn from the scroll which we have read with bowed heads and face the coming century all aglow with the bright light of spiritual truth, all alive with spiritual power, and robed in the white mantle that signifies peace on earth and good to all willing men. May you labor with us for those who are steeped in wretchedness until the bright sun of truth shall illuminate their lives.

I would that I could describe my sensations as I look into the coming century, with all that it portends to humanity on earth. Its birth will take place amid the shadows, its advent will be heralded in doleful tones by those who are crushed by the selfish ambition of those who ride on the topmost wave of popular favor. Clouds surround it, wars and discords throw their dark mantle over it as it advances into the great arena of life's mighty activities, but as it reaches out towards its meridian I behold a light that shines brighter than the sun, proclaiming the era so longed for when mankind shall realize that a

spiritual power is in their midst. If I ask myself how I know this shall come, I am answered as I gaze and behold the golden beams that I know shall open every human heart. I see its coming in the quickened lives touched by the angels that minister unto them. I see it kindling the fire upon the altar of every home where men and women shall bow and remain to receive the demonstrations of their spirit friends. I see it in the tiny sand-grain as in the advancement of the planet, and I know it.

Therefore all hail to the new century and the mighty roll it shall present to mankind bearing outward on its pages the cruel, vengeful feelings, the great mantle of darkness and terror that for a time has enwrapped so many souls, but after a while as I watch the lifting of that mantle, lo, oblivion enfolds it, and the star of spiritual truth, glowing with a brilliancy almost indescribable, lights up every part of this planet, its rays enter every human heart and mankind are thereby enabled to perceive that there is a life beyond, and to realize that if they would enjoy that life they must be just even here. Then ignorance shall take to itself wings and fly away and humanity shall recognize the fact that if they would be happy they must work unselfishly for the good of others. You can never enjoy what you have not earned, dear friends. Therefore work with an energy, labor with those who from the battlements of the eternal world will indeed guide and bless you.

O may you while here receive the quickening that comes from a constant communion and companionship with your arisen friends, so that when you shall pass over there you may exclaim :

“I’m coming home!
 I look once more, O earth, upon thy atmosphere,
 I see the quickening of my hopes,
 I see and know that my own are here,
 And striving with their powers of might
 To brighten all of human life.

"I'm coming home!
I've tried in all to do the very best I could.
I've shielded sorry hearts of woe,
And never turned from sorrow where
I found it with my kindred here.

"I'm coming home!
I've woven well, yet not all the threads
Are white and pure as I would they were,
But I'm coming as I am.
I've done the best I could, I'm coming home,
And I've ope'd myself the golden way.
I'll enter in, O loved ones, there,
For I'm coming home
To link my energies, my life with yours
And labor still for humankind."

NO. 21.*

PURITY OF LIFE.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT CONFUCIUS.

(A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER OF 2400 YEARS SINCE.)

And a Message from Christal.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1900.

INVOCATION.

SWEET as the breath that sweeps the hills of immortal glory, strong as the power that lifts the mountains and clads in all their beauty worlds and systems of worlds, divine as is the force centered in all of existence, we understand but little of it. Unveil to us, O Life, more and yet more of that all-quickening power that we may trace every avenue, line and channel of thought with our aspirations, lifting ourselves into the silent realm of those thoughts that, obeying the law, flow like rivers into the great ocean and are swallowed up in its mighty volume. Thus may Thy children, O Life, increase the volume of

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

that power they with us are capable of exercising. May they scale the mountain tops and from their heights view the wisdom that lies in the valley beneath. May they pierce the realms of science and art, that they may understand that as yet but the faintest comprehension is obtained thereof by Thy children here. May they understand the wondrous beauty of the sunbeams and realize that power and principle that act upon and through them, and in the great realm of soul-life wherein they are capable even now of finding a beautiful existence, may they read the lessons written in the chapter of life's ever active principles 'neath the great dome of wisdom.

May the forces these children need in their hours of sojourn here rest upon them as a blessing this morning. May the gentle touch of those they love quicken their hearts anew, that they may make stronger and more earnest efforts to walk side by side with the dear ascended ones when they shall lay aside these fleshly garments. May they realize more and yet more forcibly the potency of that all penetrating perception that they possess, whereby they may read the lessons that shall lift them into a condition of happiness and greater usefulness here, imparting to them likewise greater understanding of themselves and of the divine blessings scattered upon every hand around them.

DISCOURSE.

I N the great realm of life, illimitable and perhaps incomprehensible, we seek after simplicity, and nations as individuals have ever lost their high standard when departing from the same. In the long, long ago, as in the now, truth wore the garb of simplicity, and I can give you no better admonition than this: Live a pure life. In

those few words are comprehended all the wealth of systems, all the wealth the soul may aspire to, inasmuch as purity of life opens the door that leads to knowledge and wisdom, to art and science, to all the unbounded volume of attainment to which humanity aspire.

It is not necessary even to touch upon the teachings I strove to disseminate in the past ; suffice it to say that mankind would not receive my maxims, they would not accept my views regarding purity of life that I tried to impart unto them if I did not successfully live them myself. Only when humanity stand before the great altar of purity, realizing that their lives are their own to shape, to beautify, to polish brighter than any diamond that ever shone 'neath the rays of the sun, will they begin to gain a comprehension of the dignity and purpose of life. True, I worshipped the sun, the moon and the principles of life if I did not comprehend all the life that fills and glorifies the atom, if I did not grasp the thought that we are all atoms and like the smallest division of matter there is within us that indestructible principle that shall guide and direct us evermore wheresoever we may wander.

In giving you my thoughts this morning, permit me to say that I worship all of life, no matter in what form it presents itself to my consciousness, for back of the most crude—perhaps I should say within the most crude—that divine life, that principle that is greater than the God mankind have worshipped, exists. We should, then, look to the principle of life that we understand faintly as it manifests itself in the sunbeam, in the different planets in their various degrees of unfoldment, and, grasping as far as we may the all that is or can be, try to realize the fullness of that power that links us all to every other form or expression of existence.

Philosophy may seem cold, science, as you understand it, may fail to impart a complete answer to your aspirations or prayers ; but when we realize that ere we can

climb the mountain we must analyze all that the valley presents, when we recognize the fact that instead of trying to ape some one else we must turn our attention to our own possibilities and seek to attain the manhood the child is, the prophecy of, life holds for us an interest it never assumed in our estimation before, it acquires a value hitherto undreamed of. I can bring you, therefore, no thought to apply to your lives better than is contained in the words already uttered, "A life of purity," a life of simplicity, a life that is devoid of all feasting upon whatever comes within its reach without questioning, a material life sustained by simple foods and drinks, a life whose morality is invincible and holy.

A life like this, you may say, is impossible of realization, but I declare to you that it is one which each of you may live. Every one of you may seek it and attain it in its full measure little by little. You *ask* for the best, you ask those who have passed beyond, who have ascended the mountain a little in advance of yourselves, to bring you the best they can; you ask for an exemplification of all the powers they have learned to exercise; you ask for a demonstration of those mighty forces that cycle throughout worlds and systems of worlds; you ask for just such evidences of whatsoever you may choose to demand to be laid at your feet, forgetful of the fact that in order to receive these blessings your lives must to a certain extent be rounded out, or at least there must first be an effort towards rounding out your lives on your part. Bring to us your purest thoughts, bring to us your bodies free from intoxicants or aught that muddles the brain; bring to us your bodies without first filling them with food of a questionable nature; present yourselves before us simple and sweet in physical as well as in spiritual life, with your aspirations reaching out for that which you are worthy of, and strive to be worthy of all that it is possible, and no words I may utter can impart to you the power we might

exercise in your behalf for your blessing and enlightenment.

We realize the complainings, we realize the antagonism, we realize the insincerity, we realize that state of mind with many that would demand of us, as if they were our masters, such demonstrations as they desire, but it does not disturb us. It only shows us that you must wait for a larger growth, wait until you and I alike can recognize those who have learned the lessons that you and I have not learned, those who possess the power within themselves of scaling heights of science and art that you and I have not yet scaled. We must first learn that their knowledge is superior to ours, and when the children of earth shall learn that, in regard to the demonstrations we are attempting to make, we ought to understand what we are about, as well as those who still wear garments of flesh, we ought to know our lessons as well as those still incarnate, we shall be able to instruct them. If we have drunk but one drop from the great ocean that sparkles 'neath the overarching dome of life's great Wisdom Temple, we have obtained that degree of knowledge that you have not.

As in other days in the land where once I dwelt, darkness closely enfolds the people, discord and strife are abroad, and ignorance, superstition and tyranny hold the masses in slavery ; but it is only a representation of their and still other conditions brought on by the refusal of mankind to accept the garments of simplicity and don them, brought on because of repudiating the great law of purity without which one's robes can never be perfect, without which no one can behold unveiled to them that which sometimes their soul-nature requires and demands.

If you are not ready to accept these suggestions, what matters it? To me just a little, because I would see you gathered as a little flock around a great power that never ceases to exert its influence, because I long for

you to be prepared to receive the greatest and most perfect demonstrations it is possible to produce upon this plane of existence.

Therefore, while we are continually striving to accomplish our work as best we can, we are really preparing for the coming time when mankind will have tired of that which never satisfies, when mankind will have returned to the simplicity of the sweet lessons of purity, love and wisdom. You all know that as far as nations are concerned they prosper and grow strong and beautiful, until some power chains them to Mammon, when they forget morality and all that it implies, they forget the necessity of purity, they forget the brotherhood of mankind, and in struggling for power and greatness they lose their hold on that which sustains them. The result is inevitable : Slowly, often very slowly but surely, empires fall and nations sink into the deep abyss of crime and sorrow, only to be after a time raised, for the angel of purity never slumbers, but it is only when human hearts are ready that the angel can enter in and there abide. Remember this, dear children : The angel of purity cannot dwell with you today and the demon of lust tomorrow. The angel of purity cannot abide with you and impart to your life its sweetness, if on the morrow you are to call to your side the angel of deceit or some one, or some power or some force that will assist you in wronging any human being.

A perfect life signifies not alone one's own purity in the broadest acceptance of that term, but likewise an example set for others and consideration in the highest sense extended to all. O when will those encased in material forms realize the needs of others in respect to a word of kindness and gentleness! When will they learn that in feeding the hungry it is more blessed to give than to receive! When will they learn that within every atom before which we may bow in worship lives a divine princi-

ple,—and let me here say that every demonstration of life, not merely on the planet whereon you dwell but throughout the wide universe, is worthy of your adoration.

You may despise some of life's expressions, and yet that which you so abhor may exist for your safety and protection. As you know, some poisonous insects are your saviors physically, for their lives are made up of elements that would poison you and yours if taken into the system. Nature never produces that which is useless, never generates that which should not exist. Every form that is evolved by Nature's mighty forces has its purpose and is equal in its place and position, equal in its office, be it greater or smaller, with your life and mine. And yet man, dreaming of the All-Father, turns from Nature's divine revelations and strives to read upon a scroll the tracings thereon made, forgetful of the fact that the valley blossoms with noble truths, that in the deep darkness of the caves where the sunbeams never penetrate, life there is fitted to its surroundings. This is not only true of the fish and animals that exist in such conditions, but it is also true of every human being, of every flower that grows, of every demonstration of life whatever it may be. Nature supplies every form with that which is sufficient for its existence in that condition in which it finds itself.

We understand that nothing is ever lost. Therefore let us not forget that by every re-embodiment, by every step of ascension you grow stronger in the power to exercise that abandonment of selfishness and that acceptance of the purity of life, that shall enable you always to carry with you pure thoughts. Were the whole world to abandon their unkindly thoughts and harbor only pure, noble and kindly thoughts, imagine what the difference would be and measure the effects by your own standard. The cause of much inharmony would be outgrown, the cause of much of your sadness would exist no longer, and the

kindling and maintaining of pure and kind thoughts on the altar of every heart would bring about that golden dawn of a morning of purity and exaltation by the light of which you could behold your spirit friends as clearly as you behold your mortal friends.

Strive, therefore, to understand yourselves, and if you cannot trust those who return to you from the land beyond, endeavor at least so to live that you can trust yourselves. When you will have gained the summit of that mount of self-trust, you may be assured that distrust of others will also have taken unto itself wings. There is naught so demoralizing to the human soul incarnate, even though it may not realize it, as the harboring of unkindly thoughts; there is naught so exalting as for one to make the resolution, "I will think pure thoughts, and if I know of one who to me is not good I will not send out to him suggestions of his lack of goodness, but I will send out strong, helpful thoughts, and the goodness in his soul, the principle embodied there as pure as that which exists in any other life, I will love, I will trust, I will strengthen by giving unto him my best wishes, my belief in him and never my suspicions."

I am well aware that habit is strong, and the education that you have received will make it very difficult to practise this in a full measure; but if you cannot sing the whole song sweetly, sing one line, and if you cannot sing one line, chant one note, and let it be "purity," let it rise through the vibrating forces of life and bring to you a golden shaft of strength from the mountain top of wisdom.

O think you that the religion we proffer you is vain? Think you it will make you less noble men and women, less kind husbands, fathers, mothers and friends? Think you it will not make your homes brighter and happier and banish therefrom, if such there be, every unkindly, passionate thought? I can assure you that it will make your homes the little heavens they should be, where

harmony abides, and where you look upon the other members of the family, whatever may be the relation you sustain to them, as precious charges, to protect by the purity of your own life and strengthen by refraining from all unkindness.

If any there be who listen to these words and think it would belittle their manhood or detract from their womanhood thus to live, I have naught further to say to such.

The day will dawn, I assure you, when the light of truth and purity will find its reflection in each and every human heart, then will the world praise that great principle of life that gave unto them the pure teachings of Spiritualism, that taught them how to live a life without a blemish, how to live a life of such exaltation here that by-and-by when the time comes for them to seek a new embodiment in another sphere, they may be lifted out of these material conditions, scarcely knowing that the veil has been rent asunder. Hence may you not strive to please one another, but O if possible may you feel within your own souls the need of living a life of purity and exaltation. It will not in any degree deplete the power you need to exercise in the fulfilment of your duties here.

Every duty of this life should be discharged as a sacred trust, but while you are performing it surely your thoughts may be pure and uplifting, and thus I would indeed rejoice to behold you all striving to live.

• CHRISTAL'S MESSAGE.

O away down here where the shadows come
 And life so long and dreary seems,
 All darkling waves I strive to pierce,
 But cannot always come.
 Yet I have come dear friends, just now,
 For my feet have stronger grown,
 And I've lived such a while in the land beyond
 Where flowers bloom, and the radiant smiles
 Of the wise ones fill my heart.

I might gather flowers from morn to night,
 If morn and night there were.
 O no! we never night here know
 Nor morn, else all is morn,
 And the dewy sparkle on the flowers
 I sweep with my feet as I pass along,
 And the fragrance of their breath, so sweet,
 Doth fill my soul with joy.

I've brought to you, dear friends, each one,
 A flower as white as your best thoughts.
 All sparkling with the gems of purity and love.

I live just over there—a breath will tell you where,
 I may not wander all around, and yet I go from one,
 And then where Saturn shines I sometimes pause,
 And smile as I enter there.

I've brought you flowers, I've brought you more—
 Perhaps you will not care,
 But yet I must; I could not come
 Unless I brought you this:
 The brightest jewel that I own, I treasure it with care.
 And yet to every one of you I gladly give your share.
 And this bright jewel that I own
 Is love so pure and sweet,
 Just like the love that flows from you
 To those you love the best—
 So pure and sweet I know you can take
 My flower and my offering too.

May those who love you best
 Bring brighter flowers than I have brought;
 May those you love the very best
 Help you to be pure in thought.

NO. 22.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(STATESMAN, 16th PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, PASSED TO THE
HIGHER LIFE IN 1865.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 30, 1900.

INVOCATION.

AID us, O ye who wait at the gateway of liberty-giving life. Aid us, O ye returning ones who baptize human souls with the quickening power of your presence. Aid us, O ye white-robed ones who tenderly watch and guard this people. Aid us, O ye who gather around the council-fires 'neath the great dome of eternal wisdom, guiding the destinies of nations and individuals—aid us throughout all the lines and avenues of thought that we are capable of following. Aid us, O Thou Spirit incarnate in all life, breathing Thy majestic power through the sand-grain and imparting Thy benediction through all life and life's vibrations unto Thy children. May the power that rises from that company so vast no man can number, may the mighty force of those truths toward which our aspirations soar, bestow upon Thy children, O Life, the quickening that shall uplift the soul until they realize all that it is possible to realize in this life. Before the great

altar of unwritten wisdom, before the great altar of undiscovered possibilities, man waits today to receive that vivifying unction that shall enable him to penetrate wider pathways and learn alike more of himself and more of all that surrounds him.

May the words that are uttered here this hour be freighted with such truth as shall reveal the ways of honesty and sincerity to Thy children, O Life. May the spirit that shall permeate the hearts of those gathered here be a blessing to every one present, and may all realize the grandeur of life and appreciate the fact of the unity of the two spheres of being. O Life, Thou art boundless as Nature in all her realms, and Nature teaches us Thy grand precepts, Thy holy behests, Thy wondrous powers. May we learn as children and utilize our knowledge as men and women.

DISCOURSE.

STRANGE emotions stir me, and really I feel almost like sitting at the feet of humanity and being taught.

Realizing the sacredness of life and its duties as I never did or could when incarnate, and realizing for myself at least the importance of the words I may utter, I come into your presence, friends, with hesitancy. I recognize the fact, as I take a look out, that there is much to apprehend, much to scan seriously, and in giving you a few thoughts in reference to "The Future of America," I do not come before you unseen as a prophet, but as one whose sole interest, like your own, is centered in human welfare.

In looking about all over this fair land, I behold much upon every hand that causes, as it must, apprehension in the minds of all true and honest people, but I have no complaints to make, no bitter utterances to offer.

If I could but voice one thought that would cause one individual here present to realize more fully the duties of citizenship, I should feel that my effort was not in vain.

It requires no argument to prove to you that which has been already proven, that patriotism as it was and still is in the hearts of some is almost lacking in the hearts of those who stand nearly at the helm.

Our country, this grand republic, was founded on the immortal principles of justice. They can never be overthrown. You are all versed, I trust, in the history of America and her institutions, and therefore you will agree with me, I am sure, when I assert that the sincerity, the fidelity, the devotion of those who held the reins of power in the government in other days have waned.

You realize, no doubt, that the crying needs of the common people are unheard. I say unheard, because if they are heard they are unheeded. We all understand that our government was established for the good of all the citizens of this country, that they have equal rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." I leave you to thread the line for yourselves, and to ask yourselves if the questionable conditions of the present day have not been caused almost wholly by departing from the strict principles upon which this republic was founded?

No one in looking backward to whatever position they may have held (at least this is my experience) can view it with perfect satisfaction. I certainly claim that I strove to serve the people the best I could, but I did not serve them perfectly because I had not the wisdom.

Today, however, permit me to talk to you, not as an orator, not as one far away, but as your brother and friend, and as such I would ask you if you do not think that, in the olden time, perhaps before you or I came upon the stage of activity here, our forefathers held their privileges sacred? Every citizen should consider his citizenship a sacred trust and his interest in the fulfill-

ment of its duties should be as great, as true to the needs of the people and loyal to the government as his interest in the welfare of his own soul. It is because of a lack of this that you see the conditions that are presented to you today—an ignoring of the duties of citizenship in the strictest sense and a blind obedience to party in the lowest sense. As many people lay aside their religion Monday morning and do not think of it again until Saturday night, so people forget their citizenship and those duties thereby imposed and can I not say thereby enjoined?

If, then, in consequence of a lack of sincerity, if in consequence of departing from the strict principles upon which this government was founded, the people have served Mammon, have sought to aggrandize themselves, have endeavored to grasp office that they might exercise power over others, who has permitted it? If upon the one hand you behold this state of affairs, what do you behold upon the other? Those who have made this condition possible by shirking their responsibility, who have failed to remember and act upon the knowledge they possess, that the welfare of every child of this broad land is intrusted to them, and that those who hold office are the servants of the people and not the people the servants of the official class. There is no life, however insignificant, that the government has a right to despise; there is no child so poor and unfriended that the government should not respect and protect.

In this departure from the strict principles of justice and morality upon which this republic was founded, and which may be welded into one great, indivisible factor, you may trace, I will not say the dawn of the evil day that has come upon you, but the coming of the dark cloud that hangs over this country; grown bigger now than a man's hand, seen in the east, west, north or south, and enshrouding our beloved America in gloom. What shall be the remedy? What can be the curative agent that may be

employed? You are of the great world and you cannot stop even at your own bidding, but let us pause for one moment and consider: Had every son of America been taught, ere he was twenty-one years old, that the exercise of the ballot should be to him a sacred trust whatever his faith, whatever his religion, whatever his conception of God, he would cast his vote honestly and conscientiously, and he would cast it for an honest man, that he himself might not assist to place in power any unworthy individual. I consider the power that some of you possess and that I once held, of helping to place men in official positions, is indeed a great trust committed to us.

In relation to religion and to government, it seems to me that the people have run wild, forgetting that in both there are principles that cannot be overthrown, and hence I do not hesitate to say that were you to take the principles of either party, live them, act upon them, you would have a better, purer government than you have today, a government that would throw its protecting power over all the people. And why should it not? Is any child too poor to be recognized and owned? Is any one too miserable to be made happy? I think not.

Let us look for one moment and see who have been the builders of this great nation? who have enthroned their lives in the mighty piles that have been reared, the stately edifices erected all over this beautiful land? If you pride yourselves on your scholastic halls and the magnificent education that is there imparted, should you ignore the men and women who have laid the foundation? Should you say to those builders who have toiled day by day that they are of no use? Why, I say to you today, friends, and I know you cannot deny it if you investigate the matter, that the most intelligent class of people living in this glorious country, America, is the middle class—not those who have ascended the high hills of prosperity by virtue of the labor of some one else, not those who have

been placed in positions of trust because they had friends behind the door. Among the common people, those who are toiling day by day, you will find that earnest desire to know and understand that you do not discover among what you call the higher classes. I hope the time will come when I can speak to the people of this great nation and not refer to one class as high and another as low, for we all stand, friends, on the broad platform of human consciousness and human endeavor, equal. If I were here once again in the material form, I should consider that I had a right and a mission to accomplish, and my right was to accomplish that mission as best I could.

You are living here today, and I think if you do not realize the fact fully that at least you dream vaguely that you are here for a purpose. What is it? To stay the unworthy work of the great parties upon the one hand, and upon the other to lift the terrible pall of darkness, superstition and ignorance, of misery and want that enshrouds the lives of those to whom your government reaches out no helping hand, no protecting power, no kindly feeling that would kindle within the souls of such a desire to adorn their manhood or womanhood.

These conditions have come, and I do not say that I am sorry, although I am in tenderest sympathy with every child that suffers,—I assure you of that—and had I the power I would send shafts of light into the darksome pit wherein so many linger. If I cannot say that I am sorry that these conditions exist or have come about, I suppose I ought to give you my reason: I am not sorry because I know that the people are mad—mad with the wild ambition to obtain filthy lucre, mad with the desire to have their own way at all hazard, mad to ride the high horse of prosperity, as it were, mad in their striving in the crowded pathways of trade to cheat one another. I will give you just one thought in this connection: You find, for instance, today one man endeavoring to sell his horse

to his neighbor; he tells him he is fitting him all up for the show, he tells him of his glossy hair, of his speed. There is a reason for his speed today, but he does not tell him that his grinders are all gone, and the consequence is that the man pays for what he does not get.

All over your land trust companies have their agents, and intermediaries, if you call these such that are pleading with poor men and women to invest, and widows and orphans are investing continually in various schemes. What is the result? That which they invest goes into the trust company or some corporation, and the woman, widow though she be, is left to go "over the hill to the poor-house."

There are sharks upon every hand; the government permits it, the people are schooled to this state of affairs. The innocent victims are told such glowing stories of suddenly acquired riches. But who acquires them? Those who hold the controlling power in your trusts are reaping their thousands—yea, their millions of dollars from their investments—men, and women likewise, but what upon the other hand do we perceive? The misery and wretchedness of those who toil to grow the cane by which the sugar trusts reap their enormous profits, of those who are crushed to the very earth by those who obtain an unjust interest and are living in luxury.

As long as these things obtain, do you expect a perfect government, friends? If men do not respect their manhood, and have not honesty enough to refrain from engaging in any unscrupulous business, even though the government does sanction and protect it; do you expect them to know what honest citizenship signifies? This is a subject that comes directly home to the heart of every man, woman and child, for the woman will, I am sure, sometime exercise the right of franchise, and if their husbands would to-day listen more to their counsels perhaps they would realize and appreciate their blessings more

fully. But not until we get down into the very depths, not until we reach the very dregs of society and strip from those forms, that seem to imply manhood, their false garments, shall we behold the true Satan?

If you expect to have a government pure and undefiled, if you expect to have a government in which you can trust, you must first educate the people to be trustworthy, and if from other lands there have and do come to this country those who have lived under monarchical form of government, their dreams of freedom may not be fully realized until we have established here a government so glorious, righteous and grand that it places every human child within the borders of this beautiful land on the same footing with every other, as far as his rights "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are concerned. You may say perhaps that you do mingle together on equal terms to a certain degree, politically speaking, but I would have the people so instructed that all might in coming time be recognized indeed as living in the reign of the brotherhood of man. We have heard a great deal of the brotherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but the brotherhood of man is a song, the echo of which you partly sense as it rapidly glides along.

I have given you these few thoughts, not expecting that any of you will do any different, for I know the great avalanche of power that is sweeping the children of America onward will not be stayed as yet, and one reason why I said a moment ago that I could not say that I was sorry was because I felt that they must learn the lesson, they must bite the dust by-and-by, and they will not rise again—at least I feel that they will not—until that comes which will startle every son and daughter of America and bring them to their senses, for this life is not the all of life you and I will see.

All hail to any condition that makes way for a better one! All hail to the man who rises in the dignity of his

own manhood and startles the people with the truth that shall make them free ! All hail to him who brings to his fellows a realization of the fact that this is but the beginning of life, because as you live here so shall be your condition there ! Every day you are weaving or you are not weaving garments for your spirit form, and if you are not weaving your robes, rest assured that you will not be very well clad. Your spirit friends gather up from you all (and this ought to incite you to yield your very best) every kindly thought, every noble deed, every earnest aspiration as tangible things and weave them, if you will allow them, into the home that you are to enjoy by-and-by. If your thoughts and ambitions are downward, if you would crush the needy, if you would strip from the impoverished ones the poor garments even that clothe them, if you would refuse to feed the hungry, if you would dress in purple and fine linen while others sit in sackcloth and ashes, remember the material you are furnishing for your garments will be to you darker than the grave and fouler than any you can find here.

We come to a truth at this point that I wish I could imprint upon every human heart in letters of fire, for when it finds lodgment in every human soul, men will realize that they are indeed living here for a purpose, that they are living here not only for a time but to prepare themselves to live eternally, that they are here to fill the measure of this life completely that they may enter with happiness upon the life everlasting towards which they are tending, and the truth I would impart is this: Too long have mankind been taught that some one else could pave the way for them ; too long have they dreamed that while another suffered they might hoodwink a certain individual and enter heaven ; too long have they deemed that through another whom we all reverence they might escape a just retribution for every sin and wrong-doing.

The gospel of spiritual truth that is heralded to the

children of earth, not now for the first time, by the return and ministration of the dear departed, comes to question every human soul, it comes to ask you as I ask you, not are you a citizen of the United States, but are you a true citizen? Do you regard your citizenship as sacred? Are you faithful to your trust, weighing well and measuring accurately the merits of the candidate and his honesty before you decide to vote for him, determining whether he is one who would use his power to enslave his kind or not?

Sweeping down the great river of time and circumstances that broadens and broadens still more, is the dreadful, the doleful, the sorrowful moment, more terrible than America has ever seen, and no words that I can utter will probably cause you to endeavor to stay its coming, but I hope they may cause you to think. Do not, I beg of you, say, "I am only one; it does not matter what I do or think." What if you are only one man opposed to millions of those who are not manly enough to use their own judgment and abide by their own convictions! Standing alone, the one man says: "I owe to the children and the people of America my conscientious efforts and the very best of which I am capable. My party has nominated a man that I know is not true, is not trustworthy, and shall I, as I hold this ballot placed in my hand, decide to give the lie to my honest convictions by casting this vote for him?" Reasoning thus, the true citizen will strike out the dishonest man's name and write in its place the name of a man worthy to be honored by the trust of his fellow-citizens.

"How much good would that do?" you may ask. Very little, very little, friends, nothing perhaps as far as the election of that particular candidate is concerned at the present time, but it would establish the claims of that voter to possessing the sterling qualities that are the bulwark of the nation, and as he sees wrong perpetrated he

can say, "Well, I dared to be true." If men would catch the strain of this grand song and not only sing it but live it; if they would obey the voice within, using the privilege of the franchise as a sacred right, how long, think you, would it be before those using their power wrongfully would take the hint, and understand that if they would remain in office they must change their methods?

Just so long as you wink at crime, just so long you foster it. Just so long as you give out immoral thoughts, just so long you are swelling the volume of that great immoral tide that is sweeping the people of this fair land into the whirlpool of destitution, misery, want and sin. Just so long as you support a government that not only punishes but persecutes the innocent victim, while the libertine that ruined her goes free, just so long you are supporting licentiousness. Only when you embrace a religion so pure and undefiled that it may gather in its arms every political issue, and, bearing it into the realm of spiritual life, there bid every citizen decide it according to his own conscience, will your government be the ideal one the patriots on the other side have so long hoped to see it become. Just so long as you have a religion that does not touch the soul, just so long will you have unfaithful citizens, unfaithful pastors and unfaithful servants.

These may seem harsh statements to you, yet I do not mean them as such. I have one word to say in this connection, for I see by the expression in some of your faces that you think I have touched cruelly and wrongly upon the pastor business. I have no apology to make and nothing to take back, but I have this to add: Just so long as one pastor, it matters not to what denomination he belongs, stands before his people and denounces Spiritualism, and then visits in private the sanctuary where he receives with tears the pure message that comes to him, he is a traitor to his flock!

When I speak of justice and the sacredness of duty, I mean every duty in life. It applies to the merchant in his business, the mechanic in his shop, everyone in all the walks of life. You cannot be a true and faithful citizen in any department of life you defraud your kind. Now I presume some of you would say, "If we were to be thus strictly honest and upright in business dealings we should starve," *and I don't know but you would!* But, friends, were I in the material form today, knowing what I have learned since I entered the spirit world, and I take into consideration all that I observe on every hand—were I in business today in this city, I would give an equivalent for all I received, I would breathe this prayer in my office and everywhere I went, and it should be just this and no more: "I am a living soul. I am here to be a true man. My life is commissioned to me as a sacred thing. I am here to bless humanity as far as possible. I will be just. I will not strive to take advantage, if I have the power, of the weakness of others." I would not be engaged in the silver trust though millions of dollars were piled before me, because I would know that some human child was being crushed to earth thereby. I would remember the toilers in their toil and give to them their due.

Sad to say, those who occupy the highest positions in life look upon those who perform the labor in erecting their houses, their banks, their mansions, as slaves, and you will find (if you do not believe me, go and investigate for yourselves) that the rich are more likely to grind down the workman than the middle classes. Working people are more willing to pay their milliners, their dress-makers, their bricklayers or whomsoever they employ, what is just than are those who are possessed of their hundreds of thousands and their millions, and I tell you that the accumulation of uncounted wealth creates a Mammon of selfishness in the human heart.

"I thought you were going to tell us something about

the future of America," you may say. I could not very well until I had talked a little about the now, and my feelings in regard to the qualifications of a citizen of these United States.

The future of America! I delight in watching its coming. I know that deeper darkness will spread her wings over this fair land, that greater wrongs will be done, for, as I have said, you have much to apprehend. But it is in the power of the people and in that power alone, to say when the night shall merge into the dawn of the bright and radiant day. As long as the people are willing they will surely be held in bondage, but the glad awakening will take place, for the religion that comes to you from the realms beyond is touching human hearts. You will all bear me out in saying that the religion of Spiritualism is the religion of justice, the religion of peace, the religion of love. I want right here to ask you one question: How much do you love anyone whom you are trying the best you can to cheat? How much do you love anyone whom you are crushing, the people who need your love and protection while you are catering to those who care nothing for you? These questions I leave with you, and taking them to myself you have my own answer. Therefore am I laboring, for life is real and earnest, and we shall be satisfied with ourselves only when we can say to the judge within, "I have done the best I could."

The future of America, then, as I have already stated, is in your hands in part. Will your thoughts never have done with burrowing in the slime and mud of the present hour? Let them be lifted up and watch the dawn of that gladsome day when prosperity shall spread her bright wings all over this fair land. You are told by those in high positions and places of authority, how prosperous the nation has been during the past twelve months. The year is drawing rapidly to a close. On its scroll are written tales of bloody warfare, wrong,

wretchedness, and destitution, the story of man striving to overreach man, and the great cry echoes and reëchoes in our ears of that great army of which it has been said, "Cruelty has nothing but cruelty to impart." All this you behold, and then let us remember, in a spirit of justice toward all and enmity toward none, that we must face the issue. I say "we" for I am just as much interested in America as are you or any one else, and I would not except a single person in the material form. My love for America and her children is just as strong as ever, and I am thrilled with a greater power and more earnestness as I labor in behalf of my dear country, than when I dwelt here among men in a physical body. As far as I have the power, you may rest assured that I shall use it, for my life is given me in trust, and I am to polish it myself—no one else can do it for me.

Therefore as I look abroad and see wrong and discord, selfishness, ambition and misery rampant on every hand, I am constrained to tell you, for I conceive it to be my duty, that I also perceive that these forces will spend themselves, because, on the other side glows the ever brightening light of spiritual truth, and the message of those who bend from the battlements of the eternal world breathes a spirit of peace on earth to all mankind. Those workers who have gone on before are not sleeping, neither have they gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns, but the mighty tide of power from their hearts and lives is sweeping on and it will sweep into the hearts of mortals until they realize the simple fact; namely, that you weave your own garments for the life over yonder. If you would be happy there, see that justice is done here; if you would have a home there of purity and love, a home that will satisfy you, see to it that you live such a life here that when you stand over the inert form that clothed your spirit you may exclaim, "It is well," for I say to you that there are many mourners, many mourners entering

the spirit-world. who, beholding the threads from which their garments were woven, look back and mourn over lost opportunities, mourn over their selfishness, mourn over the misery that comes to them because they sold their manhood or their womanhood, and dared not stand firm in the great pathway where truth never pauses in its onward march.

But after the night shall pass away these truths will be recognized and accepted by all mankind. I expect to come sometime to speak to the people in this place, and I expect to see every seat filled and every heart present aglow with earnestness. I shall not need to ask why it is, for I shall know that they have discovered their manhood or womanhood and have learned how to maintain it—that they have discovered the true dignity of manhood and learned the sweetest grace of womanhood. When the dark night shall have come and passed away, the souls of humanity will be so imbued with that spirit that was in existence and was recognized when the foundation of this republic was laid, that then indeed man will no longer listen to and obey the dictates of party leaders, but the great cry will be: "What can I do for others? How shall we secure a perfect government? Whom shall we find who is willing to serve his fellow-citizens in office, but not anxious to exercise the power thereof for private gain?" I always had great respect and love for Charles Sumner. He was almost the only man who refused upon a certain time to buy his seat in Congress by paying even a dollar for his election. You have not many of that kind today.

The light cannot be quenched. The principles that underlie American government are not and cannot be destroyed, and the right will be recognized and revered in human hearts. Then will come the time when you and I will hail with joy the ascension of honest men to the highest place of trust. Why shall they ascend? Because

those who send them there will have voted honestly, remembering the needs of others. And thus, dear friends, shall come again, as the great circle of time swings round, a deeper, higher, broader recognition of the vital principles of this government. When these are understood, the recognition of right shall outlive all fraud, the recognition of justice shall outlive all trusts, the recognition of true manhood shall outlive all seeming manhood. In the lifting up of humanity to a consciousness that life is for a purpose, every child here should be the object of your and my ministrations, should receive your and my love, your and my benediction.

Therefore I would not have you complain, I would not have you sit down in sorrow or be saddened by any thought to which I have given expression; but I would have you, dear brothers and sisters, reflect, I would have you study yourselves, I would have you send one mighty wave from your own being that would pierce the realms of immortality and catch the radiance of that liberty that shines there evermore, receive the benediction that comes from your ascended Washington and those who labored for this country's weal in other days, that true patriotism may be born anew, that man may stand before the halls of error and crime and wrong and sin and injustice like a monument of justice and exclaim, "Thus far and no farther shall ye go; ye have finished your course." This will come, and I shall say and you, perhaps not while you tarry here, that indeed all is well.

Some of you I know will not then disdain to accompany me to look over the fair land of America, go into her cities, her villages, her homes and see her people at peace with one another, for we shall search in vain for a sign that reads, "All liquors sold here," we shall seek without success for any almshouse or prison, but our hearts shall be gladdened by the sight of beautiful monuments, some churches turned into structures of greater useful-

ness. The twentieth century points not in vain to grander achievements. Spiritualism will have written her name upon the topmost pinnacle of the vast building wherein her children receive lessons of light and wisdom, wherein sit the oracles, as in olden times, teaching the people who gather there to receive the messages that may be transmitted from realms beyond, and behold! The children of America shall thus be guided into those pathways that tend to heights of both material and spiritual wealth.

The people of America shall build one towering monument to that grand religion of Spiritualism, that even now is spreading its power wider and still wider over all the land, breathing upon all mankind its divine blessing, for it has come to strike the shackles from every human soul. It has come to enlighten and dignify every human child. It has come to reach out its protecting arms and say to those who would inflict Christianity upon the children of earth, "Stay your hand! Let no longer the blows fall upon the weak!" It has come to say to those weak ones, "Arise and proclaim your right to live," and before all shall shine the great beacon-light of immortality.

Then shall men and women realize that they are living here for a time to learn how to live there. They will strive to be kind and loving and faithful in all the relations of life; they will seek justice and morality; they will endeavor to so live here that when the real life shall open its doors wider and still wider to receive them, they will there find the full fruition of their toil here.

All this is plain to me, although I am no prophet, and I look for the time when America shall indeed be the Mecca towards which all people from all lands and all climes shall turn their steps to receive the benediction of the angel-world.

Sweet helpers, strengthen us in the pathway of right. Help us to be just. Breathe upon us your blessing that we in turn may bless others and thereby open the portals that lead to infinite wisdom and knowledge.

NO. 23.*

THE PURPOSE OF IMMORTAL LIFE.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT "SAIDIE."

(OF THE SUN-ANGELS' ORDER OF LIGHT.)

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1901.

INVOCATION.

FOR the potent vibrations of life that bear us whereso-
ever we may ; for the wavelets of deep and earnest
thought that enfold us as we journey on ; for the pure and
uplifting aspirations of those encased in material forms
that are as a sweet breath breathed around us ; for all the
beauties of life upon every hand, we rejoice and are glad.
O may we all understand that amid the trials of life,
if they must come, the beautiful blossoms unfold their
brightest hued and most perfect petals, and exhale their
richest fragrance under the skies of adversity ; and may

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

Thy children realize, O Life, that every pain brings a welcome flower, that every thorn, however deeply it may pierce the heart, causes some new and holy aspiration to arise from the soul. Thus, in whatever sphere of activity we may be drifting, O may we understand that the great purpose of immortal life is to overcome all things, and in the sweetness of that exaltation that enables one to rise above the pains and sorrows that encompass him, may we bathe, O Infinite Energy, in Thy river of eternal joy.

May we this hour, O Life, hold sweet and silent communion with Thy children, alike in material and spiritual forms, gathered here, and may this place be hallowed by their sweet aspirations and holy desires, mingled with the glad songs that Thy ascended ones chant just beyond. We thank Thee for all that Thou dost measure out unto Thy children, and we rejoice that after the bitter the sweet in its fullness shall be the portion of all. May we who sit beneath Thy bright beams be only thoughtful to fulfill our mission and do our work as best we can.

DISCOURSE.

REALIZING how poor the words may seem, how illy they can convey to you the thoughts I would scatter among you this hour, I feel almost as though it were better to sit here in sacred silence, your souls in touch with those who have passed through many tributaries as well as many tribulations and victories, for when silent you come *en rapport* with others and inbreathe from them that which is indeed sacred and holy.

The thoughts I would express to you this morning bear upon "The Purpose of Immortal Life." Surely you all can but feel that if life be unending there must be a reason for its continuance. It cannot be for your and my

gratification as individuals ; it cannot be simply that we may dwell in the arms of those loved ones whom we have mourned ; it cannot signify only that we are to experience that complete happiness that we may hope shall be the everlasting crown wherewith our spirits may be adorned ; but to me, and methinks to you, the great purpose of life itself is to overcome all things.

Through pain, through suffering, through experiences such as one would naturally put far from him, we receive many a valuable lesson. By stern discipline, the great irresistible teacher, we are forced, in our various environments, into conditions that we do not desire, and the question might be asked, "Is this to our detriment ?" Are we simply like drift-wood floating on life's great ocean, without a purpose save sometime perhaps to be thrown upon the shore and at length be at rest ? For myself I would answer that the past, with all its trials and pains through which I have wandered in other days, yields to me the sweetest flowers from the darkest valleys, because in the darkest valleys or in the hour when the shadows of sorrow press upon us, we are drifting unto ourselves.

We sense the touch of a hand we cannot lift, we feel as no human being could cause us to feel, and by this quickening of thoughts and powers and sensibilities that we would shun, we learn something of the purpose of existence.

To be as we might choose and have our desires accord with our ignorance, would be indeed a misfortune. Could you, every one, have your wishes gratified at the present hour, methinks they would not confer upon you the benefit you might hope for or expect. Nature, or Life, call it whichever you please, disciplines her children just in accord with their needs, and only when we come in touch with all things, all beings around us, to feel as we would that others should feel, to be content to endure and to suffer even as we are pleased to enjoy, are we prepared to

wear the crown of true greatness. If this be the only way by which we may advance, what matters it how many experiences we have had, for we have had only those that our spirits required?

The eternity of the past you may not fully measure. The immortal life you hope for is bright with its many beautiful colorings, bright with its many promises, not to be realized, however, until you have earned them, but, conforming to that great and infinite law and fulfilling the purpose of your life, you may attain the greatest heights possible to an individual.

I do not forget by any means the days of toilsome struggle, the days of darkness, indeed, with a few lights shining upon my life in past journeyings, and yet from those saddened conditions there comes to me a power and a sweet voice that I recognize as the voice of that soul that giveth us experiences, and I know I could not at the present time send these thoughts to be uttered in your midst had I not measured, step by step, every pathway I have trodden—not simply my wanderings while clothed upon with mortality, but my spirit journeyings. What matters it whether, in striving to climb the mountain or contentedly roaming the valley, it is the bleeding feet of the physical form that betoken pain or suffering? It is all the experience of the soul.

I do not doubt that there are some whom you know who suffer pain from year to year and yet are patient and content. It does you good, friends, to enter the chamber of one who is prostrated by sickness if there the smile of a contented soul bids you welcome, for in that case the individual lives above the environments or confinements of the incarnation that holds him enslaved for the time being. You little dream how essential are the experiences that come to you, else you would not question them, neither would you complain even when your soul is stricken, because you would realize that beyond the deep shadow

the experiences of that sorrow that comes to you will awaken some new power within. Many a seed fails to germinate and many a faculty fails to become quickened, because the soil or the surroundings are not congenial.

O may you one and all understand that immortal life is yours here as much as it will be yours many ages hence. May you realize that you are souls here as much as you will be when you shall have been lifted from out these environments.

When the world can understand that we are striving to teach them that goodness of life and that purity of thought and action that will not permit the individual to breathe an unkind word of another—when the world can realize this and be ready to accept the same, how beautifully the trailing garments of those who love you will gleam even in your presence! How sweet will be communion when the family of mankind comprehend the great fact that immortal life is the crown of every human soul, and that crown they wear even now through all the vicissitudes and trials of this life! It may seem somewhat dim, but that is because they are unconscious of it.

As you gather up material for the forms you are to wear in the next sphere of existence, rejecting those elements that you do not require, you are constantly building that character that marks the individual. The form which you love and prize so highly is only of worth to you for the short period that you are incarnate therein; and forget not, dear ones, that every condition, every stage of unfoldment through which you pass must bring to you the incarnation that is necessary for your best development.

You may think these statements dreamy and meaningless, but they are pregnant with the great experiences through which I and others have passed, and those through which you are passing or will pass. Life is no respecter of individuals, and all must do their part in the building of the great temple of immortality.

Beyond the surging waves of materiality, beyond the deep throbbings that we sense arising from human souls, beyond the contests and the antagonisms, beyond the inharmonies that make so many weak and bring so much pain to mortals, we behold the clear white pathway glittering with the dawning light from brighter lands, and made radiant by the footprints of those who have passed over it as they ascended to the sweet land where the "Sun Angels" dwell. There in the inner temple are written the deep experiences of all those souls who bow in reverence and veneration before life and its possibilities, who have climbed the mountain many times, who, after standing on the summit, have, in obedience to the great voice of necessity—that of others as well as their own—descended into the valley and again stood gladly by the side of those dwellers in mortal forms to once more touch life's experiences bathed in the deep waters that may thrill the soul with anguish.

But, friends, how many of you think that time or experience can be lost? The great fact that existence can never cease brings to you no idea of limitation—it cannot, and we have this before us, you and me: If, as I send you these thoughts, I greet the children who play so sweetly in the valley beyond; if I am surrounded by that of which you cannot conceive, let me say to you that neither you nor I have touched the deepest font of that experience that shall enable us to become masters of all things. As I have already said, immortality has its purpose, without which we could not desire it, and that is to overcome all things and possess ourselves of sufficient power to guide and govern and direct as we will. But not until wisdom taketh up its abode with us can we have the power, not until we are so unfolded in thought, in love, in justice, in soul-life that all we have we shall seek to use, not for our own aggrandizement, not for our own selfish gratification, not to adorn and beautify our home that we may

enjoy it the more, but that we may bring good to another, entirely forgetful of self in a selfish sense.

To overcome, then, signifies more perhaps than you would at first dream. It means to overcome all selfish propensities, all ambition that, carried out, would injure another, all unkindly criticism to that degree that if you must speak of another as not wise, to accompany your words with no unkindly thought, but, looking at those whom you may feel are beneath you, however deep they may be in the dark shadows, to remember that they have an inheritance equal to your own, that their experiences, as yours, are necessary, and if you cannot realize how, just leave it to that Infinite Power that is greater than your understanding. Do not forget that it is not for thee, it is not for me to denounce, but that it *is* for me to give from my heart and you from yours to every child however lonely, to every one however bitter his sorrow, that kindly thought that shall aid them to bear their burdens.

If any of you think that to live thus would belittle your manhood or your womanhood or harm humanity, then surely you have a reason for not striving to emulate these teachings, but the time is coming (and it has come to those who are gathered in this, to us, sacred place) when humanity shall read aright and understand that he who needeth most your sympathy need not, as is too often the case, receive the least, that however much one may be benighted, you and I, in the only inspirations of our lives, seeking to fulfill the mission that is ours, have nothing to condemn.

To be willing to reclothe ourselves again and yet again ; to be willing to leave the radiant realm that vibrates with the holy touch of that sympathy that elevates the soul, to be willing to leave the harmony and peace, however much we may love the same, however much we may rejoice in the altitude that we have attained ; to be willing to leave all our joys and happiness, to lay aside all our

pleasures and enter once more into the pathway of pain and sorrow, if thereby the soul may become clothed in greater purity and wisdom—this to me is the significance of immortality. If life forever were to be what it is here with just a little advancement—if this were all, then we might indeed pray for the lifting of the brighter cloud, but it cannot be. Every time one lays himself upon an altar, every time one lays his ambitions and his enjoyments aside, as it were, thinking only of the needs of others and the needs likewise of himself, for without these repeated experiences we cannot enter that temple wherein the soul vibrates at the holiest touch of wisdom, we are learning to stand where worlds and systems of worlds obey our will, we are learning to exist where we may send our forces outward and touch some human life, as do I at the present time while I breathe my blessing upon you with the words I utter.

I know that sometime, if not now, you will realize how necessary it is for you, each one, if you would enjoy what you hope to enjoy, if you would be what you hope to be, to be willing to pass through trials and tribulations, willing to take your life in your hand and bear it as best you can through every pathway of existence. The time is coming when all mankind will understand that no one ever died for them, that no one could ever bear their infirmities for them, that no one ever could or did make a crown of purest beauty to rest upon their brow unless they had earned it. Therefore, let your thoughts be holy, your aspirations just and your acts full of that kindness and love that will quicken others and cause them to do likewise. If you cannot love one who passes along a dark pathway, if you cannot love the outer expression, please remember that an immortal soul is dwelling in that form. Think of the purity that soul shall attain, equal to your own, and be merciful. Thus shall your souls grow brighter with the knowledge that shall come in silence, and thus

shall you realize how many times the need of the spirit compels its re-embodiments and its various experiences.

I leave with you my words. May they find, if acceptable to you, some lodgment, for sometime in the sweet home, when you shall have made many journeyings, I shall gladly point you to the temple wherein I dwell, and you shall see for yourselves the shaft we are building here the base of which rests upon the earth while its crown, glittering with the bright gems of wisdom, shall flash the light of joy and gladness earthward, until all peoples shall catch the radiance thereof and bow beneath its sacred benediction.

CHRISTAL'S GREETING.

O yes, I'm here and Saidee, too.
 O friends, to every one of you
 I've brought a blossom all so sweet.
 Just fragrant as your love is sweet
 For those that wear the garments white.
 O glad am I that I can come
 And tell you this bright morning how—
 Some angel bright and fair doth come
 And lay a flower on every brow.—

NO. 24.

THE ALTITUDE OF SPIRITUALISM.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT LORD BYRON.

(A Poet Who Passed to the Higher Life in 1824.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 3, 1901.

INVOCATION.

WE invoke, O ye bending ones drawing nearer and still nearer to human lives, your baptism. May it rest like the gentle dews upon every human heart, inspiring all with holier thoughts, diviner aspirations and sweeter harmonies in the ascending scale of existence.

O Life, Thy unfoldings are wondrous, and the pathways that open before the soul grow wider and still wider as they draw nearer to the great font of infinite wisdom, and are made bright by the flowers that bloom upon every side and the glad welcomings of those who throng the great highways. From every source in the vastness of Thy possessions, O Life, we invoke Thy blessing upon the inhabitants of this planet and upon all that it expresses by its silent throbbings, even as other worlds and systems of worlds, all obedient to that infinite law that guides, protects and governs the soul. May we come into at-onement with all Thy infinite forces and realize the great purpose of existence, in order that faithfully and continually

we may each fulfill our mission to the best of our ability. Breathe upon us, O wondrous Power, that is cradled not in the consciousness of humanity, but that sings its great anthem continually and bestows its silent benediction upon human hearts everywhere with all its magic potency and power.

DISCOURSE.

TO me the moment is pregnant with deep emotions, and strange as incomprehensible are the waves that sweep over my being. Incomprehensible because I am yet a student on the great battlefield of life; because as yet I sense the infinite throbbings of Nature and realize perhaps but little of the divine possibilities. Enfolded by her arms I perceive all human beings are one family, and I recognize the fact that I have entered upon an illimitable life that serves my needs more and more as along the line of lifted thoughts I trace my destiny.

What matters it what you and I were or are or may be save to ourselves, when this great wave of inspiration sweeping over this and all other lands proclaims the majesty of all life and its greatness, not a greatness that can be bestowed upon us, not that greatness that is symbolized by clothing ourselves in royal purple or in garments of distinction, but that which may be attained by virtue of that poem of existence never written or voiced by human hand and tongue, but breathed in the deep depths of the human soul and made to vibrate on the mighty harp of eternal ages, stirs us, if not at the present time it sometime will, until we perceive our weakness and grasp, with a greater earnestness and a deeper consciousness of our needs, the mighty vibrations that are caused by that harmony that governs the world!

The mighty problem that you are striving to solve, whether man continues to live after the death of the material form or nay, is something that if true you ought to know ; and if this great upheaval of creeds, and forms, and ceremonies, and old beliefs ; if this great stirring of human minds and hearts throughout the wide world is being caused by that which is not true, you certainly, with your gifted wisdom, should discover it. To solve every problem that presents itself in the great march of life, and the changes of time and growth is the great purpose for which we live. However much we may fail while in the material form to solve that problem, it matters little as I know, yet I am not here to say to you that you must know because I know. I know that I still continue to exist and breast the waves of a greater ocean of life ; I know that life presents to me greater problems for my elucidation, and the majesty of the human soul looms before me in such grandeur and glory that it stirs my being as no poem less exalted than that ever could or did. Just pause to think for one moment if you cannot believe what I tell you, if you cannot accept it as a fact ; just lay aside your opinions, whatever they may be, and grasp for a moment the thought that it may be true, and, becoming, receptive to the great reflected answer that comes from realms beyond or from the depth of your soul's consciousness within, not telling you maybe that it is thus and so, but pressing you on and on and still on, until you must know it is a truth because you sense it, because at last life's great anthem, never sung, makes itself felt within the deep depths of your being and you possess yourselves of the knowledge that you might never have gained by scholastic attainments or methods.

Thus it is that I rejoice, even though I am somewhat accustomed to return in this manner, to come in touch with your lives and thereby I trust more *en rapport* with the vibrations that are enfolding the world in their irre-

sistible grasp, and that something that power (it may appear to be a truth to you and it may not) is the quickened consciousness of individuals reaching outward and blending, as it were, into one holy aspiration or unsung song that gathers a potency nothing else could.

To me the altitude of that which you denominate Spiritualism equals the individual's aspirations, or, in other words, Spiritualism is just as high as his mortal character makes it for him. You measure your own Spiritualism. It is not a question of how vast, how grand, how infinite, how illimitable, how glorious and profound it is. for certainly you must and do know that Life presents her great problems to you upon every hand, and you realize the fact, though perhaps not as fully as we do, that there is a something that is stirring the nations of the earth as never before, a something that is upheaving the rocky structure (if I may use this expression) of creeds and forms, of superstitions and ceremonies, leaving a more desirable soil on which to sow the seeds of truth and in which they may gain a more perfect growth. You understand that there is a something, uninvited and undesired by mankind, that is moving in the midst of the human family, a power either held in the hands and wielded by those whom you do not see save occasionally, a force that is either guided and directed by some one or more, or else the mighty wave of a chance movement that is certainly sifting the chaff from the wheat and proving the great fact that soul-life excels material life.

I ask you to walk with me just for a few moments in Nature's wide domain, and wherever we may pause, be it beside the rock or fossil that has been buried for ages, let us pick up the object, let us hold it in our hand, and we shall feel it tremble in our grasp because of the power of human touch. Then we shall realize that the link reaches out into an earlier era and takes us, it may be, where scientific and historic research have failed to penetrate.

I rejoice as an individual at the achievements up to the present time of those workers in many lands, who are unveiling the mysteries of the ages, who are revealing to you and to the world those facts that prove that mankind have not slumbered in the centuries long gone. This planet will yet reveal wonderful and still more wonderful stories of art, science, music, harmony and of life itself in the past, until, in the time that is coming and not so very far in the future, it seems to me, those who are living in the present hour, as they contemplate that revelation that must and will be made by the aid of extensive explorations in different portions of the earth, will marvel, methinks, that they ever thought themselves so wise or so deeply versed in what was long ago known to the early inhabitants of this planet. .

To me the great tide of that spiritual thought (for without the power of spiritual thought your Spiritualism would have little effect) that is flooding the world, that is entering by its potent silence into human hearts as no pleadings of individuals ever could, has a mission to perform that many have not dreamed of. To me that for which you are seeking, a solution of the great problem, whether or not those who once dwelt in earthly tenements among you still live and return to greet you, is not the most important truth that Spiritualism has to offer the world. In fact many desire simply to know if the so-called dead really live, for, if so, they likewise will live after the death of the body. Having proven this to their satisfaction, they have done with Spiritualism apparently. To seek for evidence of continued life is a very natural and honorable desire, and the demonstration of this fact serves the purpose of sending to earth a glorious shaft of light from those realms where your immortal friends are waiting to welcome you sometime. Yet were this the all of Spiritualism I should say, go out into Nature's domain, stand on the hill-top or the mountain side and list to the

sweet melodies that greet you there ; go out yonder and standing where the summer's breezes may fan your cheek ; go out into the wild woods where you may be alone with Nature as far as mortals are concerned, and yet not alone, for myriads of those who are unseen throng every place where you may wander, and then tell me if you can after listening to the sweet anthem Nature chants, so pure, so full of harmony, that you do not think Nature is the greatest poet of all ! Her children may catch a few of her lines, her children may breathe a few of her songs, but give me the divine melodies of her mountains and valleys, the deep-toned music of her wild breezes, the sweet symphony that she breathes deep in the rocky strata where human-kind cannot exist, and I gather in and I gather in, for I realize that Nature by the beauty of her music, the harmony of her melodies imparts to me a quickening force that awakens within me aspirations that nothing else ever did or can.

I am not striving to thread the mazes of thought so many seek to follow ; I am not striving to wind round and round and round the beautiful pathways where oft I roamed, shaded by the trees clad in luxuriant verdure that chanted the melodies no human tongue ever did or could ; I am not seeking, friends, in my travels to find one individual whose infinite powers created you and me, who, with a breath, has commanded, and worlds and systems of worlds have sprung into being and activity, clothed in all their symmetry and beauty in obedience to the mandate. I am not searching for that. I am endeavoring within myself to quicken that power that shall enable me to send forth my thought, swift and straight as the arrow's flight, to penetrate every avenue of life, and returning bring to me the message alike of the sand-grain and the rose, alike of the human soul and its aspirations and the blade of grass unfolding in its beautiful symmetry. This power you al-

so will sometime seek to quicken, if you are not endeavoring to do so now.

If for a time I take you from the thoughts of those whom you are longing to meet and greet, from the thoughts of those to whom you are surely hastening as day follows the night and the sun rises and sets—if I take you from these thoughts out into Nature's wide domains and ask you with me to place your heart and soul and life before her great altar, it is for the purpose of bringing you in touch with every vibration that thrills this grand organic structure, the earth, and, more than this, to bring you in touch with Nature that you may listen and not in vain to hear the songs the stars sing as they obey the majestic law that sprung there into action. Then shall you be able to read in all things, from the sand-grain to man in his highest unfoldment, the poem of life and realize how grand and beautiful it is ; then you will understand that every poet, that every songster, that everyone who has touched, as it were, the line of life and beauty, has had some baptism, it may be small, it may be great, before the altar of that silent power without which the poet may seek in vain for a clear expression of his soul's aspirations, desires and feelings.

If I were speaking to you at the present time of poetry, friends, where should I turn, in what direction should I look for my inspiration ? Allow me to say that I feel no pride in having dwelt in any particular land upon this particular planet, for what a little world it is when compared with the vast array of planets and systems of planets, although when here I thought it the most important of all. But now the grand symphony of mountains, hills and valleys of other worlds, some far more perfected than is this, charms my soul, and all Nature becomes the harp upon which the great Master plays the most beautiful music I can comprehend. Sometime you too, will sense it and love it.

This which is known to you by the name of Spiritualism comes to unveil to you, if you will but permit it, all the potencies and factors of life, to give to you the grand education that no college ever conferred, and I do not speak in any light manner of your institutions of learning. Outside or within them the great teacher of life bends over every soul, pointing to the pages of the great unbound volume of the ages, and all that the universe represents is yours and mine. Spiritualism has come to you to give you, with many other thoughts, this one; namely, all life is yours. If it were not a fact that you could not cease to exist, it could not be a fact that you exist today, because spirit is indestructible wherever you find it, and matter without spirit were not.

Consequently, whatever may have been my life or is, whatever may have been yours or is, let us be content with this one thought, that we are and that we must be more than we are. We cannot be put back into the child's clothing that we have worn, and no individual who has claimed, or others who have claimed for him, that he has suffered for us, can clothe us in garments we would wish to wear, for you, I am sure as well as I, would not care to wear borrowed clothing. Indeed, how poor must be the soul that borrows its garments in order that it may enter heaven by virtue of one who has lived a better life!

The possibility of gifts to the soul is a question that is answered before you ask it. There is no such thing. You may extend kindly assistance one to another, you may express your thoughts one to another, but the education of the soul is your own work, a work which cannot be delegated to any other, and whatever altitude you may strive to attain, no one can lift you there, no power of nature, no magic of art, no combination of individuals and their united efforts can place you there. You get there by virtue of the combined activity of the trinity that constitutes your selfhood; namely, soul, spirit, body, all serv-

ing their purpose, for certainly your bodies serve you a great and mighty purpose while you tarry on the material plane. By-and-by you will cast them aside, and let me say to every one of you here present, that when you do you will not feel as sad as you do when you gaze upon the body that some friend has discarded. You look upon the inanimate form in deepest sorrow, and your sight grows dim. You love it because through it the soul of your dear one gave expression to itself and rendered that material substance sacred, hence your tears. When you cast off your own form, your friends on the mortal plane may feel as sad as you have felt when those you loved have laid aside the physical, but you will stand beside the bier, if you have lived the life a man or woman should live, glad and smiling, and the only sadness you will experience will be caused by the grief of your friends, the sorrow that rests upon their spirits. The most intense desire of your heart will then be voiced in these words, "O I wish they were glad! I would give anything if they would look up and be cheered, for on their smiles I would so gladly be wafted into the realm whither I am going."

This attitude of mind is all owing to education, it is the result of the fact that Spiritualism has been regarded by the great majority of the people as something intended to please or gratify them. Hence, permit me to say, not with any unkindly feeling or thought towards any, that the Spiritualists as a class have been and are living upon the surface; they are sounding notes that are not in harmony with the realm of soul-life, because they do not realize the beauty and significance of this great truth that comes to teach them of the living light of eternity.

Understand me: I do not ask you to accept one thought that I may express unless it appeals to your reason as the truth, but I do assure you that the whole world will some day welcome the radiant light of Spiritualism, for it will grow brighter and brighter because human hearts are

becoming freer and more fearless, and mankind are daring to think. The light will grow brighter and brighter here until it shines with as undimmed a lustre as it shines in the realms of immortality. It is, as it were, like a light just over the hill-tops, and you, sitting at the base of the mountain, do not see it only as you behold a ray now and then and wonder whence it comes ; but by-and-by you will fearlessly lay aside the shackles by which you have been bound so long and exclaim : "Life, light, guide me, help me that I may reach an opening where I may see the white light, I behold the reflection of its glory, and I am determined, if it costs me my very life, to use every energy of my being to know what that light is."

When, as Spiritualists, you seek after the golden rays of that divine truth and permit them to enter your heart, then indeed will you listen to a sweeter poem than you have ever heard. No mortals shall breathe it, no mortals shall sing it, but its vibrations shall be sensed in the deep depths of your beings, and you will never be prompted to ask, "Shall I live again?" You will *know* that you will never live again—you will know it and rejoice, for the knowledge will come with the consciousness that you cannot live again until you have ceased living the life you now live. You can never cease living this life. Consequently it is one life line that extends through the eternal ages of the past, on through the eternal ages of the future that my thoughts cannot penetrate.

What matters it, then, how many avenues we pass through ? What matters it how many embodiments we may have ? It is one eternity for you and me. If you can find where the great Eternal Source of Life commenced to be, you may be able to determine when you commenced to exist. You and I have vibrated on the lyre strings of life's deep harmonies through all the ages of the past, and what matters it if we count a few years as the date of our birth in mortal existence or go back ages, as

it were, except as our progress through matter gives the soul a greater and more complete expression? Why does it thus gain a more complete expression? Because our perceptions enlarge, our faculties develop. And if, standing on the borders of the life upon which I have entered, and gazing into your faces, I am able to say that I have seen just beyond the mountain-top and have learned that the golden rays of the sun of life glitter with a brightness of which you cannot conceive, I know that light penetrates into the deep valleys of earth, and everywhere we behold the mighty vibrations caused thereby. By-and-by you may behold it just as much as do I now. Just as much you may dream now of that light you cannot perceive, as the fish beneath the sea may dream of the world of brave men and fair women walking upon the surface of the earth.

Why, friends, it is only when we are unfolded, it is only when we stand forth in the dignity of our manhood and womanhood that we may realize our possibilities and demand, not of some else, but of ourselves, to give us the fruit our souls are hungering for, and surely it shall not be denied us.

If by these expressions I may have quickened the thought of any individual, so that he shall send forth higher aspirations or holier desires to probe all truth and accept it just as fast as he is capable of assimilating it, I shall have accomplished all that I designed. I am accepting truth just as fast as I am capable of doing so and no faster. I know the golden light of that truth that shines in its ever revolving forces, lights up pathways that I cannot yet penetrate. I do not know what is lighted up beyond my consciousness. I possess a knowledge of only those experiences that have been given me, and it is the same with you; but I know and believe this, that you must accept it by-and-by. I am taught that just as fast as we allow ourselves to accept a truth, a yet broader truth is

revealed to us. It is a knowledge gleaned from my own experience likewise, and I would not qualify that statement in the least, neither would I make an exception in this land or the home where I am dwelling. It is a fact that appeals to every individual in every realm of existence.

When I say that I am deeply interested in watching the operations in the grand laboratory of those who, for your benefit, are presenting to you, as best they can, materialized forms, I know all the efforts that are being made to overthrow the truth. When will mankind learn that Nature is always materializing and dematerializing? It is your duty to teach this fact to your children. In every outward manifestation of life, in every instance where spirit and matter are operating, the spirit is materializing, its covering. This being true of the physical universe, it is also true in the vast laboratory where I am taking some few lessons, for do not forget that every manifestation of life here expresses itself there. Every leaf that trembles in the summer breeze breathes out upon the atmosphere something of that power that enabled it to manifest or materialize upon the limb of the tree, and it yields to the spirit-world, it yields to the great store-house over there just those materials and chemicals, only in a finer form, that were brought into use and activity in the materialization of the leaf in the summer-time.

I might offer you innumerable illustrations along this line. I might point you, for example, to the flowers and fruits, to all things that grow, governed by that irresistible law. Man sees Nature materializing and dematerializing every year and every day in the year, and it seems to me that he must be dull in delaying so long an acceptance of the great thought, so plainly evidenced as it is, that the spiritual realm is more wonderfully charged and supplied with chemical forces than is this realm—in other words, with greater potency. The power which was embodied in

the leaf to which I have referred, finds expression in the spirit-world as a uniform power.

Chemistry is, indeed, a wonderful study, and the chemists in that life just around and enfolding you all unseen, gather up those emanations (I do not mean of the leaf alone but of all the productions of your earth) and concentrate them to serve their purpose at the proper time. Who, then, shall presume to say: "I know materialized forms cannot be produced! I know it is a fraud every time?" Why, do you know there are some people in this life so wise that I sometimes think when they enter the spirit spheres they will be quite surprised that they are not instantly placed at the head of some school to teach the sages and masters of art, the scientists who have bathed in rivers of wisdom, those who, by their many embodiments, have been able to enter the great Temple of the sun, what they can and what they cannot do.

This is but a seeming. Man dreams of his ignorance and boasts of his knowledge; but when he enters through the doorway of the great temple of knowledge and sees his ignorance as it will then be revealed to him, he will blush at his lack of the knowledge that he supposed he possessed.

O let me say to you, advanced friends, there is nothing like that change you call death to reveal to the man or the woman his or her standing. There are no words that I or others could voice to you for thousands of years, that would reveal to you that which the majestic Angel of change shall reveal. When, in all your boasted knowledge, you stand where you see the waves of eternal life growing stronger and stronger, you will then know and realize as never before how much your own spirit-friends and others in the life beyond have had to contend with; how continually and vigorously they have had to beat on the walls

of ignorance that humanity have persisted in keeping built up around them.

I am watching for the dawning
 Of the gladsome day to come.
 I am watching for the quickening
 Of the hour of joyous joy.
 I am watching for the waking
 Of the human hearts that sleep.
 I am watching for the poem
 That has never yet been sung,
 I am watching, O ye children,
 For the waking of the souls
 Of the sluggards that are sleeping,
 In the darkness as it rolls,
 With its deep and turbid waters
 Burying thousands 'neath its waves.
 I am watching for the lifting
 Of the thoughts of human hearts.
 I am watching for the quickening,
 I am listening for the sounding
 Of the voiceless thoughts that'll pierce
 The deep darkness all about you
 Heralding the words, "I come!"
 Rising from the sluggish sleeping,
 Rising from the darksome pit,
 Rising from the luke warm weakness;
 "I am coming up the mount!
 I am coming, God within me,
 And my earnest thoughts above.
 I have struck anew the lyre,
 I am coming to behold.
 I am coming to explore
 Every planet as its rolls.
 I have slept and waited longer,
 And I cannot tell you why."
 This the anthem, I shall hear it,
 Human hearts will join the cry :
 "I have waited before thy altar,
 Tyrant Ignorance, too long.
 I have been thy slave, thy victim,
 Now I spurn thee and am gone—
 I am gone from 'neath thy altar,
 I have girded on anew
 Strength, and life, and joy, and gladness,

I am bound to live and know
What betides me and my kindred
Wheresoever I may go.”
Thus the bonds shall all be broken,
Thus the shackles be laid low,
Thus the human hearts with freedom
Shall advance and surely know
Life awaits them over yonder,
Glory dawns all bright and clear,
And the midnight darkness fleeth
While the gladsome angels chant,
“Welcome, mortal! Welcome, pilgrim!
Enter in and join for aye,
All the universal choir,
E’en the stars that sing and shine.”

NO. 25*

THE PURE LIFE.

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT ZOROASTER.

(A PERSIAN MEDIUM AND TEACHER OF ABOUT 9,000 YEARS SINCE.)

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1901.

INVOCATION.

WHERE the soul bathes itself in the great surges of life's ascending forces, gaining strength through knowledge and vigor by a comprehension of its mission, to that condition where, with uplifted thought we become able to pierce new cycles and drink from the inexhaustible fount of truth, we aspire this morning. We would seek Thy priceless treasures, O Life, and enjoy Thy blessings out-breathed on every hand. Everywhere Thy divine possibilities bespeak Thy wondrous power, as Thou art reflected through the various manifestations of existence. May we all learn more and more of the majesty and illimitable grandeur of that power that we as individuals

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligences owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

possess, thereby enabling us to cope with whatever we may meet in earth's various pathways. By gaining strength as each wave on the ocean of existence lifts our beings, we rise higher in the scale of knowledge, thereby becoming enabled to guide and govern the vibrations that shall bear us into whatsoever domain it may be necessary for us to enter.

Amid Thy boundless realms, O Life, Thou hast stored all that is or can be essential to the welfare of Thy children, and hast endowed them with a power that never can be lost, whereby they may penetrate Thy wondrous domains and weigh alike the atom and the majestic force that sweeps in its cycling eddies through the great world of matter, until we comprehend the relationship of materialty, spirit and soul.

May Thy benediction rest upon these people this hour, quickening them to a deeper understanding of the highest purpose of existence. O Life, kindle within their beings a broader comprehension of the necessity of pure lives in thought, word and act, that thereby while incarnate they may partake of the rich viands that await them on the sumptuously set tables Thou hast prepared for their sustenance. Breathe upon them Thy silent benediction, and from the realm of science where the sparkling atoms rise and fall as they vibrate in accordance with that law by which the human soul attains its grandeur, may Thy all-quickenng power be felt.

DISCOURSE.

ABOVE and beyond the words that may greet your listening ears this hour may we realize the all-importance of purity of life, its ceaseless expression, and its divine possibilities to which we aim to attain. Ever

in our search for truth may we seek to live a higher and nobler existence.

Looking through the channel of past experiences, I once again stand in the long ago amid a people who are enslaved much as are those with whom you are dwelling. In many respects they present to my mental vision a similar picture.

Whatever may be our achievements in the outward life, we all, to a greater or lesser degree in our various incarnations, hope, if we do not seek, for higher expressions within and of ourselves. Too prone have all beings been to hope for and even demand that which they were not willing to labor to attain. Not ready to lay aside their idols, not ready to free themselves from their superstitions, but standing abreast of the great waves of purity and truth they ask, "How can I prepare myself to float on thy crystal waves?"

In the long ago I labored as a weak man to draw people away from their superstitions and ignorance, away from that slavery that, as long as it exists, prevents the purest and grandest expression of the human soul. I am now engaged in a like mission. The people of your land are indeed bound by their superstitions, their selfishness and their ignorance, and the light of Spiritualism and the truth that never can be destroyed shall illuminate the only pathway through which humanity in any country, in any clime, in any age, can find peace.

In my day there was opposition, the same as in your time. Few listened to instructions concerning a better, truer, more spiritual life, for, as you well know, humanity love to gratify their appetites, they love to indulge in intemperance of many kinds, not alone that arising from the use of intoxicants, but intemperance in eating, and, more far-reaching and harmful than many others, they choose to indulge in that intemperance of speech that causes the soul to mourn that it cannot hold complete

control of the outer. Whatever I strove to impart and succeeded in instilling into the minds of the people, may be embodied in these words: The advantages accruing from a pure life.

I would question you as you look about you. Who lead the people? I cannot, but understand, children, this one thought: By what power it had been given me I need not say, but I felt the mission I had been appointed to perform, and strove to fulfill it as best I could. Nevertheless I found, as no doubt many of you have discovered, that when you would aid one in a direction that you know is the only way wherein he can be aided, he is not always ready to accept your assistance. And hence in my day there came opposition, there came warfare, but after all my life was gladdened by the fact that a few hundreds gathered in that temple wherein we sought to lead lives of purity, to take into the forms in which we dwelt nothing poisonous, and to do, in short, as we would have others do unto us.

No better and more practical counsel can I give you this morning, no better or more practical instruction could I send you though ages upon ages might roll around, for it contains the essence of all the creed you require and is the foundation of that truth that shall make you free; namely, to live in purity of thought and aspiration.

How foreign this message may seem to your present lives is not for me to say. How strange it may seem to the plodders out in the world matters not. Life—your life and mine—is ours. No other can exalt us, no other can seek for us through the great realm of unending wisdom and lay its treasures at our feet that we may grasp them and be satisfied. You must sooner or later learn, in this or the land to which you are tending, that no soul can be elevated by the goodness of any other soul, that no life can bound out on the waves of that ocean that lave the shores of immortality, and be clothed in garments white and pure that another's hands have prepared.

However sad or undesirable it may seem to you, this, nevertheless, is the sum and substance of our existence, the why I and you have been incarnated, the why I and you still exist, and not simply that we may dwell here for a time and then enter into the happy condition we have not prepared ourselves for. There is no realm from which we can be shut out, no domain that can withhold from us its matchless treasures and wonderful revelations if we elevate ourselves as souls by living pure lives and acting justly toward ourselves and others. Forms and ceremonies must pass away, but they will disappear only as man obtains intelligence and cultivates his spiritual nature, and when you realize this and attain to this state the universe is yours, you are master or are capable of becoming master of every atom that trembles beneath the tread of your feet, of every star that breathes its sweet baptism upon your planet.

This is the purpose of life, and the reason why purity of life is essential: that you may come in contact and thereby embrace in your consciousness all that life presents to you of its treasures one by one. Would aught else satisfy you? Would you wish to live always, simply claiming an existence or even broadening out a little from what you now experience, spending a pleasant and peaceful eternity with your friends? Would this afford you satisfaction? Would you have the bud and never the beautiful flower? Would you have a bare existence and never the unfolding of those possibilities of the soul where, by the power innate, you can measure stars and worlds, and hold within your grasp the atoms that vibrate in their ceaseless operation, bestowing that force that preserves even your material forms in their present state? Feeling that it were desirable, would you not become capable of gathering atoms from that inexhaustible ocean and by the power of centralization and concentration so co-operate with Nature's law as to become world-builders?

Nothing of which you can conceive is impossible, but it is not possible for you to grasp or evolve a thought that you cannot prepare yourselves to out-work. Therefore I would that I could impress upon your souls' consciousness the importance of filling your mission completely in this incarnation, so that when you shall make the change you may broaden out, and by the broadening out I mean to so live that your spirit shall gain the vigor and strength necessary to take your part in that great world of increased activity toward which you are tending.

We are laboring for human welfare. We are laboring for the quickening of that spiritual life in the human being that has laid dormant so long beneath the power of fear. We are laboring to awaken the consciousness of humanity to the great fact of the importance of this life, and to cause them to lay aside the idea to which they cling so tenaciously, that by virtue of some one's else life they may reach a grand estate by-and-by, or that whatever they may fail to accomplish here they may accomplish yonder, for this latter is a very great truth. Whatever you fail to attain here you will attain in the unending round of eternal ages by the experiences that will come to you; but remember if you fail to fulfill the mission of this life the best you can, if you ignore that purity of life that is essential to your growth, ere you attain that state to which I have referred you must go round and round through pathways of sorrow, through pathways of discipline, for never can you or I enter the highest condition or realm of unspeakable power and glory until we have fitted ourselves to enter there.

The great purpose of life is this: To avoid yielding to passion and intemperance in word, in thought, in deed, to be wise in eating, drinking and living and to throw aside all that can contaminate the material form and bring an undesirable discipline. But just as long as humanity ignore this great fact and duty, just as long as they live

like animals instead of like angels, weaving appropriate garments for their adornment from day to day, just so long will unpleasant experiences come, and it matters not how many ages may roll over the sleeping soul, it will not awaken from those conditions until they are outgrown.

If I were to give you one more thought in regard to the purpose of life, I should say that life universal holds you in its illimitable embrace. You are indeed, every one of you, an important factor in the great realm of existence. Looking out at worlds sweeping in space, we realize the power of the mighty master-hand of that energy that, finding expression in planets, beautifies and adorns them, and we learn that the human being exists within the boundless realm of the same law.

However bitter the experience that swept over my being in the long ago, I feel that I required it. However painful the embodiment through which I gathered my store of spiritual treasures, I needed it to enable me to come into unison with that forcible vibration when, with others with whom I could co-operate, I could from time to time demonstrate to the people of earth what they should already know. I say "what they should already know" by which I mean what they would already know if they had listened to the teachings of simplicity, purity and truth; namely, that every breath of the atmosphere is pregnant with life, that all the mighty currents unseen and not consciously sensed are active agents in the great world of cause and effect. Upon every hand you see the materialization that Nature performs. You might behold it, were your perceptive powers sufficiently developed, in the constant changes occurring in your material forms, for every day a portion of your bodies are dematerialized or thrown off and particles to take the place of the waste matter are taken on; but the process is so fine, the atoms so minute, that the constant materialization and dematerialization taking place wherever you are, whether you are asleep or awake, is unobserved by you.

You may fancy that this is impossible of accomplishment, but I affirm that that when mankind shall so live in purity of thought and deed, that every seat in this Temple may be occupied by an individual who has not tampered with or contaminated his material form or soul, when all who gather here are seeking in their every-day lives to live on an exalted spiritual plane and to gain such knowledge as they are capable of grasping, digesting and assimilating, then we can open up to you a realm of wonderful power, requiring no especial medium as a centralizing force, requiring nothing but the sweet, gentle presence of those who have at last learned the purpose of life and are striving to live it.

In an atmosphere like that the spirit realm to a great extent might be and will be unveiled. It is only the beginning that we are demonstrating from time to time. The forms that are presented to you, the thoughts that we are giving you and the forces that vibrate in this Temple, guided by our touch, fan your beings, and, I trust, enter your souls. Yet it is only the beginning of the work that we have begun here, and we shall not fail. There is no power of earth, there is no power in universal life that can stay its progress. We have sought long and earnestly, we have followed many tributaries, we have passed through many and varied soul-stirring experiences, and at every turn we have gathered something to bring to this place and lay at the feet of humanity.

And we shall continue. Superstition will fall and disappear before the power that will grow stronger and still stronger, and when humanity are impressed, sincerely and deeply impressed with the knowledge that it rests with them and them alone what their garments shall be yonder, what their life and the influence they exert shall be, then, methinks, man will indeed seek not, like a child for a bauble that will please him for a day, or for this short existence alone, but for that which will enable him

to pass, illuminated by his own reflected light, through untold realms of wisdom and stand in the majesty of his own thought like one who has indeed found rest and power,—rest not outside of himself and power not bestowed by another, but sought and found within. You all possess it. You may have sought and found it in part, but the ability to bring it all pulsating and quickened into that activity that you may utilize it, you have not yet gained.

Hence, permit me to express this thought: You wonder sometimes why more is not given you from the spirit side of life. We grow weary because you do not utilize what is already given you, and assure you that we wait to bestow upon you gladly the fruitage of our experiences when you shall have become receptive thereto; when (need I say) you are ready to gather in and go forth among the men and women that make up the great world, to live the exalted life of one who has no part in exercising the power by which one individual crushes another, no sympathy that prompts you to extend the ready hand to assist in enslaving the weak; when you become an uplifted child of light, shedding your reflected rays wheresoever you wander; and when it is no longer necessary for you to apologize to your friends in refusing to partake of that which injures the body. Methinks you need make no apology now if some friend asks you to use tobacco and you stand in the dignity of your pure manhood and kindly thank him while you give him in tenderest love your reasons: That you do not care to tamper with your health or muddle your brain. All intoxicants and narcotics are deleterious to the spirit, inasmuch as no man's soul can so fully express uplifted thoughts or so truly manifest itself when the brain is under the influence of these and similar elements, as it can when the system is free from them and the form unburdened by gross food and drink.

The world, with few exceptions, kneels in slavery

before the customs that are stealing their rights, stealing their liberties, stealing their manhood and womanhood, while we plead and plead with them. They listen but go away forgetful of the fact that to them comes the benefit or the injury and not to those who exhort them as I would exhort every one of you this morning to use your will power in asserting your manhood, your womanhood, for I feel that there is no one here present who has not that command over self (certainly I would sorrow to think otherwise) that makes it possible to say: "I know such a thing injures me; I will never partake of it more. I know that to give way to anger harms me, and I will maintain my calmness even though the storm crushes me to the earth."

All we ask of you is to assert yourselves, to be your noblest, truest selves. Remember that the great spiritual ocean laving your lives invites you outward, and I ask you individually how you can afford to prefer the pleasures and gayeties, the selfishness and wartares of this life to all that belongs to that broader, unending life toward which you are tending? Only a few days longer here, and then if you do not lift yourselves into the spiritual atmosphere and bathe in the great ocean of spiritual thoughts that bring to you a higher and nobler manhood there, you must wait at the threshold until you have cast aside and outgrown that which it were better to outgrow here.

These thoughts are given you in all kindness. Would that I had the power to lead every human soul out of bondage; would that I had the power to cause every human soul to realize the necessity of purity of life, I would never grow weary, for to me the exaltation of a soul above the dross that drags it down and belittles it is of more value than all the worlds that speed onward in their orbits through the realm of universal life. It was my earnest desire in the long ago, it still burns within me,

and as long as I have the power, wherever I may be, this must be the dominant sentiment of my soul: To, as far as possible, exemplify the exalted principles of purity, goodness and love, and to strive, as I know you will and even now would if you knew how, to come in contact with every vibration that sweeps the strings of the great harp of Nature; to stand on the mountain-top of attainment or in the deep valley of innocence and feel that whatever Nature presents I can command.

I crave the knowledge and power for myself—shall you do less?—to be capable of understanding the poise of every atom, to be capable of reading the so-called secrets that are buried fathoms deep until they are mysteries to me no longer, to be able, by the knowledge imparted to me, to grasp the power evolved alike from that which is buried in the soil of this or any planet, and twine it with the vibrating forces that are indeed like lines of living light through all of universal life, until whatever power I may wish to use I may command and the elements obey. This shall be my possession, this shall be my privilege and yours sometime, but never until it is safe in our hands, for such knowledge and power given to the ignorant, selfish and unwise might be used with disastrous effects. Nature never furnishes a supply to those who cannot or would not use it wisely. Therefore, when we shall stand in all the regal beauty of manhood, perfect as far as trustworthiness regarding the powers we possess is concerned, no one need ask if we hold in control the boundless energies we have gained, for we cannot use them at that stage of our development only for the good of all, and any element in our being that would enable us to be treacherous we could not command.

Nature cannot be bought, neither can her treasures be bestowed by virtue of aught but spirituality which comes to us in all its boundless purity, in all its matchless grandeur, so potent that even the ignorant and malicious

man might be induced to flee from it as from something which strikes terror to his soul, and yet safe because we realize that this energy borne on the white ocean of ether is sent only to him who has become master of the same. Having entered his atmosphere, the command is spoken and the elements obey.

Sometime after you have tarried awhile yonder and learned of that wisdom that awaits your receptivity, you and I will behold the inhabitants of even this planet able to command to a greater extent than at present the elements that wait to serve them. You have touched a great electric force. You have touched a power that you are striving to master. Beyond that a yet undiscovered power, greater, safer, grander, waits for humanity to pierce the cycle which shall reveal it to you. This element is new only to the consciousness of mankind on earth. It will come, and it will come through the instrumentality of some one whose brow has been crowned with the gift of mediumship. It will come, and, behold! the electric power that you have prized so highly will fade before its matchless whiteness, and the energy evolved will transcend many times that produced by electric force as you understand it now. Do not misunderstand me. This new force is a combination of forces, and electricity plays its part in the same, but it will not be given to your world until the people have advanced just a little farther.

Spiritual truth and soul growth are destined to bring that which shall illuminate this planet, and by the grand white light of that purity men shall bow the knee in wonder and amazement before the exalted demonstration that shall come wherein they shall read the power of those whom many ignore as we return. Before the power that shall come and be unveiled, mankind shall exclaim almost as with one voice, "I am ready to obey!" because they will see its brilliancy, beauty and grandeur and know that opposition can have no effect.

Hence I say to you that we are preparing for the on-coming of that hour when the atmosphere of the planet shall glow with a power it has never manifested before, and as I have already said, humanity shall bow before its wondrous unveiling, and bow in fear and trembling until they realize that it comes as the herald of a new era, it comes as the opening of a new cycle. It will come and breathe its message, and after the fear has passed away, mankind will no longer ask, "Is it true?" but every one will arise anxious to know what it portends to them.

I give you no sketch of the fancy, no tale of the imagination, just a hint in relation to that which will exceed all your greatest expectations; but remember this: We have established ourselves here, and we are belting the planet with our power. We shall never cease our operations until the light of eternal truth shall have been fully unveiled, until humanity shall gladly exclaim, "I turn me from the olden dreams, I turn me from my idols and ceremonies, I turn me from the animal nature and I enter into the spiritual kingdom!"

NO. 26.

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!

DISCOURSE BY SPIRIT HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(A Clergyman Who Passed from the Mortal in 1887.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 17, 1901.

INVOCATION.

BEFORE Thine altar, O Life, we uplift our thoughts. Reaching out as far as possible beyond the environments that may for a time fetter us, we present our souls within thy chambers, O Nature, where we may find revealed in all their glory and beauty thy wondrous works that we shall understand by penetrating thy many pathways. Life bespeaks through thine every portal that grandeur that the human mind can scarcely conceive of, and reflects through all thine expressions that marvellous energy, purpose and power that transcends all thoughts of God, all limitations of human conception. Before us thou dost reveal thy mysteries as fast as we are capable of comprehending and discerning thy beauties.

Therefore before thine altar, O Nature, I bow—thine altar that has become infinite to me because from thy great bosom I rend the elements, and realize indeed that thou hast imparted to thy children that energy and force

that they have conceived came from some other source. O Nature, that art profound, thou art grand and wonderful in all thine unveilings, and as one of thy children I would stand before thee, the worshipper before that which, to my comprehension as my feeble expression terms it, would reveal more transcendent beauty and grandeur than was ever attributed to an individual God. Before thine altar creeds and forms fade into insignificance. Before thine altar erected as a shaft of glory by the divine possibilities of thy constant expressions, I discern the mighty torch lighted by the energy that enfolds all human souls, and I learn and strive to learn more and more of thy sweet mysteries that I may come in at-one-ment with thee. May these, thy children gathered here, even while they walk through the valleys of earth-life, realize how much they can learn before thine altar, O Nature, and comprehend the fact that thou dost breathe into them that energy that bespeaks life and grandeur.

O Nature, I love thy works. I love thy rocks and rills, thy mountain cliffs and deep valleys. I love the murmurings of thy seas, I love the rippings of thy rivers and thy fountains that play 'neath the summer sun. I love the crag that lifts itself in rough grandeur, for there I see the soul of life incarnate as likewise I recognize it in the tiny grain of sand.

O Nature, thou dost enfold me as thy child, and I am more conscious of thy tenderness and kindness than ever before, more conscious of that sternness with which effect follows cause, and of that activity that has its source in thy life and breathes out through all thy manifestations that something that forces the human soul to come in contact with that energy that maketh all things divine.

May these, thy children, as well as thy children everywhere, bow before thine altar and read thy sacred lessons, applying them to their every day lives and thereby building the stairway over which, step by step, they shall as-

cend to the higher and broader domains thou hast laid out with a lavish hand just yonder.

DISCOURSE.

[WISH to express this thought: I am seeking after truth; and the words of one of old that occurred to me frequently when in the material form, come to me this hour with a force that is very pleasing to me, because it thrills my soul when I list understandingly to their deep meaning, "Light, more light!"

I am seeking for more light, and I am seeking, perhaps in pathways that I may not be able to make known to you.

I realize that you are all seeking after the truth, for I believe that all human souls are very much alike. I believe that when the man and the maiden meet, the high and the poor alike have the same quickened touch that love alone can impart, and I do not believe that the sympathies, the loves or the tender feelings of the king and the queen on their throne are any deeper or more sacred than are those of the peasant boy and girl who stand where the unfoldment of love kisses their brows. Through all the various experiences of life I do not—I cannot think that human nature is very different. Class, caste, and all those conditions that shape the destinies and influence the surroundings of individuals, have their effect upon all human beings, but I firmly believe that every soul, in silent aspiration at least, would join with me this hour in my prayer for light, more light!

I sought for light in the various pathways over which I journeyed while in the material form, but I sought for it perhaps as many of you have searched for it, in conditions whence no radiant beams of glory fell; but today I stand

in your presence having naught to do with forms or churches, save as I regard all mankind as my brothers and my sisters, save as I know that many of those who gather in those so-called sacred edifices, to worship in accordance with forms and ceremonies, have aspirations that rise far above creedism and grapple with the higher truths that wait to be engrafted in human hearts where they may grow and blossom.

While I realize that the past in religion, in society, in every department of life, as in Nature, has made possible what is demonstrated today, or, in other words, that the yesterday made possible the fruitage of today, the conditions of today shall make possible the sweeter, more perfect fruitage of the morrow, and thus we pursue our way.

If you were to ask me where I gather for myself the brightest rays of light and the quickening touch of that intelligence that kindles within my soul, I should say freely, firmly and sincerely that I gather them from Nature and her invisible hosts. From the silence of that profound ocean that we as mortals knew not of, from the mighty thrills of that great, vibratory sea of which you cannot conceive, I gather what no man, Bible or creed ever did or could teach me, and down where the pulsating life that once animated the fossil dwelt for a time, I read the history of the sand-grain and the rock. Standing in the midst of the mighty activity of the great world, and feeling the throbbings of old Mother Nature with a boundless energy impregnating every stratum beneath the soul, I listen to the cry, "Light, more light!"

As I draw aside the curtains of the past, revealing this earth ere it was peopled by human beings, ere the dark, murky atmosphere surrounding it rendered it possible for organic life to manifest itself upon its surface, I sense the same mighty energy asking in that long ago for light, more light. As ages passed and the earth,

young even now, performed its appointed mission, I feel that every demonstration of life has been quickened by that infinite energy stored in her vast chambers that made it possible for such light to find expression. I stand in spirit, as it were, on the burning sands of the deserts of the past and list to the voices that sweep their barren wastes ; I stand in the damp, dark forests, where dismal swamp and sluggish waters meet, and list to the inarticulate murmurs of the monsters that existed in those early ages ; going still further back I list to the plaints, voiceless, silent though they be, of those forms you can scarcely call organic, that reach out their feelers to secure what nourishing substance they may find within the possibility of their grasp, and all join in the one great cry of creation for light, more light, for life, more life, for energy, more energy.

Thus all along the steep of man's ascent we behold this anthem, caroled not alone by the silent voices of those expressions of life that have no organs of speech, but breathed by every form in whatever direction I may strive to explore Nature's domains. Everywhere I sense in and through her divine revealings this one great aspiration for light, knowledge, a more complete expression.

I loved Nature when in the material form. I delighted to roam in her wild woods and pluck the flowers whose seed no human hand had planted. It was my pleasure to stand on hills and mountain-tops far from the turmoil of humanity, and, there, in those solemn silences, I feel that I received the highest and best inspiration that ever came to me. I have no words of pride to use in speaking of the work that I accomplished when in the material form. I taught and preached as I felt called upon to do ; I did that which appealed to me to be done ; I rejoice that I did no worse, and have no time to sorrow that I did no better. I have obeyed the great aspiration of my soul for light, more light, as at the command of that life that

bade me lay aside the material form I entered another condition of being, and I assure you that when man lays aside his mortal body he has laid aside a burden more difficult to bear than that which Pilgrim bore and strove to cast off in the Slough of Despond.

I do not come to you as a saint : I do not come to you as one who has scaled the highest heights of that immortal world which I have entered ; I have not attained the mount of truth, and love, and knowledge, and wisdom toward which you and I are tending ; I have not measured the all of life, but I do know Nature, I do know myself, I do know my aspirations, and I do know that I can and do come in touch with many human beings. What matters it, then, where we are drifting? what matters it where we are living if our souls are alive? and if they are not alive, if we have not been quickened in spirit, we may be likened indeed to cumberers of the ground if there is such a specimen of life. But to me every life acts in accordance with that infinite law that sped it out from the great Archer's bow and left it to battle with time and conditions by force of its own energy, and, not only to make its own pathway, but to pave it with thorns or flowers, just as he chooses, for I realize, as I think many do, that the worship of creed, form and ceremony, and the belief in the efficacy of the blood shed eighteen hundred years ago, must pass away and cease to be the accepted thought of intelligent people.

I do not say this with any bitterness. If it shocks any one I cannot help it, and what I have taught matters not. I am not come here to tell you what I knew, what I dreamed of, or what I believed while in the material form. I am here to say to you what to me is truth and what I know to-day.

As you all know, outside of the demonstrations that are recorded in the so-called sacred volume, the Bible, you have no evidence therein of immortal life. If they

are not true (I am referring to spirit manifestations as given in that book, of which there are many) then why are they there? If they did not occur as stated in the Bible, then the Bible gives you a falsehood; but if they did take place, it is no evidence to you of immortal life, but simply a record of other days that tells you Spiritualists that what you are witnessing to-day has been in part demonstrated in ages past. I realize, as must you, that in the long ago spiritual demonstrations were smothered and mediums crucified, and that same spirit has been manifested in recent times. I only need refer you to the Salem witchcraft to prove the bitterness, bigotry and cruelty of humanity in modern days.

Thus I stand before you recognizing a volume (would that I could present it to your consciousness) that to me is far more priceless than any that was ever written by the hand of man, and that volume is Nature. It opens to me and to the world the chambers of art and science. It opens to me not only the record that tells me that long ere the time that Genesis says the world was created, life and intelligence in the form of human beings walked this planet, and that out toward the shores of Lake Champlain and beyond in the western wilds, a people learned in art and science dwelt, establishing the fact that this is not such a new continent, as far as human life on its bosom is concerned, as we have dreamed.

“What has all this to do with the great thought of life and the cry for ‘light, more light?’” you may ask. Why, friends, every ray that lights up the dark chambers of ignorance tells you not of creation but of growth, of the beautiful evolution of this planet, of the wondrous transmutation of matter as it sped through space, until by the mighty process of centripetal and centrifugal action in the course of time it has become what it now is.

You and I, dear friends, in the world immortal shall be able to trace the birth, the growth, the decay and

disintegration of planets, for I maintain that planetary life and human life are very much alike. "But," you say, "the one has no consciousness and man has." I am not ready to argue with you very much upon that point. To me all Nature manifests intelligence. The blade of grass even demonstrates its possession of sufficient intelligence to supply its needs. How else does it spring forth from the soil? how else does it lift its head above the ground? how else or whence does it obtain the energy that gives it force, power and beauty? I may have said once upon a time, as many of you doubtless do now, "From God," but that does not answer the question at all.

Down deep in the earth, as many fathoms deep as you may care to go, you may delve and bring the soil you there find to the surface. It has never been kissed by the sunbeam, it has never been gladdened by the wintry blasts, strong and invigorating, it has never felt the atmosphere that sweeps over the planet, unless it has sensed it by drawing to itself by the power of attraction that which it required. Be it as it may, raise the soil in which no seed by the hand of man has been cast, lay it upon the surface of the earth, and in a short time in consequence of the combined action of the sun's rays, the atmosphere, the rains and dews, blades of green will push their way upward to meet the light and air. The soil containing germs of vegetable life has been placed where Nature could supply the need and quicken the energy lying dormant in the seedling, and hence the surprising and gratifying result.

What gave the seedling the power to germinate? Proper conditions for its development and growth. The grain in your granary would not germinate and produce a harvest, unless you gave it the needed environments. The corn would never grow if you left it upon the shelf where you placed it in the autumn. The seed must be placed where Nature can nurse and quicken in into activity,

where, by the power of her silent finger, the energy inherent may bring forth to your consciousness a growth—it may be a tree, it may be an ear of corn—but, as far as the energy and growth of the seed is concerned, it is as much as any other a manifestation of Nature, by which you have endeavored to prove that life exists in every atom or element that constitutes the component parts of this planet.

You may ask, “Did you study all this while in the material form?” I do not know that I did, but I have not been idle since I entered the spirit-world. I delight now, in company with those who understood and studied geology while in the mortal, to go on trips, as you would call it, of exploration, penetrating to the dark chambers of the earth. I do not mean that we descend into the bowels of this planet in our spirit bodies, but by the quickened power of the soul, denominated psychometry, which defeats all the power of matter to shut us out, we enter those domains of earth that before have been a subject for speculation only, and there solve the mysteries that have defied us.

Therefore, when in a certain attitude of mind, by the power of the soul, I am able, as you will be when you enter this life, to read the lessons that are written on the boulders, resting, maybe, fathoms deep in the earth, to penetrate caves where hundreds and thousands of years before the Christ era human beings, that we might consider savages, lived, and when they died left not alone their fossil remains, but a white line that never will be obliterated. This is a fact that I desire to impress upon your minds so indelibly that you may never forget it: This line, perceptible to the soul sense, you and I may some day gain the power and knowledge to follow, and read the record not only of the race, the nation, the tribe, but that of the individual making it. Let me further state that you, too, are tracing such lines today. By your

in-comings and out-goings you mark your course, and by and-by you will be surprised as you return to earth and read and understand better than now the motives that have actuated you, the influences that have swayed you and induced you to pursue certain paths, the cause for which is sometimes inexplicable to you while journeying here. There will be the reflections of your wanderings, sometimes through dismal places, sometimes through the dark valley of sorrow and suffering, and sometimes I trust over mountains of gladness and joy.

But leaving the earth for your consideration and study, I would come into your atmosphere one with you, for surely I do not look upon myself as any better than you and I hope I am no worse. I want to join with you today in this unseen temple erected for the benefit and elevation of humanity, in a glad prayer or aspiration for light, more light, and I desire to assure you that we shall have more light, every one of us, when we gain a comprehension of more truth, for the truth unveiled to us lights up the dark chambers of the soul.

I am forced to say, if I speak at all, that the power of fear is waning, and I am also forced to say, else I could not enter your presence and consider myself a faithful friend, that it is unnecessary *in toto* for you to accept a belief in creeds. While the church and Christianity have done much good, many of their teachings have been erroneous and much harm has thereby been done. They do not always present a pleasant picture, but we cannot shirk our manifest duty, and hence we must meet every question that arises, every principle at stake. You all know that even to-day Christianity endorses war, and you also know that some of your pastors, even though they may not approve of the present war in which this nation is engaged, do not hesitate to assert that those whom they denominate barbarians have no right upon the face of the earth, where a white man wishes to be.

Now if God is what you and I have supposed Him to be, if He created all things and every human being, have you and I a right to place a man beside Him that has no business there? Waiving this thought, which I am not happy in pursuing, for I would have you understand that I have no evidence of a personal God and naught to convince one that the Christ was any more a God than you and I will be when we are as good and pure as he was, for he was ushered into this life by the same process by which Nature gave you and me existence here, and which is the only process whereby he could enter this life, I stand before you to speak the truth. Even though I were to shock the whole world, I would glory in it if that shock were to sweep from every soul the fetters of fear and the degradation that fear brings to the human soul that bows before it. Let us, then, remember that we are men, that we are women, that we are immortal souls, and the mighty tide of that life that has brought us where we are and will bear us where we hope to be, is greater than all things, grander than all saviors.

Hence, turning from all idolatry, call it Protestantism, Catholicism, paganism or whatever else you may choose, I bow, O Nature, before thy golden shrine and realize that thou art the mother, thou art the father that has cradled me in all my journeyings; and I was sent out from thy broad bosom, as it were, even as the birdling which we sometimes watch in the spring-time is sent out by the parent birds. We see the little nest that the robins have built in the apple tree. We watch the old birds as they tenderly care for their young, and by-and-by we see the little robins resting on the edge of the nest, while the old birds urge them to try their wings as much as to say, "You are feathered out now, and you are all ready to make your way in the world," finally driving them forth to seek to live for themselves.

This is Nature's method every time. She cradles us

as long as we need to be cradled, then she bids us go forth and exercise our own powers, seek the path we are desirous of ascending, and make our own way in life.

I trust that you will understand me when I say that to me the sooner Christianity, as it is accepted and taught to-day, hastens to its bane the better; to me the sooner the people are quickened with the thought, "Christ did not live or die for me; I am living for myself, and if I would have light, I must not only cry for light, more light, but I must strive by every effort of my being to attain it."

This is to me the essence of your spiritual religion. This to me is that which represents its true worth. If it came to you, and I were privileged to come to you, and simply and only say to you, "I am very happy in the spirit-world; I have met my friends;" while this is very true and I prize it exceedingly, yet if this were all that I could say to you or other friends in the material form from time to time, I am sure I should grow weary, and I fancy as never before I should stand 'neath the glittering dome of that eternal world and cry for light, more light! Surely with your aspirations for all that is good and beautiful, with all your attributes of love and kindred emotions, with all the grand thoughts coming to you from day to day, there is no one here present who would not join with me in that prayer, for I know none could say that I should be satisfied forever and forever to be singing praises to another, or should be content forever if I had a place of peace and quietness to sit me down, realizing that my kindred and friends were enduring eternal torment. There is no one, and every one of you would repeat the words of the old pagan whom the missionaries once upon a time were about to baptize. With his left foot just ready to enter the font, he paused and asked, "Pray tell me where my kindred are?" Being told that they were lost, he turned in scorn from their teachings

and bade defiance to their gospel, exclaiming, like the loyal soul he was, "Wherever my kindred are there I will go!"

Thus you realize that no human soul is satisfied or ever could be with the dogmatic assumptions of the church or the perverted teachings of Christianity. Why, then, were humanity so long chained and bound by theology? Because of the power of fear and ignorance and by that mysteriousness that is always cast over the Scriptures if you ask your Sunday-school teacher or your pastor to explain certain texts. He or she answers that it is unexplainable, or you are told, as I have myself often said, "That is one of God's mysteries: you must wait until it is revealed."

The revelation of eternal truth must and will come to you as fast as you are able to receive it and dare demand it, just as fast as you learn to love it, just as fast as you send, speeding out to the realms whence shall come the reply, your prayer for light, more light, and just as fast as by your own earnest endeavors you climb the great ascending pathway of spiritual progression.

Why, I am so rejoiced in that which I have attained, in that which I have experienced in this life! I perhaps wait before a little different altar from that before which you bow, because you are yet embodied in clay. I have passed in advance of you one step into another life. I know what that change is, and I say to you that as far as death is concerned it has been misnamed. If I could once again feel the soothing influence that rested upon me as I passed from earth, I would not dread to repeat the experience, for I say to you that the thrilling of a consciousness you have never before known, the lifting of yourselves out of the mortal, the freedom from pain and the gladsome buoyancy of feeling, as you realize that you are leaving behind you the clod that hampered your spirit, while you are taking yourselves where a more heavenly atmos-

phere pervades, combine to render the transition a joy untold.

In the life upon which I have entered I find upon every hand the earnest student laboring and seeking not for the pathway that leads to the throne of God, but laboring and seeking for the pathways that open before him and lead him to the altar of Truth, where Science unveils her grandeur and Life bespeaks for him a deeper glow of beauty. Here, then, where I have entered all is energy, all is activity; no imaginary God with human attributes to worship, no individual to fear, no power that stands before the soul and says, "Thus far and no farther canst thou go!" but instead, new avenues of life open wider and still wider, every manifestation of life invites your research, graceful trees, fragrant flowers and luscious fruits, transcending the flora of earth, make beautiful the paths through which we pass. Here indeed we may sit under the shadow of the vine and fig-tree with none to molest or make us afraid, and here Nature unveils her glowing charms until we realize that we are *her* children, and that she expects us, by the energy and force within our beings, to ascend the paths she has marked out for us.

Hence in seeking for light, more light, whatever my part may be in the coming time as my life speeds on, be sure of this: I have left a magnet on the earth, and wherever I may wander I know I shall oftentimes return, to meet and mingle with those whom I knew so well in other days, and strive at times to give a word of good cheer to those who seek for light, more light.

O world of wondrous, glowing light,
 Unveiling step by step
 Thy matchless glory and thy power,
 Where art thou, world of light?
 I cannot tell, I do not know,
 But yon the rifted clouds reveal to me
 A path I just have found;
 Not paved with gold, but lined with thoughts
 Out-spreading e'en from human souls,

I stand and gaze in wonder, doubt,
 And see a temple built of thoughts.
 Some sad may form the base thereof,
 And as I lift my eyes I behold
 The gray, the pearl, the blue,
 And all the colors you may dream,
 While over-arching all I see a dome
 Of thoughts more pure and white than snow.
 And there I read, "Eternal Life,"
 "Eternal love," "Progression" too,
 And then I know that by-and-by
 The angels there and I and you
 And all humanity shall pass through.

• May you, dear friends, be daring, may you be true to yourselves, faithful in every mission of life, and if you need the protection and support of Christianity, obtain it. But my earnest prayer for every one of you is and shall be that you may grow to that estate of manhood and womanhood that you may know you can stand alone. Blessed indeed is that man or woman who can be sufficient unto himself or herself. I do not mean isolated, for you require the sympathies of and emanations from every one and all around you. To be self-sufficient in the best acceptation of the term, is to be able to stand before the altar upon which the golden words, "Light, More Light!" are traced until you shall have been born into that state of liberty and spirituality where you dare lay aside all fear of gods, all thoughts of sham, all desire that some one else may weave your garments for you, and in the dignity of your manhood and womanhood, draw to yourselves that enduring power that shall last you while you tarry here on earth and aid you when you ascend, and pass through the pearly gates into the wide domain of that spiritual world where you shall reap the harvest of every good deed.

BENEDICTION.

May the answering echo from the spirit-land reach your ears as you breathe the sentence, "Light, more light!" until you sense the response, "Come up higher," and in spirit meet those who have walked hand in hand with you while you journeyed here, and who will crown you with the wreath you have earned by your earth life.

NO. 27.*

DISCOURSE

BY SPIRIT GENERAL LAFAYETTE,

(WHO PASSED FROM THE MORTAL IN 1834.)

on the Celebration of Washington's Birthday,

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1901.

INVOCATION.

WE watch before that infinite altar of Truth, power and strength that opens only unto those who part its portals with earnest aspirations. We watch before that greater altar of spiritual thought and force for the opening of that greater portal to that broader and greater temple, from which outflowing baptisms rest upon the people.

We rejoice in the consciousness that the teaching of these souls incarnate in human forms, rests sweetly in the keeping of those who have passed into broader realms of knowledge, and as the mighty waves of time, of force, of

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

power, emanating from that great soul incarnate in each and every formation, blessing with divine possibilities the thoughts that travel over the great ocean of further activity, thereby causing the people to realize that in the vast attributes of life, each individual existence finds its appointed place, and each one, in their own way, and in accordance with the desire of the soul within, follows the footsteps whithersoever they may tend, that lead them outward, upward, or downward, marching onward into the divine realm of greater activity, marching onward in the pathways of material existence, striving to do their best.

Oh, ye who hold the destinies of individuals and nations within the mighty power of your grasp, ye who toy at building planets even as a child toys with its tops, breathe upon us that divinity that shall quicken these souls to a consciousness of the import of their present existence. O quicken them to a sense of the duties that rest upon them. Quicken their sense of deep, internal consciousness, so that it shall enable them to sense, if they do not uphold, the mighty currents that are rising and swelling as they draw nearer and nearer this planet, to engulf all error, and to carry humanity forward to its grandest heights.

Oh ye who never slumber in every nation, kind or clime, we rejoice in the advancement of your infinite possibilities, and also rejoice that you are drawing nearer to the currents that envelop the children of this planet, coming nearer to the force that they will and must learn to know, and by understanding how they may be borne out in the great ocean of manhood and womanhood.

May the bending forms above us pour their blessings upon you, may the flowers that float in the atmosphere emit an aroma that shall strengthen you, and may every one in human form who is present here, show their trust, their willingness to walk in the pathways of Truth, of Justice and of Right.

DISCOURSE

THE moments, as all moments are, are pregnant with deep import, and I have thought of no words I desire to voice in your presence more than these: — “Dare to be brave.” Strange memories and emotions stir my being as I attempt to voice what thoughts I may in your presence this morning. The past, in which I played my my little part, links with the now, in which I am still as deeply active in life’s great battle field as in the days that have gone, and I *do* not forget to be reminded that upon this occasion you are here to give reverence to him whom you call the Father of your Country. My friend and brother while in the material form, my friend and brother in the vastness of that world where battle fields are changed to valleys of harmony, and sweet Peace spreads her pinions over all. And no better tribute could I put before the altar of Washington’s life than the words I have already uttered, “Dare to be brave.” If he had one sterling quality greater than others, it was this, to dare to do right. I have seen him in sorrow, I have seen him bending not only beneath the power of weariness and toil, sick of warfare and all its accompaniments, and yet with only one eye, single as it were, to the performance of the duty the people had the right to expect of him. And hence through winter’s storms and summer’s heat he inspired his followers, as I had almost said, no other man ever did. Why? He was one with them. In the camp, upon the tented field, beneath the leafy trees, and sometimes resting upon beds of snow beneath the leafless branches, but ever true to the interests of your country and mine. For I assure you that I am an adopted child by my own choice, of your fair land. I love America no less because my cradled birth was not found nor occurred here. I love America, more, if possible, than in the days

that are fled, because I see and realize that much I have seen was caused by the overshadowing spirit of the Infinite, touching and inspiring the souls of your patriots of the earlier days, and we all must remember, that when we do tribute to one, however great the leader may have been, we should never forget equal tribute to the faithful ones that supported him.

With all the toil and hardships that he met, that you have just listened to, "Liberty or Death" was the watchword of the gallant defender of your country, and preserver, as far as it is possible, for him to be, of the lives of her children. I do not purpose, it is not my place, perhaps, to enter into a detailed discussion of your present condition, of the facts that exist, of the inharmonies, as well as the harmonies, but I see the unerring finger of that infinite power, not held in the hands of one individual, but in the grasp of those who have toiled, like him whom we all honor to-day in reality. Therefore I see that much is committed into their care, and know that all will be well, because I realize this fact, and methinks that you will sometime, if not now, admit the people have ever been prone to turn away from justice and truth, prone to forget to dare to be brave. And when I speak of daring to be brave, I mean in the direction that lifts the individual and breathes its infinite blessing through his life upon all within whose surroundings it may come. And thus to-day, while in other lands I might talk to you of friends, I might talk to you of other lands that have ploughed through sorrow and sadness, receiving waves of joy, and afterwards being lifted, as it were, upon the wave of prosperity and peace. And then we see them in the midst of war and tribulations. And why? Because they did not dare to be brave to the mandates of truth, and showed a readiness to submit to others, which has been the bane of every nation, of every country. Rome lighted her torches in glittering beauty, when Science, as

she grasped it in her palmier days sent forth streams of golden light, reflecting the intelligence and science and worth of her people. But, as in other lands and peoples, the sons of Rome forgot justice, forgot to dare to be brave in measuring justice to others, and sold themselves as, I do not say, I simply ask you, do you think your nation is selling herself? This is a platform for you to heed. As individuals it is your duty, it is your privilege to heed it. For I wish to ask "Is one man of more importance than another, is one man's influence of more value than another's?" You answer "Yes, because his influence is broader." But it matters not how much he may be intellectually. It is not the balancing of the measure of what we possess, it is using what we have in the right direction, it is advancing the intelligence of the people and the welfare of the people. Allow me to say, the little man sitting at my feet or yours, although he may not grasp the problem of government, or grasp other conditions as you do, yet remember this, his attempting to be true is just as important as your attempting to be true in a broader sense. For, as in the great world of nature, it is not the mountains that make the world, although we stand at their base and look upon them, and recognize the power that threw them up, and step by step we ascend and gaze upon the world. It is not the mountain that makes the world. We feast our eyes upon the valley — the panorama that is spread before us, and we descend into the valley and look upon the little violets that lift their heads, reaching out to receive the kiss of the sunbeams. We learn here, in this little insignificant flower, as some might say, compared with the mountain's height, we find that it is just as important. And in the great world of material matter, so far as this is concerned, the same relationship exists. Every particle, every atom is just as essential and important as every other atom. Consequently we pass into the human family. Thus, good

children, they have builded their forms out of Nature's great laboratory. And if as a soul, you are able to build that which is more capable of allowing you to give out greater thoughts than your brother, if he is not enabled to give as much, he is just as important in the world of manhood and womanhood: it may be more so.

As we are swept along the mighty tide of existence let us remember that only as you are in harmony with that mighty energy that rises, (and only rises) in the domain of materiality, we are building whatever forms and embodiments we may wear. I am building mine, you yours: and you gaze upon the man, the brother whose form it may be is to you almost sickening, and you say "What use is it? He is a fool." Some of you, as physicians, have questioned if it were not best when such children were born, not to permit them to live. They have builded their form the best they could, and if the idiot never gives forth one sane expression, his soul requires to dwell within that form just as long as it retains it, and when you enter the great laboratory of life, you will know that there are no mistakes in Nature. You will realize that there are no mistakes in the building of these forms. And likewise, when we need a broader and a better, we shall obtain it, not by pleading before the fancied throne of an unknown god, but by reaching out into Nature's pathways and grasping her possessions, build from the atomic life. And thus from these, to embodiments that enable us to scale greater heights, I may not tell you of. I wish you to understand with me. Nature is perfect, and I would not change, if I had the power to-day, one human form wherein is incarnated a human soul, a living soul. Why? Because I should make poor work attempting to make the change, and when we realize that every atom slumbering in the bosom of the earth or resting upon its surface is sufficient for itself, it is for us to leave it alone, unless looking outward,

we may read our lessons, and thereby understand that the great problem of life is surely being laid out by that great law, where you and I cannot stay it.

Steadily I see the sons of America forgetting their privileges, and steadily I see those whom from their own inaction are living in a careless and forgetful way, not realizing the privilege that is theirs, I have no intention of complaining, for I know thus it ever has been, and thus it must be. And thus the selfishness and the failure to dare to do right, to dare to be true, has been the beginning of that which causes you perhaps to mourn. We have only to look, to know and realize that the people of your land are not ready for perfect justice, not ready for that government that recognizes and protects all, not ready for the oncoming of those great waves of thought that will come and spreading throughout the desert wastes, waves that are being made to quicken the hearts and lives of the people until they will arise. Were I to give you my opinion, I would make it very simple and short and say to you that the present condition of your country you find is attained in consequence of the wild schemes of politicians. Ambition and the desire to rule has crept in, and the people have not awakened themselves to a realization that the Father of your Country, when in the material form, inspired all that preceded you, and how that any government to be successful, must be founded upon the principles of strict morality. And surely, no more moral man, in every sense of the word, walked the earth.

Your government, and your leaders and pioneers in the government, from him to whom I have referred down to the last, were in those earlier days, honest men. They were sought out for their insight, they were devoted before the altar of your country, devoted servants to the welfare of the people, and their deliberations were in every measure so directed, as to cause them to ponder and discuss what measures should be passed.

I feel as an individual that some have grasped the idea that you have outgrown the Constitution, outgrown it and need a change. Why, do you know I have looked upon that parchment, and I feel that it is sufficient for all time, if the people only were satisfied with justice for themselves and justice for others. This then brings me to a point where I wish to make this statement :

Christianity has become a byword : your government has become a byword. And if we seek, as we always should, for the reason of any occurrence, let us probe the matter, and ask why. Christianity has become a byword because its followers have forgotten the first principles of Christianity. In the political world, infidelity walks rampant. Not only in relation to the family relations, but also in that sacred trust, that every patriot holds as sacred to his heart. Principle is forgotten, and if the one thought "perfect morality" had been adhered to, morals would not have been forgotten. Shall I complain ? No. Be it the people of this other or any land, I look upon it that these states require the experience. And if from the spiritual world, a great voice cries, "Let my people go !" they will not hear, but they will enslave their kind, and remember there is more than one method of enslaving and in the reaping of that harvest they will reap bitterest tears. And thus they will be awakened to that consciousness that will awaken in the souls of human beings, but a good way off yet.

So I say to you this morning, that in consequence of the omission of daring to do right and daring to be true, they have to pass, or are being passed through many a valley of sorrow, of sin, of shame. If in the fifty years that have gone, the messages that they actually refused to hear, had been listened to in your council halls, today harmony, prosperity and peace would have brooded over your land. We all realize man clings to his idol. Let it be thus. I stand and watch the vast procession, and I

realize this great truth ; the mighty trend of that infinite energy that never fails and never falters will still advance, and if human beings are crushed beneath the whole of that power of progression, the mighty force of evolution centred in every human soul will uplift it. By and by America will prosper as no nation ever has when she wears the crown of a perfect government. I hear some ask, "Will it be when *my* party gains the ascendancy?" It will be when creeds and parties shall all have been dissolved : it will be when gods have been burned or dethroned : it will be when the human soul dares to stand forth in the infinity of its grandeur and proclaim, "I live !" And "I live to be just unto all !" You may say, and feel it is true, that it will take time and a long time, ere this era will dawn. Time is naught to us, nor to the silent workers who never slumber, and give when you are willing. You are all under the domination of some certain sin. You are all being directed more than you realize, and just as long as wilfulness causes you to run away from these influences and forces that would lead you unto the greater good, just so long like the wild horse, that has broken loose from his master, you plunge to sorrow. But by and by through this all conquering power, silent in its vastness, the human family will realize that there is a power that rules the destinies of humanity. There is a power that guides the destinies of humanity, and that power understand, is not, cannot rest upon you as an individual until you reach up to receive it, until you are ready to walk under the guidance of its beautiful inspirations and this is why the world in which you are living today, the people among which you are dwelling, have taken the bits in their teeth and are running to and fro, regardless of either law or moderation, and that morality that marked the life of Washington, and gave him strength and vigor in the hour of daring, solace in the hour of sorrow. Infidelity walks rampant throughout the land. How then do you

expect a government founded upon morality, when the people that support that government have no idea of the difference between license and morality? What can you expect of the libertine who pursues his course in the various pathways of life, destroying the beauty of the fairest of your young girls, your sisters, and sometimes your wives? What do you expect from such a man as far as purity, and earnestness and good government is concerned? Or as fidelity is concerned, as far as daring to do right is concerned? And when I say this, I do not wish you to forget that this applies to the majority of those who are in Congress today. Can you expect purity of opinion from such a well? Can you expect that which Nature never allows? Methinks every one of you belittle yourselves, especially you men. I will rejoice, when woman entering in, becomes a strong power, and stands beside her brother and dares to claim the rights of a citizen. When your mothers and your sisters demand that temptation shall not be placed in the way of their husbands. That may imply weakness on the part of the husbands. Now, if you found the woman whom you call the libertine, I do not believe that you will find one in ten but what has been forced into that condition. If it is not the girl's fault, why do you find so many? Because man refuses to yield her that support, that strength, that vigor, that bread and clothing supplies—and here, in your large stores I am well aware (for I wish you to understand I am no stranger, I am taking my observations, and I know the habits of the people of America from Maine to the Pacific Coast.) I sense the condition that rules in the town, of that fact that in your large stores, your girls (and I would say to every father and mother, if you are not obliged to send them, to keep your girls away from these stores) are told they can get only so much, they must get the rest outside.

Children of America, I would have you understand

that life is earnest, is real. If you ask for liberty, live for it, labor for it, demand it. Do not fold your arms and think it will come. Come it will by and by. By the infinite goodness it will come right by and by, but you may aid in the quicker arrival of that hour, by your devotion to duty, your fidelity to trust, and your demand that those who are in need shall be protected. Likewise, whom you place in a position of trust shall be a man of honest worth, not bought nor sold, for your elections are carried on by the power of wealth. When the dawn of Spiritualism shall be recognized in the hearts of all human beings, when this hour shall come your committee will seek for honest men, for men who will not seek for office, instead of as now, the committee being well nigh bound on every side by those who have money to pay in order to carry an election. Yes, I see it in the glowing sunset. I see it in the gladsome tone of the new year, I see it down deep in the hearts of the American people. I see it as warm and vigorous in the hearts of her adopted children. And I know, that although for a time longer, America may still be under the cloud of infidelity, of injustice, and wrong, her people may be compelled to demand bread in heaven and strikes may occur. But by and by you will seek for arbitration, by and by as a nation you will sit down beside the council fires and confer one with another, asking and striving to advise what is best for the people, instead of asking "How can we carry on our scheme to our advancement?" I tell you, you have too many in places of trust that are there for the power that they may gain in this, and the various combinations I do not need to enter upon.

But the unborn generation will gather the lines in their hands that you have left to drag. If then the flag of truth trails in the dust because no ready hand is reached to catch it, in the dawn of that golden morning, truth shall come in power divine, that power shall teach the souls of

men, and therefore I do not complain. As I said to you a short time ago, I would not change the condition of one individual if I could, because I know that eternal law, directed by that infinite energy that knows no failure, will give no one a right over another. Therefore I do not watch things like many another philosopher, but aid them as I can. But I await the rising of the dawn of a day of perfect peace, when humanity shall have wearied of being toyed with by those whom they have placed in positions of trust, when women shall be weary of standing and waiting for results, and when all recognize their citizenship, their duty, and their rights, and likewise, the grander presence of the great angel of justice shall arise, and for what? To overthrow all infidelity and defend morality through this doomed land; to carry in some sense your methods of learning forward, teaching the children in the primary as well as in the higher branches of your schools of that sweet morality that always wears the garments of harmony and peace. This day will surely come. You may feel that it is far off, but there never was a people that could live and indulge in shameful principles. And if the bitternesses of the present day are left unheeded, I assure you the bitterness of the next generation will be so bitter that the coming generations will arise and demand that morality and justice for which you will all strive. You are now all striving, every one of you, to attain power and territory, and you all strive to support only those who love power and territory, and methinks as you gaze or glance around, you cannot say "O, we may not have a great many to support." But friends, remember to hold to morality, which planted by the sturdy hand of your Washington has never leaned. It stands erect today, and by and by the children of America will rally around it once again, and instead of, as at the present time, celebrating Washington's Birthday in the manner you do—perhaps you may think me impudent

but I am here to give you my thought—instead of celebrating the birthday of him whose shadow you may gaze upon in reverence of his goodness and in the results of his work—go live like unto him. Celebrate his birthday by doing good, by banishing error, bearing the bright banner of morality to liberty or death.

And now may one and all here be true in every relation in life. True to all others with whom they may associate, true to those who aid them from the realm beyond, true to the beautiful flag, and true to the Father of your Country.

NOTE—These two discourses (Nos. 27 and 28) were not reported by the regular stenographer, and the sense in some parts is more or less impaired.

NO. 28.

DISCOURSE

BY SPIRIT GEN. GEO. WASHINGTON,

(First President of the United States, who Passed to the Higher Life in
1799)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24, 1901.

INVOCATION.

BEFORE that altar of Liberty, representing the life of all countries, and distributing its sacred baptism upon the people of every land, we pause to invoke that sacred baptism that shall quicken every noble aspiration of the soul.

Oh, Life, in all thy boundless realms we may seek and find that which shall satisfy, and rejoice that in all the pathways through which we travel, we ascend step by step those mountain heights of wisdom unto the knowledge whereby we become quickened in order to perform our duty unto our kind. We rejoice at this hour in all the achievements of our country, rejoice in the advancement of the power of evolution to every nation, to all peoples, upon this and other planets, as we realize thy children, wherever gathered, are all seeking for one great sidereal realm, wherein knowledge in all its vastness unveils its secrets. We all bow beneath the sacred baptism of that love that is in at-one-ment with all human souls.

Oh, ye, who watch and wait, who labor and work in every department of human life, we rejoice in that consciousness that is continually growing broader and yet broader, in that the children of this beautiful land are realizing the beauty and truth of the continuity of life.

We rejoice and are grateful, O, Infinite Soul, that our life is being mapped out in broader missions, and that we may still be able to labor for our kind. May we labor with more force, may we have more and deeper power, to teach human souls as they seek for that light and guidance that shall aid them in understanding that knowledge.

O, Life, in all thy boundless realms they haste in the imparting unto thy children, by the activity and faithfulness of thy ministering ones, comfort, joy and consolation; and by that great army that no man can number returning, may they impress humanity as never before with the knowledge that shall quicken the power held, and enable every one to realize the needs of his brother or sister. Quickening all thy children, until everywhere the bright sun of prosperity shall rise to set no more. And that everywhere the bright blossoms of peace and harmony shall be wafted upon the human spirits. And everywhere there shall be a question of where oppression shall be found, and there shall be no answer, because oppression shall not exist. And may the divine teaching of that power—that mastering emotion, in every soul, the love of country, that teaching of that quickening power that must cause every soul to feel an interest in that country, that shall cause every soul to say: “I have a work to do in that.” Until throughout the land there springs up the great cry of the majority—of the majority of the inhabitants pressing onward for peace, with the determination to demand justice, and the clear voice of the people as one, asking protection for all, shall no longer be delayed.

And unto thee, O, Infinite Energy, that power that aids us to live, rocks us in the cradle of infancy, sustains

us through the pathways of manhood and womanhood, and enables us to dare to do for others as for ourselves. O, may that power rest with all its potency upon every human soul, until the light of this land shall glow as the sunbeams.

DISCOURSE.

AMID the moments' silence, deep and strong vibrations touched our individual atmosphere, and I am glad to be permitted to voice a few thoughts in your presence, glad to have the children of this land realize that not only I, but all their kindred live.

I deeply appreciate the sentiment that yearly is expressed in memory of my birth. As far as my labors for humanity, as far as my efforts in relation to the establishment of freedom in this fair land, I am worthy of no praise. I am worthy of no praise, I repeat, greater than the praise I would ask from each one of you toward those who supported me. And had it not been for my gallant soldiers, had it not been for their unflinching bravery, had it not been for my dear brother who greeted you this morning, who held my hands when they were weak and encouraged and cheered me when I almost despaired, I should not now receive the thought that comes to me from the American people. And while I appreciate all, I would share your love, I would share your reverence and would share your kindly thought with every man who laid by my side on the frozen ground, or followed me in crossing the Delaware or wherever duty bade us go.

Today, therefore, I am thankful that we succeeded in establishing freedom upon this land, I do not stand before you claiming to prove my individuality, I could not if I tried, for no one in the sounding of this voice ever saw

me in the mortal. What matters if I utter to you a thought of truth, whether I come to you with the same amount of persistency that enabled me to keep my sword unsheathed? I come to you today just the same, to labor for the down-trodden and would gladly lead or be led by you into the great battlefield to fight for liberty. I know that some will say when I speak broadly, that I owned slaves. Yes, by inheritance, and had I freed them, what would have been their fate? But this I say to you, never an overseer of mine, never a man in my employ received instructions from me only such as would deal in mercy, in kindness to my slaves. And I often told them, as I was about to pass out into the wide world, sometimes writing to them, to always remember that they were human beings, and to treat them as such.

Whatever may be our inheritance, whatever may be the custom of the times in which we live, the purpose of life in my estimation, is character building. Every individual should be taught this. The little boys and girls too, and the effort of every man and woman should be to build up a character they might be proud to have. Had these been the prevailing sentiments and methods, there would be more noble characters at the present time, more who are not ready to be bought, more who were looking for the great arm of justice, more who would unite upon one thing, and remember that the hour might come when the storm might rage over the land, and make some complications of war to the injury of this land.

This is the secret prayer I have. I am looking for that time, I know it is coming. Coming as surely as the sunbeams pour through the atmosphere this hour, coming just as surely as the love of liberty rules in the hearts of those who have crossed the briny deep, and made their homes upon this land, leaving the land of their forefathers beyond the sea. For to me, all human hearts are much alike. They love the good, they love the beautiful. We

all realize, at least it seems to me that all intelligent minds must realize, that this government, this republic, was founded on the sentiment of freedom. We arrayed ourselves against the British for what reason? Simply because they came to wrest from us our homes and our lands. We therefore, you and I, I trust, would do the same thing. Why it seems almost to me that I can hear the booming of the cannon out at Old Concord and these familiar scenes around this city where I have attended, leave many a sad memory—but I love to recall the scenes that were enacted, not that I love war, not that I love contention. I would reach the helping hand to every human being gladly, as then, likewise now.

I would not only, were I in the material form, fight for the liberty of the American people as earnestly and as sturdily as before, if from any other land they came to wrest their liberties from them, (and I contend that England had no right to attempt to encroach upon our liberty,) but bear with me if I say that to-day you are standing in relation to these islands in the sea just in the same relation that England stood to us. Were I a dweller in those islands in the sea I would fight to the last breath to maintain my rights and the rights of my people. It is not a question for any government to ask whether the people are capable of governing themselves or not. It is not a question to ask what the capabilities for self-government are in a country that is defended by the gallantry of its men and the bravery of its women. It is not consistent that America should yield to a government that insists on imposing upon her the necessity of an unjust war. Do not forget that there is one truth, and if we were right as Americans, surely these men in Africa are just as much in the right as we were, and the same in those islands in the sea. Those who would encroach are not held at bay, and there comes a time, and do you feel and know what it signifies? It signifies the fall either of a republic or an

empire. Rome, in all the glory of her life and her science, she who held the admiration of the world, Rome forgetful of justice, and forgetful of dealing justice, went down in shame. Shall it be said of these? Shall this be said of America, shall this be said of England? We watch the rise of nations. They rise by the courage of their people to the zenith of power, and then, by mistaken notions—a desire it may be for an extension in territory—a greater power—the great “I am,”—and then comes the mandate from the world of eternal justice, “Thy days are numbered,” unless thou then turn from harassing the helpless, and attend to the maintenance of thine own legal ground. We have all enjoyed, and I no less than any of you, even though I am now a dweller in the land of souls, I place myself by you when I say that we have all enjoyed the freedom that America has enjoyed, an enjoyment in which she has outstretched her arms, by which she has welcomed all other nations. Has this been, or is it forgotten? Where are the men here today to stand forth in the majesty of their manhood, and exclaim:—“It must be no longer.” Are you serfs? Are you slaves? Have you forgotten the privations of our days? And have you forgotten the toil? But that matters not. I must finish the sentence, however, as long as I have begun it. Have you forgotten the toil, the afflictions, and trials of the soldiers who bore so much that America might be free? And why I hesitated at first to make this remark, is because I did not wish you to place it upon myself. Every toil, every wintry blast, every summer’s heat that wilted me as the noon-day grain, is naught to me. And, as I say; have you any plaudits, give them to those who have been too long forgotten. And, instead of plaudits, I would ask you, one and all to turn to the lines of your beings, and read the lines of duty traced upon your heart for you to live.

For it seemeth unto me that today is more pregnant with need, if possible, than in my day. It seems to me to-

day that the American people need to be pressed to the front in active thought, in earnest endeavor, in deep consideration in council chambers—not opened by a lobby in council chambers—but where honest men gather to talk over the needs of the hour, and the glory of American liberty. It is only by thus doing that men can come to needed conclusions. And while we realize, all of us, that the people make a nation, the character of the people is of intrinsic value. The character of the people morally, socially, and shall I say religiously? If they are truly moral and if they have for their motto to do unto others as they would be done by, perhaps the religion, so far as Christianity is concerned, may be left out. For to me, remember, while I have no qualifications to make—to me it ever has been, and ever will be the fact that the citizen comes first, always—and should regard his citizenship as above all forms, all ceremonies, all creedism. He should regard his citizenship as a crowning glory, not as a crown to wear by idly placing it upon his brow, but his crowning glory by the performance of the duties of citizenship, when the crown has become his because he has earned it. I do not like to say it—I dislike no one—but I do not like those who call themselves citizens of this land and have nothing to do but reaching out into the councils all the time. Activity is then the watchword.

The man who slumbers at the present time must remain ever unconscious of the great fact that morality has been neglected, justice has been neglected, purity of thought has been neglected, the family to a great extent has been neglected and the building of character has not been thought of, and these are the very reasons that you are standing as it were at bay before that force, or rather before the force of those who are trying to establish an imperialism upon the fair domain of America, upon those who are determined to sell their rights, upon those who are encroaching upon these people, it matters not whether

they are slaves or masters, they own their homes, they own their lands. As to the Boers they are a simple, honest people. I cannot say I am afraid, because I fear nothing, I know that eternal justice will bring justice out of chaos, I do not say that England will cease to be an empire, but in my estimation, England has seen her palmiest days. Shall it be said of America, of the sons of America, that they have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, of this land spreading itself between two mighty oceans? From whom did you inherit it? From whom did you obtain it? Here comes the question. I do not say that the pilgrim fathers had any right to drive the red man toward the setting sun. It was the same plan of driving others by force. But, having in possession the land, I feel that America was justified in maintaining that no foreign power should encroach upon her boundaries.

Into the hands of the American people was committed a sacred trust—a most sacred trust was committed into their hands. You all understand, you do not need to have me repeat to you the Constitution, one of the primal thoughts of which is that the governed shall not be unwilling to be governed. The consent of the governed was necessary. Have you, or are you obtaining the consent of the governed, to hold still longer in the power of your armies these children of the wild woods as it were?

Here then, let us remember, that unless some new element comes into your congressional halls, (and as a matter of fact there is a line that goes into it, which leads to the council chambers where I sometimes preside, and by and by all shall be quickened thereby) great disturbance will ensue. There is to-day a disturbance in your Congress and all honor to this state and the noble man who dares to stand on your behalf, and dares to proclaim as he does the word of justice, and strive against as best he can, the wall of imperialism that is being

builded up. You all know to whom I refer, and that is George Hoar. He is a force in the land. Me-thinks, ere the present session shall have closed, there will be something new, if not in nature, in expression : it must be, it must come sooner or later. Do you not realize that the American people—between your millionaires upon the one side, and your men who are sailing the ship of state in the deep, turbulent waters of power and might on the other,—are being crushed more, and more, and more, day after day ?

Do you expect, do you think that this will last until every man who is not wealthy is crushed beneath the iron heel of might? Who builded those grand monuments of art that you see—who in all the wide world of America—who has established and planted the imprint of his life more upon the very soil than those who have labored therein? Your bricklayers and others who are laboring in every department of life. Do you recognize them in society? Do you have any kindly feeling for them? I do not believe that there is an individual within the sound of this voice, but who does.

But look beyond the arms of these men to make America more beautiful, more grand; there would be more possibility for grander achievements if justice were done. Should the millionaire have all the wealth of the nation? Who other than these have given into the hand of the millionaire the money he holds? These are questions you should understand. For I see in each home, that there is a determination slumbering, but it is awakening in the hearts of those who came from other lands to make this land their home. They are inhabitants of our dear land, every one. Remember, they have not always been inhabitants, but they came within the encircling arms; they came here, and it is our government's duty to protect them, even to the same degree as those who are born upon this soil. Nothing short of justice can suffice the

broad ground of American liberty. If for a time they wonder, if for a time they sleep, if for a time they do not question, by and by I assure you they will awaken to a consciousness that their duty is unfulfilled, to a consciousness that will cause them to band together, and it may be a terrible devastation of property may occur.

I am no alarmist, but I tell you on the one hand the mighty hand of might is stretched over the people, while on the other hand the people are crushed beneath adversity. Shall it be, must it be, that on this land, so grand and beautiful, this continent with its beautiful hills and its wide spreading prairies, can it be possible by and by that brother shall meet brother in the gory field? And I must say my sympathies are with the down-trodden, not that I seek, not that I would encourage, not that I would urge them to do aught that was wrong. But could I live to see the arm of oppression resting upon my land, could I ever love and have sympathy with the oppressor? No, only such sympathy that could reach out and pierce his very heart until he should turn and see himself, then—if he saw himself as he is, then I could pity and take him by the hand and rejoice that he had found himself. Men do not mean to be cruel, they are not thus born, but you understand that whatever education you have makes its mark upon an individual, makes it upon the character of the individual. If upon the character of the people depends the government of the people, upon the character of the people depends the demand they shall make upon the government, and hence, in departing from the pathway of morality, in yielding a little to this, to that and the other method, whereby injustice has been revealed, men have passed to the very horn of the dilemma, and stand at the very brink of a dissolution that may plunge them by and by into the very current. I do not sense that which I long to sense—I long to sense the sentiment of the people

of this great land as one, reaching out for character, for liberty, for justice unto all. I want to realize and feel an awakening consciousness, not alone of men, but of women. The time is coming, it is surely coming, when woman will aid her brother to retrieve his place; when woman, no longer spending her talent in fashion, dress and follies, will turn herself to the specific interests of life; when woman will no longer gather her garments around her when she passes by the child of betrayal; when women will arise, and instead of, as at present, leading their giddy lives, they will band themselves together to visit the homes of poverty, and the criminals in their cells, until they become versed with the sorrow that is expressed all over this fair land, and then hie themselves to the temples that should be the temples of justice, and plead for the cause of those who cannot plead for themselves, as never man plead or could plead. I am looking for this awakening, I know that it will come. And in the great course of that eternal force that never errs, the present condition of things must have been, and I do not see how it could be avoided. I feel that the bitter lesson that the children of this fair land are learning, was necessary and hence legitimate. And still more hundreds and thousands are crushed beneath the heel of power, of strength and might, and it will be simply because they are asleep. They will be crushed—you need not fear that—they will be crushed until an awakening consciousness causes them a great load of suffering; until you who are here say: "I do not know what I have been thinking of." I am awake to the earnest thought, when you and I and all we can incite to join us shall arise and demand justice. I am awake to the fact—and this will be more calmly thought and spoken—of this awakening to the fact that your part in the government is sacred. You will awaken to the fact, when you yourself shall proclaim to yourself, that you have no right to trifle with that part—

perhaps you see that I have not trifled with my part in it. The millionaire holding thousands beneath the iron grasp of his money-power—these are thoughts for consideration.

The parties of America, if they persist, will put themselves in a position to be governed by foreign foes, and this would consist of a triumph of the power of might over right and justice. You may claim "I am only one. We are only a few, what could we do?" If we had asked that question when the snows drifted over the bleak hills of this land, if we had asked that question when sometimes there seemed no real prospect that we should conquer in our conflict, if we had asked that question, and said "We must give it up" where would the liberty you enjoy today have been? I claim that even single handed and alone, no man has the right to ask that question if he lives up to the highest ideal of manhood. We wish to give you but one thought. Why are you here? To this beautiful land what is your duty? And if these thoughts have passed through your brain, to consecrate your life, your knowledge, your every breath, your body if need be for the needs of your kind, that is what I call patriotism, that is what I call love of country. Be determined to send forth through every heart, on every side, the divine influence of a noble soul. For what else do we live? Would you be content to submit to what others say you should do? Are you willing to see your government at the present time, showing very little interest in the American people, but robbing a nation of their territory, under the pretence of elevating them, pushing them step by step into the dark abyss of crime? We know every existence is to be regarded, and I shall rejoice, and I am sure you will rejoice when the people of America and all other lands have so grown in patriotism and love and conscientious truthfulness with one another, that they shall never more be at war. And if Spiritualists scattered all

over the land were to live up to the sentiments they have accepted, else they could not be Spiritualists, and be valiant soldiers in the great warfare of life, I do not hesitate to say to you that the great Angel of Peace would draw nearer and nearer rapidly. For in this pure religion—this religion that comes to you demanding all that the Constitution demands, and that liberty and justice expect, asking you to be just with one another, asking you to live a pure life, the highest morality, I should not have said that word, I know you all know higher morality, I know you all know higher spirituality. To me trust is trust, truth is truth, justice is justice, there is no other definition thereof in my mind. When you turn mankind from the worship of ideas, when you can cause men to accept Spiritualism, you will have no further need of killing the criminal with electricity, with all its horrible appliances; you will have no more need of the gallows; you will have no more need of the thousands on the police force that fatten upon the miseries of your kind. I am sure that many are not ready to accept this broad evangel from the realms of the soul, but it is guiding you as it is guiding me, to a higher attainment of manhood.

O, may you remember, whatever may be the number of the remaining years you live, may you but remember to fulfill your duties faithfully and courageously, being kindly to the wrong doer, condemning none, but leading him higher into the golden light of that truth that proclaims that it is sufficient to guide and save. I long for the hour of its dawning, when over all the land there will be a recognition of this law. I stand in your presence this hour by virtue thereof. I thank you one and all for every kindly feeling and thought that has been wafted to me and if there is one who has sent an unkindly thought, I thank him just as tenderly. I crave no fulsome praise, I only want to be known as one who tried to serve his country and his people, justly and faithfully. And if I

know myself in this great world of wider life, I am just as devoted, still laboring to bestow my work and my energy to quicken Americans to a consciousness of the fact that they must build their characters, and around this character the elements of party and self must be rooted out from the people. They shall scatter the armies that are draining the blood of your people, and honest persons shall combine their strength to one purpose, and deal justly unto all. May you in the light of that consciousness be brought more thoroughly to the thought that you are here for a purpose ; that your duty—if for many years you have voted as you have been told to vote,—your duty now is to vote intelligently, to vote for principle. Parties may wane and pass away, creeds may disappear before the great halo of that light that is descending upon your land, but human souls shall live and love in the golden dawn of that liberty. For I see America,—land I have loved as a child does its parent—land of my earnest devotion—land of my tenderest thought—I see after the storm shall have passed, and as thy glory remaineth upon thy mountains, a great sound of happiness shall be heard, which shall be whispered by the breeze, and over and through thy wide boundaries shall be found everywhere the blessing a free people can bestow, and over all, the bright angels of immortality will bend, for I assure you we watch for that hour when the inhabitants combining, shall labor for life, love and liberty.

Live that you may endow others with peace and comfort and liberty. Live, so the very earth may be refreshed by your presence, and the atmosphere sing more sweetly, as its atoms proclaim that a noble soul is passing along. Live then, and lift this veil from off the face of this fair land. Reach out your hands, dare to be true, dare to be brave, and remember these stars and stripes shall float again as they never floated in beauty and grandeur over this fair land.

NO. 29.*

FROM THE NIGHT OF IGNOR-
ANCE TO THE MORN OF
KNOWLEDGE.

BY SPIRIT "ZAIR,"

(OF THE SUN ANGELS' ORDER OF LIGHT.)

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1901.

INVOCATION.

MAY the sweet waves of harmony quicken every soul and the divine light from within illuminate the pathway of all Thy children, O Infinite Life; and may that quickening, outspreading from the deep depths within, receive the baptism of that touch Thine ascended ones alone can impart. O quickening Life, breathe Thy blessing upon these people that they may aid us by their aspirations, their hopes, their desires, their earnest endeavors to receive and impart good unto others, and kindling a

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

deeper earnestness, open to their comprehension wider and still wider the pathway that the soul alone can ascend when it has become thoroughly baptized by the great power of harmonization.

As we thread the pathways of life and strive to teach our kindred and kind everywhere, may we endeavor to enter into every condition through which they are passing, and to walk side by side with them in sympathy and love, that we may assist them in bearing the pains and sorrows that must come, and likewise taste with them the joys that sometimes rest upon their beings here, even in the valley of shadows. May we be vested with that power that shall be sufficient to illuminate the shadows until brightness shall prevail everywhere, and Thy bright diamonds of thought, floating on the great ocean of life, become the possession of Thy children as fast as they learn to utilize them.

May we this hour come in close touch one with another, and as we bear to our mortal friends from the life beyond unfading flowers as well as produce those divine vibrations for our manifestations in their immediate presence, may they yield to us before the altar of the great temple of wisdom their highest aspirations, and most earnestly endeavor in all things to attain the good, the true, the beautiful, that they may become possessed of life's brightest jewels and impart the radiance thereof unto others.

DISCOURSE.

IN passing from the night of ignorance to the dawn of the morning of knowledge, we pass through many vicissitudes — trials, cares, sorrows, joys and the bright sunshine of partial happiness. In all our experiences,

however varied and far-reaching they may be or have been, we place our lips to no cup containing aught that is not essential in the obtainment of knowledge. By the power of knowledge alone we can overcome all things, and to acquire this power is the purpose of the life of not alone one but of all human beings.

Our existence we cannot measure in duration either forward or backward. It had no beginning, therefore it can have no ending. Around us upon every hand the great world, or worlds, as you call them, swing in space, all obedient to that infinite power that is centered in the intelligence of those who once dwelt upon this or some other planet. Forget not that our powers and possessions are as boundless as our conception of life can be, and far more so; and every embodiment, every vibration, every touch of the angel of sorrow, whether we wander in the wild desert or rest in the valley waiting for some kindly hand to succor us — all come to us in the line of that necessity for which we live. Life without its trials would be incomplete. It is natural that you should wish to put all sorrows, and all unpleasantness even, far from you. But would you have the bright blossom, would you have the bud without its complete unfoldment, the fruit? As you look out upon Nature would you have the partial or the perfect development of all that you call natural production? Surely if the bad alone is unsatisfactory, you would not have the soul that could not clothe itself in garments of purity. As the sweet blossom unfolds, whatever it may be, by the perfect activity of Nature's laws, so likewise the blossom of the human soul must externalize itself in accordance with the same law. It is only when mankind shall turn from ignorance and superstition and realize that the wisdom of the present day does not demand the blighted blossoms of the past, its jewels will burn in perfect splendor, set in the great diadem of life;

but in order to be able to wear them you and I must first earn them.

The thoughts that have been so prevalent, the beliefs that have bound and still bind so many must be dissipated in the bright rays of wisdom, but not until humanity turn from their present course and realize that their savior is within, not until you accept the fact that no matter how bright and beautiful your friends who have passed away are or may have been, they cannot measure your life, they cannot do your work for you. Of all the ignorance that holds in its grasp the people of the present day, there is none more belittling than that which proclaims that a human soul, vested with all the powers that are sufficient for its highest and loftiest attainments, must employ another to suffer for it. No one can suffer for you or for me. No one can taste the sweets of the fruit that hangs from the tree of knowledge, until, step by step, through earnest effort, he ascends the mountain where it thrives.

Let us, then, forget not that, in the light that flashes upon your world or planet at the present time, all superstition must recede until it is known no more. All who accept the truth of the return of those who wore material garments ere they were crowned with knowledge, wisdom and spirituality ; those who understand the purpose of our return, must realize that we come not to do your work. We cannot do it. We come to touch your lives and souls, if we can, with a quickening power that shall reveal to you this one simple truth ; namely, the pathway leading from night to the dawn of the brightest morn you can conceive of you must thread yourselves. It does not benefit a human child to sit with folded hands and hope that some one else has labored so that he might enjoy the eternal fruitage of a perfect life.

You cannot impart the knowledge you have gained as men and women to the child who stands by your side, however much you may desire that little one to obtain

knowledge. You realize that it must learn for itself, step by step, line by line, little by little, and can you not likewise realize that, in the purification as well as exaltation of the soul, you and you alone can polish the diamond in the rough that you possess? Truly the aids that come to you to quicken your aspirations, to give you strength in every noble work and endeavor are indispensable. At the same time you must climb your Sinai and learn (you will by-and-by) not to rebel when sorrow touches your souls, not to rebel at whatever may come, and I speak as one who has tasted the bitter and drunk deep draughts of sorrow, as one who has wandered in the darkness and desolation of the wilderness, as one who has suffered privations and trials such as would cause you to recoil. Nevertheless, all were necessary in order that I might gain the knowledge that I possess ; but understand that, while I realize that I have obtained a certain degree of light, I know that a boundless realm of unlimited knowledge, through which the soul may wander in search of the priceless treasures to be secured there, awaits me and you also. I cannot penetrate that realm, neither can you, until my garments may be likened to the bright sun-rays that flood that sphere.

We shall, we must sometime know this, and when the people of your planet realize that of and by themselves must the work be accomplished, there will be less of greed, less of form and creed, less of the wretchedness of war, less of unkindliness in feeling, and all, acknowledging this great fact, will look one upon another, as they sail on the bright blue ocean of life, with sympathetic gaze and cast no shadows of suspicion, for surely this life is too short, I am quite certain you will agree with me in this, compared with the infinite stretch of that pathway leading to realms of matchless glory, to be frittered away in unworthy thoughts and deeds. The mighty avenues and tributaries through which we thread our way in the

different embodiments that become necessary to us, are all ours to enjoy ; yet, if you were seated upon the ground in some pleasant valley and beheld above your head the branches of a tree whose fruitage was beautiful to your eye and tempting to your palate, you would not think of sitting with folded arms and asking the fruit to drop into your mouth. You might as well do so as to think for one moment that in the realm where your loved ones dwell, and the richer realms beyond of untold beauty which are the property and inheritance of all, some one else should pluck for you the nourishment your soul requires.

Give us then, citizens, your sympathy, those of you who can. We do not beg for it, for if it came through supplication we would have no use for it. It would fall, as the withered leaf falls, at the feet of him to whom you sent it. I would ask you, every one, never to pretend to love another here in the mortal form even, unless you do love that other. You say that you do not wish to seem unkind. No matter. Be sincere, be brave, be true, make no pretences, but cultivate the divine faculties of your beings until you have no occasion to withhold your love from any human child. "That," you may exclaim, "is impossible ! Such an one is so wicked, so untrue, that I have no love in my heart for him." You forget that beneath the thorns, beneath the blackness, beneath all that is uncouth and undesirable to you, there is a diamond as bright, a soul as pure as you possess, only waiting for its quickening, only waiting for that new growth which sometime shall come to one and all.

If this be true, are you dealing justly by yourselves when you withhold your kindly feelings from others ? I would not say to you by any means to descend to the level of those on a lower spiritual plane, neither would I say to you to be one with them, but if you stand on the mountain height of spiritual attainment and they in the darkest valley

of ignorance, you can shed upon them the kindly love of a kindred soul—*of a kindred soul!*

Remember that the religion we proffer you is broad. There is no truth that it does not embrace. Every soul upon this planet, every soul upon the planet Mars or any other orb, is kindred to you and to me, and sometime in the spirit-world when you shall desire and be able to penetrate the atmosphere of other planets, would you go there as a stranger? would you enter any planetary atmosphere as one who is a stranger in a strange land? I trow not. Then let us not forget that the universe is ours, but not until we have learned to glean from it the lessons we need. We have not the knowledge to count the sand-grains upon the sea-shore now perhaps, but when we obtain it we shall be able to measure them one by one by the power of an unfolded soul.

When you think that after you lay aside these embodiments you are to have one eternal season of pleasure, scarcely knowing what that signifies, just pause to remember that that pleasure will consist in activity, in earnest effort, and in the unfoldment of the divine possibilities within you; that by their unfoldment you will become a student of the laws that govern worlds and systems of worlds, and, gaining sufficient knowledge, you will in time become one of the world-builders, one who will be associated with others in watching over the destinies of the people of some planet, as we are watching over the destinies and aiding the people of this planet, for we have attained the growth that enables us to lay ourselves, as it were, upon the great altar of life, willing to surrender any happiness, willing to give up any position that we hold if our mission demands it.

When we perceive the necessity, we are ready to sacrifice our homes in this great life to which you are looking forward, and to continually minister to those in material embodiments, leaving more transcendent beauty

than you can conceive of, leaving our vine-clad cottages not made with hands, but by the earnest thoughts and sweet desires that emanate from our souls, leaving the beautiful fountains that send up their spray to descend in sparkling showers to refresh and gladden the heart of the beholder, leaving the tuneful birds with their bright plumage and all the charming scenery that likewise is grander than your highest thoughts—this we do that for a time we with some one or more may walk side by side with mortals and impress or bestow upon them a quickening baptism. When we turn from such sweet homes and such beauty as I have faintly pictured, without one thought of reward, but looking backward for a moment to drink in, as it were, all that we have sought and found and builded, and leaving it for some one else who may come that way and need its shelter and protection, its soothing quiet and beauty, we turn from the dawn not alone but from the morning of that golden day that floods the whole universe with glory and grandeur that we may enter the valley of sorrow, that we may taste the bitter again if need be, that thereby we may become better fitted to minister unto those who suffer. It is only when we have gained that growth that enables us to leave our homes for the fulfillment of a duty that cannot be pleasant to us unless we take pleasure in that which calls us into darkened pathways, that we can become re-embodied and suffer and suffer and endure that not only we may minister unto others but that by our experiences, however painful, we may gain strength to become masters of the great world of vibratory action, uniting our forces and being united with those whom you little dream of as having so much to do with your daily lives and the lives of those around you.

And yet humanity declare that we are far away. When it is not necessary that we should be in your immediate presence, the great currents of life upon which thought never floats sluggishly bear to you our thoughts,

even as they are borne to you this morning. I am well aware that you cannot realize how forcibly we sense these vibrations, that to you may seem as naught because of your lack of consciousness of them. Permit me, then, to say that we come to unfold to you a world of beauty, a world of activity, a world of sweetness and knowledge. We come to kiss your brows that if possible you may become quickened to a greater activity, and I wish each one of you to ask yourselves this: Would not the world in which you are living, would not the people by whom you are surrounded be benefited if you and every one else were to cultivate your most kindly feelings? if every one were to stifle that spirit of criticism that permits him to condemn another? If all were to lay bare to themselves—not to others—their own weaknesses, their own shortcomings; if all were to spread out before themselves, as it were, their undesirable qualities that have become a part of their lives because of their ignorance, and, having examined and passed upon them, were to bury them fathoms deep in the great ocean of oblivion, would not the world be vastly improved? Then they could count with pleasure and profit their treasures, and what are they? The lofty aspirations of the soul, the sweet harmonies that vibrate in every human being, the deep and tender love that sometimes out-speeds to the few. Let it broaden and broaden until the whole world of human beings shall realize that there is a class of people living upon this planet who have kindly thoughts and wishes for those of whom it may be said, nobody cares aught for them. This shall result in a blessing unto those upon whom you bestow your kindness, but it will be a greater blessing unto you.

You have no room in the deep chambers of your lives for unkindly thoughts; you have no room for hate; you certainly have no room for ignorance, and you realize that

you have no need, I trust, to crave the assistance of any one in order that he may bear your pain for you.

Remember that the soul that lives in its sweetest and holiest aspirations never fears pain. That word is as naught to such an one. If sorrow and anguish are yours, if the darkest night comes, just remember, dear friends, that it is only for a moment compared with the eternity of the life that you are living, and just as surely as you bear your sorrows bravely, looking always beyond the shadow for the dawn of the morning of joy, just so surely and to that degree will you bless the people with whom you mingle, bless them by your noble example, bless them by your gentle words, bless them by your sympathetic thoughts, bless yourselves by the quickening that comes thereby, opening to you more widely still the portal of knowledge.

May you seek, in passing from night to the dawn of the golden morn, may you seek, in passing from the experiences that are yours and will be in these embodiments, to overcome. No better injunction can I leave with you this morning than this: To overcome. Forget not that your mission and mine in the great world of continuous existence is to overcome all weakness, to overcome all things until we may stand upon the summit of knowledge even where the "Sun Angels" bend to breathe their divine benediction upon the people of this planet and to voice their aspirations to the great energy that in all its brilliant beauty sweeps above them. O remember this: To overcome ignorance and gain possession of that knowledge that will enable you to control the atom as it slumbers in the chambers of the earth, to touch the same with the potency of your life, and to learn to govern the great world of vibratory activity whose atoms fan your cheek and give vigor and strength to the physical form, until indeed you shall have become possessed of that spiritual knowledge that will enable you to realize that the spirit-

world does not consist simply of homes where you meet and mingle with your friends. Truly you shall meet and mingle with your friends, clasp your loved ones again to your breast, and enjoy the sweet reunion that shall come; but if this were all, would you be satisfied? I think not. Then rejoice that hand in hand with them you shall penetrate realms of untold beauty, realms of wondrous power until sometime you shall indeed be crowned with all the wisdom and power to govern, guide and direct worlds in their evolutions and bestow your blessing upon mankind.

Realize if you can, the breadth, height, depth of your great mission; realize if you can that you are here not simply to learn that there is a continuity of life and reunion with those who have gone from your physical sight, but to learn also that the exaltation of the human soul transcends your most profound thoughts, your highest aspirations. You possess all the elements that are contained in the universe, but you would not possess them unless you were sometime to have the opportunity to utilize them, and this signifies that the necessity will come. Your growth will demand it, and the necessity will demand your growth until you can say, as I can say "I am all that has been or ever shall be, because I am in at-onement with all of life that throbs wheresoever it may be, because I have attuned my harp to the sweet melodies of life, and stand at the present time waiting for that higher demand, that broader growth," for never shall we reach that point where to us shall come the message, "No more unfoldment, no more advancement!"

We shall ever be building worlds, we shall ever be guarding human beings, and sometime you and I will return to this planet and find it illuminated with the power that flashes from the realms beyond. The planet itself is passing from the night to the dawn of the bright morning. The people who delight in discord and war will pass away, and the people who spring up, adorned

with spiritual truth and spiritual power, shall make this planet a habitation that may be likened to your ideas of heaven. O then, remember the import of life, its illimitable possibilities, its divine attainments, its grandeur and sublimity !

NO. 30.

THE DAWN OF THE NEW DAY.

BY SPIRIT WENDELL PHILLIPS,

(Orator and Philanthropist who Passed to the Higher Life in 1884.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 3, 1901.

INVOCATION.

© LIFE, before the unveiling of Thine altar we uplift our aspirations, in that by the forces incarnate we may pierce Thy broader cycles, and rend from Thy mortal children the enshrouding darkness wherein the shafts of envy and superstition seek and find their mark. May the angel of wisdom spread her pinions over Thy children everywhere, until they realize the blessing of that liberty that gives to every individual the opportunity to exercise his thought and intelligent activity in the establishment of a noble manhood or womanhood. O Life, Thy borders are illimitable, and the mighty concentration of Thy forces are moving worlds and systems of worlds, obedient to the command of Thy children, while these mortals wait, in ignorance of the powers centred within themselves, before the great altar of Isis for the unveiling that shall reveal that power in every human soul that shall enable it to lift itself into the great realm where wisdom's shafts are clear as the sunbeams.

O Eternal Truth, thou art written in the chambers of the infinite past, thou art breathing thy presence in the now, and the heights of thy mountains are studded with the jewelled thoughts of thy children and crowned as the abiding-place of those who have passed beyond the realms of darkness and are now at rest—at rest in that activity that never ceases, at rest in the exercise of that love that never wearies, at rest in the earnest pursuit of the unfolding of those faculties whereby we attain our godhead, and, standing on the eminence of individual unfoldment, become one with those who shape the destiny of human beings and nations.

O Life of light and liberty incarnate in every flower, in every sand-grain, in every human soul, speeding Thy message of love throughout all the realms of infinitude, may we catch the radiance of Thy glory, may we understand the direction in which the everlasting finger of Eternal Energy points, may we be willing to set aside our opinions and follow wheresoever truth shall lead: may we elevate ourselves while here; may we plant our feet upon the great square of truth and determinedly pierce the veil beyond which the great Isis, the grand I Am, shall be revealed unto us.

DISCOURSE.

PROFOUND indeed are the emotions that sweep over my being as with you I view the retirement of the past century and the advancement of the twentieth into the great arena of life.

We stand on the threshold of a new era, as it were, and in the midst of conditions that I need not attempt to portray but that demand the intelligent observation and keen criticism of every student of this fair land, be it

man, woman or child, for the time has passed when that religion that has proven itself opposed to Humanitarianism can hold its place in the mighty race for freedom ; the time has passed when intelligent men and women (and I speak with no bitterness) accept longer in sincerity the dogmas of Christianity. Do not misunderstand me : Christianity is one thing ; religion, quite another. While with all the pomp, pride, power and wealth that Christianity has displayed and is displaying, she sweeps to the front, as it were, pure and undefiled religion, which is only another name for Humanitarianism, quietly bows her head and awaits her appointed time. Mankind cannot always live in the shadow ; they cannot always follow the lead of ignorance, nor can they always subsist on the dry husks and superstitions of the hoary past. Hence to-day as we take one glance at the past century, we behold as it recedes, the burden it has left upon the people that are facing the new.

The brow of the immediate future, we perceive, is heavily laden with those manifestations that have caused millions of human beings to be oppressed, and even its altar is dyed in the blood of millions of innocent victims—a sad and sanguinary inheritance.

Rejoiced am I that the torch of Spiritualism, kindled on immortal shores, has illuminated the world. Rejoiced am I that it has taken its place in the forefront in the fulfillment of its high destiny at the present hour to face your national problems and social conditions. Rejoiced am I that, through its teachings, it is unveiling the errors of theology and Catholicism, and revealing the great altar of truth.

I do not purpose at this time to give you any lengthy discourse in regard to your government.

Today millions of American citizens, men who have assisted in permitting the farce that will occur tomorrow, bemoan the condition that oppresses them, for

never before in the history of America has an American been called upon to face the mighty fact that treachery and a disregard of the most sacred oath man can take has been ignored by him you either honor or disgrace upon the morrow.

This may seem to you a strong assertion, but I ask you where are your principles of liberty? where are those sterling qualities that have builded this republic? where are the noble souls whose life blood has bedewed the sand-grains of the field of battle, to preserve the liberties that the American people have now sold for a mess of pottage? The mighty scheme of robbery that is being out-worked, I assure you, will return to the American people its full measure of suffering and sorrow.

You see the poor man passing by a baker's shop. His wife, his child maybe, are starving. He takes the loaf of bread that lies in the open window and hies him home. The policeman follows in his footsteps, and you know the result. You call that a theft and measure out what you deem proportionate punishment. But when a powerful nation wrests from a people who have never injured it their wealth in lands, their wealth in mines, their wealth in all that contributes to their material welfare, I leave you to answer what you call that. You know now, or will sometime, that every act of treachery will sooner or later meet with its proper deserts, and therefore I have but little more to say in relation to the government on the condition of the nation today. It rests in the hands of the American people, who have permitted those whom they have sent to Washington to place in the hands of one man unlimited power over a people that are being crushed.

Humanitarianism does not work in the same direction as Christianity. The power of coercion never need or should be exercised in conserving the liberties of any people.

Let us consider this subject and seek to understand it. In the name of humanity your nation has fought on this line considerably, slaying the peoples of other lands, and what has been her message to them? "You must accept our religion." This has been, and this is the condition of affairs at the present time. I do not think the Prince of Peace would choose to secure devotees and followers by the use of cannon balls or revolvers. If you hold a contrary opinion, it is yours to retain as long as it appears logical to you.

Let us look at the new century with its white untarnished page, save the little brow that bears the record of the hour, and let us ask, if indeed our lives are of any worth, what their worth is to us and not to some one else — my life to me and yours to you. When we have measured, weighed and settled that question, then we shall be capable of judging what the life of every other individual is worth to him.

The present hour, fraught with such mighty issues, already waiting to be born from the womb of eternity, already pressing upon the people of this land, asks that Christianity shall stay her hand. I mean just what I say; *that Christianity shall stay her hand!* If you seek to know why, go read your answer in not only what is occurring from day to day, but trace it in the history of the Christian religion with its dogmatic assumptions and its enforcement by armed men upon the people; go learn its acceptability to the God of war, and listen to its cry, "For Christ's sake." For Christ's sake millions have been hurled into the death trap, as it were, and if death were true there would be no hope. Well is it for humanity that life cannot be extinguished; well is it for every human soul that has drunk the hemlock or the wine, no matter what, that has crushed or forced it out of its material form, that in that life beyond it lifts itself and

holds the power and privilege of attaining its manly or womanly condition.

To-day I rejoice that Spiritualism and Humanitarianism are one. When Spiritualism comes to you or to the people of this planet and encourages them in their warfares, I shall say to you and all mankind, Seek for a higher truth, seek for a grander unfoldment; seek for something that shall lift you above this accursed business and enable you to enter into the great garden of peace that spreads its smiling valleys throughout all the wide world. There can be no Humanitarianism, as I understand it, where warfare reigns continually; there can be no liberty where a people are constantly in fear of oppression; there can be no safe government, my dear friends, when the government under which you live manifests no interest in the people it governs and professes to guard and protect.

I ask you, citizens of America, what has your government been doing, what is it doing for the people? Where does it outreach its protecting arms? Are its mighty pinions spread abroad over the nation demanding for every man, woman and child the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? What are the people thinking of to sleep and continue to sleep while those who should serve them are taking from them their rights? What are the people thinking of to allow the gigantic trusts to employ armed man to guard the interests of those vast combinations to the extent that the starving workingman have no alternative, no remedy for their wrongs and are not given even an opportunity to earn an honest livelihood?

Here is a condition to which I wish to call your attention: Let churches rise and fall, let Christianity serve its appointed time, but rest assured that pure religion, clothed in garments white, presents to the world the all-important duty of love to humanity leaving the Christ alone. They have prated of love to Christ too long already, and the great rallying cry has been, "Christ died

for all!" He did his own work, lived his own life faithfully and truly, and entered on the great pathway that leads him continually through the progressive realms of infinite light that you and I shall sometime pierce. And yet the world does not accept his teachings even while upon his bended knees the poverty stricken Christian begs God "for Christ's sake" to forgive his sins, and oft-times exclaims, "O God, Thou knowest that I am unworthy the least of all Thy blessings, yet for Christ's sake forgive Thou me."

No greater mockery was ever enacted. You sit by that man's side in the prayer meeting and listen to his impassioned appeal: you meet him on the corner; men call him a "good fellow;" you see his life and his dealings with his brother-man when he thinks he is out of the sight of those whom he wishes to impress with his goodness, and you will readily perceive what his religion is to him.

I repeat this to you that you may understand me when I say that men have no faith in the Christians' God and talk to Him in their prayers as they would not dare to talk to intelligent men. They ask him for favors of which they know they are not worthy, for they have never served humanity in love. This brings us very near the point where I might have expressed myself in a shorter sentence: It proves them hypocrites.

What are we today? I look at the government and face its darkness and its peril realizing, nevertheless, that deep as it is sunk in corruption, fraud and infidelity, the angel-world shall lift it. This is not said in a boastful spirit, for I understand whereof I speak; neither do I stand here to pick flaws and berate your officials, for I have another purpose in view. The government is just what the people have made it, just what you as a portion of people permit it to be, and if you or I have any fault to

find let us seek the cause thereof at the root of the tree and not on the topmost branch.

When Humanitarianism becomes deep rooted in every human breast, and every individual soul is illuminated by the kindling light that glows on immortal shores, there will be a retirement, as it were, of people from their creed-bound seats into the chamber of the soul's deepest sincerity, the retirement from profession and pretense until it is no longer asked, "To what church does that man belong?" until it becomes unheard of, when entering a new place, to enquire, "What church can I join here?" or, in other words, "What is your most popular church?" I tell you the church has lost her power for good, has lost her influence with the thinking classes. She has sold herself to Mammon, and the God the Christians worship today is spelled with more letters than three.

Now, then, what shall we do? Educate the people. The education of your boys and girls has been neglected, as has likewise the education of your wives and yourselves, for I say to you, that every man, woman and child who has not sought to educate himself by observation and study, not in parliamentary rules, but in good judgment and pure religion has not fulfilled his duty to himself. Here is the point: As long as people vote as they are told to vote, you may expect nothing better to any considerable degree; but politics will be purified only when people are awakened to the fact that religion signifies liberty — liberty of conscience, liberty to worship in accordance to the dictates of the individual's own heart without any restrictions whatsoever. If the Catholic thinks that the worship of the Virgin Mary gains for him the desired spirituality, give him your sympathy and leave him there until, before the altar at the feet of Mary, he is quickened to a higher life. The Protestants worship just the same. It is all outside worship; the soul is not in it.

“For Christ’s sake” has been the motto; “For humanity’s sake” should be the rallying cry, and it shall be the cry that I will voice whenever I have an opportunity until within and without the church mankind shall stop to consider, for be sure to remember this: You will maintain your government just in accordance with your ideas of religious truth.

I would ask for no better religion for any man, no better religion for myself than that which is contained in this one sentence: Do to and feel towards all others as you would have all others do to and feel towards you. I do not think the expression, “Do unto others as you would have others do unto you” is quite sufficient because you may do outwardly the kindest act possible and those who see you think you are a “good fellow.” You are if you have a particle of heart in the deed. Out on the street corner an armless soldier sits waiting for the pennies that may be dropped into his little box. You give him a penny or a dime because you would be seen of men even while you may wish him out of the way. There is not heart or soul in such deeds of charity as this, nor is such an one actuated by soul religion.

There is no soul religion in bowing to creeds, and forms and ceremonies. Think you the mother’s heart beats with love to God when on her bended knees she prays for mercy to be shown her child, knowing that, in accordance with her creed, He has sent that child down into the depths of eternal damnation? Think you that human beings in whom reason has taken up its abiding-place can have that love and reverence they would have for an omnipotent, omniscient, all-merciful and infinitely loving being, for a God that is angry with them to-day and smiling upon them to-morrow? No, I tell you no; it cannot be.

For this we have waited. Why? Because Christianity held the people in bondage with her iron heel upon

the necks of the people, because of the selfish and unchristlike lives of those followers of him who went about doing good. Pride walks in the broad aisles of your churches ; but the orphan asks in vain for food and shelter, the suffering for succor, and slavery exists beneath the very altars erected in the so-called sanctuaries of God. Side by side with you in the streets the victims of poverty walk ; no hand is lifted, no arm is raised, no voice is pleading in their behalf. Is this the condition of the world after eighteen hundred years of Christianity ? Most assuredly ; you behold it.

Those of you who knew of me when I was in the form know that I was an aggressive man, and I ever shall be where slavery of any kind or character holds its place in the family of which I consider myself a member. Remember this : The slavery that exists in the North and South today is ten thousand fold more dark and accursed than the slavery that existed in the South when I gave my energies and life to the work of rescuing those who could not rescue themselves.

This is one of the new chapters that the new century reads. This is one of the needs of humanity at the present hour. This comes in consequence of the great fact that Christianity forgets Humanitarianism. Worshipping and praising God and talking of love for Jesus, it forgets those words spoken eighteen hundred years ago that come welling up in their sweet cadences to-day, "Feed my Lambs." It is for this that I am in your presence this afternoon. It is for this that I would I could cause the thunders of a voice that should not cease to vibrate until all over the land the anthem might roll, "Feed my Lambs," for just as long as the people ignore the needs of one child, just so long there is a lack of the fulfillment of duty.

You may talk of the happy homes, you may talk of the prosperity of America, and you will get your Presi-

dent to assist you in repeating the story of its wonderful growth and increasing influence. Assuredly, I, too have loved and still love this beautiful land, home of the true and brave. Thy valleys and thy mountains bespeak thy wealth and thy glory. Thy health-laden winds waft to thy children everywhere, even to the confines of thy borders, the sweet, invigorating ozone of thy grand mountains. I rejoice that this beloved continent, dearer to me than ever before, is indeed the habitation of many whom I have loved and still love, and I realize that, whatever recklessness, whatever treachery, whatever infidelity may exist and for a time succeed in throwing the yoke of bondage over the American people, it is only for a while and I abide my time, for I comprehend the great fact that you cannot quicken a people until they are oppressed, you cannot impress them if they are bound to their idols until they see the ditch at their feet that they would not notice before.

Now let us look at the situation once again. You are teaching your boys and your girls to seek wealth ; you are teaching them in every way possible to seek for high stations in life. Do you not realize that all cannot attain those enviable positions ? If then, your boy or mine bites the dust it is no worse than for our neighbor's boy or girl, and hence we should protest with all our power, work with all our energy to overcome this great tide of worldly ambition that is bearing on its outward waves the happiness and peace of the American people.

I need not point you to this, that or the other condition that is not consistent with the principles of the American government. I need not picture to you the daring treacheries that have been and are being practised ; I trust you all realize that too many new laws are being enacted, too many lawyers are finding employment, and too many physicians are engaged in the work of poisoning the bodies of their victims.

What I would have is this : The education of the people—and I know it will come—to the degree that they will demand that the protection of the government be extended to the victims of those who now are protected in their nefarious traffic by this same government. The government endorses a certain business because of the revenue received from that endorsement, and then imposes fines upon its victims, as, for instance, in the liquor traffic, that commodity that is sold until it runs almost as freely as would a brook through the streets of this city, that is sold until the dealer builds his swell front, and the victims of the habit line the gutters and fill the jail. Your national government and your city likewise receive their revenue therefrom, and the farce goes on. Why, friends, instead of punishing the victims it will be, it must be the effort of the people of the future to control them, and I trust that there will be a government in the coming time that will govern all trusts, all combinations, all corporations. It will not be today. It will not be tomorrow. Why? Because you have to wait until you find honest men holding the reins of government, you have to wait until the people are ready for the on-coming of the great angel of liberty and truth.

I would ask you, which do you accept? Which do you seek after? That religion that has naught to give you but the dry husks of superstition, that religion that tells you you are a serf and that you can find eternal happiness only by being bought by the blood of Christ? That, you all understand, has faded out, and the one religion that can enter into your souls and mine and lift you above the dark streams of poverty and ignorance, is the religion that spiritual truth illuminates and bears to the world. It came by the ministrations of him who walked in Galilee, it came by the ministrations of those in other lands across the sea. The light of spiritual instruction has ever been received. It came to those who bowed

in the temples before the oracles that were regarded as sacred by the people who learned many truths in this way. Take the Bible that you call the Word of God, and you will find therein recorded an instance in point. Once upon a time there arose a question in regard to certain words in a newly found book. The prophetess Huldah was consulted, and in consequence of this medium's interpretation of the same, some sentences were retained

Thus all along the ages mediumship has lighted up the pathways of the soul, the dim corridors that man has traversed in his search for the treasures of the spirit. Spiritualism has breathed its blessing deep into the dark chambers where the victims bound in the chains of Catholicism and theology lie inert or wildly despairing.

It is no new light that I am seeking, it is no new light that I am privileged to ask you to receive. I entreat you to turn from your dumb idols, for I assure you every one that when you bend your knee to the Christian's God you are worshipping a mortal idol that places you on the same level with the woman beside the Ganges, the only difference being that she worships an image graven of stone or wood.

Soul to soul, life to life and earnest effort for every one, each individual demanding his own rights and at the same time the rights of all others is the only proper attitude. Why, man, you are sleeping on the brink of a precipice you little dream of, you are leaving to your children an inheritance that will cause you to shed tears of the deepest sorrow when you stand just over there and gaze upon your dear ones crushed and bleeding, because of the infidelity in high places you are not only permitting by your silence but encouraging by your votes.

What shall you do is the question you must ask yourselves as the new century shakes its golden mane and presses into the great arena? Will you still bow like craven serfs to your own ignorance? or will you arise in

the dignity of your manhood and declare, "From this time forth I will be a man; from this time forth my hand shall never drop into the ballot-box the ballot that endorses a libertine; from this time forth I will be loyal to that flag that shall never be lowered over America, but shall speak in its waving folds of that greater liberty that will come when mankind shall have learned and shall act and live upon the knowledge that all men are created free and equal, and realize that all possess the same soul or spiritual powers?"

Go read in your testament the parable of the talents, then seek for those that happily you possess. If you find them in the deep depths of your being, quicken them by blows from your reason, by the earnest energy of an awakened soul, and remember that you have only a few days to live here. O let your lives be, in the last chapters at least, faithful to truth, faithful to humanity, faithful to yourselves, faithful to the flag that shall ever be indeed an emblem of liberty, for if to-day that flag seems to trail in the dust in the hands of one who seeks for imperialism based upon theft, robbery and even murder, and national degradation, rest assured that by the combined power of united souls some one shall be influenced to spring to the front, gather its quivering folds and bear our flag aloft in the dawn of battle amid the storm of shot and shell, and that bearer will be he who shall dare to be true, dare to be brave, dare to be free!

Amid all the contention and darkness that surround us I rejoice. I wish to say to you that we have scattered a few—just a few rays of light in your Congress halls.

No matter about party. What does it matter to me to which party a man may belong? What we want is soul and a soulful energy, for I assure you that the next few months of this year are to unveil to you some experiences

and lessons you have never had before, which will indeed quicken your intelligence as well as spirit.

Standing in all his grandeur (whatever your opinion may be does not matter to me) surrounded and gently touched by the hands of those who have passed on, behold your undaunted Hoar, daring to protest against that injustice that others know exists and strive to cover, daring to disregard, when truth demands it, even him whom tomorrow, worthy or unworthy, you crown with a nation's highest honor. My only prayer and wish is that ere he pursues his pathway farther he may bow his head and pray to his God as he never prayed before, for that light whereby he may sheathe the sword and for that peace to enter into his soul that will enable him to recognize the rights of those who are natives of that archipelago and withdraw his armed forces.

Are you ready, are you willing, for your own interests if not for the sake of those oppressed people, to hold those islands at any cost? Are you ready to expend more and more treasure in supporting an army of occupation there? Have you considered how much money has already been used during this imbroglio upon one hand, while upon the other are thousands of starving ones asking in vain for bread? Look abroad and forget not the sorrow of the mothers who have yielded to necessity and laid their sons upon the unholy altar of a wicked war!

Let me say to you ere I close that I detest all war, and I am ashamed of the people of this land who, having reached their present point of intelligence and greatness, do not likewise protest against all armed conflict.

When America confined herself to her own borders, pursuing her own way, if she had enemies, she was recognized as the nation of all nations; towering in grandeur, glory and strength, she was respected throughout the wide world. Today even from France comes the accusation that she has sold her birthright, and you will

in the immediate future learn no doubt what the opinion and respect of other nations are. I would not have you do this, that or the other merely for the respect and good opinion of any nation or individual, but I would that the people of this and every land might dare to do right, dare to think right, dare to eat right and dare to live right, and pressing on into the great arena of liberty, demand that protection for which your fathers labored and fought and died, that inheritance that they left in your hands in trust for every child in this broad land.

O America, thy glory seems just dimmed, as 'twere,
 And the twilight mist broods o'er thy wastes,
 Thy children wake or seeming sleep,
 And know not that the dawn of day
 Knocks at their doors.

O Land of Love and Liberty,
 Thy sons forgetful may have been,
 But others rising shall advance
 And claim thy standard and thy truth.

O land so bright, so fair,
 Thy children rest upon Thy sod,
 And wait for the coming of the hour
 When liberty shall dawn.

I hear its voice, I hear its song ;
 I know it is lifted up,
 And never more shall darkness reign
 As here just now.

One word more, friends, and I shall have done. Whatever you may think of my utterances this afternoon matters little. If I have given you a thought that is not true, reject it ; if I have given you a thought bearing the impress of truth, use it at your pleasure ; but remember this : However dark the day is or may be, there are those at the helm guiding the destinies of America who will carry her safely through the storm. The ship of state cannot sink. This republic cannot be a failure, she cannot become a despotism, and the power of tyranny shall never reign throughout her fair borders ; but by-and-by a star

shall arise, brighter than the fabled star that guided the wise men of old, and behold! America shall rise from out her state of thralldom and present to you, if there, the bright picture of a people devoted to the principles of liberty.

Therefore let us rejoice. I rejoice that this night has passed as far as it has. I am watching its waning, and by-and-by I shall see the on-coming waves of light illuminating the shores of America. They shall rise higher and higher until they bring to her people that knowledge from the golden shore of the immortal world, that shall teach them that Humanitarianism is far preferable to following an unknown Christ, and that purity of character is the great essential. Then, in the sweet future, you and I, returning from our homes "over there" shall clasp hands with a free people, and yonder seat of government shall be graced by a woman, whose hand shall control the helm of the ship of state.

BENEDICTION.

May you all seek for that liberty that shall extend its blessings to every child, and may you be quickened by that inspiration that shall cause you, one and all, to realize the duties of the now and the necessity of their fulfillment.

NO. 31.*

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY SPIRIT "STAR,"

(Leader of the Temple Band.)

The Subject was Evidently Suggested by the Hymn Sung by the Congregation, "Home of the Soul."

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1901.

INVOCATION.

FOR the power that quickens our earnest aspirations, for the love that encircles all things, for the divine possibilities lying latent within our beings until we are capable of grasping that infinitude that man has dreamed of, for the forces that shall enable us to lift ourselves into a conscious harmony with the vibration of all things, into an at-one-ment even with those who rest beneath the shadows as well as with those who bask in the radiant light of wisdom, we thank Thee, O Life, and ask for still greater blessings than we as yet have received. O may

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

the sweet sunbeams that kiss the planet, accompanied by the brighter beams of life and truth, touch these human hearts with that quickening power that will enable them to behold more clearly the shadowy pathways through which they are passing and gather strength and vigor. May their perceptiveness increase until, beyond the shadows, they behold the sunshine that ever maketh glad the soul.

O Life of our life, souls akin to our souls, breathing your messages about and upon us even as we would breathe our message upon not only the children who have attained conscious existence, but upon the sweet flowers of the field, upon the thorny pathways, upon the unopened blossom, realizing that in the deep depths of the budding flower the soul liveth, may we become in our several incarnations more conscious of the necessity, the usefulness and the beauty of that which for a time may displease us because, gazing upon the rough surface, we may not behold the marvelous purity of the diamond incarnate therein. May these children, as they wander through the shadows of earth-life, realize how completely they are guarded and guided by those who have threaded passages as dark as theirs, by those who have entered a wider avenue, by those who are capable of feeling deeply their pains, their anxieties, their sorrows and their joys, in order that these mortals may grasp fully the fact that we come in touch with their every emotion, and strive to guide the vibrations that govern their lives and thereby enable them to rise to higher heights of harmony, and peace, and gladness without measure.

DISCOURSE.

WALKING in the sunshine and amid the shadows, realizing perhaps only faintly the necessity for the

shadows or sorrows, you reach out, or methinks many of you do, with hope and longing for that "home of the soul" that sometimes you pray for and sing for.

The "home of the soul!" In what direction shall we turn our gaze to behold the pathway leading thereto? Whom shall we ask to point out to us the way that will enable us to enter into possession of a home we have not builded, a home we have not earned?

You sing and talk lightly of the "home of the soul," here 'mid the shadows and the sunshine that rests upon you, little realizing how near that home may be.

I have wandered in many lands. I have stood desolate and been prostrated by sorrow, suffering and destitution. I have likewise kissed in gladness the blessings that were bestowed upon me in the pathways through which I have journeyed.

All experiences enable us sometime to realize in what direction we may look to obtain possession of that "home of the soul" where we, or rather you, are expecting to meet those who have gone before you, a home not made with hands, but radiant with the earnest fidelity and effort of living souls.

I can tell you of no pathway. I can open to your vision no realm that will give to you a clear mental view of the "home of the soul." Were you to ask me where my home is, I should be forced to tell you that just now I am dwelling in a house not made with hands, but rendered beautiful by the clinging vines and bright-hued flowers that enfold it, and made radiant by the sun-beams of harmony that bathe it as in a sea of glory indefinable; and looking out from that home I behold a world more real and tangible, grander, more attractive and charming than your conception can picture.

This may give you a faint idea of my surroundings at the present time, of the home where I am resting in earnest effort and in assisting those with whom I am as-

sociated to watch over, guard and bless the people of this planet, so far as we have the power when you reach out for such guidance as we can give you, when you make yourselves receptive to that instruction which will be to you a source of strength in every hour of weakness and afford you power sufficient to overcome what needs to be overcome and to bear with patient fortitude what must be borne.

You ask me nevertheless, where my home is, and in order to answer you I must request you to take one wide and sweeping view, embracing all worlds and systems of worlds, and even the atoms and the materials that are throbbing in their present embryotic conditions waiting to be utilized in the formation of new planets and system of planets. In short, I must point you to the universe in its external aspect and the great human family wherever they may abide, and then I can say, "Behold my home!" If by that expression you would infer that one feels contented and at rest, satisfied with himself in that he is striving to accomplish the most he can in the best possible manner, I should say to you, "My home is such as I have so feebly described, and I am ready to obey the command, whatever it may be, that springeth up from within my own being or from those guides who have reached the realm of a more perfect knowledge and grasped a greater power than have I, and who, by their wisdom and might may unveil to me a pathway leading me down, down, down into the dark depths of sorrow where I may stand by the side of those who are waiting for the resurrection into more peaceful pathways and more harmonious conditions."

It is only when we forget ourselves in striving to realize the needs of others and our duty as far as supplying those needs are concerned, that we are indeed at home—at home just as much in one section of the universe as in any other. I am at home just as much upon this planet

when I have a mission here as upon the planet Jupiter or any other ; and when you take in the great thought that your life embraces all other lives, when you take in the kindred thought that all other lives supply to a certain extent your needs, then you will better understand what I would have you infer.

It is not a question that you need to ponder over and worry about, whether or not you shall be again incarnated. It is not a question that you need to be anxious about, whether or not that "home of the soul" to which you aspire shall be a place where you will enter to remain forever ; but let me assure you that as you broaden out you will realize that you are at home everywhere, and you will be in perfect harmony with every living soul with whom you may come in contact.

This may seem to you difficult of attainment ; but am I or you exalted above our kind ? Do I or you possess powers that others do not possess ? If I ascend the mountain and my sister or brother resting at the base wishes, with longing eyes, to plant her or his feet upon the topmost brow, the time will come when that sister or brother shall stand on that lofty height, and it may be that I shall sit clothed upon in garments that are in harmony with the deep valley in which you and I have entered, for I may enter a pathway or valley of sorrow just as readily, just as gladly as the pathway where the music of the spheres chants the great anthem of "Home, sweet home," and the vibrations that encircle worlds and systems of worlds repeat the voiceless song.

I live and you live not to die ; I live and you live to have no fear, and when you shall have learned to trust yourselves, you will know that naught can harm you, even in the great world of "accidents," as you call them, and of the conflicts of this existence. The soul is never scarred ; it cannot be crushed. If for a time it must be incarnated amid environments where suffering untold

comes, where poverty and even destitution and misery reign, the soul does not become impoverished, neither does it become contaminated by the external life of the individual. You and I are perfect in our soul lives. The dreaming or seemingly dreaming conditions in which you exist are caused by the imperfect reflection of the soul through the material form in which you are clothed. All discords, all errors, all weaknesses, all shadows come in consequence of the fact that the soul cannot express itself in such environments as permit the same, and if the inevitable law cause it to be thus, are you or am I wiser than the all-governing law that cannot be changed or set aside?

Whatever, then, occurs or recurs, there is that concentrated power and wisdom in the hands of those who guide the destinies of individuals, nations and planets sufficient to enable us to overcome, through our experiences, our various weaknesses. You cannot overcome your weaknesses by the experiences of others. They must touch your own lives, you must measure them for yourselves and behold dimly, as perforce you must, while you are in these present incarnations. You cannot realize the freedom and gladness that come when one has laid aside that which for a time fettered his expression.

Let us remember, then, that we are building for ourselves — what? a home? More. We are living for ourselves, and why? That we may beautify and polish ourselves, and this can be accomplished only by overcoming all things. This we cannot do in a day; it is the work of ages.

I am laboring, I trust, as earnestly and studiously as are you to overcome. It is only when we have overcome to the extent that we are masters of ourselves, that we shall receive the power we desire to govern matter in those stupendous formations that you designate by the term "worlds." Right here is a point that I would have you consider: To be masters of ourselves signifies that

condition that enables the soul at all times to guide and govern. Not until, in the life toward which you are tending, not until all the experiences that you and I require have been measured out to us, can we stand upon the mountain height of wisdom and grasp for ourselves the possibilities that are ours.

This is indeed the purpose we have in view in touching your lives as far as we can. We come not to gratify curiosity; we come not to chant to you songs of praise in regard to the land over there; we come not to describe in flowery language the beautiful homes awaiting you that your friends have prepared, while you have been sitting with folded arms scarcely moved by the faintest aspiration, seldom stirred to the performance of a noble deed, with never a holy desire to be pure in thought and action if it required any effort upon your part thus to live, for purity signifies something more than a hope to be pure. A pure and exalted life signifies constant watchfulness over self, constant effort to gain one victory after another until you stand indeed the master of all the forces of your lives. Then the sweet vibrations of harmony, as they dance over the great ocean of life, bear to your souls the songs of the arch-angels of peace and love and harmony, by the aid of whose all-quickenings powers you rise in the scale of that manhood or womanhood that no external education could give you, but that you have sought and found by reaching out into the depths of that unbounded wisdom that awaits your obtainment.

As you look at, realize and sorrow over the shadows of life you sometimes question why they are needed. Do you question why it is necessary for the mantle of night to enfold your planet once in every few hours? Do you question why it is necessary in order that the seed may germinate to put it down in the soil where darkness reigns? O children, do you not realize that the properties of the soul, likewise, require sometimes the shadow-

land, the experiences that try one, that by suffering you may not only be made capable of extending more sympathy to others and feeling a more profound love for your kind, but realize as time passes that such-and-such things bring sorrow and strive to avoid them, to overcome all things with that earnest endeavor, that constant effort that causes you to understand that not with an unknown God but with yourselves all things are possible? Not in an hour, not in a day, and certainly not without the most persevering endeavors; but binding together, as it were, the flowers and the thorns of the shadows and sunshine, bear then, as far as you need them, by the power of patient endurance, reaching out continually, not speculating, as many of you do, in relation to the "home of the soul," but, rather, relaxing yourselves and floating on the great ocean tide of life, obedient by your every aspiration, obedient by your every thought, and willing to receive from life's breast whatever discipline is necessary. You will certainly receive no more; you can receive no less.

Some may think, and their belief in the matter may be very positive, that they have more sorrows than they require. I cannot answer for you or any other. I only know I float, O Life, upon Thy bosom, my spirit made radiant by their shadows and sunshine alike, never more trembling beneath the angry lash that was laid upon a weak form in the long, long ago. I have stood ahungred 'neath the bright sun's rays: I have walked the desert sands with burning feet, and yet I ask not why. I know, and am satisfied in that I realize that out from every sorrow, out from every agonizing pain, out from every shadow we shall sometime, by that endurance within us and the power assisting us upon every hand, triumph over all things. Even now, with all the glory beams that sweep around me and the unceasing anthem of joy that sends its diapason throughout the realm of life where I exist, I wait and am ready whenever I am called by necessity to again

take up a weary pilgrimage upon this or any other planet, knowing that if I am bidden thus to do I shall fall asleep as I am now, if I am bidden thus to do that I shall pass unharmed as a soul through every shadow, through every pain, through every sorrow as through every joy, and gain a greater strength, an added power, a deeper wisdom that I may be the better fitted to co-operate with those who are building worlds and guiding, as best they can, the destinies of worlds and individuals.

When we shall have grown wise we shall realize this : that we are on a journey, and if we ask when we commenced it, we shall find that we have always existed. Indestructible, therefore, must be our lives, and as we enter into Wisdom's realms, we shall gather from her unbounded store all that we require until we can visit different planets, mingle with the people thereon, concentrate the forces that exist in their atmosphere, and operate in the great laboratory of the chemist of Nature, materializing worlds, or whatever may come in their course of our performance of duty.

It is thus that we are enabled to give you the dim, materialized forms you see from time to time. O when will you have so grown that you will be in harmony with the sunshine and the shadows to the degree that you will seek no longer the "home of the soul" afar off, but come into complete possession of your homes here and now, and come to us with that earnest thought, that sacred feeling, that trustfulness and upliftment of the soul that shall enable you to give us the beautiful emanations that we require, to weave with the elements we gather from the atmosphere in order that the chemist, devoting his efforts to your enjoyment and instruction, may present to you forms more radiant than you can conceive of, expressions of the life just beyond ! For I assure you that we purpose giving you in this place, when your powers are ripe, when you are ready to receive, when you yield to us that which

will enable us to accomplish the same—we purpose opening to you a gateway, as it were, that will give you a view of a scene in that domain that you call the spirit-world. We hope to present to you that which will appear more beautiful even than the forms you now see ; namely, some of the conditions and scenes in the world all around you. I do not say just beyond, for I am living in a world, in a condition that circles around this planet. I should almost say, as a location, that I have no abiding-place—I seek none.

All the past is to me a revelation that gives to me the knowledge, small as it may be, that I possess now, because I seek for more knowledge ; because I seek for more power. Understand you, knowledge and power in the great world of universal existence are not confined to sex, are not confined to class or caste. Woman stands in the great laboratory of scientific art, side by side with her brother, his equal in perception and the ability to wield power.

CONCLUSION BY SOUL MATE.

I rejoice that we can unite with our brothers in breasting, as ofttimes we do, the elements that rise mountain high because of the inharmonies here upon your planet. I say to you, then, that I aspire to every altitude, to every power that my brother, however wise he may be, can attain, because my life is equal to his life, and my power of thought, if not now, will indeed become equal to his. This is what brings the joy of existence, this is what touches the soul with a gladness unknown before. I assure you, my sisters, that you will not always look upon those who, in the great world, have gained the mastery of art and long with saddened thoughts for the same mastery believing that you cannot attain the same, but springing to action with new life, all quickened with the divine impulse of the soul, you will exclaim as you take your place by the side of such an one : “I am here ! Teach me to grasp the

power; teach me to concentrate these atoms; teach me to manipulate that force that shall vibrate and send out elements to form a new planet speeding on its pathway in its marvellous processes of materialization and dematerialization." For, know you not, that all things are materialized by the master touch of those minds that know no failure!

O children, rejoice in the sunshine. Make it as bright and beautiful as you can, but despair not when the shadows come. Trust in that infinite power and wisdom garnered in your being and breathed upon you from mountain heights of wisdom that will guide, protect and care for you through all the pathways of this life. You cannot be lost; you cannot be harmed. If, as I have already said, I can serve one human child in passing through sorrow and shade, I wait the summons thus to do; and if I can serve one human child upon this planet or any other, I shall fall asleep when duty demands and count and prize the sorrows and the cares, the trials and the pains which I experience, knowing I have gained a brighter gem to place in the crown I wear, and realizing with a deeper pleasure and gladness of soul that I have served others in striving not to be selfish, in striving to overcome gladly by the law of sympathy.

I take your hand, every one, and extend to you my tenderest love and sincerest sympathy with you in every tear you shed, in every sorrow you feel. Yet, knowing what I know, I am obliged to say, while I bestow upon you my deep affection and my pity, that I bring to you the glad message, "All is well!" The burden you are bearing will leave you all the brighter for having borne it; from the tears you are shedding there shall spring up flowers of beauty to gladden your life; and from what I waft over the great ocean of life shall be woven a garment of wisdom that you shall don by-and-by. Therefore, children, bear your sorrows bravely, and strive to realize

that every one of them adds to the beauty of your soul, adds to the sweetness of that "home of the soul" where you will meet and enfold in your arms the loved ones gone before. O I would that I could tell you more plainly, but I have done the best I could.

CHRISTAL'S GREETING.

Sweet are the flowers and bright are the blooms
That grow in the garden o'er there,
For I have wandered and plucked to-day
A rose for you, every one to wear.
You may not see the sweet rose that I bring,
But I assure you no thorns will pierce.
I bring you a rose, dear friends, every one,
From the loved ones you love over there.

May the sweet aspiration for purity of life, for joy and gladness in the soul, even when outward shadows press upon you, be your portion and your strength while here; and O may those who have ascended come into such complete *rapport* with your lives as to guide you day by day in all the pathways through which you wander, leading you to the "home of the soul."

NO. 32.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

BY SPIRIT WM. ELLERY CHANNING,

(Unitarian Preacher and Author Who Passed to the Higher Life in 1842.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 24, 1901.

INVOCATION.

GREAT and Infinite Allah, breathing Thy benediction, Thy love and Thy blessing through all of life upon Thy children everywhere, and enfolding them in Thy great arms extended through Nature's divine and illimitable pathways, Thou art enthroned in the sand grain even as in the brightest worlds and the grandest systems of worlds ; Thou art living in every human heart and breathing Thy life through flower, through fruit, and silently through the atmosphere that sweeps the mountain tops and laves the ocean in its vastness ; and Thou art also enthroned in the hearts of Thy children without whom Thou wast not. Therefore, when we seek after Thee and Thy throne, we must enter into the deep depths of human hearts and read the hieroglyphics therein traced by the hand of no man but by the great tide of time and of experiences.

O Allah, Thou art the wind that sweeps the mountain-tops and kisses the violet in the sweet valleys.

Thou art the power that cradles the human soul in its germ condition, as, speeding like an arrow through the arteries of eternity, it bounds through matter and lifts itself proclaiming, O Allah, Thy grandness.

May we all this hour, in unity of heart and with holiest aspiration, seek for no distant shrine, seek for no unknown God, but, O Allah, may we all look within and find Thee there enthroned ; may we behold the diamonds waiting to be polished by that energy that the soul only knows ; may each one fit himself to grasp his selfhood in the mighty clasp of a determined life, and as he sets out, O Allah, on Thy vast ocean of discovery may he find in seeking not a stranger but himself.

O Allah, through the quickened impulse and tenderness of these banding ones present, breathe Thy blessing upon Thy mortal children and enable them to open the gateway whereby, looking beyond, they behold their destiny and the grander and more glorious power that awaits every one, until they stand in all the infinitude of their being beneath the great arch of that energy that is the most potent power of life.

DISCOURSE.

I PURPOSE giving you a few ideas in relation to "The Power of Thought."

I have at the present time no Bible from which to select a text, but I have instead, as have you, all Nature's great, unbound volume, upon whose every page a sacred lesson is traced ; I have, as you have, a great ocean of thought bounding, surging and laving the shores of mankind, while its white waves bear to the shores of the immortal world the highest aspirations and best thoughts of the children of this planet.

Methinks I little realize and that you little realize the power of that which you sense not and yet are so dependant upon ; but it seems to me that when the human family recognize the power of thought in its fulness as a mighty factor, as a great moving principle, there will be an upliftment such as the world has not seen in historic times.

As I look around today and behold the unhappiness and misery of so many, behold those who are successful in life upon the one hand and those who have made heart-breaking failures upon the other, I perceive herein the power of thought. The millionaire has become such by the exercise of those thoughts that perhaps have caused him to forget the needs of his kind, for the power of thought today is expressed more fully we may say, most truthfully, in those undesirable directions that tend to crush and persecute all human beings. The man, whomsoever he may be, whose whole energy is expended in seeking his own aggrandizement, his own popularity, his own success, is like a magnet attracting thoughts that certainly have little to do with the spiritual realm, for, understand me, I speak not of the spiritual realm as away or remote from you—rather you are enfolded by it. As your thoughts are, so they lead you, and if barren of spiritual aspirations, or if, believing in the teachings of the past and feeling that one individual has suffered for all, that creeds, forms and ceremonies are sufficient for salvation and that one may then do whatever he desires and is able to accomplish, and all will be well with him in the great world to be—such an individual, I say, hesitates at naught, and, without scruple, removes that which stands in the way of his ambition to acquire influence or wealth. Indeed, the power of thought, accompanied by the latter, makes the successes (or enables them to be made) that you behold upon the one hand and their lack that you cannot but note upon the other.

The world is today governed by the power of thought

to a greater extent than perhaps you have dreamed of ; but it is in the direction of spirit, in the direction of evolution, in the direction of progression that we behold the greatest power of thought. As you realize the power of thought, the power of progression, the power of evolution that finds expression in the different departments of life, you are made conscious of the fact that you never behold the inventor that is not determined and self-centered on his one line of endeavor. What is it that causes him day after day, week after week, and year after year to bend over the mechanism, or whatever it may be, that he is attempting to perfect or solve? What is it that causes him to continue in the almost starving condition in which he places himself and leave the world outside while he stands beside the midnight lamp, bending over that which for a time holds his highest thoughts, his greatest hopes, his loftiest ambition? It is simply because he has been touched by the power of thought from some one who knows there is a reality in the problem he is attempting to solve, and, forgetful of all else, carries on his work as the true master of art does, for such I would pronounce all men who, devoted to one principle, center their energies upon one line as you all know the Howe you have heard of did who gave to you the the first sewing machine. Not forgetful of his friends, not forgetful of his almost starving family, but having concentrated his thought, his very soul upon that one line, he could not let go of the plow he had taken hold of, and while he received the scorn, as nearly all inventors do, of the world, he evolved that which today brings comfort and gladness to your homes. It matters not how many improvements have been or may be made, his was the entering wedge that opened up a new cycle of industrial art, and here I stand before the altar of invention that brings to humanity new ideas and causes them to exercise new forces in a more powerful manner than has ever been dreamed of, and declare that thus

is the destiny of the world guided and governed to a great extent. Wherever we turn we find the power of thought pronounced, and sermons in the stones.

You and I might stand side by side in the summer's sun or in the twilight shade, gazing upon the river as its waters sparkle and whirl 'neath the sunbeams or gleam in the pale light of the moon. Looking at it you might say, "Is it not a pretty picture!" but to me it is a sermon. Let us understand it: Here is an expression of life, as much so as is the highest thought that comes to you from the great spiritual realm and the unnumbered army of those who have gone before, for I am learning that there is nothing impossible with man. I was taught, and you heard in other days, that nothing is impossible with God, but do you know, I place man in advance, and if God there be, my only conception of Him is of a power, not of an individual who keeps pace with the intelligence of man. All things revolve by the mighty power evolved from human souls whether here or in grander embodiments enfolded by their divine possibilities, and when we enter into the great arcanum of life we stand not before so-called sacred temples, but where the ocean of thought sparkles with the brightest evolved from human minds, bespeaking an intelligence and a power we have little dreamed of.

We have been told, and we have thought in other days that man and man alone had intelligence, that man and man alone had a soul to be saved, that the human family was the only part of creation, if such we may call it, that was to be endowed with immortal life. How mistaken we were, and as we trace backward the history of the past, we realize how meagre and crude were the thoughts cradled in the ignorance of the ages! Yet let us not forget that all along the line minds have been touched and quickened until, stepping out from the ranks of those with whom they had been accustomed to

linger, they proclaimed a new thought to the world. Thus indeed it was with Martin Luther, and how beautifully out from the great ocean of thought the all-quickening conception came to him of a higher, diviner and better religion; but as you all know, every invention, every improvement of the ages has been met with scorn by the Christian world—I speak it not with unkindly feelings, for no one is to be blamed who cannot as yet accept the highest—and Martin Luther was persecuted by those who had not scaled the heights to which he had attained. In fact, this tendency in man may be likened to the power of Nature pressing, goading humanity on; but, as mankind became more and more quickened by the greater and grander thoughts that came to them, they learn to be tolerant not only of one another's opinions but they likewise realize that the elements that go to make up the material universe are evidently designed for man's blessing. For instance: In the few years that have elapsed since Franklin played with the lightning, though a Christian world blamed him for his daring, blamed him for toying with that power of Almighty God, humanity today accept without question the fact of God's willingness that they should utilize that same farce. What a difference of thought between then and now! Franklin was looked upon with suspicion, while Edison, who invents devices that enable you to use more of that power discovered by the former, is honored and respected. I do not think that there are any who have claimed that your Edison is in league with his satanic majesty.

Therefore, as we look back and behold man in other days and realize what the power of thought was then—not that the power of thought was any less for it was sufficient for his every need—before the intelligence of man had reached that point where he could grapple with the mighty possibilities that were or are within his reach today, we understand it was as great as his intelligence

was capable of utilizing. The only reason that he could not then unfold those possibilities was because of his ignorance. Held, bound, and forced to believe that he must not exceed himself but accept, as it were, that written testimony which was claimed to be the infallible Word of God, cradled in the vastness of universal life, he was taught to look upon Nature as something that needed no study only so far as he might learn to cultivate and glean therefrom that which would sustain his physical form or perchance find the gems, jewels and precious stones so prized in all times. The products of Nature on the physical plane he accepted, but that which lies back of these and is cradled in the infinite energies that cause the sand-grain to glow with a beauty divine as it speaks to you and me, revealing to us not only its own but our possibilities, man knew nothing of.

You realize, all of you, that physical man stands high above his predecessors. Now do not misunderstand me—I am speaking only of recent times. I am not unmindful of the fact that in ages past, even on the soil of America, people have lived of whom you have no knowledge, people whose science and art transcended those of the present day; and I am not unmindful of those other lands, by the science and art of whose people the enduring pyramids were raised, and by which also the old world was given those mighty expressions of architectural beauty and grandeur that we to-day admire: yet at the same time let us not forget that in many countries man has risen to what we have thought was the zenith of his expression only to decline. Nevertheless, in his primitive character man seeks for truth simply, and were I to strive to find that avenue that would lead me into the deep depths of pure, clear and untarnished thought, I would take my place by the side of some primeval dweller in a new world, one who is all untaught rather than one who is taught too much.

Hence, as I was about to say, in other ages mankind were simple in their aspirations, seeking for purity, and seeking to lead others into those channels of thought whereby they might express that purity in their lives. Every time such a stage of advancement has been reached, waves from the spiritual world have enfolded those people, and in all lands and climes I do not believe there has been an out-pouring of spiritual power, or the power of thought from unseen realms, when the children of earth have not waited, as you are waiting to-day, for revelations from your spirit friends, waited as you are waiting to-day for thoughts from higher spheres to blend with your own. But man's hopes in this respect will not be fulfilled completely until, becoming weary of seeking after goodness, he endeavors to study Nature; turning from the worship of an unknown God, he seeks to succor the needy; turning from the altar of infidelity, he bows before the altar of infinitude; turning from striving by any and all means within his power to gain that which he desires whether right or wrong, he bows before the altar of justice.

You can trace for yourselves the old world's history lighted, even as Rome lighted her seven hills, with a glory transcending the science and art you possess to-day. They sank, I do not say to rise no more, but I do say they sank in shame; but to-day the power of thought, reaching out from the world of souls, gives to the great ocean of life a beautiful expression, and behold from that realm where the silent workers are never weary, you are receiving demonstrations that would have been pronounced impossible fifty years ago. Indeed, you are receiving demonstrations that *are* pronounced, by those who know all without thinking, impossible. The great spiritual tide of that ocean of life is bearing to you precious gems of truth and a power that no man can control, no body of men can stay. All the minds on earth united could not,

by their efforts, stay the on-coming of those bright and beautiful flowers of thought that are speeding earthward. They are coming, and they will continue to come like showers of beauty, bringing gladness and peace and joy to many human hearts. But will humanity accept the message, silent though it may be? Are the people toying with this great and majestic power? Are you looking upon it as something to please you for the time being, something that you may fold around you in order that when you leave this life you may be wafted to the home of peace and joy and gladness, whether you have earned such a condition by your life here, or whether the possibilities of your soul are yet to be quickened by those thoughts that left you until you discern yourselves and those attributes of your inner beings that you are not now conscious of?

I am well aware that the power that is possible to be spent in the devotedness of those in the spirit-world who are ministering to you is not being accepted. I am well aware that the great majority of those who call themselves Spiritualists are toying with the brightest flowers that ever blossomed in human lives; I am well aware that the truths that are being wafted to humanity are being rejected and the great mass is following in the pathways of materiality, seeking after that which entertains, seeking after that which for the moment satisfies and yet—do not think me harsh or unkind—not even dreaming of utilizing the powers that are theirs.

Why, friends, it pains me deeply when I know how much you are ministered to and how tireless are your spirit-friends, and then perceive the carelessness, the indifference, the lack of energy in regard to utilizing the power of thought that sweeps about you for a time from the higher spheres and then is gone. I am well aware that this attitude of mind will continue for awhile; but once upon a time, not in your memory perhaps, the power of the spirit-world was active upon this planet and in this

section just as far as the law permitted it to be. I do not say the law applying to the spirit-world or spirit-power, but the law that rendered mediumship unsafe even to the extent of not only the liberty but the life of the individual. It is not necessary to tell you of the fate of those who were accused of practising the black art in the days of Salem witchcraft. You understand that those tortured, crucified ones were mediums, and in consequence of the ignorance of the people it was found impossible to link the power of thought in the spirit-world with the power of thought here, and the spirit-world were compelled to withdraw their forces and wait for the development of intelligence, wait for the growth of that kindly feeling that is manifested today in spite of the fact that there are some bigots who would not hesitate to maltreat and even destroy the lives of some of the mediums of the present time, were there not a law that prevents it. How long as Spiritualists you will demand the enforcement of that law remains to be seen, because I am well aware that there is an attempt, and not a slight attempt at that, to close the doors of the seance rooms and to deter your mediums from speaking, or advising you when sick.

Therefore I ask you how long will the Spiritualists muddle their thoughts by seeking that which is not the highest and best afforded them by the spirit-world? how long will they remain inactive? how long will they be dummies, as it were? how long will it be before, standing up in the divine grandeur of manhood and womanhood, they demand their rights? and here let me express another thought, or rather ask a personal question: If you, as an individual, have assisted by your ballot to place a man in a position where he can defraud you or rob you of your rights, then you are the responsible party rather than he whom you have placed in power. Retributive justice will overtake the one who not only permits a tyrant to persecute the people, but helps to establish him in his

position, and it will perform its work more forcibly in the case of him who has sold his vote than in the case of the unfaithful official, whatever may be the character of the post he occupies.

I would refer for a moment to the members of the medical fraternity and their endeavor to monopolize the practice of the healing art.

The power of thought and the religion that I would teach you today is the religion that gives to every human soul the privilege of caring for his physical system as he sees fit; but you must realize that if your legislators are successful, or those back of them, you will by-and-by, right here in the city of Boston, as in some other parts of the Union, be compelled to forego the advice even of your grandmother when you are sick, and be obliged to call in a regular physician to attend you. Are you willing that this victory should be gained by the medical profession, when you realize the energizing power of thought that you are capable of giving forth, the sterling quality of that manhood whereby spirituality lifts you to the high altitude of the individual who dares to do right, who dares all things for the truth and protects himself, physically, morally, spiritually, in the face of all danger by using the weapons that are unseen?

Thus, as I was about to speak in relation to toying with the forces from the spirit-world, to which I have already referred, do you think—I speak to you as a friend and brother—that humanity will toy with the on-coming of this great power until again the workers over there must withdraw their forces, until again silence must reign? I tell you that the power of expression must find its center, and it cannot always bound to substance and be thrown back, because by-and-by it will be withdrawn. Hence I wish to say that it is in the power of you and all who accept the teachings of those who come to bring you the tidings of great joy, to decide whether you shall long

enjoy the privileges that are yours or not. I think you have misjudged me if you have conceived the idea that I believe you will not enjoy them long, yet I am forced to this expression for the very reason that you are sleeping 'neath the mighty arch of that divine force that waits to give you that baptism that shall quicken every soul to the consciousness of the great blessing of life, and the vast power of that thought that you are capable of evolving in order to build your pathway. But I do not wish to speak of your building the pathway over there until first you have laid the imperishable rocks that shall build your pathway here, until first you advance and stand before the halls of justice, demanding the rights of yourselves and all others.

Bigotry is not dead, and there are hundreds and thousands hoping and waiting for the time when they can make an onslaught upon liberty, the like of which you have not seen in your day. There is a silent power working. Its emissaries stand at the doors of your congress halls; they stand in the archways of your churches; they are watching and planning, in fact their plans are already laid, many of them to follow, when the physicians shall obtain their point, fastening more fetters upon the people.

I know you may enslave an individual, I know you may cast a man into the prison dungeon, and not stop his power of thought. Yet it is not pleasant to be enslaved, it is not pleasant to be confined, and therefore I would say to every one, the power of thought exercised, utilized, lived, shall enlarge the borders of your being, light the pathway where now darkness reigns, for there is no power that can stay the on-coming of that intelligence that must mark the future ages.

I do not purpose treading upon your political toes at all, nevertheless, in relation to the question of labor there is another line being drawn side by side with it quite as dark, pernicious and binding as far as the rights of

humanity are concerned, and that is being done by the power of the great Roman Catholic church, united with that of the Protestant denominations in an endeavor to bring church and state together, and while the pope says, "We want unity," he simply means for the Christian world to be united on his side, and not for one moment does he dream of yielding a single point as far as his church and his people are concerned.

Having looked at the question in this light, form your own judgment of the effects of such a coalition, and forget not that the Protestant churches are just as earnestly, just as determinedly preparing to unite with the church of Rome for the purpose of overthrowing all spiritualistic thought, they are combining their forces that church shall be first in this land of America and state second.

You may not accept this thought to-day ; you will know it ere many months have flown, and I only speak of it in order that you may be made to realize that the time has come when Spiritualists of all people should understand the ground whereon they stand, the time has come when Spiritualists above all people should know whither their footsteps tend, for there never was a period in the history of this nation when there was more need of men who dare to be free, men who are capable of waiving party, men who can stand forth in the dignity of their manhood and demand that their wives shall have a voice in the conduct of the nation's affairs, that wars may cease and peace, which is coming up the steep of time, may be proclaimed.

Therefore, to-day, while the power of evolution is needed (for the power of thought is the power of evolution which is sweeping through all the departments of life) there are other equally as important if not even more pressing needs. You who are here say that you have evidence of the continuity of life ; you are satisfied that

you have knowledge that the so-called dead still live; hence you are here invested by that very knowledge with a sacred trust, a trust more sacred than your mortal lives. You may not look at it in this light. I do, for I fancy as I seek after truth and obtain it, that truth is not simply for me to grasp for a moment and not weave into my life. The truth I have gained is mine to enable me to grow, mine to teach me how in a broader way to send out my thoughts and soul forces, and if you know that Spiritualism is true it is a trust committed to your hands for the children that are coming after you. For your life, your life's expressions and all your thoughts you are responsible to unborn ones who will sometime take your place. Therefore I would say to every one of you, stand not in the way that thereby you may cast a shadow over their lives by your inactivity, but if you must be a lumberer of the ground, stand aside and leave the pathway clear, that the children in their infancy even may pierce the rifted clouds and behold the ministering ones who will send to them their earnest thoughts.

I feel that the Spiritualists forget that they have a duty to perform. They have thought too much of personalities, too much of individualities, too much of the gladness that comes when the little tapping sounds the note that gives evidence of the presence of the loved ones. How glad I am that you can have such evidences from the rap to the etherealized form! Indeed you may rejoice in revelations that give to you the consciousness that there is no death, that you shall live forever more. But what of your anticipations of the life forever more, if you are not living the best you can here, if you are not living the life of the true Spiritualist, weaving into it the truths given you? You are recreant to the trust reposed in you as an individual caring for your own immortal soul.

You may perchance think that my reference to duties here implies a lack of sympathy with you, but I assure

you that I would give you no thought, no impression, friends, that I would not take home to myself. I would not indeed speak thus in your presence, were I not continually, every hour of my existence, endeavoring to exercise every faculty of my being, even as I would rejoice to see you doing.

I know the great world waits ; sorrow reigns in many places triumphant ; but though Spiritualists may be slumbering, Spiritualism lives and glows and cannot die. It is one thing to be called a Spiritualist ; it is another thing to be one, and the power of thought that questions not the human soul regarding the to be, but asks it of the life that is, when it finds full expression, adorns the man or woman with a grace unknown before.

Why, I believe most firmly that if the hundreds and thousands of people in the city of Boston, the city I love so well, who claim to know that Spiritualism is true, would lay aside the garments of inharmony or destroy them and enter the great vestibule of truth as men and women consecrating their lives to that which is greater than all earthly expressions, this city would indeed be conquered by the power of Spiritual thought. But just so long as they scatter their forces, just so long will the great burdening thought oppress them, "Well, they say so-and-so, but I don't believe it ; this is a fraud, that is a fraud, and I don't know whether the other is a fraud or not." Just so long as you belittle your Spiritualism, you belittle yourselves. Forget not, however, that if you can belittle your Spiritualism, it is not the Spiritualism that I proffer you this afternoon in all its grandeur, in all its brilliancy, in all its sweetness and untarnished beauty. The Spiritualism that appeals to the soul, that enfolds you and that you clasp to your hearts is destined to make the whole world free.

I want to ask you, for I see some, not many, that do not care to be known as Spiritualists (how weak and in-

significant a thought to harbor for one moment,) why would the knowledge, think you, that you have talked with your sainted mother, now ascended, cause any sane person to respect you less? If so, you can certainly do without his or her respect. It is only when you stand forth in the proud dignity of your manhood and womanhood, that you will care nothing for the opinion of others unless you have done a mean or wrong act; it is only when you stand clothed in the purity of that Spiritualism that uplifts your soul and enables you to be true in all the relations of life that you will not care what others think of you, for then you would rather have the approval of those dear ones over there, rather have the conscious approbation of the God within than the plaudits of those who care naught for you. Would you not rather weave the garment that no man can take from you when you enter there, a garment that grows brighter as you wear it, its threads glowing with the spirit of truth and sparkling with the diamonds of thought that you have sent forth to adorn the home you are hastening toward, than wear the richest apparel here that those who observe you may envy you their possession. What care you for the man, whatever his position, who, meeting you today, says, "How do you do" and passing on thinks no more about you? I would rather, while walking this earth in the material form, be classed with Spiritualists as a true and tried soldier in the cause, than to hold the highest and proudest position in the land, I would far rather be called a Spiritualist and be despised by those about me for being outspoken in my belief than to have it said of me, with the faintest shadow of truth, "That man is a Spiritualist when he is with Spiritualists, and when he is with some one else, he is just what that other is."

O my friends, let the power of thought weave your garments so that even in the Lion's den you may stand undaunted before all exclaiming proudly, "I am a Spirit-

ualist!" Indeed Spiritualism is the only religion, the only truth, the only thought that opens wide the way that leads to a quickening of life so that you may live the right life, pure and undefiled.

This, then, is the message that I would bring you, weak and feeble as I well know it to be ; but if the flag of Spiritualism which I have offered you today has been trailed in the dust, remember that no dust can soil it, and if your hands shall now grasp the standard firmly, bear it proudly. Harmonize yourselves one with the other and accept this gospel, this truth, and the ministration of your angel friends as the most sacred benediction that life can bestow upon you. If you are satisfied with only the manifestations, satisfied with only the thoughts that come to you from others and seek not to bathe yourselves in the great ocean of thought, until you are so filled with its grandeur and glory that your soul is expanded and you are enabled to realize as you have thus expanded that Nature opens a vast storehouse here, then you may not even yet enter the magnificent temples that she has erected for your instruction. Her great, unbound volume glitters with the glorious tidings of great joy. If in that so-called sacred volume we read the story contained in Genesis and follow it with that of Exodus we shall realize the great fact, if we are reasonable beings, that life has been and ever must be the grander truth ; we shall learn by-and-by that by the power of thought worlds are builded and held in their appointed places, that by the power of thought those who have dwelt in this and other lands are ministering to planets and their inhabitants and from those high places breathe their blessings upon all humanity. Ask those who thus watch and guide the heavenly orbs in their flight what is the value of Spiritualism and the power of thought, and there shall come to you the great revelation of that illuminated truth that says, "Behold no

man can cease to think, and we are the builders for those who shall come after us."

To me, then, life is so grand although I have not embraced it all, that I realize this: The workers in those sublime realms have reached an altitude I have not attained as yet. I see forces transcending all my powers of description to portray to you, mighty streams of thought passing from the minds who wear the very stars glittering like diamonds on their brows; I behold the mighty atoms, thought gathered, and I see the centralization and concentration of forces and elements that I know will sometime play their part in a new planet. The life there expressed will be quickened by the spirituality in every human soul until thought in its highest unfoldment shall be grasped and the possibilities of soul-life revealed.

May we, then, you and I, for I place myself beside you as a student in the great laboratory of life,—may we realize that life is sacred, and every thought should be of such a character that it shall not belittle the one who sends it forth. Every power of the soul should find expression and will sometime in the mastery of that which shall come to us as we unfold the possibilities within. Instead, then, of pointing you to any other who shall place you where by your own efforts you have not gained the right to enter, permit me, dear friends, most tenderly to introduce you to yourselves, that you may strive to enter into the deep depths of your own beings and find there the genius you have not discovered before, the power you have failed to realize, and then I am sure you will exclaim, "I shall live now, for I know whence came the stars, I know where the great reservoir of the power of thought is, I know that from within the deep depths of my being there is sufficient power and determination to enable me in all things to do right, to dare to be true." Thus, dear ones, you must realize how impossible it will be for you to blush when you are twitted with seeking

after truth, you must realize how impossible it will be for you to reply, "I am investigating," when the skeptic asks you if you believe in Spiritualism, but you will say to any and all, no matter how high the positions they occupy or where they dwell, "I *know* the truth; I *am* a Spiritualist."

I would gladly lead you where you can behold in clearer waters than those of Siloam the forms of your angel ones; I would gladly lead you where you may be enabled to pass from out the dominion of all creeds and ceremonies and assist you to be baptized in the living waters that flow from the souls of purity, in the living truths that cannot be quenched that you likewise may know what life signifies, that you likewise may prepare yourselves while dwelling here to wear garments befitting the company you hope to join over there, not alone that you may be well clad, but that you may have it proven to you also that forever and forever, and forever more the power of thought shall be the implement whereby,

O Life, Thy ocean waves we tread,
 Nor tread again the darkened earth,
 Thy waves are bright and sparkling
 'Neath the diadem of untold worth.
 O Life, Thy thoughts, infilling us,
 Outflow from us a quickened tide.
 O Life, we clasp what Thou dost give,
 Whate'er it be, where'er we are.
 Our souls unceasing seek and find
 The greater goal of truth,
 For this we know and know it well,
 Within we have the power of thought,
 And thought all cradled in the tide of life
 Shall bear us out and ever out.
 No more mankind will we despise,
 No more look on the wretch with scorn,
 On Thy bright waves, O Life, we'll float,
 Until we stand on fairer shores,
 And 'neath sidereal shades we'll wait and rest,
 And glean while there a greater power of thought,

Affording us a grander destiny,
Till worlds and systems shall bespeak
The power that in and of us is,
The power that life bestows on each.

O Life, Thy grandeur I perceive,
And bow in reverence and in joy.
Thy glory I behold unveiled e'en now
On mountaintop and valley low,
And everywhere the voiceless song
Of Thy great anthem sweeping on
Speaks in a diapason grand as song can be,
"Forever more with grander thoughts we'll tread,
Forever more with greater power we'll grasp
That energy that aids us every one
As on and on we still advance
Amid Life's vast unveilings.

HE THAT HUMBLETH HIMSELF SHALL BE EXALTED.

(By a Medium and Teacher of About 1900 Years Since,)

EASTER SERVICE, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1901.

INVOCATION.

BEFORE all the fruitage of life we breathe our thanksgiving. For all the emanations outreaching from human hearts, from all the divine pulsations of life in whatever form or condition, we breathe our praise and gratitude, for we realize, O All-pervading, Vivifying Power, that all things vie with Thy children of the human race in the ascension of the soul's Calvary in that the soul of the atom, the flower, the fruit or whatever it may be, vies with Thy children in the eternal grasping of that force which constitutes life, which impregnates immensity with its intelligence, and works in silence throughout space; yet the sweet breath of the flower, the deep vibra-

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

tions of the atom join in chanting the great anthem of life as through growth all things attain their higher estate.

May the baptism these children here gathered receive this morning be to them as refreshing as the gentle raindrops that invigorate the earth. May the silent baptism of that spiritual essence all seek, in order that they may adorn themselves in its white garments, be given those present and thus quicken their aspirations, enlarge their understanding and enable them to come into closer touch with all that life signifies.

DISCOURSE.

ON the silent waves of thought, on the vibrating forces of life, I send unto you this hour my thoughts. May they enter into your lives and be there assimilated if you require the assistance that they may be unto you, and may the great, pervading spirit of silence breathe its infinite blessing upon you.

I realize, and I trust that you likewise realize to a degree, our kinship. Distance, surroundings, experiences—whatever may have been the life of another cannot separate that life from your own, and as one vast family we may count our brethren—our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, for whenever we look into the face of one who wears a mortal body or a brighter form in the realms just beyond, we need question not, “Who is my mother? who is my brother?” Verily I say unto you all are our kindred, and as your kinsman I would come in touch with you this morning, realizing the truth that embodies the thought that shall find expression through your lives, and realizing likewise this important truth: He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; he that realizes his childhood and

she that manifests the innocence of the child shall find an exaltation that the individual who striveth to exalt himself cannot possess.

Life brings to you its rich experiences, and you can but rejoice in the knowledge that those whom you have loved are not forgetting you nor are they forgotten. In the holy presence of that love that binds soul to soul, in the sweet expression that you find and reverence only when you measure the sincerity and earnestness of the individual, you become as a little child seeking for truth, not for your own exaltation, but to possess and understand it, whatever it may be or wheresoever it may lead you, that you may the more completely bless others, for the greatest exaltation, the greatest happiness, the deepest peace and joy that can come to us in any pathway, cometh from the silent depths of one's own being through the realization that self is forgotten and the needs of others remembered, not with careless remembrance but with a devotion that prompts one to speed to the rescue or assistance of the other.

All over the land we sense the sweet incense of flowers mingling with strains of music that rise in their sweet cadences piercing the atmosphere. There is naught for me to express in relation to this custom of the people of your day only this: Serve well the purpose of life as best you can, but never stoop to bow before another with vain worshiping. Respect and give your soul's tender thoughts unto whomsoever may be worthy; but who shall answer the question: "Who is worthy of our kindest thoughts?" Shall you presume to judge the worthiness or unworthiness of any? Shall you or I presume to withhold our tenderest, deepest love, our earnest sympathy, and aid, because we ourselves may not be satisfied with another's life? If all lived your life you would be less satisfied with them than you are at the present time. Who shall judge any when the eternal currents of life, flowing

from the fountain-head, infill with sweetness every human soul? Who shall judge one by the outer garments he is forced to wear? Who shall judge another by the ignorance that seems to warp the soul? Surely I could not, for, verily I say unto you that the essence of every soul, whatever may be its outer condition, is sweeter to me than the fragrance of these lilies of the field, and the power that careth for the lily careth for you. What is that power?

Do you strive, through all the realms of ether, to find the center of that force that breathes upon the seed and causes the floweret to spring forth in beauty? The same living breath that breathed upon the seedling and bade it find its beautiful expression in the pure petals of the lily, is the same power that you possess cradled within your material forms—the soul that liveth and is divine!

If, then, in consequence of whatever may have been the cause, people have turned to false gods, to idols of clay, and to them have offered their tributes of praise and thanksgiving, it is well, for thereby shall they learn sometime that true worship does not consist of, neither is made manifest by, form and ceremony.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, because in his humble condition, instead of seeking to judge his kindred and friends, he will strive to discover garnered in their innermost beings the sweetness that waits to find expression by the same process, unknown to you, by which the seedling brings forth the beautiful flower, after it has received the vivifying touch of that Infinite Life inherent therein. Shall we wonder, then, or ask in what direction we shall search for life? Shall we strive longer to place one mortal above all others? Shall we endeavor to place one above any other? Not when we realize the significance of the fact that the lives you are living here are measuring your infancy in that other world,

where by the growth you shall there obtain, you shall gain greater and diviner properties.

Beautiful are the messengers that are ministering unto you continually, and if I claim to be one of them it is in deep humility and with that gentleness that I would ever possess and that may be likened unto the child-life, for are we not all children, inasmuch as I with you am seeking greater unfoldments and the knowledge that as yet I have not obtained ?

When, in this life upon this planet, the awakened consciousness of the people shall consist in the realization not of their greatness, not of their wealth, not of their power, but of the fact that the pure, true growth of the soul cometh not by virtue of the worship of any other, neither by virtue of the ministrations of another save as aids, then shall they be on the highway to spiritual truth. Verily I say unto you that your exaltation shall come to you, every one, when you walk continually in the valley of humility, seeking after all the golden grains of knowledge, instead of standing proudly above the lowly flower that blooms in your pathway and exclaiming, "How beautiful!" with never a thought of the wonderful materialization that has been going on, with never a thought of the silent *chemist* whose abiding-place was in the seedling, from which the flower sprang and that now for a moment exists in a state of more perfected unfoldment ere, like yourselves, sometime it takes its flight to that higher condition for which it, the soul of the flower, has labored to fit itself.

The one great need of the people of this planet, in that they may find, and know, and understand themselves, lies in the necessity^v of their first recognizing and then obeying the infinite law whereby the unfolded flower shall incite them to look deep down into the cause of things and find the power that gave it its beautiful birth, for here you may trace, if you will, that which draws a line

parallel with the unfoldment of the human soul. Each of these flowers before you expresses to me, and will to you when you can read the lesson therein contained, all the elements that you possess, for were it possible that one could be destroyed it would be just as possible that all things could be annihilated.

How little, then, do you dream of the wealth you seek not to gather! How little do you realize the importance of cultivating that humility, that earnestness, that concentration, that will and determination to read and understand, whereby, forgetful of self, you may demand, not of one but of every manifestation of life that appears before you in your pathway, to yield to your consciousness a history of the cause that produced the effect that gladdens your beings; and if thereby you were to behold that which does not give you pleasure but brings you sorrow instead, is it not just as important to ask the why and the wherefore, that all things may be made plain and that you may joyfully exclaim, "Nothing was hidden that has not been revealed unto me by virtue of my continued effort in seeking that I might know?" For truly I say unto you the whole world of expression upon every hand invites you to possess yourselves of the boundless knowledge that can be yours only as you strive determinedly for it.

Beside this what, I ask you, is all the praise, so-called, that has for many years been offered to an individual? What of the pretense? What even of the sacred, holy feelings that have been cultivated and wrought upon by a false education? I do not care to follow this line of thought further than to lead you, every child, in the boundlessness of the lives you are living, to realize—O would that you could realize it here and now—the great importance of your individual existences and the fact that you are and must be your own saviours! When you hear them chant, "The Christ is risen!" look not to the past, dream not of that which you know not of, but

retire into the inner chamber of your beings and verily you shall find there the Christ waiting for its resurrection, waiting for its growth and waiting for the quickened power that shall exalt the soul. Here and here alone, within your inner selves, you will find the only Christ that can aid you to unfold the possibilities of your natures, and looking about you upon every hand you may see your fellow-christs striving, as best they can, encumbered with material forms, to gain some summit, but what they may not really understand.

If the hour of temptation comes unto you, whether it be upon the mountain or in the valley, whether it be in high places or in the manger—wherever it may be remember the Christ that constitutes yourself, that is yourself, is your only redeemer, and by the power within I truly say unto you, whatever Calvary you are forced to ascend, whatever cross you are commanded and obliged to bear, bear it unflinchingly, bear it bravely, never forgetting that whatever may be the nature of your persecution it cannot touch the soul, the Christ arisen from the ignorance that had enfolded you into the rounded out entity, the man or woman versed perhaps not thoroughly in the lore of the age, but learned in the language of the soul which, silent though it may be, is unlimited in potency.

Gladly I send you this greeting this morning, asking you as a tender brother and friend, as one who speaks unto you as my mother, my father, my brother, my sister—asking you by the holy and sacred relation I sustain unto you and unto all others, to seek to understand the Christ within. By every virtue adorn yourselves, and listen to the voice—methinks it may be wafted to your consciousness upon the breeze that fans your cheek—that bids you go out into the wide world and minister unto the hungry, unto the despairing, unto the sorrowing. If in the fulfillment of your life's mission you cannot accomplish this,

you surely can send outward your tender thoughts of every one. The blighted flower that started side by side with the radiant bloom in seeking growth and development, but did not find strength sufficient to enable it to perfectly unfold its petals and breathe its rich fragrance upon the summer air is not lost. It has yielded up its soul even as these flowers before you to-day shall yield up their lives; but in the land beyond you shall find garnered up by your angel friends the souls of these lilies. When you enter paradise you shall find them there, for nothing, I repeat, can be lost.

Verily I say unto you, as I sense the sweet expressions of your lives, they are more pleasing to me than all the praises that mortals can sound, accompanied by a false idea. It is more to me, I assure you, than all the gilded domes that have been dedicated, to receive a thought of kindness and sympathy from a soul earnestly endeavoring to perfect itself, not by exaltation, but by wearing the garments of humility. May you seek, then, to understand yourselves. May you realize, O may you realize how sacred to me is the privilege of exercising the power whereby I can gain your attention for one moment; may you realize how sacred it is to me to know I came in touch with the children of earth and am thereby enabled to minister with more power and strength and with greater efficacy to some one who needs my ministrations.

Live, dear children, sweetly live in the love that is yours. Live, but bow not before the cross upon which some one may have been crucified. Live so that your thoughts and your deeds may not in any sense crucify another by bringing sorrow unto him. If sometime you ascend your Calvary with bleeding feet, bear your cross undauntedly. You will reach the mount, you will stand where, 'neath the fig-tree you shall rest. You will yet stand where you shall sing the song of triumph because you have endeavored to unfold the Christ within and because, in the

consciousness of the ascension you have made, no other need chant the anthem, "The Christ hath risen." Your own soul by its deep joyfulness shall sing its silent anthem of praise, not to an unknown one, not to a power it does not understand, but in that it has risen by virtue of obtaining and holding in its possession the knowledge that enabled it to itself take every step on its upward path.

O may the sweet benediction of that holy aspiration that outreaches from your every life, returning after it has touched the brows of those who have risen higher than have you, bear to you a blessing rich and lasting, quickening your lives to nobler endeavors, quickening your consciousness to a broader and higher understanding of the great world of spiritual activity that surrounds you upon every side, quickening you to a deeper love, a greater forbearance one toward the other ; for verily I say unto you thus and thus alone the soul weaveth its garments, thus and thus alone the Christ layeth aside, or ariseth out of, ignorance and doneth the garments of truth. Forget not, dear children, that unto the pure in heart all things shall be revealed, and the immensity of the knowledge that waits for you to possess yourselves of is beyond my power of description. Your inheritance is just what you aspire for, a conscious understanding of every force that, by its quickening, gives an expression to life, a deeper and deeper consciousness of the divine attributes that are yours, for verily I say unto you, Ye are all gods.

NO. 34.

THE TRUE EASTER.

BY SPIRIT THEODORE PARKER,

(A Clergyman Who Passed to the Higher Life in 1860.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 7, 1901.

INVOCATION.

GREAT and Infinite Allah, enfolding Thy children in the vastness of life's embrace, and breathing Thy benediction throughout all existences, before Thine altar, reverently and joyously, we bow, breathing our aspirations and invoking from Thy mountaintops and valleys the rich baptism outflowing therefrom, even as bending over the planet upon which these children tread, we would draw from her deep, secret chambers the vital forces Thou dost garner there.

O Allah, Thou art the soul of all, the indweller of every form, and by Thine expression through each and all Thou dost proclaim Thy presence, Thy power and Thy glory. O Soul of life, Eternal and Infinite Energy, never spent but evermore vibrating on the oceans of atoms even as Thou dost vibrate on the illimitable ocean of thought, may Thy baptism reach the inner chambers of these Thy children's beings until they realize in all the glory, and beauty, and grandeur of Thine expressions that Thou art

the life of all, and by the potent touch of Thine infinitude these and all Thy children everywhere shall become quickened with a perception and imbued with a power that shall enable them to comprehend alike, themselves and the mighty realm of worlds and systems of worlds upon every hand surrounding them. O Allah, as Thy children seek after a greater and grander height, a nobler growth, instead of searching on the highest hilltops or in the realms where Divinity unfolds its grandest possibilities, may they learn to look within in order to gain the strength whereby to make the ascent, look within and find there the hitherto unveiled forces, the undiscovered possibilities that await the quickening energy of their thoughts, the activity of their will and the determination of their soul-nature to start out, and ascend step by step the pathway over which many of Thy children have passed and over which they shall sometime enter into that greater Presence, not of an individual, but of the grand illumination of worlds and systems of worlds, the infinite Power that shall cause all things to become spiritual.

DISCOURSE.

[N the consciousness of that presence and that power that is destined to revolutionize the entire world, I hardly know what thoughts to express.

Deep and strong indeed are the emotions that fill our beings, as we realize that this is Easter-day, recognized in city, town and hamlet as being connected with the life of one who lived eighteen hundred years ago. O that we may better understand that life that humanity may learn where to kneel and how to worship! While I sense and rejoice at and enjoy the rich outflow from the flowery kingdom blended with the sweet music that is rendered

this day, not alone in this but in many lands, yet a sadness creeps over my being in that the world does not realize the glory of the true Easter, the gladness that shall come to every soul when it recognizes the significance of the words enunciated so long ago in answer to the woman's questioning, "He is not here; he has arisen!"

In relation to the crucifixion of our brother I have nothing to say at the present time. In relation to the mission in which he spent his material life and for which he willingly gave up the mortal form, you and I can have but one thought, one feeling, and that is of the most profound respect, of the deepest gratitude, for if ever we have occasion to be grateful, if we ever have occasion to respect and love another in whatever walk of life he may be, it is when we contemplate the worth of one who has been true to himself, true to the truths he endeavored to enunciate, true to the truths he endeavored to live. I would that the world were full of men and women who might become saviors as far as he became a savior by their dauntless devotion to the truth, by their unerring righteousness and by their continuous effort to do the work of Him who sent them.

When I express this thought the question comes uppermost, "Who bade him come? Who sent him who spake eighteen hundred years ago to perform a mission upon this planet?" The same Infinite Energy, the same forces of life that sent you and me, for he came to his estate in the material form by the exercise of infinite law, and we all realize that there is no other law whereby a human child can find existence here.

Therefore we have all reverence and love for the good any savior has done in saving humanity. But how, we may ask, has he saved humanity? Not by being crucified unless it was by the dauntless perseverance and high standard of manhood that he displayed in bearing his cross unflinchingly, thus demonstrating that principle was

dearer to him than physical life. As an example to others, as a beacon to many a storm tossed soul on the dreary wastes of mortality, as a strong spiritual force, sending out emanations at once helpful and inspiring, he has saved many an one, I doubt not, from what seemed imminent shipwreck. I leave you to answer the question whether or not all should thus perform their duty and thus regard the physical form.

Let us remember, then, this day that there are no people in this broad land or in the whole world that have so much to rejoice in upon Easter as have Spiritualists, for surely you may stand by the side of the grave of Theology, ignorance and superstition, by the grave of creeds, dogmas, forms and ceremonies, for you with others have endeavored with success to roll the stone away from before the sepulcher of these mighty truths you understand. To me there never was a time when it appeared that humanity had so much to be thankful for, so much to rejoice in as now, in that darkness has taken to itself wings and flown before the advancing beams of spiritual light that is illuminating the world. In the hands of the new era behold the enrolled scroll that shall be read by all the people, and the reading shall make them free, for thereby shall human hearts be quickened and man shall learn that not only the Christ of eighteen hundred years ago fulfilled his mission, but that we, whoever we are or wherever we may be, are to fulfill our own.

I rejoice that the people are awakening to this thought; namely, that they have not some one else upon whom they can throw their sins and shortcomings, that they have not some one else who laid aside the material form long ago to serve as a mediator between them and an avenging God; for, seeking on the line of intelligence and spirituality, we find no God who requires an intercessor to induce Him to show mercy to His children, erring though they may be. We find likewise and realize

the truth of that great spiritual gospel that is pervading the entire world to a greater degree than you have any idea of, touching human hearts with the consciousness that the God who shall judge them is ever-present and not enthroned afar off. You sense the presence of that God by every beat of the heart, by every pulsation of your being, for through the awakening or quickening of your life has He taken up his abiding-place within the secret chambers of your soul. Before that inner throne you will realize sometime, if not now, that there alone you are judged every day and every hour of the day, not waiting for the great universal Judgment, but receiving your judgment continually and constantly in the silent conviction of that inner one, yourself, as you pass along your way.

When man shall pause and list to the inner monitor, pause and strive to realize that he must become his own saviour, then indeed the glory of Calvary palls in that we look upon it not as a scene enacted for the benefit or salvation or freedom of every or any individual, but we look upon it as an act of barbarity, we look upon it as a sign of the ignorance of the age, and today, coming up the stream of time you may find those among you who if they had the power would crucify your present saviours.

You may ask me, who are they? No doubt you are surprised at the expression, but I proclaim unto you that your mediums are just as much your saviors today as was he whom humanity have professed to worship so long, and if you dispute it at the first thought I know you will not after you have read on the great scroll of life the eternal truth, for surely you all realize that the light from the spiritual world, flashing with its peerless lustre and bearing you the glad tidings of great joy from those gone before, could not have reached you had it not been for mediumship. Had it not been for the seers of the past and present day, knowledge would not have advanced as

it has. Therefore, while I pay due respect and offer proper reverence to all the saviours of the past, as far as they have aided man by quickening him to an understanding of the fact that he must work out his own salvation, I bow with a deeper joy, I bow with a greater gladness before the mediumship that adorns the present age, but I speak only of those whose mediumship *is* mediumship, I speak only of those who stand beneath the rays of the dawning light, betwixt the mighty arms of those gone before and the great suffering ranks of humanity, voicing as best they can the messages of those who come to redeem the world! For you have not only those who voice to you the thoughts of your loved ones, but you have those who through the power of magnetic touch, give life, and strength and vigor to those whom the stern mandate of the medical fraternity has decreed must die.

Now this Easter morn is golden with the light of truth and rendered grand by the glorious dispensation, not bound in volumes by the hand of man, but written on the granite rocks and breathing its divine benediction through all things. This is the mighty era of awakened consciousness, of joy and gladness such as redeems all humanity from the thralldom of creeds and forms and ceremonies, and well do I know that today were it not for selfishness, were it not for the love of praise of others, this building and a dozen more like it would be filled with earnest souls eager to obtain all the benefit that Spiritualism can confer, for I know that in every one of your churches except the Catholic church, many there are seated in their comfortable pews who seek after their angel friends during the week, who know they come to them, but who, unlike him whom we reverence specially today, sneak out of the way, as it were, forbidding a mention of the truth in their homes.

Why is it? We ask. It may seem strange to you,

also, when so much has been given from the other side of life, when so many messages, lighted by the mighty fire of eternal truth, have touched the hearts of mortals. Indeed you may ask in wonder why is it that all who sorrow so deeply, that all who drape their forms in crape, that all who pretend—and I do not doubt their sincerity—to love those who have gone before better than their own lives, turn from the altar of living truth kissed by those who have passed out of their sight and repudiate their coming. Why is it the cry, “Crucify, crucify!” Why is it the cry, “Nothing good can come out of Nazareth, nothing pure out of Spiritualism?” Every one of you knows as well as you know you live, that Spiritualism has never made one dark line across the horizon of manhood, that Spiritualism is not responsible for all the acts and wrong-doings of so-called Spiritualists, and I defy you and the world to breathe before humanity a sweeter gospel, a purer truth, a diviner philosophy, a grander religion!

It comes not to rob you of any power of intellect, not to take from you any faculty you possess, but to endow you, by a quickened baptism, with new forces that will enable you, everyone, to cultivate the qualities of your own soul that will make you nobler, grander, and a monument of that living truth that has come to proclaim to all humanity: “Behold, I am in your midst! I come,” says the voice of Spiritualism, “to present to every inquiring one my credentials; I come to point to all who will list the open doorway through which their ascended ones have passed, and, more than this, I come to aid every human child to turn the lens of his own soul down deep unto his own life and bring from their hidden depths the many faculties and powers that creedism never had and never will have any use for, because if creedism were true this life were sufficiently lived if you attended considerably well to the duties that devolved upon you here, but

what your destiny might be "over there," it cannot and it never has been able to impart to humanity.

On this Easter-day as the sweet breath of the angels is wafted to you from their homes beyond and, the voices of your songsters rise in rejoicing strains and in grand cadences chant your hymns (of whose words I have naught to say) let *us* have an anthem that shall proclaim the on-coming of this new era, let us have an anthem in which all humanity shall join, a perfect diapason of life, love, joy and gladness.

Spiritualism through its wonderful demonstrations and teachings bids us turn to Nature for many a beautiful and useful lesson, and were I to ask you to go with me and view a scene of resurrection, I would take you out into the groves and then bid you lay your heart and ear close to Nature's bosom and list to her soft breathings to the seedlings beginning to swell, list to the soft touch and vibrations of the roots of the trees as the sap resting therein awakens to newness of life and springs forth to rise that by-and by bud and blossom may greet you. That resurrection o'er hill and dell transcends all power of thought that I can express, and herein we behold the might and glory of that force, that life that never sleeps, that never slumbers. You might say to me in relation to the thought that I have just given utterance to that the sap sleeps in the roots of the trees, the brushes and grasses, but I should answer, "Nay." It has retreated to its little home. Every hour it is widely awake, and it is gathering new elements to prepare itself for what is to come. In no department of Nature can you find a pause; nowhere can you penetrate, no leaf can you touch that is not impregnated with an active, vivifying force. The shrub may seem dead, its branches are bare, it is a cumberer of the ground. You may pull it up and destroy it apparently, but it still exists in a changed form. Were you to lay your ear closely to its withered branches ere you uproot

it, with a knowledge of the divinity of all things and a quickening perception of the inner principles of life, you would find there its own soul gathering forces as it waits for a grander expression.

Thus to-day I would look out with you over Nature's fields, hills, valleys and plains. In a few weeks the grasses shall spring up, the buds shall burst, but as they greet the day, the sunbeam shall kiss not a new soul, but the same soul in a new expression. Do you say that these living things have no souls? I proclaim that they have, and I proclaim also that memory is locked within the bosom of every rootlet that is buried in the chambers of the earth. You may ask me how I know. Simply because I know the great architect, Nature, never sleeps, that in the human system every part and every department is widely awake. I look, then, and behold man resting in the arms of Sleep, whose gentler brother is Death, all unconscious, not alone of the hour, but of his very existence, as far as the outer senses are concerned. I bend over such an one, and I behold the dweller within actively engaged gathering together those forces that when the awakening comes new elements shall stream through every artery. You call it that you become refreshed by slumber, because the worker within, the soul in its activity, has attended you in your rest and supplied you with that which takes the place of that which you have thrown off, the loss of which causes weariness.

Sometimes in bending over the form of a sleeping child of earth I find the soul absent. It may be in another land; it may be that it accompanies some friend to England's shores or some other country over the deep, blue sea. The body rests there held in charge by or in the care of some guardian, one who is ever faithful and true. The purpose of the soul in thus going out may be dual—it may be more. It goes out to gather for itself new forces and currents, to explore new fields. It goes

out to touch the soul and the slumbering senses of some friend and proclaim to him through the quickened sight, that you would call clairvoyance, the presence of the spirit of the mortal who has traversed land and ocean to pay him a visit in a foreign land.

Why, friends, is not this grand! You all know that telepathy is true, and many of you are conscious of visiting other places while your form sleeps, and mingling with friends whom you have not seen for weeks and years. How is it? Because of that greater and grander resurrection than poet, saint or sage ever proclaimed, that resurrection of the soul and its forces that enables humanity today, if they will, to touch a mainspring that the quickening power may bound into expression. Man, in the light of this revelation, stands triumphant over the elements, no longer requiring your external methods of transportation. With your spirit forms oftentimes leaning upon, or with the arm of an Indian guide enfolding you, you may speed away as quickly as thought, passing currents of air and vibrating on the great vibratory ocean until, ensphered in the power, and strength, and magnetic life of that one, you bend over, and with that one's assistance, you touch the consciousness of your friend in the mortal to whom you have desired to give a greeting or a message.

This, friends, is indeed but just the beginning of what is to be, the a, b, c of the alphabet whose glowing, golden letters rest before you and which you shall discern and understand as this movement rolls on and you grow in that power of discernment which has enabled you to do this much. Therefore I invite you to join with me in a glad rejoicing upon this Easter-day in that the resurrection of the human soul from thralldom, superstition and fear is being accomplished upon every hand, in that the greater portion of mankind have risen above the oppressiveness of an unreasoning terror and stand now as the

Spiritualist stands gazing, when he knows that he is descending the last valley of earth, not with sighing and groaning, down into the dismal grave but upward, knowing the form is a garment he is discarding that Nature will care for, and each in a joyous anthem shall proclaim his own resurrection from the past into the world beyond. Have you not, then, you who are Spiritualists, more to rejoice in than all other beings upon the earth? Have you not more to make your souls glad?

You are here threading your pathways as best you can, and learning and doing all you can, but yet it seems to me that the broader view, the grander aspect, the diviner possibilities quickening within you, must give to you a new interest in this great and all-pervading religion. I say "all-pervading," friends, because I know whereof I speak; and if there are hundreds who accept the ministrations of the angels and yet are cowards to the degree that they will not acknowledge it, let us rejoice that they have lighted the lamp of knowledge and hope that by-and-by they will learn to imitate him of eighteen hundred years ago and leave their fear of the opinions of others behind them, ascending their Calvary even in the midst of the sneers and smiles of scorn of those who seek to place obstacles in their pathway. What all humanity require is courage—first, the courage to seek after *all* truth and grasp it; next, the courage undauntedly to live and proclaim it.

To mediums I would say: Be true as truth itself to your mediumship, and make your life, whoever you are, so pure and upright that you will never have cause to think, "I wonder that if my guides are all right? I wonder if they are true to me?" Rest assured that your life will gauge the character of those who come to you, and if you are faithful, if you are sincere, if you are devoted and trustful, then I would say to you if they ask you to pass through a fiery furnace, have no fear; the fire shall

not harm you. I tell you that the power of the spirit-world —aye, more, the power of Nature transcends every thought of fear, and the protective powers of all life can shield every individual who trusts in the arm that never fails. It may be the arm of an Indian like the one who stands beside me at the present moment, undaunted and fearless as the great Power of life itself, trusting and to be trusted, for, let me assure you that there are thousands of Indians about in your land who in spirit are repaying the white man for his kindly (?) treatment of them, repaying the white man for robbing them of their lands, their homes and their all by that deep devotion and tender care that you can understand without my entering into details. In speaking of these Indian guides remember that there is no nobler class of people in the other life, as you call it, than those who have been persecuted, no grander members of the human family than those who, standing in the primeval forests worshipped the "Great Spirit" through the sunbeams, through the trees, through the rapidly sweeping river and through Nature's divine revelations everywhere.

As we think on this Easter day of the resurrection of one individual, as has been taught, let us turn our gaze, our attention, our efforts, our love, our tenderness and constant prayers to the one great thought, the elevation of humanity from their ignorance, the elevation of our kind from the condition in which they are to-day that permits warfare on sea and land, and I might add, let us pray for the elevation and resurrection of those principles that seem to be forgotten. O sad is the contemplation of the fact that in this state you and I love so well, the taking of a life by your officials is permitted! Well may we deplore the barbarity of such an act, and to me the new method of taking a human life is worse than the hangman's knot.

When, O when will humanity be so imbued with a

spirit of love and kindness, become so endowed with wisdom and judgment as to rise above all such belittling, cruel and vengeful methods? Christianity has not taught the better way, but has proclaimed the old Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Let us list to the message from the wide realms of immortal glory, "Let my people go," and I would that one anointed by the power of angelhood might stand in the cell of those condemned to death and bid your officials pause. Unless without it man learns that his inhumanity to man must cease, I firmly believe that the time is coming when in prison dungeons angels will plead for the victims incarcerated therein. To-day, however, mankind will not list to the voice of tender compassion and the pleadings of mercy. Indeed I do not think I am wrong when I say that at the present time your courts in their proceedings are on the plane of savagery. The great animating thought is not to save, not to succor, not to reform, improve and bless, but to convict the accused and make him pay the penalty for his violation of the law, and the more that are murdered on the scaffold, the more that are murdered in the electric chair at the mandate of the state, the more murderers you will have occasion to hang or kill.

Let us rejoice, then, upon this Easter-day in the on-coming of a new era, for I do feel its on-coming is here and now, and ere another Easter morn shall dawn, methinks there will be a shaft of truth turned earthward, and an experience and a lesson that you little dream of will have become yours. Be that as it may, I hail with joy and gladness this hour. Although as we look backward we perceive the pathway darkened and stained with man's barbarity and his cruelty to man, over all the beacon of immortality has shed its rays and around all the tender messages of the angels float, for to all is proffered our sacred and divine religion which supplies the needs of

every human soul. There is no condition in which man can be placed that the sweet blessing of spiritual truth shall not support, and strengthen, and sustain him, be it in sorrow, be it in joy, be it in poverty or be it in plenty.

We may stand on the proud deck of an outgoing steamer. The princely merchant, the popular pastor, the man of leisure and the woman of fashion are there, and we may gaze into the faces of those who tearfully bid farewell to their friends who in turn are thinking of the pleasant time in store for them on the other side of the dark blue sea. They sail out. No land is in sight, and over the heavens gathers a blackness portending the oncoming storm. The lightnings flash in all their vivid and terrifying brilliancy, the deep thunders boom, the ship tosses about, the waves rise mountain high, and by-and-by the voice of the captain sounds above the crash of the elements proclaiming, "We are going down!"

The pastor trembles, and upon his bended knees asks God almighty for mercy. The Christian, pallid and despairing, quivers like a leaf, while the Spiritualist gazes, not with awe but wonder, upon the grand expression of the elements. He knows that never again shall he enter his material home in his material form. He thinks of the sweet wife and dear children there with a love unutterable, yet a wave of sweetest peace sweeps over his being as he realizes the fact that he cannot die, but knows that when he bounds out of the mortal he shall don the garment of immortality. He thinks without a shudder of the coral beds upon which his form shall rest, and waits to rise above the turmoil of the waves, beyond the darkness of the storm. Clasped in the arms of his mother or folded to the bosom of his friend, he is borne from the great and dreary waste to his home, where, bending in tenderness to behold his children and wife, he realizes that a new life dawns for him, and a gladness enters his soul, for he knows that he shall live forever.

As for the pastor, crushed and fearing, he finds himself divested of the material form. I need not attempt to portray to you his condition as he waits for the coming of his savior, waits to be lifted up and borne to heaven, waits in trepidation lest after all his hope may have been in vain. There he is left until his soul is quickened, until in the darkness of his belief he cries out, "O Life, give me one ray of light, that I may know where I am!"

I tell you, friends, in all the exigencies of life, Spiritualism and Spiritualism alone is the unfailing support, the guide and comfort of all mankind, for there is naught of good that it does not embrace, there is no purity that it does not teach, there is no lofty height that it does not proclaim you shall scale. It tells you that the burdensome burden you bear in this life shall not remain upon your shoulders forever; it imparts to you the knowledge that you are toiling here for some purpose, even though you may not now understand its nature; it gives you the assurance that for every tear there shall be a smile "over there," for every pang a flower shall shed its sweet fragrance in your spirit-home; and above all, on this Easter day, it brings to you a deep gladness and rejoicing that should fill, and I do not doubt it has filled, your every heart in the consciousness that there is no death—no death for you, no death for any. All that glorifies hill, valley, mountain and plain, or sleeps in the silent chambers of matter, shall rise with you in the resurrection of that life that shall grow in beauty on the hilltops of immortality.

We joy, O Life, that Thou art divine,
 Thy glory fills each human heart,
 Thy living torch grows brighter as
 Thine angels bear it nearer still,
 Till humankind, with lifted eye,
 May see it lights the eternal way
 For you, and you, and me.
 O saviors of yourselves, dear friends,

Strive this to understand :
 Your lives yourselves must here unfold
 And gather there its blossoming.
 The spring of life may here have passed,
 The winter may have come,
 But, lo ! beyond the glowing dawn,
 The youthful hour shall come,
 And then in purity and love
 You'll meet the dear ones there,
 Only to clasp and be received
 With open arms so fair.
 Then you shall list the word from here,
 The deepest depths of soul to bid
 You on, and on, forevermore.
 The gold shall glow, but glittering thoughts
 More bright and true shall gild the way.

BENEDICTION BY CRISTAL.

I bring you flowers as sweet as these,
 And twine with grace around your brows ;
 And you shall wear them, every one,
 And bring to me when you shall come.

May the sweet kiss of love rest upon your every
 brow.

NO. 35.*

MAN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH ALL THINGS.

BY SPIRIT HYPATIA.

(A Greek teacher and head of the Neo Platonic school of Alexandria, who was dragged from her chariot, hurried to the Cæsarian Church, placed upon the altar underneath the painting of Jesus, stripped naked, murdered and torn to pieces by the Christian priests, in 415 A.D. The same spirit of intolerance has marked all ages down to and including the present and more than 25,000,000 human beings have been slaughtered because they could not conform to orthodox contractedness.)

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1901.

INVOCATION.

BY the light of that eternal wave of gladness that sweeps over all worlds and interpenetrates all life, beneath the divine blessing that life alone in its highest and most exalted expression can bestow, we would invoke the blessing that alone can come from these Thy children gathered here. May they become conscious of this, the

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligences owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

greater truth, that while we aspire to reach the noblest heights and obtain the grandest wisdom, we cannot leave ourselves ; and, therefore, within the deep reservoir centered in every soul, we must discover the methods whereby life's greatest blessing outreaching shall rest upon us, and, by its all-quickening power touching every attribute, enable us to float over the tributaries of life and pause where the ocean waves of human consciousness, human aspirations and human endeavor center beneath the peerless arch of wisdom. May every soul here, in whatever form, uplift its aspirings that directly from that Infinite Center of Energy more potent than they can conceive, they may receive that quickening thought that will enable them to exercise the energy within their own beings. Thus all the lessons of life, one by one, may be revealed to their consciousness, for all must themselves open widely the doorway through which all must pass to enter the Temple of knowledge.

DISCOURSE.

IN the vastness of life's possibilities we trace the possibilities of the soul, and, in the great realm you speak of as the universe, constant activity, earnest concentration and a deep and continuous potency of spirit acting through matter presents indeed a peerless study.

There is naught new in life, and wherever you may go, in whatever direction you may look, the imperceptible is the greater, the unseen the more potent. It matters not how much or how little one may know of the then and the now as you measure time, for there is no measurement of time. One busy hive we may indeed consider life as it presents to us its activities, and wherever we may have

wandered, or whatsoever may have been, the lives we have lived, we are one with all others.

You gaze upon the planet upon which for a time you are incarnate. You walk carelessly over the surface of that substance that you denominate the ground. You pass through the vibratory waves, pregnant with forces that are continually changing every chemical in the atmosphere by the potency of that silent, unseen power that rocks life in its every expression. You perceive not, even as you look, for instance, upon yourselves or upon any other human child, the power that moves you. In the cold air of the wintry day you may behold the exhalations from your lungs. You see what you call your breath as it floats in the atmosphere. Upon a day like this you see it not, and even when you do you have no thought that here is a study for the chemist. You do not think that Nature, or Life, whichever you please to term it, is using you as an intermediate in its chemical processes, and perhaps you may have an idea that when certain elements are thus expelled from your physical systems their purpose and use are then ended. Just think for a moment of the many millions of people who are permeating the atmosphere with exhalations from their lungs, and then consider those (I need not attempt to number them) who send out on their breath poisonous emanations!

When your consciousness becomes quickened and you exercise your wisdom you stand in a new world, a world that your mortal chemist has never penetrated, a world of potency that only presents to you one little thread.

The purpose of life in all these outward expressions is the refinement of every atom, the refinement of every element, seen or unseen, and there is not a particle composing your earth today that has not been taken into and passed through some form of physical existence. The waters of the mighty deep chant the same song beneath the action and direction of the great Chemist of life.

Thus it is possible and only thus for planets to maintain their existence, and thus it is that the human form is enabled to fulfil its purpose as a clothing for the time being of an immortal soul.

You may ask, "Do we care to know? Do we care to learn?" I shall certainly leave you to answer the question yourselves, but I would have you realize evermore that your life and mine (how long you have existed you cannot determine) are for the express purpose of grasping the knowledge that shall give us the fruitage wisdom alone can supply.

While your chemists speak of the wonderful laws of chemistry, they have failed to touch its greatest potency, they have failed to grasp its most powerful factor. It is, it can be only when the children of this planet become more spiritual that the unseen shall become the seen, and then shall you realize that every worm that crawls is filling as important a mission in its life as are you and I in ours. Do not bow your proud heads in shame, thinking you are less because you are related to that which you consider beneath you. The worm and other forms of life burrow in and change the nature of the soil in which for a time they are embedded as their home; the planet is continually passing through changes, repeated again and again, that may be denominated materialization and dematerialization, and as you become cognizant of this fact you must realize that there is not an element in your forms today that has not sometime slumbered side by side with the worm that crawls. The elements in your forms today once played their part in a cruder condition. Of course you understand, then, that the lives of earlier days, whatever their form, that afterward took in the expression of what you call death, have made it possible for you to live more—in other words, you have finer physiques, and you have the power, in consequence of better elements in

your embodiments, to exercise, if you will, a keener perception and a greater intelligence.

I am well aware that your studies have not been nor are they along this line, and I am just as well aware that you have no scientist today who studies what carelessly your learned men think is the impenetrable. It may not seem strange that those whom you do not think are particularly interested in chemistry should not be earnestly thus engaged, but, it would seem that, as far as your scientists have advanced, it would seem that, in view of the quickened pulse that comes in consequence of the greater spiritual expressions all over the planet, there would be here and there some who would strive to open a new door, and I am pleased to assure you that there are some, yet they have not reached that point of solid information that would warrant them in attempting to prove what they are seeking after to human ignorance.

This much I give you that you may if possible realize more and yet more the purpose of your existence, and not merely acknowledge the fact that you must seek to live well here in order that you may live the better there—that will come of itself. Wherever you are living, wherever you have lived, whatever your embodiment may have been, is or ever shall be, you are here where you are, you are what you are in order that you may grapple with all that can come within the grasp of your intellect and the power of your soul energy. When we start from what you call the lowest formations or crudest conditions in life and reach out with one thought to the highest, most perfect and most beautiful, do not forget that the great operation commences and never ceases in the smallest, and that every particle, as I have already said, has been, is being and will be involved in human forms and thence evolved to be taken up again in a higher formation.

I am not speaking of what you denominate the spirit

realm. I am speaking now of this planet, its possessions and its inhabitants, of the silent power inherent in every substance that operates within that substance, however small and insignificant it may be, in that it is evolved therefrom and gives its force and its life to a higher form and a broader expression until evolved from the same, thus continuing its march forever. These are the builders, the workers that you may behold in the deep realms below you.

You may look with scorn upon the child that you consider beneath you; you may look with greater scorn upon the reptile or whatever form may be the most uncouth and loathsome to you, but remember that you are privileged to exist in your present embodiment today by virtue of some element that once played its part in the form of some of the lower orders of life, so-called.

At first thought this may seem absurd to you and even repulsive, and you may say that you do not believe it can be true, but let me assure you that Nature never stops to ask you or me what we believe, neither does she inquire what we would have, but, continuing her vibrations in the deep beds and the darker chambers of life, she is evolving those elements and forces whereby the children of the present day are becoming more and more capable of being quickened by the silent power within themselves.

Too long have you been taught to look for some greater power on some mountain height. Somewhere far away you have aspired to attain an altitude where the blessing you would have could be bestowed upon you, but, children, forget not that the blessing you seek no other save yourselves can give, and even then it cannot be called a bestowment because it comes by virtue of growth, of that quickening within that allows the soul to express itself. Looking at the human family in the ages that have gone, man would indeed seem strange to you as he then appeared with his long limbs and uncouth shape,

so strange indeed and repulsive that you might well call him a savage ; but that form was the best that the conditions of the planet could supply for the soul's habitation, and by virtue of the cruder lives of those who lived in the iron, the stone and even previous ages, by virtue of the elements thrown off by the forms they wore as generation succeeded generation, it is possible for the people of the present day to draw to themselves finer elements to constitute their physiqués.

Therefore when you study the great laws of Nature you will know not only that this is true but that by a constant repetition of this process, one day there shall be a people existing upon this planet as far in advance of you as you are in advance of those crude, uncouth children of the long ago. And yet we are all akin. You and I possess no soul faculty that our predecessors did not possess, even those whose lives were spent in seeking a subsistence by burrowing in the ground for roots or searching for berries or whatever they could obtain to satisfy their hunger.

Allow me to give you one thought more, and you may well ponder upon it as applied to the human child : Forget not that every expression that comes into the atmosphere adds to the perfection of the conditions there, not as a finality, but in the vastness of that ocean of ether into which all these elements and substances flow, for remember that your breath is a substance and every unperceived emanation from your beings is operated upon by the silent chemist that exists in the very air. Thus evolved, and again involved, the mighty process of refinement goes on until at last you behold these emanations, as once you beheld your breath, floating like silvery atoms until like a cloud, white and fleecy, it ascends to the ocean of ether to add to its potency. This ocean enfolds you now. Its cruder stratum, if I may be permitted to use the expression, you vibrate in today. You advance in refinement of vibrating activity just as you grow in spirit. All these

forces of life you and I live to learn, you and I live to know, you and I live that we may grasp, have, direct and control and forget not, children, that when we thus become able to direct and control them, we shall be worthy to become world builders.

Even your own chemists will tell you that life in its every expression presents the solvable, and the unsolvable presents to you that great, never-ceasing expression of materialized forces that may for a time retain their permanency and do as long as necessary and then are dissolved, or as you choose to call it, are dematerialized, but, forget not, are never lost, never annihilated. You may behold the spirit form etherealized, and it may remain in your presence for a longer or shorter period of time. It passes out of your sight, and you say it is gone, but every element there retains its potency, and it may be used again and again.

Let us, then, try to realize that the greatest study of man is man, and the greatest study applying to man is that of chemistry if by that term you infer that it implies a knowledge of the action and reaction of all the forces of life. I wish to ask every one of you, Is not this somewhat more worthy to live for and be active in the attainment of than to sit and think you are simply staying here until you may go somewhere else, you scarcely know where, for you never question where your drifting may take you? Have the one thought uppermost, I would beseech you, to be all you are capable of being, to know all the potencies that life can unveil to you, to grasp all the energy that your soul is capable of grasping, and standing before the mirror of your own being, look within to find the indwelling chemist who will be sufficient for your guidance evermore.

NO. 36.

I STILL LIVE!

BY SPIRIT PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(A Clergyman Who Passed from the mortal in 1893.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 14, 1901.

INVOCATION.

MAY the divine aspirations ascending from these human hearts enfold those who, bending above them, bear unto them strength, and peace and joy. O may the united spiritual powers of mortals and spirits pierce the broader cycle and enable all to perceive more and yet more of the triumphant forces Nature presents upon every hand. Before her sacred altar we would wait to receive her baptism and that quickening that shall enable us to realize our relationship with all her unveilings that thereby we may become more and yet more conscious, O Life, of Thy boundless realms, of Thy unnumbered blessings and comprehend more fully the good dwelling in every human soul.

May we learn to understand one another in whatsoever path we may walk. May we learn to feel tenderly towards one another 'mid suffering and sorrow, or 'mid joy and gladness, and wherever we may be, however we may be situated, may we be actuated by such divine sympathy

with all that in every trial we would fold our brother to our breast with the kindest and sweetest expressions of pity and regard.

O Love, thou art divine, and yet only an expression of that greater tree of knowledge whence come all blessings.

Before Life's altar, then, we wait this hour. O angels, touch us with your all-quickening consciousness. Guide us into pathways of truth, of justice and of right. Bend over these little ones even more tenderly that they may realize you bear them not only the message of immortal life, but the grander message that life shall blossom in greater beauty continuously. As this hour Nature springs to a new resurrection, the flowers and fruits breathe their prophecy, and the genial rays of the sun kissing the earth proclaim its mission, may the great sun of spirituality illuminate every soul and may the faculties and forces within all human beings spring to a quickened activity 'neath the gladsome benediction and blessing of those who are commissioned by their all-enduring love to minister unto the children of earth.

O Life, we rejoice that we move Thine ever-rising wavelets; we rejoice in the goodness of our kindred wherever they may be: and we rejoice that all by-and-by, each in his own day, shall find the jewel of virtue and wear upon their brows the signet of knowledge. For this we rejoice standing 'neath the arch of that doorway through which we shall all pass to enter the sidereal heavens where the golden waves of life shall bear us onward and forever on.

DISCOURSE.

NEVER touch I human lives, never come I into conscious contact, as I hope and trust to at the present

time, with mortals, that my whole being does not thrill with gladness in that I still live and live more than ever I dreamed it were possible to live when I was in the material form.

Whatever the infinite past has been to me, it matters not. I do not feel that I can grasp the whole of that past, neither do I feel that I can grasp more than a fragment of that which impresses me most profoundly with the sacredness of life.

I am sure that what I give you at the present time will be feeble indeed, for words are poor at best to express the deep emotions of the soul. I realize that at every step more and more of the glories of existence, more and more of the wonders of life, more and more of the grandeur of the human soul opens before me by the quickened sense of my being.

I rejoice at this hour as I realize that the time is coming—I feel it now—when mankind will talk less of what people ought to be and more of what they are. Why, do you know that all humanity, from the smallest to the greatest, reaching out to me, is something that I love, and over every one I would bend to bestow a benediction and rejoice in their recognition. Therefore I am glad that this religion of Spiritualism has come to bless the world. I do not wish to talk to you of any other religion to-day, for this is the religion enunciated by him of eighteen hundred years ago, it is the religion of those saints and martyrs that figured in past ages, the religion of truth that enfolds every soul and proclaims its sufficiency for every one. This and this alone, although I may fail to define it, is the religion for me, and I am sure that when it is known and understood better, the world will cease finding fault, cease talking about what people should do and how they should be, but, standing in the ranks of the great army of men and women, those who now criticise so harshly will take their brothers and

sisters as they are and must be for a time, and walk along side by side with them to higher unfoldments and grander achievements. I see the on-coming time, I feel it in the very pulse of the atmosphere that fans your cheeks to-day, when mankind will realize that religion does not consist in the observance of forms and ceremonies, and that none can be—not one—pure and upright in thought, in act, in feeling, if he harbors unkind and ungenerous sentiments towards another.

I am reaching out—would that I could cause every one of you to do the same for yourself—for those health-giving breezes that come from human souls, for the divine tide of that power that is voiceless and perhaps expressionless to those who are asleep, but that expresses itself in the blossoming of every flower, in the fruitage of every grain, and in the glory of every aspiration that rises from the human soul.

If we were perfect at our birth, we would have no occasion to tarry in the material world to grow. If all knowledge were ours at the outset, we would have no need to seek for greater knowledge. If we were born men and women, we would not need to pass through the stage of childhood and obtain an education step by step. But here we are, you and I, little children, standing before the unbound volume of a mighty and peerless truth, waiting not as the world has waited, yet nevertheless we have waited altogether too long to read what is therein written. Perhaps I should convey my meaning more clearly if I were to say that we are here striving to pierce, to penetrate, to grapple with the truth that we find not altogether outside of ourselves.

It seems to me that the one thing most needed here and now is that people should realize more what Spiritualism signifies, and when they do realize it, they will pause before they say, with an idle thought and a careless tongue, "I am a Spiritualist," because to me there

is nothing so sacred as that principle that you refer to or which is included in that term. There is nothing so grand to me as the one thought, and I am glad of it, that Christ could not do it all. There is nothing so beautiful to me today, while I stand and behold the emptiness of forms and ceremonies (not because I disdain them, for as far as there has come any benefit to the human family through them I rejoice in them) as the mental vision of men and women walking over those thin creeds that are dethroned, to the highest heights of manhood and the grandest glory of that womanhood for which the world waits. When that day dawns, when men and women realize the grandeur of Spiritualism and the sweetness and beauty of the religion it comes to teach, then passion will take the rear seat and reason will assert its sway in every human heart, then no one will ask for leaders in any direction, but liberty to be and to act in the best and noblest manner will be the accepted and acceptable right of every human child.

Therefore, knowing what I do know and seeing what I can see, I assert that only by the passing away of that which humanity has loved and revered, can they view the greater and grander unveiling and receive truth's diviner message. I would not, however, have you think for one moment that I despise myself or any other individual who has labored and spent his life in the service of the Christian church. I would not have you think for one moment that I am denouncing one step in the great pathway of human progress. I would not for one moment, if I had the power, obliterate any age, for it may have been a most necessary age, that man has passed through in order to reach his present condition. I do not find fault with any one, neither do I blame any, but I rejoice that humanity have advanced to the point where such institutions as those of the past and present will be required but a very little while longer, and that length of

time will be gauged by humanity's love of freedom, and when humanity realize what Spiritualism signifies, the love of freedom will not be found lacking in the human soul.

Now allow me to give you just an idea of mine. Mankind have been taught all along that they must not believe this and that, they must not question, but accept that which has been presented to them by certain leaders and rulers. This has been the thought that has been forced upon the child, this has been the leading-string used so long that even today men and women do not think for themselves. I include women because it is just as important that women should be taught to use their reason and cultivate their intellectual powers as for man, and perhaps more so because I have an idea that woman is quicker and keener in thought than her brother, and that term includes you and me. I have an idea that her intuitive forces are deeper, higher and further reaching, and if I were to answer your question as to the cause I should not say that she is born this way because I could not. What, then, should I say? I should say that I believe most firmly that the church, in crushing woman, has caused her to ponder and thus the quickened pulse of her being has grown stronger.

I could point you to many women to-day who tower above or stand as high as their brothers. They have dazzled the world with their genius and philosophy, with the powers of their soul-life, because the hand that crushed them drove them forth into the pathways wherein they have toiled. If, like the ivy, they have clung to the oak, the oak by its roughness has cast them off and they cling no longer. I rejoice in this for one reason: I am looking forward to the time—and it shall come sooner or later—when every human soul shall stand upon its own merits, when you shall have no mighty oaks upon which the vines can be supported, but instead, man and woman,

husband and wife, father and child, brother and sister shall walk side by side, one consulting the other, and each imparting unto the other his best and noblest thoughts.

This is the era that is to come; it has not dawned yet, and if the church has been more directly guided, as it were, and governed by man (you understand that it is so, and I need not go over the ground again, I need not repeat the story) woman's hand has been the hand that has cushioned the pews, woman's heart has been the heart that has warmed the atmosphere of the church. I do not belittle myself or you, my brother, when I grant to woman, as I must, the possession of the finer attributes, the finer elements, and just as much power and ability to scale the highest height in intellectual attainment, in the department of science or art that man is capable of scaling.

This is the religion that I love and not a religion that is devoted to serving one individual, not a religion that asks you and me to pay penance, not a religion that demands its sacrifices, but a religion that comes fresh as the breezes from immortal hills, bearing to humanity the inestimable blessing of freedom and proclaiming it throughout the wide world. Whatever your laws may be you must obey them while they exist, but freedom you can have to think, for the soul cannot be fettered. If you are a woman and you have a companion who allows you to go only to his church, you may enter your study or your bed-room, and, sitting in silence there, you may commune with those gone before and seek and obtain the advice and counsel of an ascended father, mother or friend. Hence in Spiritualism you have a religion that no power of man can take away from you.

I know that there are factions, societies and individuals who are seeking to tamper with the laws relating to the liberty so precious to all. They would shut the mouths

of your mediums. They would close your seance-rooms, compel the sick to seek the aid of some accredited member of the medical fraternity for relief. They say it is the pastor's business to sit by the side of him who lies upon his dying bed and breathe words of counsel to the sufferer. They would deny to the medium the privilege of uttering words of comfort and gladness that only the angels can offer such an one, and they would say to the inspired ministrant, "Stand aside and let the pastor anoint the dying man's brow, hold before him the emblem of the cross, and administer the sacrament."

While all things tend toward the one great and glorious altitude you and I are ascending, we need not wonder that humanity have not learned all the sweet, sacred gospel that is now placed before them. It is a religion that enables you to unlearn—how can you unlearn that which you have learned? I leave you to answer the question. It is a religion that comes in radiant garments to lead you out into the broad arena where the tablelands of celestial beauty sparkle like diamonds 'neath the sun of immortality, proclaiming the pathway o'er which the soul ascends by its own efforts into its own heaven.

Where can that heaven be found? Do we look, as we ask this question, to the right hand or the left to find the hundreds thronging it? Do we ask of one upon this hand or the other, "Which way shall we go? What tributary shall we follow in order to find and enter into heaven?" No, friends. We soon learn, as we take one step after another, to cease to look for one who was crucified, we cease to ask for transportation to some heaven far away, for soon the revelation comes—if it does not come to you here it surely will shortly after you have laid aside the mortal—that all the heaven you own now or ever will is within. If you have lived a life that has made you glad and happy, if you have woven for yourselves garments of purity, if you have not passed by on the

other side when the needy have called to you for succor, then your heaven will no doubt satisfy you for a time but not forever. Never, amid all the bright stars, sparkling and flashing as they speed majestically on their way, never, as we behold the grand panorama of glowing beauty sweeping before us, system after system, shall we find a place where, entering in, we can sit down in perfect contentment saying, "I have found my heaven at last!"

I am glad, O I am glad! You may say it is almost a cruel thought and perhaps an unkind expression, but I am as glad as I am capable of being that this is so. For myself I would not accept as my heaven the brightest realm beyond the most beautiful zone that enspheres the world of immortality, did it possess all the glory and beauty that life could there express. I could not accept it, it would not be mine to enjoy, I would not enter therein, neither would you for this reason: We are all individualized beings; we are souls destined to a life of eternal progression; we are men and women. "Men and women," you repeat wonderingly. Yes, we are men and women in a sense little understood—the highest sense, and I can almost hear, welling up from the lips of him who taught eighteen hundred years ago, "Ye are all gods." If memory serves me right I think he referred to that thought sixty times, as his sayings are recorded in the New Testament.

Now what does God signify? It has signified to me, and to you likewise, an individual seated upon a great white throne somewhere, but it means that to me no longer, whatever it may mean to you. Today it signifies to me the powers, the mighty factors of my own being—my God sufficient for me, your God sufficient for you, and no necessity for any other save as we need. O, how we need, the love that comes floating on the waves of the great vibratory ocean from human hearts; save as we

need O how we need the kindly, tender thoughts of those whom we love and who love us.

This is why I am looking forward to the time in this life when human beings shall seek to bless one another ; when the talk of being sick shall have been banished, and all shall seek for health ; when the talk of being bad shall be forgotten, and even in those case where the individual's life looks blackest, humanity shall learn to say, "He was unfortunate, but he has within him sufficient goodness to save himself;" and when instead of talking to prisoners in their cells of an angry God and an imperishable hell, your missionaries shall teach those who are serving their sentences for violating the law, the gospel of spiritual light and the communion of the sweet mothers and dear friends who have gone before. When this is done I tell you that your criminals will come out into the world with a greater desire to live upright lives and be good men and women, for, sad to say, you have some women in those places.

I believe one great mistake of humanity has been in continually telling people how bad they are ; and I believe that when this gospel comes to every human soul proclaiming in its still small voice, "I am sufficient for all thy needs," when you shall have your Sunday-schools, your Monday-schools and your all-the-week schools teaching the little children the principles of truth, spirituality, morality, harmony, peace and goodness, you will behold a class of men and women coming up to take the places of those who now occupy important positions of trust, who will have the golden light of spiritual truth to guide them in their ministrations to humanity.

It is of no value to you and it is of no value to anyone to have a belief that you cannot utilize. To believe (and I speak with all due respect and reverence for the belief of those who are opposed to me in my views) that the Christ was slain and that by virtue of his life and

death others may be saved and pass into a state of immortal glory and happiness—to believe this brings me nothing but sadness, and I cannot but look with sadness upon all who thus believe. Why? Because with the acceptance of that belief the avenues to the soul within are closed, because with that faith the unction from on high does not quicken the spirit, and just as long as you believe that which is impossible you do not arise to do your Master's work. Who is your Master? Yourself, and no other. Who is your Judge? Yourself and no other. Who is the mighty factor in this great work of life, of growth, of soul expression, of salvation if you will? I answer, you and you, and every one. What then? Why, as you take this thought in it seems to me that you as well as I must rejoice; it seems to me that you as well as I must be made glad as we gaze upon the golden glory that lights the whole world.

I am advancing step by step, slowly it may be; I am learning little by little, but be it ever so little the great volume of life is mine to read, mine to explore, mine to possess myself of, and as I think of my poor, feeble lessons and teachings here, I am glad I was capable of accomplishing even the little I did. Perhaps in the life I lived here the experiences I had and the line I followed were necessary in order that life to me should be more gloriously brilliant. Be that as it may, I place every human soul in my estimation just where it is, and had I the power today I would not change your lives, any of you, in thought, in word, in deed, in expression one iota.

You may say that is not kind; but why? I stand beneath the workings of that eternal law that never errs, and I know that I cannot master your life. Should I strive to change you I could not, and the influence I could exert upon you might scatter the forces, dear friends, you are gathering together. You cannot prevent yourself from gathering them together, and when you have gathered

sufficient, they will, like the floweret, unfold and a new life will be revealed to you. You will blossom out, not because I have taught you to blossom, but because I and others have let you alone to grow in silence just as the flower, untouched by man save as he has loosened the earth about its roots and watered it, has unfolded in beauty. He has refrained from fingering the bud and seeking forcibly to separate the petals, he has not in any way tampered with its growth, knowing that the plant would attend to itself.

This thought I would apply to every human soul: It may be rooted in ignorance, it may be grounded, not in sin, but in the inconsistencies of life, waiting for the growth and the gathering of those forces, that when the awakening comes, will cause the soul to arise in all the regal beauty of the resurrection which will enable the individual to find while here those higher influences that he never came *en rapport* with before, which will enable him to understand as he never understood before, and, looking out upon humanity, he will realize what I realize today: That all things have tended to make every human child what it is, that they are tending to make each one grander, and nobler, and better on the morrow, and that they will tend forever and forever to expand the mighty forces of our beings and for ourselves enlarge our heaven that we may glory in the blossoming of the life we are cultivating.

This may seem strange and incomplete to you, but how I would rejoice, if I had the power, to touch your thoughts with one quickening force that would enable you to appreciate the blessings that are yours. Standing as I did, living as I am, I realize as you cannot the sweetness and beauty of the gospel that comes to you in the silent ministrations of those who love you. I realize as you cannot, perhaps, how kindness cultivates the soul of

your friend just as care cultivates and makes more beautiful the flower as it unfolds.

Let us not forget, then, that the gospel of Spiritualism and the needs of humanity are one, and as I said at the outset, I would that people thought more and talked more of taking others as they are and as they can be rather than as they should be, for who shall judge another? Not I; would you? Then let us remember that every thought expressed finds its mark. You meet an individual. You tell him he looks sick. Perhaps another meets him and tells him he doesn't look well, and before night he will be blue enough. But you meet another, feeling no better than the first, maybe; you say to him, "How nicely you look this morning," and I tell you what it is, that individual feels ten-fold better than if he had taken a dose of medicine. Your opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, thought is as potent for good as for ill, and that it possesses untold power no thinking mind can deny.

I am here with you today. When I shall greet you again I know not. I am here as your friend and brother. I am floating like yourselves, vibrating on the great ocean of life. I have simply passed through the change we used to call death, and all I can say is that I hope and rejoice in the hope that sometime you will enjoy its sweetness as did I, for I assure you that there is nothing to fear. You may suffer many times, you may suffer many pains, but when at last you leave the material form it will be because you have no use for it, and the joy of your soul will transcend any pain that possibly could rack your body. You know where you are going and that over you bend those who have come to welcome you home, not to do your work for you, not to bear you beyond the condition you are capable of attaining, but to bear you beneath the silvery shadows of that land where-

in they dwell, and in their sweet companionship you may enjoy the new life that has opened before you.

O Life, how grand Thou art in all Thy unfoldings, in all Thy departments, and yet I have seen the time when I almost shuddered as I have stood by the side of those who were about to pass from the material form. I have stood by the side of those who have asked me in terror what I could do for them; I have stood by the side of those whom I knew were suffering more than mortal agony, because their immortal souls were racked with the horror of the unknown so near at hand, and I am glad, my heart is filled with thanksgiving and praise that this glorious resurrection has come and is proclaiming throughout the wide world that there is no death. I have stood likewise by the side of those who have learned from these spiritual truths the sweetness that comes in its own time, and I say to you if you would pass from those material forms free from fear, clad in the garments of gladness, for this if for nothing else learn, from those waiting to bring you the glad tidings of great joy, the way through which you are to go, be grateful for their faithful ministrations, receive their words of cheer, strive to realize while here that you are placed in this sphere to gain all the knowledge possible and that your soul must aid you in procuring it. Then, O then when the last hour shall come, you will have no cause to fear demons, no need to call on the Christ, for behold the awakened Christ rises in the glory of its new resurrection, lays aside its garments gladly, and, rising out of the material form, proclaims its immortal inheritance.

This is the gospel I would that I could teach all humanity, for this is the gospel that shall purify and reform the world, or humanity throughout the wide world. By its light you may realize more fully why I rejoice that creeds are being destroyed, that beliefs are being cast aside. I rejoice because knowledge is entering in and

mankind are learning of the glory-beams of joy that came to you. Would you have the unopened flower and not the perfectly unfolded blossom rich in hue and fragrant to the senses? Would you have the belief and not the knowledge? I am sure not. Then let us not forget that Spiritualism has come in your day and mine, in its time, when the world needed it.

Men and women of intelligence join in the church service with thankless hearts, lukewarm in zeal, cold and unsympathetic in spirit. There is not that glow that there used to be in church circles, and the only reason is that, with man's growth and development intellectually and spiritually, Christianity no longer satisfies his demands. The great majority attending worship in any church in this fair land is seeking spiritual sustenance elsewhere. In their silent moments in the seclusion of their own homes or wherever they have the opportunity, the people are learning about this golden gospel that proclaims the redemption of all mankind from the thralldom of beliefs, superstitions and all ignorance. In the time to come when humanity outgrows the fallacies of the past and attain to man's estate spiritually speaking, there will be no more graven idols, no more worshipping of God as an idol, but humanity will worship before that altar whose base rests on the rock of knowledge.

As we gaze over your land today we perceive that the bright springtime has come, but the springtime of the soul will come only when all forms and musty beliefs shall have passed away and humanity, fearing no longer the opinion of others lest they shall not be appreciated, shall be born into that nobility of soul, or shall be so awakened, if you will, that the spirit shall spring forth to control the outward action of mankind. All too long has the soul been bidden to keep quiet by the masses, and thus has humanity fed continually upon the dry husks instead of the grain; but by-and-by—all hail its on-com-

ing!—the golden dawn of a new era shall appear, and that truth that is proclaiming its message throughout the wide world shall have full power to touch mankind with a force such as they have never before felt. Materialization shall gradually give way to etherealization in all its beauty, and the forms of your spirit friends shall float in the atmosphere, proving thereby the absolute impossibility of fraud. Then shall your mediums stand before the world, vindicated and triumphant, and honored for their fidelity to the truth.

Today you have that which you do have, but remember this: Truth and light, joy and gladness cannot always be hidden and smothered. There is more in the atmosphere than you dream. I have already stood in a materialized form where you see the form through which I am now speaking; therefore I do not hesitate to say that when the souls of humanity are quickened, when their hearts beat in more perfect unison with ours, knowing as I do know, this place and that the powers centered here are all-enduring and cannot be scattered until time, to use that expression as it is commonly used, is no more—knowing whereof I speak regarding the step I have recently taken and the one before me, I affirm in all earnestness that I shall yet float in this atmosphere and speak to those who shall sit in these seats. Then you will know that no medium can so poise above you, that no voice can come from that form save that of him who joys to greet you today and will endeavor to greet humanity as long as the human soul on earth waits for tidings from the realms beyond.

I am sure I shall not die, and I am sure that this old earth will swing in space for a long period to come; therefore it is fitting that we ask, What is our mission? what is our duty? what is our work? I cannot answer these questions for you, but only for myself. My duty is to strive to enter every avenue I can discover, and learn to

demand all I can by the knowledge and truth I can grasp. My duty is to serve humanity as best I can. My duty is to live in the highest sense of that term, that I may live in the hearts of those who love me, not simply as a faint remembrance, but that I may live in the hearts of my kind because my life and theirs blend, and we become co-workers in the great work of accomplishing all that can be accomplished for the benefit of humanity.

It is true that there is much to enjoy in the life beyond, but I do not feel like dwelling upon this point at the present time. My enjoyments, my blessings in the life upon which I have entered, I assure you are all that I deserve. My soul overflows with gladness as I meet the many friends that have gone before with whom are those whom I revered while here but never met. I gaze on hills and valleys with profound admiration. My being is filled with a joy unutterable as I realize the reality of this life, and I sense beyond the point that I have reached greater waves of light and grander unfoldments that every human soul shall sometime understand.

But, friends, this I cannot say to you is the all of my aspiration, the all of my desires. I have not become separated from mortals. I do not feel that my mission is ended, I do not feel that my work here is finished, and who shall decide that matter better than I! Hence as I see some faces upturned that I have looked into before, I rejoice that even one will listen to me at the present time. I know that there are many who walk in the material form who would gladly clasp my hand and breathe their gladness to greet me, but I do not blame them if they have no word for me. Ought I to blame any, even though I were to come to my own and they received me not? No; I could not. But, friends, this is one reason why my mission is not ended, and as long as yonder building stands, as long as any worship therein, I shall labor with those who kneel in Trinity that they

may be made receptive to the light that streams from realms beyond. Not only there but wherever humanity may be found my duty lies, and my mission is to minister unto whomsoever I can. If they will but hear I am glad ; if they reject my words I am still glad ; if they hear and accept to the extent that they say, "I will strive to prove all things, I will strive to prove if these words are true," then I assure you that my gladness is deep and strong.

O may you all realize that there is much joy in the souls of those who have passed out of their material forms when one on earth whom they love—and do we not love everybody—bows before the sacred baptism of that truth that I have so feebly presented to you this afternoon. Seek it, find it and envelop yourselves in it. It will be a light to your feet, each and every one, and to you whose heads are whitened with the snows of many winters it will be a solace in the hour of silence and a joy in the hour of change. To the young man and the young woman I would say : Heed it ! Perchance over there a father waits ; perchance from over there a mother draws near. O remember, dear friends, in whatever pathway you may be, that some one watches over and seeks to guide you ; live, then, in close communion and sympathy with those who will lead you safely through the mazes of this life. May you be able to say, one and all, " However dark the shadows of adversity, I have bread to eat that the world knoweth not of ; though I walk through the valley of pain and suffering, I have no fear ; if death come, I will welcome it ; if sorrow enshrouds me, I will accept it as my discipline, for over all the fair and radiant faces of my darling ones beam, over all the beckoning hands of those I love are extended ; and beyond is the great haven of life where I shall find eternal labor and eternal rest.

NO. 37.*

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE, THE CULTIVATION OF INDIVIDUALITY.

BY SPIRIT CHINE,

(A Chinese Medium and Teacher of 3,400 Years since.)

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1901.

INVOCATION.

BY the light of that Eternal Energy that never dies out or grows dim may we trace our pathways and understand by its keen reflections Life's infinite possibilities, and thus in the great realm of existence, whatever tributary we float upon, whatever planet we dwell upon, whatever embodiments have been, are or will be ours, that steady flame, burning and lighting up the deep chambers of every human soul, will guide all into the domain of infinite knowledge. 'Tis for this we live, passing through whatever trials and pains may come, and catching from the expression even of sorrow some force

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

that shall enable us to harmonize our lives with the Life that overshadows, enfolds and lights up the deep chambers within us. Therefore we must live in the complete fulfillment of the duties that devolve upon us in every avenue through which we are called upon to pass in our search for higher thought, grander inspiration and diviner unfoldment. All that the soul yearns for, all it expects, all it can demand we shall receive in full measure even to overflowing, accompanied with the earnest efforts that never cease, with the divine aspirations that never falter, with the golden light that finds its center in every human heart, thereby lighting every one on into his own path, whether it be through the wilderness or through the cultivated way, through all that life can bring, enabling him even 'mid the shadows to drink in the sweet breath of the flowers that bloom in the darkness, enabling him likewise to pluck the bright flowers that bloom in the sunshine outpouring from human hearts. That which shall quicken the bud to its diviner growth shall help us to comprehend the purpose of life, and, by that comprehension, to realize that every effort needed for the attainment of that to which we aspire, must come from the spontaneity of the soul thus desiring.

Therefore we rejoice this hour in the sweet gladness of Nature as she breathes her blessing upon the children of earth. We rejoice this hour even when the shadows enshroud these mortals, for within those shadows they may wait, O Life, until more earnest shall grow the desire, by and through the quickened pulse of the soul, that shall enable them to reach the higher, the grander and the nobler.

O ye who minister unto these dear ones, may the sacredness of your presence, unrealized as it may be, aid in awakening these souls to a consciousness of the life they are now living, as well as to the greater grandeur of the life toward which they are tending, so that in all the

embodiments they may require, they may understand that Life's purpose is complete, and that only by constant energy may they render their individual lives complete before the infinite altar of all-enduring Truth.

DISCOURSE.

WITH a perfect consciousness of the emanations and vibrations from your lives and the touch of the infinite past, with a perfect consciousness of the impressions you are making on the great scroll of life that never can be completed, I would give you something, if only a thought, in relation to the purpose of existence, and the problem that you, and I, and all are striving to solve, the problem that all Nature, by the intelligence incarnate in her various forms, is solving before your gaze and mine.

When we shall read and thoroughly understand from cause to effect the law that produces the flower, not simply the material flower that you gaze upon, but that which gives the blossom its immortal existence, its privilege to compete with you and me in a greater or more perfect unfoldment, you gaze indeed upon that which may well cause you to wonder. But do you ever think to ask if the fruit or the flower that is presented to you really existed in the seedling from which it sprang, or if the seedling, reaching back into Infinitude, obtained its life, its spiritual force from the same source whence the human child obtains the power to enable him to vibrate on whatsoever atmosphere he will, not by the exercise of a mere thought—that is impossible, but to vibrate upon whatsoever atmosphere he wills to vibrate upon—that is his privilege.

But we may thus vibrate upon the atmospheres we choose only by the continuous exercise of the energies in

our possession. They are the implements whereby we polish the diamond ; they are the means whereby we enlarge ourselves and learn to command the forces that have been permitted to slumber too long.

When we mingle with the children of other planets, what importance can we attach to the experiences that have been ours in previous embodiments ? For instance, does the fact that I existed over three thousand years ago upon this planet give me any advantage over you ? This is a problem for you to solve, and when you strive to solve it, enter into the deep chambers of your own beings, and learn if you are able how long you have existed ; strive, instead of tracing the life of some other, to trace your own life-line, for remember, in whatsoever condition or atmosphere, or upon whatsoever planet we may dwell, we leave there an emanation which we can always reach back and grasp from any and every advancing step we may take. Probably there is no one living among you that pauses to think that life with you did not begin when you entered upon this stage of existence, nevertheless such is the fact, and hence I am no more ancient than you, I have lived no longer than have you, and when you shall be able, not by any power that I or any other may confer upon you, to read the life-line of your own being, you will be astounded to learn what you have been—more astounded than you will be to realize what you are. And yet how many, think you, realize what they are ?

The constant re-embodiment of man and Nature in all her departments is an incontrovertible fact. You, like many others, may dispute the statement in wilful blindness, but is it the part of wisdom for the child, standing by the side of its parent who has become versed in any lore or is the possessor of any special knowledge, to exclaim to that father or mother, “You do not see clearly ; you do not know ; I do not believe you are correct ?” Yet that is the exact attitude assumed by humanity

today toward the spirit-world. Instead of preferring the judgment of those who know by experience, they insist that they are right, and that those who come to instruct them are wrong as far as the question of re-embodiment is concerned. Were it not better to faithfully perform the every duty in this embodiment, thereby obtaining the material that will give them a higher and more perfect embodiment later on? Souls cannot starve, but surely they are anhungered when, drawing the garments of ignorance around them, they assume a knowledge that it is not possible for them to possess in this embodiment. Hence the world in which you are dwelling reject the offerings that we would gladly lay at their feet with the proud assurance that they possess a greater knowledge than those who have clothed themselves again and yet again in materiality.

This state of mind must perhaps be the attitude of the mass of humanity for a while longer, but I would have you realize, dear children, that until you have attained to that condition where you are willing to accept truth, to accept life as life demands your acceptance of it, you cannot enter into the great kingdom of knowledge. Knowledge is not bestowed by one upon another. Whatever I may have seen, whatever I may have heard, whatever I may have experienced, I cannot impart the knowledge thereof to you, neither can you impart it to some other. You partake, for instance, of some viand. You call it luscious. You tell your friend how grateful it is to your taste, and for a long time you enjoy the memory of that feast because your palate was pleased; but your friend by your most faithful and vivid description cannot realize your experience. He or she must partake of the same food in order to be thus instructed, and even then tastes differ.

So likewise in the obtainment of knowledge: The faculties of human souls are all alike, but the development

of those faculties is not graded the same. One spirit may perceive that which it were impossible for another to recognize in consequence of the plane of vibration upon which it vibrates. For instance: You pass through some section of the country rich in marvellously beautiful or awe-inspiring scenery. With artistic eye and soul you stand enraptured at the attractions of the smiling valley, at the magnificent spectacle of the solitary mountain, at the ruggedness of Nature where she has planted her stern footsteps; while the friend at your side exclaims, "I do not care for this; I like something different better." Why are the two of you so differently affected by the same scene? Because of a diametrically opposed development. You have cultivated a faculty that causes you to inbreathe the breath of the God of Nature, and in the silence that rests upon the mountain's brow or outpours in a sweet baptism at its base, you stand enthralled alike by the beauty of Nature and the profoundness of the solitude that gives to the soul its richest, most uplifting inspiration.

Humanity strive to derive all their knowledge from the external of life, confining themselves almost entirely thereunto, looking without, looking beyond for some power outside of themselves that will supply their every need. It matters not what you call the power you are seeking, you will never find it, you will never be satisfied. You will ever seek for that which is unapproachable until you pause before the shrine of your own being. There, in that inner sanctuary, you will find the light that burns in the center of that Eternal Energy that gave us all things, burning brightly, and there you will discover the sacred mine of wealth, there you will discover the power you have sought far and wide without success.

We are well aware that humanity are loath to direct their attention to their own inner selves. They are joined to their idols of ignorance, they belittle themselves

and are unwilling to accept the thought of their own greatness, not however in their present expressions, for many think themselves great who are pigmies beside their fellows, but of these I am not speaking. The greatness of the greatest among you shall sink into insignificance before the greater grandeur of that spiritual glow that shall shine forth when man, standing before no imaginary altar, reveals unto himself his own soul forces.

Here is where we must pause, and on this point, even though we weary you, rest, for upon this altar, namely, the human soul, lies all your happiness in the lives that are to come, all the true enjoyment you can obtain here, and all the wealth of that power that shall enable you to become masters in art, science and literature to a greater and higher degree than your savants have any idea of.

As you look upon the flower today can you tell me whence it came? Can you trace its line of life to the same central thought or power from which you sprang? Can you tell me how many embodiments the flower has enjoyed or suffered in ere it gives to you its perfume today? Forget not that Nature is one illimitable laboratory, and every floweret that spring forth to greet with its beauty your eyes and breathe its sweet fragrance on the air around, has passed through embodiments unnumbered, pausing here to send into the atmosphere its life accompanied by that sweetness which you sense, to be embodied again in that other expression toward which you and it are tending. Think not Nature lacks; think not we can understand ourselves and not drink from her ever-living fount; think not we can gaze upon the buried past, even as far as this planet is concerned, and exclaim with truth, as we pass with careless tread over the ruins beneath, "The past is gone and useless," for all the past, whatever it has been, has enabled us to be what we are.

Humanity in this cycle have dwelt upon the surface and worshipped the material even to the extent of enslav-

ing themselves, until the cycle wanes and the new one, with its bended arch approaching, brings to the people of this planet the brighter lines of spirituality whereby they shall be quickened to higher attainments and more recognized possibilities; but first remember: However high you may aspire, however grand you would be, however great the knowledge you desire, like a child, you must begin at the alphabet. That you will find within, and only by working without and expanding the soul forces, only by bringing forth from those chambers that you have allowed to be closed, the hidden forces and powers, the energy that has not slumbered but waits to be called into activity—only thereby can you reach that altitude where you can understand that all embodiments come only when there is a demand from within, be it but the soul of the sandgrain, the flower or the fruit. Nature maintains whatever she expresses in every department, and the soul receives no embodiment that it does not demand.

Therefore it were idle for you who dwell in the shadows of earth life to waste your time discussing future conditions in another sphere of existence. It were better to discuss and seek after that which you can command, which you can grasp, which you can understand, accepting the fact, if you cannot recall the past, that the embodiment you are maintaining at the present time is in consequence of your desire therefor. You came into this conscious state of existence, not at demand of a stranger or anyone else, but at the demand of the worker within the soul whose activity never ceases, and if sometimes bound, or held in thralldom, by the powers of the outer senses, it is never quite inoperative.

You all realize that you are embodied in these forms; how you came by them you do not know, but I assure you that when you lay them aside it will be at the discretion and by the decision of yourselves. There are no accidents; you may call certain events such, but remember

this and believe it when you can, I do not ask you to accept it at present: Seeming accidents are never a surprise to the soul dwelling in the human form. If it were otherwise, and you were living in a chance world, you might indeed tremble with fear.

I would ask you—and I speak to every one present—Do you or do you not believe that you are sufficient for yourselves? That the powers within you transcend in force, in governing by unerring law, all the powers that could possibly be concentrated outside of yourselves? It is only when man shall comprehend himself in part that he shall be able upon this planet to command, and the elements shall obey the signal and voice of the soul.

It is for this, then, that you live, and the great problem of your life, of my life, of all lives, is not first to know and understand all that is manifested outside, but to understand thoroughly your possessions and learn to command them. Then every department of Nature invites you to enter her domains. We bend over her rich mines, we stand wherever we may, realizing that in whatever she presents to us she presents herself as our subject.

Thus we are co-operating with Nature's forces, and giving to you from time to time our lessons, weak and feeble as you may call them, in materialization and in the demonstration, as far as possible, by which I greet you this morning, although myself far, far beyond the atmosphere of your earth. The transmission of thought from one to another will obtain in coming time to that degree that you will require no material mechanism as a medium through which to send messages from one to another upon this planet. Though oceans may roll between, though mountains may seemingly impose an impassible barrier, the soul of man shall be endowed with a power that will enable it to send its silent thought, and the receiver shall be just as conscious of the reception of that thought as

you are when you receive messages in the manner in which they are conveyed at the present time. And the healer shall not need to enter the presence of those who are ill, for, in this time that is coming, sickness will have passed away.

How long, think you, before this day shall dawn? I give you the problem to solve for yourselves. How long will it take man to learn to introduce into his system nothing that is not pure and health-giving? How long a time will he require in which to learn not to cultivate abnormal tastes? How long will it be before he will yield to the dictates of reason and recognize the fact that the body in which for the time being he is dwelling requires wholesome food and pure air? When this day dawns how light will your planet glow, and the people that will then inhabit your earth will be slaves no more to that which robs them of the full benefit of their brain forces, to that which fails to nourish the body but unduly stimulates the system. In the early days of this new era, if man desires the services of a healer, no space nor distance need be traversed to obtain the desired results. One thought sent out shall return, not burdened, but laden with a magnetic force, and its silent power shall bid the sick arise and be healed.

So likewise in regard to the phenomena that you are demanding at the present time. No special mediums will then be required for their production. The light of the soul, emanating from human beings, shall so illuminate the atmosphere that you shall walk with one another, not beholding the material form by your side, but the spirit incarnate as well as those from realms beyond who are your attendants.

When you gaze upon the wonders of Nature, and recognize their transcendent beauty, ponder upon our words if you cannot realize the fact when we tell you that in the atmosphere are elements, unseen and unsensed by

mortals, of more potency than you can possibly secure by the combination of elements that are tangible to you. The very air thrills with the on-coming of that time of which I have been speaking, and the deep vibrations that are not expressed because humanity will not receive them, are held, as it were, by an infinite force, to be measured out when mankind shall seek and aspire to possess themselves of them.

I would gladly open up before you a new world if you have not already penetrated this silent realm to which I call your attention. It is through this realm that humanity shall become free. It is from this realm that the forces that vibrate about you shall bring the quickening touch to human souls that shall awaken within them a greater aspiration and a holier joy, for thereby they shall walk in the light of that newness that shall be unto them even as a new embodiment. The people coming after you upon this planet are indeed to be blessed.

The present waves from our shores are to a great extent hurried back, perhaps for the reason that humanity have never been taught that they themselves must care for their own souls and their eternal welfare. They have always been told that some one else will do this work for them. Yet you, no more than I, would wish this to be. The time will come when you will scorn the idea of any one's suffering for you. The time will come when you will beg of another not to plead for mercy for you, because, in the regal grandeur of your own soul, you will see and sense the mighty power without co-operating with the power within that you are calling forth, and you will exclaim, "I am sufficient unto myself; allow me as a blessing to bear my own burden, my pain, my sorrow if such come unto me; give me your kind thoughts," for this we shall always be grateful, "but give me the supreme satisfaction, the inestimable privilege and the unending joy of experiencing for myself that which life has placed before

me. Ask me not to enter into a joy, ask me not to join in singing songs of praise and gladness, until I have earned the right to thus joy and praise. If you or another by your power could place me side by side with the singing stars, the rolling spheres and the white-robed ones who chant their messages of peace and good-will, I would beg you to leave me alone, even though it be in utter darkness."

While we should and ever will, I trust, give our kindest thoughts to others, and gratefully receive theirs in return, forget not, children, the time must come when you will realize the import as the necessity of these thoughts: that you are not favored by being blessed or rescued from suffering by and through the intermediary efforts of another; that you are blessed only when you bear your burdens with the dignity befitting the soul within. If you were less than this, I would almost despair; if you were less than this, you might call yourselves slaves. O is it possible for you to sincerely think for one moment that you could enjoy a state of perfect bliss if it were provided for you by some one else? I think not, and I am sure when you become thoroughly acquainted with yourselves, you will know that your own soul would spurn such an offer and refuse the proffered seat.

I would have you realize and remember that you are preparing for a re-embodiment, but do not allow the thought to disturb you. Your duty now is to fulfill your mission in this embodiment as best you can. Live well to-day. The morrow will bring its own requirements, the morrow will bring you new elements to incorporate into your lives, and as you thread the line of that eternal march, be it upon this planet that you shall revisit or any other, remember all discussions here will have no effect—you know nothing about it, you cannot, but when, in the course of the soul's advancement, you require an experience, you yourself will demand it, and the way will open

through which you will seek and find it. Whatever tributary shall invite you by its sparkling waters, that you will follow; whatever pathway is revealed to you, even though it leads to suffering and you would scale heights of untold happiness such as you have been privileged to ascend heretofore, yet you will choose that pathway. No individual will command you, no other will dictate, but when you decide to set out on a new line of research, to gain experiences of an altogether new character, sweet songs of joy from those who have associated with you will rise, and the blessing of those who love you and rejoice in your earnest efforts will accompany you wherever you may wander at the behest of duty.

You cannot in this embodiment see and realize all, but leave yourselves in trust, as it were, to float on the all-embracing waves of Life's vast river. Never can you be lost. Whatever may happen to your present embodiment, *you* cannot be harmed, and so, likewise, is it with all embodiments. You cannot discard a form until the soul demands it. No power of earth can compel you to lay it aside. Remember, then, vague and inexplicable as the idea may seem to you, that you yourselves are the directors of your individual destinies here and forever, not in the outer sense, for I am aware that material environments affect you and the senses control you to a great degree, but recollect that I am speaking of the possibilities of the soul and where you can find the power that will enable you to understand all things and become masters of all elements that vibrate 'neath the dome of that Eternal Energy, that holds us all in its sweet embrace as well as the sands of the planet upon which you dwell.

NO. 38.

PROGRESSION THE ORDER OF
THE MATERIAL AND SPIRIT-
UAL UNIVERSE.

BY SPIRIT HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(A Clergyman Who Passed to the Higher Life in 1887.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 21, 1901.

INVOCATION.

AT the pass of the great mountain of wisdom we uplift our aspirations to invoke the brightest rays of light we are capable of perceiving, to invoke, O Life, Thy sacred baptism, to invoke the emanations outspeeding from those who have ascended to higher heights, as we realize that in the land beyond there waits an opportunity for every soul on Thy bounding billows to rise higher and higher, and, in the immensity of that evolution that bears us onward and outward, to grasp more of the beauty and grandeur of existence. Yet among these mortal ones, 'mid the surging waves of time and human effort, we would pause and invoke from every department of the vast, universal Whole, Life's baptism. Outflowing from every star, outbreathed from every planet, and, outreaching from every aspiration of the soul incarnate in all be-

'neath the tread of man, O Infinitude, we would invoke Thy benediction that thereby our souls may become quickened, that thereby our energies may become reinforced, and that, comprehending ourselves, we may enter into the vast domain of life's possibilities and compete with all things in the grand attainment of that knowledge that bringeth wisdom to every human soul.

We rejoice in the ministration of those who come to minister unto humanity in every condition of life. We rejoice in the possibility of that communion, silent though it may be, sacred as it is and must remain, that binds soul to soul, we rejoice in that law whereby the embodied soul may see, hear and sense the presence of those who, watching over earth's children, aid them in all the various pathways of materiality. Let us, therefore, one and all, rejoice as we uplift our thoughts before the great altar of Life 'neath which our aspirations are wafted, and beyond which we may behold the mansions not made with hands and the forms of those we have loved walking to and fro, meeting one another in the holiest exchange of thought, and entering that sacred apartment where convened we see our kindred who are planning the mighty events that are occurring on earth.

O Life, Thy grandeur is unspeakable, Thy glory transcends all aspiration and the power of all that man can evolve in the material world. We join, therefore, this hour with the lifting flowers and grasses, with the swelling buds and awakening streamlets—we join with all Nature as she breathes her anthem of praise 'neath the rays of the spring-day sun, with the aspirations of humanity for a new growth and a higher and more perfect unfoldment, for all shall find not only the spring-time of the spirit-world but the harvest-time wherein they shall gather all the golden grains whose seed they have sown in the appointed season.

Baptize us, O ye sages, in your greater wisdom ;

spread over all the bright pinions of that religion that shall bring gladness and joy to every human soul. And unto that Infinite Energy that breathes its divine blessings over the whole world, we breathe our gratitude, while with one expression of our souls' gladness, we accept its on-coming waves that we, as individuals, may become uplifted to that realm or condition where the soul stands face to face with its own infinitude.

DISCOURSE.

I HAVE a few thoughts—I pause before the profound expression of that silence that rests about and above us, before that wondrous unfoldment of life that I perceive in the condition in which I am now placed, before the grandeur of the possibilities of the human soul, for in the matter of their comprehension I assure you I consider myself an earnest and industrious student. As I was about to say, I have a few thoughts to proffer you in relation to growth as applied to the soul, and likewise regarding all conditions that tend to the unfoldment of the human family.

We all realize when we stand before Nature's altar that progression is the order of the hour. We also realize that through progression this planet has beautified itself to such an extent that you and I have felt and do feel proud not alone of our country, but of the world. We look back through the lapse of ages and we behold the vast achievements of the human race; we likewise behold and comprehend the fact that Nature in every department presents herself to you in her present stage of progression by virtue of the decay of what she was. Every mountain, every stream, every expression of Nature is on a higher plane than in the past, and yet in the past she was

perfect to just the extent that her possibilities were unfolded even as she is at the present time. However, I do not purpose, as much as I love Nature and all her wonderful unveilings, to dwell altogether upon the external world, for if it be true that Nature perfects herself by what the past yields to the present, that the today, with its greater attainments, is the effect of yesterday, and it may be the same of the evolutions of yesterday, it is likewise true that man in his religious nature has advanced in the same ratio.

I cannot realize that there ever was or can be anything existing in vain. There never, to my comprehension, was an expression of life that was lost. If we gaze upon the decay of the past, let us realize, ere we glory in the greatness of the present, that the today owes its more marvellous brilliancy to the past, which, in and of itself, was just as important as is the now, and the tomorrow shall gleam with brighter radiance because of today.

Thus Nature outgrows her advancing steps, one by one, proclaiming that infinite progression of which you and I are parts, that progression that the church in the past has not taught, although, methinks, there are a few lines being given now and then before church altars in relation to the selfsame thought.

Man, we all understand, was born a religious being, and I have sometimes questioned if all other animals are not endowed with reverence, I have sometimes questioned if the brutes we look upon as beneath us have not higher aspirings. Who can say? Man has denied them the power of thought, but did he possess the knowledge to read the emanations of the brute creation I verily believe he would see, as I can see, that his intelligence is broader than that of so-called lower forms of life by virtue of the expressions that have preceded him. I think I would not pause here, but rather I am inclined to strike down deep

into the root of all matter, because I realize that everywhere the spirit that lives in you and me lives in every expression of matter. So today I glory in my broader relationships, for life to me, in consequence of this thinking, is more beautiful, grander and holier.

Whatever, then, the religion of the past may have been, I do not purpose to take it up in its different branches. Every individual, in my estimation, has had a spiritual or religious instinct or aspiration. I do not by any means wish you to infer from this expression that I am speaking of religion as exemplified in the church, but rather of religion outside the church, of the religious nature of man in the stone age, of man in his savagery, of the religious nature of the brute standing side by side with him in the primeval forests, when it may have been the brute that inspired the savage to reach upward to that Eternal Spirit, that gave to him some conception of a greater and grander power, as the sunbeams pierce the sheltering leaves, that gave to him a consciousness of something beyond his conception. We may thus worship, and worship truly and sincerely, that which we cannot comprehend.

I need not pause here or hesitate to say that this, to a great extent, has been the burden of humanity's worship. Have we not worshiped that which we did not know and could not understand? Have we not gone out from before the very altar of holiness into the world of idolatry and worshiped that which we never could or did conceive of? Have we not worshiped an individual that, in accordance with natural and divine law, could not exist? For we all realize that no individual could be three in one and one in three except in the sense that we recognize the trinity of the soul, spirit and body.

Man in his spiritual consciousness, and in his spiritual unconsciousness as well, has always sought for something greater than himself that he might worship it,

that he might bow in adoration before it, and this has been simply in consequence of ignorance. Man could not gain knowledge until he had grown sufficiently to enable him to grasp it; he could not read the destiny of life until he had mapped out something for himself, and it was this same power of thought, this same religious element (not Christianity as exemplified in forms and ceremonies, but that sentiment implanted in every human soul) that caused him to seek after the higher and worship the holier—I speak of that spiritual sentiment that lifts the individual above the sordidness of seeking only for wealth and the welfare of his kindred, I speak of that religion that enters into, or is born, if you will, in the man or woman.

Here I might pause to ask you when and where you were born, and you might answer in such a place, in such a town, and at such a time. O friends, we were born ere the morning stars sang their first note of joy, and are co-existent with that Eternal Energy that sweeps the lyre strings of the immortal world, opening outward every vibratory expression of matter, kindling in the human soul its highest aspirations, and causing it to seek its noblest attainments.

Thus it is to-day in a spiritual sense. We look—I speak for myself—not with disdain upon creeds and forms, not at all. They were necessary for those who required them, even as slavery in America was necessary in its day. You may say that this is a queer idea, but I believe that every expression of humanity has been true indeed to the time in which that expression was given, and all these conditions that we may point to and deplore, gave to mankind a grand opportunity for a noble effort. What if we always had taken advantage of those opportunities? What if we always had reached out to investigate the sorrows of others and alleviate their distress, thereby maintaining the philosophy of that religion that

knows no country, no creed, no form? Can you imagine the result?

The religion that I would speak of this afternoon is the religion of human needs, the religion for humanity. There can be but one religion of this nature, for every human soul is like unto every other. The sorrows of one are like the sorrows of every other one; the joys of one vibrate in harmony with the joys of each and all; and the love that thrills the heart of the peasant maiden, standing by the door of her humble cot, is the same sentiment that brings happiness to the heart of the princess or the queen in her palace. No matter what one's rank may be, how high or low, all are stirred by the same emotions, and all likewise have the same aspirations. You may vibrate on different planes of expression or unfoldment, but there comes a time—it comes as surely to the savage and perhaps with more force than to the cultured man of a high civilization—when something within every individual calls for that earnest expression that causes the soul to arise and strive to pierce the realms of truth that it may read, and know, and understand. Had it not been for the teachings that have hampered and fettered them, spiritually speaking, humanity would have sought farther and wider ere this; and yet, as I have said already, every life expresses itself true to its own time and age, and mankind to-day stand far in advance, not alone in physique, but in intellectuality, in achievements in the departments of science, art, philosophy, and in all that makes up the sum total of a noble manhood and a sweet and gracious womanhood—mankind stand, I repeat, far in advance of what they were in the last century as well as in past times.

Thus the new century dawns with a golden brightness before which all historic ages pale. I do not care to go back of history on the present occasion except to say that, beyond its walls, lies an infinite past, and there is to

be found a mighty array of grand souls through whose agency this planet has been lighted with a greater glory than illuminates it today, for I realize, and I have the proof of my assurance, which, however, I cannot present to you now, that instead of dwelling, when I was here, upon a new continent, I, with yourselves, lived upon a continent far more ancient than we had been taught to believe. The discovery of Columbus was simply the re-discovery of a world that had been the habitation of a people of wealth, learning and culture who once flourished and then passed away, leaving no record of their presence in the land.

I desire, however, to speak more fully of our spiritual nature, our spiritual needs and soul growth, for there is no other religion extant that can search out man's needs, from the smallest to the greatest, and spreading its pinions over his bended form, exclaim, "I am sufficient for all ; I can supply your every requirement." If, rising from his despairing position, he asks, "How ? whither shall I go ? whence shall I obtain the strength and wisdom that I would have ?" the same angel of light, still hovering with outspread pinions over him, whispers, "Within thyself ; there thou shalt find the Christ, there thou shalt find thy God, there thou shalt find all that is required for thy eternal unfoldment, there thou shalt find the forces thou needest save such as inflow as thou takest thy way onward step by step ; there thou shalt find the savior, never crucified except by thy ignorance ; there thou shalt see thy judge who never wanders from his throne."

There, in your own soul, you shall also behold the latent faculties that you never dreamed you possessed, and in cultivating these you shall behold the great realm of spiritual life as it unveils its treasures and gives to you the consciousness of that religion, that must and will become the universal religion of humanity. People of all

colors, all nationalities and all classes shall bow before its radiant altar, not as serfs, but as gods, waiting for that unfoldment wherein the Christ shall don the garments of its higher and grander power.

When we comprehend this fact we shall stand before the altar where once stood one of the noblest men that ever loved America; then we shall learn that there is no religion for Germany, no religion for Italy, no religion for America, no religion for any other country, but that the world is every man's home and to do good is his religion. This shall indeed be the watchword of nations, and all peoples shall recognize the glory of that religion that reveals to them, first, themselves, and leads them by the silent waters of self-examination, self-thought, self-energy and self-aspiration, until they realize that they are unfolding and behold just beyond that greater and grander life where, sleeping not but fully awake, dwell their kindred and friends.

This religion opens up to you and me the world that reveals to us not alone the possibilities but the powers of the human soul. This religion does not open up to us the path wherein we seek selfishly to find a shelter for ourselves, endeavoring to shirk the consequences of our mistakes and wrong-doings and leaving some one else to bear them as a burden while we strive to reach a condition that we have not labored for, have not earned, and, let me here tell you, will never discover. This religion comes to your soul and mine and opens, by the quickened power of thought and inspiration, the great world that lies before us with all its responsibilities as well as joys.

Do you ask, then, if this religion is of more value to you than any other religion that is devoted to form and ceremony? Do you ask if this religion is more blessed? is there greater good in it? what more can it accomplish for man? what more can it reveal to him than any other? Can it crown him with a more glorious crown than that

woven by the sorrows and tears of him whose blood was shed eighteen hundred years ago? Spiritualism answers, "I lead you not through the dark waters of ignorance; I cause you not to bow before superstition's rugged mountains; I ask you to arise and behold, not him who was crucified, but yourselves crucifying yourselves."

Here is a point that I never comprehended when in the material form. I never thought when I was teaching others, as I called it when I was talking to them, that I was crucifying my own soul by not permitting it to reveal to me the great pathway that leads to light, and life, and immortality. I taught, to a great extent, as I was taught, and that has been, and is at the present time, the custom of the clergy. We do indeed crucify ourselves, whether we call ourselves teachers or scholars, when we smother the silent voice within, when we put down, as it were, our lofty aspirations, bow before the creeds and forms that man has made, listen to the words of the preacher and feel that we must accept them whether the soul responds or not. Is it not a crucifixion of wisdom and knowledge when we cultivate ignorance? Methinks so.

The time was when man could not grasp the higher, could not apprehend the grander; and when the light of inspiration flashed from the realms beyond, and Martin Luther sprang forth, quickened by a new, glad thought, the world scorned him, bigotry hissed, and superstition cried, "Crucify him," even as it has been crying all along the line of the ages. It is only a repetition, in a milder form, of that crucifixion eighteen hundred years ago when he who spoke to the people, and suffered in Gethsemane, gave to the world the greatest, or one of the greatest, examples of human endurance and obedience to the higher law, to the law of his own soul, and to the divine light that was within, rather than belittle himself by denying the power of his own Christ, knowing that

the silvery waves of immortal life waited to enfold him. Thus it has been with every martyr to the truth.

Spiritualism is no new thing, no new thought. Those who, in Greece and Rome, bowed before its holy light and taught the people the lessons of honesty, sobriety, upright living and the principles of sterling manhood and womanhood, who gave them also messages of sympathy and love, were indeed saviors of their kind, and their religion was the religion that I proffer you today, the religion that takes you, not into the exalted positions and high places of earth, but lifts you to that spiritual plane where you can despise no one and proudly exclaim, "I am better than thou!" This religion so opens your hearts that you claim the people of the whole world as your kin, and it teaches you that *every* human soul is destined to sing the grand anthem of infinite and unending joy.

If, then, in the past the light of the true religion has shed its rays over the lives of humanity on earth and darkness has supervened, we may ask the reason why, and I would answer that it came in consequence of the fact that the waves of spiritual light, as they laved the souls of those who were growing in material power, were beaten back. Mankind were bound to the idol of filthy lucre, or to such as it could procure, and they turned them from the holy of holies. Thus Rome, be it said to her shame, fell, and thus in other lands the tide of spiritual force and power was withdrawn. Shall it recede again? It now laves not only the shores of America, but all over this planet the white spray of immortal truth bestows its sacred baptism; those who have ascended, aided by the earnest endeavors and aspirations of human hearts on earth, return with glad tidings to bless humanity; on every hand the spiritual cycle approaches to touch with a new glory the lives of mankind. Shall it recede?

It will and must be as humanity decide. Will they accept it or will they, in the grandeur of their material

possessions as they bow before the idol of Mammon, refuse the greatest blessing ever proffered them? Will they turn backward the tide of immortal light, joy and gladness that is breathing its rich benediction upon them today? I cannot believe it. Yet I have sometimes stood where I have witnessed the scorn and derision of those whose lives were such that they would not want to place them 'neath the search-light of this great truth, and have observed their opposition to all spiritual advancement. There are thousands of these in your land who would beat back the mighty tide of that spiritual influx that has come to conquer the world. The only reason why today more men and women are not seeking for its truths is because they fear its acceptance, because they know they cannot accept it and continue their present mode of life.

There are, likewise, men, noble men, good men as the world goes, men who have high aspirations and women, too, who will not have aught to do with Spiritualism because they do not want to have their lives revealed to themselves, and because they know that the gateway of Spiritualism through which you, and I, and all must worship, the gateway through which we must gain that religion that alone shall make us wise unto salvation, can never be passed until they have laid aside their burdens. It is like the gateway spoken of in olden times, of which it was said that it was no more possible for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven than it was for a camel to pass under its arch. The animal could pass through only by first kneeling and being relieved of his burden, then by the aid of his attendant he could press through the narrow entrance.

The rich man, and the poor man—all humanity must bow themselves low and be relieved of their burden ere they can pass through the gateway that leads to the acceptance of the religion of Spiritualism, for the religion of Spiritualism is the religion of life, the religion of earnest effort

and not the religion of form and ceremony. You cannot join its church and say you are saved to-day ; you cannot join its church and say, " My Savior has washed me clean in his blood shed eighteen hundred years ago." You can only join its church, the great army of anointed souls, by bowing yourselves, relieving yourselves of your burdens, accepting the truth unadulterated, leaving behind you your shortcomings, and if you have been in the habit of doing wrong you must cease wronging any, and learn to do well. This and this alone is the religion of Spiritualism.

I know, were I to express myself fully upon this point you would exclaim : " It is impossible ; we cannot accept it in its entirety as revealed by you. The conditions of earthly existence are such that we cannot live true lives, we cannot be true and just even to ourselves in the marts of trade, in society—everywhere." If you were to express your thoughts in brief you would say, " We are *obliged* to live a lie !" Just to the degree that you are obliged to live a lie, just to that degree you render it impossible for you to enter the great temple of spiritualistic thought.

Friends, I am here among you. The life I lived is before you, for I was no stranger to the world. I have no words of praise for myself. Rather ought I to humble myself in the dust that I did not act a nobler part, that I did not live a grander life, that I did not proclaim a broader truth, but that is passed. It was the expression of the life that was and is in its own greater unfoldment just beyond you. Yet I feel that I am not far away from you. Out there, as it were, but a little distance, I behold men and women engaged in pondering over and discussing every question that is of moment to humanity here, but they are calm and collected in agitating subjects that cause you to become excited and unreasonable here ; therefore they are able to judge dispassionately, to weigh

carefully, to measure accurately, and the result of their deliberations will redound by-and-by to the salvation of America and her children, politically, socially and religiously. There is no condition in which humanity can be placed, there is no need of any human child that they do not take into consideration.

You may ask, "What is the purpose of those who in the spirit-world think over and examine the methods whereby the children of earth may be benefited and rendered happier?" Just the same purpose that you have in discussing the affairs of the day, and their interest therein is as great as yours can be, probably more so, for experience in another sphere has made them more far-seeing as regards results. Every revolution in earth life has been the direct effect of what those workers there have done. Were you able to pierce the veil you would perceive there those who are engaged in making ready a revolution that is to come.

You are indeed, in every sense of the word, in the shadows. You are indeed in the pathways of ignorance, and the question on our side of life is not, "How shall we lift them? how shall we, by the influence we possess, do their work for them?" but the problems they are solving are like this: "How can we concentrate and crystallize powers that will enable us to quicken the souls of humanity? How can we prepare them for the coming revolution? How can we best awaken fathers and mothers to a realization of the fact that to educate their children in morality and in all that is expressive of the highest manhood and womanhood is their sacred duty, and likewise to arouse all beings to the knowledge that a true education consists not alone in the attainment of scholarly lore, but also in the attainment of that which shall bring to them a consciousness of their souls' worth and powers with the ability to develop and unfold them?"

Do you not think that when man votes as the God

within tells him, when he acts as the promptings within direct him, that thought will grow brighter, and that flowers will bloom where thorns now are found?

It is in the quickening of souls that the great lever of Spiritualism is doing its mighty work. There are a few in the land who are living it and daring to express its truths to the world; there are those who accept it as far as they deem it may be of advantage to them but not until it is woven into the very life of every individual, not until its silvery threads are gathered up and treasured as something sacred, and humanity lives in accordance with that highest of all mandates, "Feel and act towards others as you would that others should feel and act towards you"—not until all this has come to pass, will Spiritualism bestow its holiest and best benediction. Then indeed the whole world will exclaim, "Bright and glorious are thy waves, grand and beautiful are thy ways, and before thy light I wait to serve my kind."

As I have already said, there are some who dare to be true, but the great majority are true only when they believe it will be beneficial to them from a worldly point of view. I leave you to gauge their worth, spiritually speaking. Not until all garments of pride, all garments of lust, all garments of anger—all that belittle the human soul are cast aside and you weave the garments of love and gentleness, can the religion of Spiritualism adorn your lives with its beauty and grandeur. Then indeed shall come that holy flame, not from without but from within, that shall light up the chambers of your souls and you will exclaim: "At last I have found the way, the religion that is sufficient for me and for all the world! No kindred have I that shall not receive its blessing; no outcast exists that shall not be lighted in his or her way by its rays." Then by your side I can stand, because, as said he to whom I have referred, "The world is my home, to do my religion," and

over and throughout all the world the religion of humanity finds its blessed abiding place.

May you be faithful, may you be true, may you, as far as you understand yourselves, live in the light of this sacred gospel that is being dispensed upon the right hand and the left, the truth that comes to you without money and without price. If you have to yield up some of your cherished idols in order to secure its blessings, remember that there are greater treasures garnered "over there" for you. If some friends turn against you, remember that "over there" more loving and kind ones light the pathway that you may walk safely therein. If you are scorned here, remember that blessings unnumbered shall fall upon your heads as you pass through the wilderness of this life doing good unto all, speaking kindly to every one, teaching human hearts the blessed gospel of cheerfulness, of love and endurance. When you see those who are faithful in the discharge of the duties devolving upon them in this life and living in accordance with the dictates of this golden gospel, imitate them.

You have one just here, friends, of whom you should be proud. This temple was dedicated to the great and grand work of disseminating the truths of Spiritualism by those in realms beyond who have the world's welfare at heart and in charge, and this man, ordained by a higher power than any power on earth, has for years stood before the world unflinchingly in the performance of this mission. A few days ago a little shaft of sadness, a little shadow passed over his form, but in the hands of those who ordained him, in the hands of those who crowned him, he stands before you again to day, faithful to his trust, an example that all the world may well seek to emulate. While you may exclaim, "There is not another man who would do as he has done," I say to you whose faces are turned upward to me, Go thou and do likewise. If you are not so situated in life that you can build a temple, if

the angels have not aided and given to you the task of erecting a temple, build a monument of noble manhood and womanhood, and ask the world to gaze upon it and behold the light gleaming therein. In this way you may imitate this man and follow his example.

I rejoice that the religion I have taught you in such a feeble manner this afternoon will kindle other hearts, and when its kindling rays shall burn to a flame lighted and maintained by that Eternal Energy that never tires nor falters, you will see humanity, in the dignity of a grand manhood, aided by the decay of the past, in the freshness of the new, in the gladness of the greater morning, rejoicing in the religion that triumphs over all sin, over all wrong, over all suffering, over all weakness, over all ignorance, and that has been proffered to and accepted by the children of earth.

This is my religion. It is for you to decide whether it is or shall be yours or not. But sometime I know I shall meet you "out there," and you will join me in looking over and discussing the problems whose solution shall redound to the glory, and purity, and grandeur of that religion that shall make all humanity one—one in peace, one in harmony, one in holy aspiration, one in a manhood and womanhood such as shall link them in one mighty bond. Then indeed we may talk not of nations and nationalities, but the united nations shall sing the song of freedom, wars shall pass away and sin be known no more, while the little weaknesses of the whole human race shall be outgrown as they take their way onward, still onward.

NO. 39.*

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY SPIRIT CONFUCIUS,

(A Chinese Philosopher of 2,400 Years since.)

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1901.

INVOCATION.

INSPIRE us, O Life, with Thy infinite energies, and quicken every human soul as far as it may respond to Thy great advancing wavelets in its aspirations. May the silence that reigns supreme as far as man's material senses are concerned, become tangible to Thy children by their own upliftment that they may not wait, hoping, asking and aspiring to enter into the great Beyond, but by their soul-commands bring the waves of that Beyond nearer until it lays its treasures at their feet. O Infinitude, Thou art cradled indeed in all life, and Thy sacredness we can sense only as we realize the possibilities within and the power thereof, whereby humanity shall guide and govern Thy vast, illimitable currents.

* In presenting this series of lectures to the public, perhaps a few suggestions to those not conversant with spiritualism would be appreciated.

Due allowance should be made for seeming lack of complete expression by some intelligencies owing to dissimilarity of brain development, the physical and mental condition of the medium and conditions furnished by those present at the time of transmission.

Many of our spirit speakers are not hampered to any extent in their expression through one instrument while they would be through another, and some find the language of the medium superior to their own development, but as a rule, manifestations from the subjective through all phases of mediumship are more or less imperfect.

The invocation is seldom offered by the spirit delivering the address.

Poems or blank verse in this series are more or less impaired or lost, owing to the inability of the stenographer to report them as delivered.

O ye who strive to direct and aid these children, bestow your blessings upon them. Ye may not lay upon their brows the wisdom ye have gleaned, ye may not bear unto them the unfading flowers ye have planted, ye cannot transfer unto them the knowledge that gladdens your beings, but aid them by that all-quickening power that shall enable them to behold themselves and gather the flowers that bloom in the pathways through which they wander even now, avoiding the thorns and growing grander in the sense that all life grows grander by its constant unfoldment, for thereby from within the divine energy that never slumbers awakens the faculties of the soul and the potency thereof is demonstrated by the exercise of that wisdom that alone can polish the soul.

O Life, Thy servants we are even as the bodies of these children are their servants, and may they realize that, as they grow in that growth that the soul alone can recognize, all things shall become subservient to the divine and infinite power. Baptize them, therefore, in that quickening influence that will help them to expand themselves. Direct the atoms that float in the atmosphere as it fans their mortal cheeks that they may emit the silent volume of soul-forces incarnate in each, enabling the man or woman to arise in the dignity of his manhood or the grace of her womanhood and pierce that broader cycle wherein all things shall be revealed unto the individual.

DISCOURSE.

PAUSING in contemplation before the multitudinous lessons of life, we may sometimes query as to what is the first, what is the most important one for the human child to learn thoroughly in whatever incarnation he may

find himself. It matters little what our embodiments have been or may be. Wherever we find ourselves, or, more especially, as you find yourselves upon the planet at this time, the first question to ask, the first problem to solve is that of self-government.

The individual who labors to govern himself or herself, has no time to spare complaining of others, no time to attend to the weeds growing in a neighbor's garden, until he has plucked them all from his own little plot. As you have been taught, the grand problem of life, is to overcome all things through knowledge, and to obtain power to direct and control atoms and elements. No borrowed knowledge or power will serve your purpose ; it must be the awakened power and knowledge of your own soul.

This is but a faint expression of the high destiny of all and what, through its possibilities, the soul is capable of arriving at in power and force, in everything, in short, that pertains to life ; and yet even the little child would tell you that you could not govern systems, you could not control the elements until you first learn to control yourselves. This, however, has been, is and ever will be the lesson humanity are most loath to learn, the one great problem they most dislike to attempt to solve, for the senses like to rule, and man likes to be ruled by them. To such a degree is this the fact, that, looking out upon the world at the present time, you behold the people thereof departing from the simple ways in which the spirit would lead them and striving to attain greatness without effort, striving to attain purity without morality, striving to attain the highest altitude without weaving the garments befitting that condition. Herein lies one of the greater needs of the spiritual advancement that comes and presents to you at this time its high and indubitable credentials. We do not expect to lead man to triumphant success through the senses. We do not anticipate by any

means that as long as one or many seek to control others, as long as one or many seek to obtain all the wealth and spend their efforts in that which pertains to worldliness, the golden dawn of that Millennium, that spiritual outpouring that will surely come, but not until human lives become responsive to its touch, will be delayed. As long as they are seeking after worldly gain and striving to satisfy their curiosity it must wait, for it can only come when the soul is permitted to demonstrate its masterly force. As I have already stated, the first lesson for you and me, wherever we may be, whatever may be our needs, our aspirations, our hopes or our circumstances, is to learn to govern ourselves in every condition of life, until, standing above that condition that permits the display of passion, anger or those kindred emotions, we never more shall thus soil our lives.

We present to you from time to time, as far as we are able, a religion that we claim is pure, that is without a stain, we present to you a philosophy that embraces the all of life and that will guide its disciples into those pathways where they may learn to understand every form of life's expressions not only that are tangible to your present senses, but those of which you are now unaware, for you live in a world of infinite greatness, therefore, what matters it in what country or clime we find ourselves existing today?

In the long ago, over the ocean that laves your shores, the people where I dwelt were simple and true, kind and honest; but they wearied of the simplicity of childhood; they wearied of the plain teachings of truth and sought greatness through devious ways, and therein you behold not the ruin but the consequent sufferings of China's children. Thus has retributive justice worked, perhaps not in the same way, in relation to every other nation that has departed from the sweet, simple living that marks a people's wholesome state. Take for in-

stance, other nations that have grown rich and proud : There was a time when the children of Rome were taught the simplest of truths and strove to live them. It is just as true of individuals as it is of nations. As long as they remain children in simplicity and regard it as naught to be ashamed of, just as long as they are willing to learn the simplest truths and do not seek for the loftiest unless they are necessary to supply their needs and the needs of others, just so long will they forget that beyond there is a greater truth.

Hence, at the present time the first lesson that Spiritualism is endeavoring to teach is through the gateway of the knowledge of immortality or the continuity of life. Whatever follows I need not tell you. You have your own experiences and observations. To-day the tidal wave of spiritual truth laves your shores, and the need of the hour is not for human greatness on the outer, but for that human grandeur that expresses itself by its loftiest power, the power of the soul. You ask for greater demonstrations. You ask for more unveilings at the hands of those who minister unto you from the Beyond. You shall receive them when your lives shall become exalted, not by the efforts of any others, but by your own. There is no need, no requirement for aught but this : that humanity shall seek after the highest and never be disturbed if perchance one receives a higher message than that which another may obtain. The wide avenues through which we ascend to loftier heights and the great realms of peace over and throughout which we may travel, are never crowded. There is room and a plenty for all, and the flower that you or I may pluck, growing where perhaps it gives a sweeter, richer perfume than many another, need not become the envy of any other individual, and you need not envy me what I gather or I you, for we shall never garner what we have not earned.

That which you call Spiritualism demonstrates to you

somewhat faintly the reality of the home "over there" somewhat dimly the fact that you shall live forever, and tells you sweetly that you shall join those gone before. All these are sacred truths to me as well as to you, and yet where would you find completeness in the companionship of those you love, where would you find satisfaction in the simple existence that did not give to you the quickening touch of the soul, enabling you to realize that even in that life you must learn to master every faculty, to command every power of the soul (and I assure you there are many), and to guide and direct them as readily as you govern your simplest acts at the present time.

There is nothing so profound that it may not be simplified. There is nothing so grand as simplicity unadorned, save by the reason that is kept polished by the constant activity of the soul that for the time being uses it as its servant. When you exercise your reason only in accordance with the acceptance of this or that one's say-so, be it the true knowledge of others, it is not your knowledge. You only obtain perfect knowledge by examining every part of your own life, every expression, silent though it may be, that wells up from within, every aspiration that would give you joy in the thought that "over there" some one, dearer than all the world, watches over you. This is indeed a sacred and a holy thought, but it should be accompanied by the strong will exclaiming, "I will prove myself worthy of the love that is more precious to me than my own existence; I will so conduct myself from day to day, keeping myself unspotted from the world, that that dear one 'over there' may be my fitting companion and I hers."

I know, and you know, that those who are on the spirit side of life are attaining higher unfoldments by virtue of soul effort, not by virtue of the forgiveness accorded us by another, nor by virtue of being uplifted or blessed by any other, and sometime, whatever we may

dream, this quickening will come. Then, children, you will learn and understand if never before the meaning of love ; then you will revel in its glorious atmosphere, and, hand clasped in hand, heart to heart with your soul-companion, you will realize what life signifies as far as companionship is concerned. Even then life would have an emptiness were it not that this commingling of all the universe and its children bestows upon us the all-quickening power to understand all other souls. No soul is different from any other. The attributes of one are the attributes of all. Even the one you look upon as Deity possesses the same attributes that you and I possess. If one drop were extracted from the water of the ocean, it would disturb all that vast body; if one element were lacking in the human soul, the soul could not exist, and, going one step farther, I would assert that if one atom could be destroyed, the universe would be annihilated. Every sand-grain is just as important as your life or mine. You may not accept this statement, but understand that the divine glow of the soul of the sand-grain gives to that which comes next thereunto a greater expression of life.

Thus, from the lowest, you behold, outspeeding through every grade of life, the baptism of that which existed beneath it, and this is what makes this planet more beautiful as well as riper than heretofore. You are yourselves, by virtue of all others that have lived upon this planet, finer in physique, finer in the component parts of your corporeal form ; you are, so to speak, finer in your manhood or your womanhood by virtue of the existence of those you have called savages as well as all other beings and objects. Everything that has crawled, the mammoth of old and those monsters of the forest that are almost or quite extinct, yielded up their lives that your lives might find a greater expression in every sense at the present time. Likewise, by virtue of your lives, the generations

that are coming after you shall gather in more spiritual thought and more spiritual truths than you accept.

Forget it not: We cannot separate ourselves from any vibration of life's forces; we are akin unto all, and the dark chambers of the planet we have had the use of in our previous and present incarnations have been and are just as important as the broader, clearer atmosphere that surrounds your planet at this hour.

I have no desire to give you anything in relation to the life I have lived. I only need to say that since my earliest remembrance I was quickened by an outside power, possessing those faculties in far distant days that you denominate psychic. All of you possess them, but not to the same degree, and when, turning aside from bathing yourselves in the waves of materiality, you seek for truth, not dreaming that you can possess it without utilizing it, but seek it for the purpose of weaving it into your every-day lives, then you will begin to understand what I would have you infer from the thought that has been uttered in relation to the first lesson: We are destined to control, guide and govern all things.

The powers of the human soul are transcendently great; they cannot be exalted; there is no power in the universe greater, and, as you are destined to become world-builders, you must learn to exercise those powers, you must learn to weave appropriate garments for yourselves, you must become masters of yourselves in order to fit you for your work. This is why I have said that the first lesson you have to learn is that of self-government, the control of every faculty of the soul. You do not and cannot know at the present time all there are, because you have latent faculties that have not been awakened, and they will remain quiescent until you recognize the Deity enshrined within; then you will realize the uselessness of searching in far away places for that power that shall be greater than yourselves. There is no

power greater, there is no power diviner, there is no power that man can wield so triumphantly as his own. Understand, however, that I am not speaking of the powers that you are conscious of at the present time, for today man has left the noblest, divinest forces of his life unattended, unheeded and unheard, and is yielding himself almost solely to the wild turmoil that sweeps in dark waves over humanity and buries so many in anguish or beneath the waves of indifference.

When the soul shall become awakened, when humanity shall realize the richness of their inheritance, when the children are taught the blessedness of their own possessions, you will behold them growing up, not reckless as now, but with love for, and yielding gentle obedience to, father and mother, and you will behold the parents never stern and forbidding in aspect, never frowning or allowing a cloud to rest upon their countenances in the presence of their children, for do you not realize, fathers and mothers, that your children are a sacred trust committed to your keeping? The frown of the father has often driven the sensitive, psychic boy into the pathways of dissipation, error and wrongdoing, and when you realize this and recognize the fact that every look makes its impress upon the soul of the children, then you will understand more fully the necessity for governing the angry passions, the necessity for governing yourselves completely.

This leads to another thought which I would simply present to you, not expecting your acceptance of it to-day, for your senses will oppose it, namely, the absolute necessity of not introducing into your systems anything that intoxicates, for that which intoxicates robs the brain of the use of its full power. Food and drink should be simple and selected with a view to their nutritive properties. When you consider the custom of adulterating foods and drinks, you need not wonder that the many

groan in pain and exclaim, "I am sick!" The soul shall have the privilege of its full and complete expression only when man shall sacrifice his tastes to his reason. I should not say "sacrifice," because I could not dream of any man's considering it so great a denial to turn his back on the use of tobacco or intoxicants, or to cease the practice of employing oaths. The unbridled tongue is indeed a most unruly member. Speak quietly and calmly always, and never allow yourselves to be disturbed when you see another prospering while you are not, but accept the inevitable in the broad spirit of a generous, brotherly love, realizing that the law of your being is not the law of your brother's being, and realizing also that you are living in these embodiments by virtue of the activity of the soul within, that builder that has built these forms that you may wear them for a time. It is erroneous to speak of a God creating man: man has builded himself, and every embodiment that he has ever worn, and every embodiment that he shall ever wear has been and shall be of his choice and manufacture.

Remember, then, that illimitable are the elements and vast is the laboratory wherein you and I are continually operating, but never as a curiosity-seeker. You never search, in the building of your lives, for that which you cannot obtain, and you never lose yourselves, although seemingly you may, for when the body sleeps so quietly the soul goes out into the realms of that laboratory gathering to itself new power and new forces that, on the awakening of the individual, it may impart through the senses higher and nobler thoughts.

May you learn, then, that it is not what my life has been that should interest you; it is not what the life of any other has been that should interest you above all else. It is sweet to receive loving, tender thoughts from our kind, no matter how many ages have rolled between their earthly expression and ours. But I would draw your

attention this morning to yourselves, and, if possible, aid you to realize that no outside power can accomplish the work you desire to have done, no outside power can uplift you to that condition of attainment for which you hope.

For behold within the glowing spark that never dims,
 As broader still it grows from time to time;
 And looking here, with eyes most keen, behold!
 No other dwells within the form you wear today.
 There look again, O man, and see the jewels bright
 As resting side by side they wait thy hand to polish,
 And thy thought, thy will, to bring to that expression
 That shall outward seem, and make thy life like a golden dream,
 Aye, more, a keen reality whereat thou must exclaim:
 "I never knew such gems were mine till now;
 I never knew—I never saw myself.
 I looked so often in the glass at what I saw,
 But now, behold! I look within, and mirrored there,
 I see 'twere but the reflection of the *face* I wore,
 'Twere but the *form* that clothed the soul.
 Now I behold the latent powers—ah, *they* are I!
 I count them o'er and o'er, I count them one by one,
 And stand astonished as I gaze, for unnumbered are our faculties,
 And each a power within doth give."
 Here, then, I stand revealed e'en to myself,
 And now I know, as never have I known before,
 What font to seek that I may find that which I've sought so long,
 For now I know the power within is mine.
 Myself I'll polish, and I leave my kindred all
 To care the best they can, each for himself;
 And yet, as I with higher thoughts advance,
 A greater strength comes e'en from these, the jewels of my life.
 I'll strive with power and thought I never knew before
 To quicken every soul to look within.
 Then, children, shall this planet glow with joyful hopes and grand good
 cheer;
 Then, then indeed no songs of woe shall strike against the mortal ear,
 But joy from every child shall breathe its anthem rich and all with glad-
 ness join:
 "I'm living here to master self that I may greater master grow
 Of all things that are found in realms unnumbered, vast,
 That mine eye hath never seen. I'm quickened now, I know I live;
 No more of passion or of sin, no more of sadness or of tears.

I live to live and broader grow. I live to gather all the power that's
mine
That I may, with the power of thought and force of will, command the
atoms to obey.
Then, mingling with the hosts beyond, unnumbered masters of all art and
song,
I'll labor in the realms beyond to build my world and chant my song."

NO. 40.

THE BROADER RELIGION OF THE PRESENT.

BY SPIRIT MARTIN LUTHER.

(A Protestant Reformer Who Passed to the Higher Life in 1546.)

With a Poem in Conclusion by Spirit Wm. Shakespeare,
Poet and Dramatist, Who Passed to the Higher
Life in 1616.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28, 1901.

INVOCATION.

I NFINITE and all-potent Life, breathing Thy baptism everywhere and chanting the great anthem of "Progression," Thy wondrous unveilings give to Thy children gleams of the advancing pathway through which all must pass. In the divine chambers where Thy life, O Allah, findeth expression, whatever man may deem, Thou dost indeed quicken every form which gains expression. In the divine promptings of that soul that slumbers in the atom awaiting its higher unfoldment in man, in all the singing and throbbing stars Thy wondrous voice speaks and sends forth a quickening power unto every animate and inanimate substance. All existence, O Allah, feels the approach of Thy silent tread, and awakens to higher

proportions ; man, sleeping in the chamber of his forgetfulness, awakens at last to list to the voice from beyond heralding the dawn of the gladsome day, and lo, the star in the east gilds the horizon with greater glory as it advances westward, while the teeming nations wait in their troubled conditions for the dawning of—they hardly know what, but we realize it is that which shall quicken their souls until they mount, on the great tide of progression, beyond creed, beyond ceremonies, beyond the trembling arch of superstition and behold themselves in the grand ways of that Wisdom that is destined to illuminate all humanity.

O Allah, thou dost live in every human soul, and the green spears of grass that rise to receive the kiss of the sunbeam bespeak that prophecy that shall come to Thy children here when man shall step forward and be clothed in brighter garments, when he shall realize his at-onement, O Allah, with thee, and, seeking no longer to find the greater without, turn within to find even that which he had thought were greater than his own possession.

May we this hour not only reach out with our highest thoughts and aspirations, but may we realize the sweetness and joy of that kindling thought that grows brighter and broader as the nations advance, the quickening thought flowing from the realms where no thought can perish, bearing to Thy children here incarnate the good tidings that should be of great joy. May these people awaken to the consciousness of the rich blessings resting upon them, and realize more and more in all its fulness that the journey on which they have set out is unending.

O Allah, we thank thee for all the baptisms with which Thou hast blessed Thy children. The breath from the mountain-top, the cheerful song of the crickets in the fields, the warbling of the birds in the depths of the wild wood, the beasts that roam abroad or lie at the feet of

man, we all know add to the great volume of that inspiring and aspiring force that tends to the perfection of life, and to the great unfoldment of the human soul when it shall stand triumphant 'mid the mighty array of marching worlds and stay triumphant in the exercise of its own powers, triumphant in the wisdom that shall come to brighten their pathway and impart to humanity the consciousness that they have long hoped for.

O Allah, Thou has commissioned Thy children in spheres celestial to minister to Thy humanity of earth, and the voice within every human soul we obey, and would come in touch with Thy children everywhere that as we gaze upon the human countenance we may see Thy reflection and realize Thy presence there.

DISCOURSE.

AS I attempt to give expression to certain views that I desire to present to you on the present occasion, strange and unutterable emotions stir me, and whatever thought I may be able to cause you to sense, I shall be glad if only I can give you one word to aid you as you journey along life's pathway.

The past is not save as a memory, and when you look back and glean all you can from historic records and pre-historic legends and traditions, you know but little of the stern realities that caused humanity in other days to suffer and rejoice as you, to a certain extent, suffer and rejoice to-day.

I would not have you think of me as an individual. I can give you no evidence of my identity, and I shall not attempt it. Suffice it to say I am a soul like yourselves, floating on the illimitable ocean of life. Whatever may have been my past, its trials and its sorrows, its failures—

for I cannot speak of successes only in part—as I look back and skim, as it were, the tide of the great sea of memory, I am glad, more glad than I have words to express that you are living in a clearer atmosphere, that you have no reason to fear that Infinite Power that guides and governs all things, that you have no occasion to enter into the secret chambers of your own souls and exercise your minds in the endeavor to formulate methods or make plans, whatever you call them, that may be accepted by the Almighty as a means of salvation for his children, for today I am not thus troubled.

You know nothing of the tears, you know nothing of the questionings, you know nothing of the agonies of those who, in other days, bowed before the altar of ignorance, for to you it must seem such, and trembled at the thought of that avenging hand outstretched never to be withdrawn. But I do not wish to dwell upon the past. I would not be pleased to come in touch with your lives and attract your attention if I did not have a broader, more gladsome message to offer you, and I rejoice more than words can tell that humanity are reaching out from the religions that bind them into the expanse of the religion of the soul, the religion that brings freedom to every human child, the religion that discards all forms and ceremonies, has no one upon whom mankind may lay their burdens, and recognizes no one with whom to plead for mercy, no one with whom to plead that his wrath may not plunge them into an eternity of sorrow.

However I believed in other days, I now know that when man becomes spiritually awakened he has naught to fear. He need have no fear of that which he cannot see, no fear of that which he cannot sense in any way, no fear even of his kind, for, methinks, he stands then on the mountain-top of safety and knows it, for what, I ask you, is the need of fear lest the body be harmed? No power of thought, no power outside one's self can injure the

soul. It cannot be crucified, and it is as spotless as the breath of Deity. And what may that be? Very different from what I used to think, friends, entirely so, for Deity to me is life's highest expression, or, in other words, it represents that power that cradles you and me, that power that shall enable us sometime to realize that all things are—not created, for I do not accept the idea of aught being created, but I would say generated by an infinite power, and the inexhaustible source whence we obtain our existence, if we do obtain that existence, suffices for the existence of all things.

The past has become to me as a sealed volume except in so far as memory is concerned. I would not have that past changed, for I am well aware that by virtue of the religions that have been, humanity have attained to the broader religion of the present hour; and yet I cannot say that humanity have attained to the best of the religion that I would present to you this afternoon, but they are reaching out towards it, they are attaining it. When humanity shall have possessed themselves of it they will stand upon that mountain of self-consciousness where no belittling thoughts shall mar the soul, where no angry emotions shall rack the form, where no wish to injure another shall find a lodgment in any mind, for, understand you, we make our own religion, we make ourselves.

All religions have sprung, as you well know, from the idea of worshipping something superior to one's self. Indeed, this has been the keynote, you might say, of all religions. The savage, lost in wonder at the expressions of Nature and not being able to grasp the idea of an unseen power back of it all that gave to him the grand expanse of prairie, the mighty forest, the rolling deep and all that Nature presents to the view of man, turned to those visible objects and oftentimes worshipped the sun, the moon or the stars, feeling, perhaps, that those orbs

possessed the power that gave life to all things above them. Thence came the worship of that supreme something of which I never completely conceived—if you have I am glad. I dreamed that I believed it, and I taught others to worship an individual, a personal God. But you know the story, I need not repeat it. Rather would I leave it with the husks of other superstitions that are being relegated to the deep depths of oblivion. As you advance up the steeps of time you will realize that every religion has taught the worship of something far away and superior to man, and if, in their conceptions, mankind have oftentimes made bungling work, it is not to be thought strange.

Sick and weary, O how sick and weary of the religion that for a time held me in bondage until my soul rebelled and I could bear the fetters no longer, I was scorned and persecuted by those I left behind me, but I rejoice that I had the power and exercised it of taking one step in advance. Yet that step did not permit me to pass from dark belief into knowledge, but it enabled me to leave the darker and enter the lighter shadow. Thus it is, step by step, that man must grow, as grows the child from his infancy to manhood, not at a bound, but little by little until the babe that was stands before you, the perfect model of a noble man. Today, therefore, your religions have very little of the element of fear from which the earlier Christians suffered, for it seems to me that the Christians of the present day are not very much worried about making God angry, are not very much disturbed, as they were in other days, at the little inconsistencies that mark always human lives.

However, I wish to say something to you of the now, dear friends, for I would call you thus and bestow upon you a kindly feeling from my own life. The past has woven its garments for me, and I have worn them; the past has woven its garments for many another by virtue

or not of the individual accepting the opinions of others and not seeking to weave his own robes. The golden hour has come, and the light of truth, borne to you by those who have entered broader pathways, gives to you the consciousness (for I am sure that your souls consciously respond to the message) that no religious sentiment that breathes one breath of fear or that kindles one in the human soul is worthy your attention or mine. When fear steps in true religion disappears, for if I understand the term it signifies the expression of the loftiest reverence for truth wherever it is found, it signifies the aspiration welling up from the deep depths of the human soul for the possession of that truth which shall make all men free, and in my opinion, no higher or truer sentiment was ever expressed than that embodied in the sentence, "The truth shall make you free!"

If in my day we were not free, it was because we did not, or dared not, accept the truth in its fulness and completeness. We stand, then, at the present time side by side with you in the great race of unfoldment. I am a scholar, I am a child even. I have learned a little, and yet that little is to me of more value than thousands and millions of volumes written and bound by the hand of man. I have found life, I have found truth, I have found myself, and when we find ourselves, friends, be it in this or that life, we have found the pearl of great price. When we have found ourselves and learn to trust ourselves, to use our faculties and earn what we would possess, then we stand before the peerless altar of that religion that suffices for every human being, of that religion that lifts the soul in gladness, breathing its divine blessing upon all humanity, wherein we behold no crucified savior, no angry God, no devil worse than ourselves, and no hell unless we are making and sustaining it by our own lives. If there are any hells, I can assure you that you will find them here, you will find them where suffering and ignor-

ance exist ; and if there are any heavens you will find them within your own beings where the soul, chanting its purest, highest aspirations, seeks no longer to peer through the immensity of space, hoping to catch some glimpse of the pathway o'er which it must pass to enter into heaven and sit down at the right hand of a stranger !

Why, friends, there is, I will not say a bitterness, but a sorrow in the very thought of the teachings that I sought to inculcate in my day, and which were first taught me, but it is not so deep, not so heavy as it would be did I not realize that thus man passes from a lesser to a greater state of spiritual unfoldment, that thus from a little light he gains a brighter illumination, and that thus from a portion of the truth he obtains a clearer revelation, for I understand that man in his savage or undeveloped condition cannot grasp what I have. I look upon the human being, then, much as you would look upon the planet that has, through growth, developed from its nebulous condition into the beautiful perfection that you now behold, as far as it has gained perfection. So likewise man, little by little, must awaken to the consciousness of his own soul growth. What is his soul growth? What is his soul? Himself. Methinks it is hard or somewhat difficult for you to realize, when you think of yourselves, that you are not spirit but soul clothed upon by the spirit form, reaching out for all the problems that you can solve for yourselves.

What greater religion would you have than that which teaches and prompts you to be kind to every child of humanity? What better religion would you have than that which brings to you a gladness from the echoes of the songs your friends are chanting over there? What diviner religion would you have than that which tells you in the morning, while conditions are as they are today, "Go over where the widow sits in her cold wretchedness, and not only offer her your sincere sympathy but also

carry to her food and fuel?" What more humane religion would you have than that which influences you, on a cold, wintry morning, to go and minister unto the needy? I do not think you could have any, and this would be an exemplification of that truth that shall and must make all humanity free.

Therefore I shall not surprise you, I am sure, when I say to you that I have no interest in the so-called Christian religion of the present day. I have no interest in anything that causes man to bow his head and proclaim his wretchedness. I have no interest in any thought that causes a human soul to cringe in fear before the approach of so-called death. I have no interest in aught that can tamper or toy with human feelings. My interest lies in a wholly different direction. I have awakened, I have become quickened, and hence I live. This I have learned since laying aside the earthly embodiment—for I did not by any means catch the all of the light when in the material form—and therefore I would bear to you this message to-day, "The truth shall make you free!" With it I would extend to you my congratulations and express my gladness in that you are living in a day when you realize, as I trust you do, that Nature's great volume is the most important volume that you can read; that your soul is yourself, if you like to call it so, and as such is the most precious jewel in your possession; that you must work out your own salvation, for while, with you, I would reverence him of eighteen hundred years ago and all others who have served humanity—for I am one with you in sympathy, in love, at least, and in earnest endeavor—I am looking for that revolution, the dawn of which kindles the horizon of the western world, the advance of which is beheld and understood by a few in the van of the army of those souls who, like myself, have drunk from the waters that never run dry and partaken of the rich viands of thought that we may the more acceptably serve others.

The dawning light of spiritual truth will illuminate the whole world, and under its ever-broadening rays, creeds, forms and ceremonies must disappear. Catholicism and Protestantism—I need give you no names—all so-called religious thought that confines itself or allows itself to be bound in any degree by priestcraft or man-made dogmas, must yield to the all-quickening power of those advancing thoughts that come free and unbound by pre-conceived opinions and that are destined, I assure you, to revolutionize the whole world.

Perhaps you would ask, "Why does the world need to be revolutionized?" The world is beautiful; every flower and every sand grain is a delight to me, but the people need education, need that upliftment that shall come, not from or by me, not from or by any other save as we may serve as aids, but from self-culture of the being within. O how glad I am that the all-quickening power that comes in consequence of the presence of those who have bathed their beings in a greater light, is the power that shall quicken humanity until wars must cease! We can none of us deny, if we have the disposition, that the religions of the past and those that have survived even to the present hour in a modified form, advocate war? Why should they not? Because of their origin you could not expect anything else. But when you have a religion that protests against warfare, when you have a religion that demands the adequate protection, the kind protection, the loving protection of every human child, a religion that shall educate man to strive constantly to save himself by giving heed to the voice of the God within, then you will have a religion that shall illuminate the whole world, and before its on-coming tide all the revolutions of the past shall sink into insignificance.

I realize that humanity are loath to accept the teachings of the new dispensation, as loath to give up their idols as were those who in other days bowed before their

pagan or Christian God, but I say that the truth will unloose the shackles of superstition and bigotry, and those who are bound today will rise in the glory of their manhood and womanhood and declare that they are free.

Feeble is the expression I am able to give my thoughts, for I am not accustomed to speak in this manner; but I desire to tell you how earnestly I am looking forward to the time when I shall be able to take a more active part in affairs that intimately concern the welfare of mankind on earth. I shall be a busy worker in the revolution that is now setting in. Time and time again have the messages of light and love been given; time and time again have humanity listened to the voices from beyond, and exclaimed, "They are beautiful!" time and time again have the spirit-world laid their sacred offerings on the altar; but time and time again it must be said that mankind were joined to their idols of gold-getting, joined to their idols of pride, joined to their idols of self-esteem, forgetting the imperishable treasures upon the altar. But it cannot always be thus. Man will not always thus walk in the shadows, for I am sure, even as planets grow grander, the human soul will lift itself, and by the education that shall come, humanity will bow before no shrine, bow before no idol, and worship none, but, in the midst of Nature's vast domain with thought uplifted, bowing before the lofty altar of Infinite Love, Wisdom and Joy, his prayerful expressions shall not be for a moment, not for an hour, not for a day, but a continuous aspiring: "Breathe upon me from beyond that I may find that elixir that shall quicken my being, that I may turn within and demand from my own soul the brightest possible expression of the latent forces incarnate there, that I may strip myself of all the dry husks of superstition, of all the garments that have been woven in laziness and inactivity and clothe myself in robes befitting a pure, earnest, beautiful manhood." This shall be the cry, this shall be the prayer,

this shall be the aspiration, and, behold, the heavens shall part, and there shall descend a greater manifestation than that which John was said to have witnessed when the sheet was let down whereon were all manner of things.

O remember that the past has filled its mission. Whatever it was you have no need to turn its musty pages save as you would read of man's ascent. The now is slow to seek and find that which was not lost, but which you have ever held in your possession yet knew it not. The all of the great, eternal future is before you where you shall unfold your own saviors, your own Christs, your own godly natures, and even in the realm of eternal day become masters in the great operation whereby humanity shall become blessed as never before. May you, therefore, seek and obtain that religion that shall be your staff day by day, that truth that shall be unto you as the bread of life, that wine that flows from the deep font within the soul and never intoxicates but quickens to activity and noble endeavor. As you strive to reach out to your spirit friends, may you realize that you and you alone decide how far they can assist you; you and you alone open the gateway or close it, and I say to you here and now that if you open wide the way whereby you may be approached, no aspiration, no query, no thought, shall go forth from your heart that shall not receive an answer that shall quicken the deep depths of your being, and, lo, your soul shall breathe you its sacred message.

If I but had the power I would place you where you might find revealed to yourselves the God you have sought for and found not, the Christ that is not yet arisen, but that once slumbered 'neath your mother's pulsing heart and waits for its resurrection through the energy and aspiration that you yourselves, through the reason and the will, may demand.

O man, how wondrous and how grand is thy in-

heritance, how great the possibilities that are within thy grasp; and yet there is no possibility, there is no aspiration, however grand and lofty, beyond which you may not reach. The only requirement, dear children, is activity and earnest shall I say prayer? Not if you would thereby infer that I am advising you to pray to an unknown God. I would indeed have you pray without ceasing, but I would have your prayer directed to the latent forces within your own soul, and the prayer must be accompanied by the will in order that you may raise the Christ in all its beauty, until you can reveal yourselves to yourselves. Standing, then, it may be at the base of the mountain, you may discern, resting upon its brow e'en though you may be enveloped in darkness, the light that flashes with untold brilliancy, and realizing that life is imperishable, you shall likewise realize that you are imperishable.

I thank you for your kindness. I am well aware that I have given you but little, but the touch of your magnetism shall be to me a sacred blessing, and if I have sent out one thought wave that has touched your lives with a quickening force, I hope you also may be blessed by the interchange and the services of this hour.

WHEN RELIGION SHALL NO MORE BE HEARD.

BY SPIRIT WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

'Mid all that was or is or shall be,
 When eternal ages shall have swept
 The lyre of life, and you look back
 And gather up the past and all its records,
 There'll be one voice that herald'd truth,
 For he whose words you just have listed to,
 Spake as spake no other then
 In daring e'en to burst the bonds that bound,
 And give to the world one greater thought.

Thus, from round to round, we climb the ladder slowly,
 Yet advancing still 'mid all of life's revealings,
 And behold the tide of thought beat backward,

When the ages rolled in darkness,
 To the vast eternal realms of life,
 Sweeping earthward now in one resistless torrent,
 As it speaks in clarion tones today,
 While over all the grander light of glory
 Waves triumphantly its flag untarnished.
 The light of spiritual thought, ne'er quenched and ne'er destroyed—
 Kindled 'twas in the darkness of the past—
 Yet when Rome, with her lighted torches, gloried,
 It bowed in shame before her tyrant reign,
 Lifts again its glorious standard,
 When the nations swell the mighty chorus,
 And all peoples heed the voice of that immortal song,
 "No death, but life wherever more a soul is found!"

And thus I live in every atom
 That doth glow in the gladsome sunshine.
 I live in the twinkling star and all
 Whence it obtains its radiance mild.
 I live in every breath that sweeps the mountain-top.
 I live and lay my bosom where
 The valley breathes its silent prayer,
 And gives to life its quietude so sweet—
 And thus, O thus we live.

The past has bound the human soul:
 And art thou sorry, art thou sad?
 Or art thou bound in other chains,
 Yet bound in bigotry as much as they?
 I leave thee this to solve, each for himself;
 But give to me the rising tide
 Of that great wave that in other days
 Did sweep where earth began,
 And I and you within that vast domain,
 Where life and never death is found,
 Found our expression there and then.

Today you wear these forms by virtue of the God within.
 Who builded, builded well or not, just as you please.
 They are your work, the masterpiece of the soul within;
 But as you, still advancing, high and higher climb,
 The soul in grander glory shall unfold,
 And then behold the master-workers who are building worlds
 And watching o'er the destinies of men.
 Then men shall list in listlessness no longer,
 But they shall list and catch the song,

The spirit of the hour that is to be,
And springing forth vie e'en one with the other
For a broader, high state.
Then Religion shall no more be heard,
But Love her all-enduring temple shall reveal,
And man as ne'er before shall bow beneath its radiant beams.
Then what care we for Religion's teachings
When man lives for man, his brother,
And woman walks the pride of every man?

