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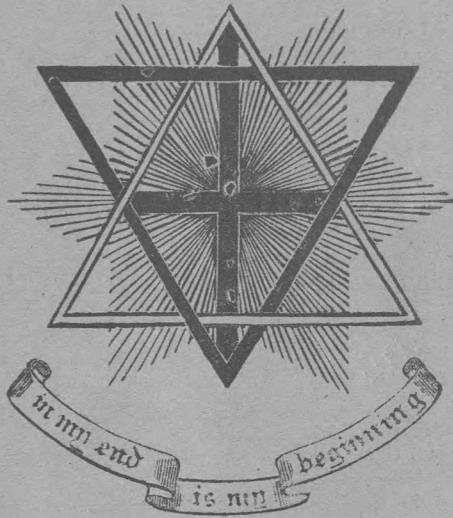
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APRIL, 1888.

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The Gnostic



"Know Thyself"

10

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Gnostic is a Monthly Journal of Spiritual Science devoted to Esoteric Religion, Psychometry, Occult Science, Mental Therapeutics, Human Liberty and the Culture of all that is Divine in the Human Race. Publishers and Editors,

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The Gnostic is too far in advance of the majority in Religious Thought and Purpose to obtain the patronage—of ought, save a few of the most advanced and earnest Souls. It will, no doubt, be some time before it will become self-supporting and the Editors rely for its maintenance on the devotion and enthusiasm of the few who know and value the good to be achieved by such a Journal. It has the promise of assistance in its Literary Department of the most illumined minds of the Age. If any of its Friends desire to help in meeting the large expense of its publication, any contributions to this end, will be duly acknowledged under Report of Gnostic Publication Fund.

It is altogether too expensive a Journal to allow of the sending out of free sample copies through the Mail. All who desire to see a single copy should send 25 Cents for the same.

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NOTE.—Owing to the loss of time in traveling home, THE GNOSTIC is a month late. In order to bring the time of publication to the first instead of the last of the month—May and June—will be published in one number, of 64 pages, and the July, of 56 pages—the two being equal to the three, at 40 pages each. Friends are especially requested to do their best to obtain some new subscribers, and also to send us names and addresses of all known to be interested in Esoteric Religion. We also invite correspondence with all who would like to join a travelling school, visiting Europe, Egypt, Palestine and India.

THE GNOSTIC.

"Intuition is the only faculty in man, through which Divine Revelation comes, or ever has come."—W. F. EVANS.

"Intuition is the seed of the tree of life, and the various attributes of the mind, which lead to gifts of the Spirit, are its trunk and branches."—F. B. DOWD.

"Intuition, being the knowledge which descends into the soul from above, excels any that can be attained by the mere exercise of the Intellect."—THE PERFECT WAY.

VOL. 1.

APRIL, 1888.

NO. 10.

STARS AND ATOMS.

BY CAMILLE FLAMARION.

"Last night, in the silence of the midnight hour, I observed with the telescope a little fixed star lost in the multitude of bright celestial objects, a pale star of the seventh magnitude, separated from us by an almost immeasurable distance—which, however, we are able to traverse—and my thoughts fixed themselves on that little star, which is not even visible to the naked eye. I reflected that we count eighteen stars of the first magnitude, sixty of the second, a hundred and eighty-two of the third, five hundred and thirty of the fourth, six hundred of the fifth, and four thousand eight hundred of the sixth (which gives a sum total of about seven thousand stars visible to the naked eye); and that the stars of the seventh magnitude, to which belongs the one that I observed, are calculated to number thirteen thousand, those of the eighth magnitude are computed at forty thousand, that the sum total of stars of the first ten magnitudes brings us to the number of five hundred and sixty thousand, that of that of the first twelve magnitudes gives more than four millions of stars and they exceed forty millions when we reach the fifteenth magnitude.

"Without losing myself in the profundity of infinite perspectives, I attached myself in thought, to that little star of the seventh magnitude in the constellation of the Great Bear, which never descends below the horizon of Paris, and which we can observe every night of the year, and I remembered that it shines eighty-five trillions of leagues from

here, a distance for which a flash of lightning travelling at the constant swiftness of a hundred and twenty kilometres per hour, would require not less than three hundred and twenty-five millions of years to traverse.

Transported to that distance, our own dazzling sun would have lost its splendor and its glory: Not only would it not be visible to the naked eye, and absent in the brilliancy of the starry night, but it would be much inferior in brightness to the star of the seventh order of which I speak, and could only be traced by the most minute telescopic research. This little star, which is but a brilliant point punctured upon the black, midnight heavens, is, in reality, an immense and colossal sun, far more considerable than the one upon whose rays the life of the earth depends. This, our sun, is already three hundred and eighty-four thousand times weightier than the earth, and a million two hundred and eighty-five thousand times more voluminous. Allowing to the little star a weight of more than a million times that of our planet, and a volume equal to several millions of united earths, we certainly still remain far below the truth. These thoughts occasioned by the sight of that little star, over-looked in the midst of the multitude of its kind, transport us into the presence of the formidable realities of the constitution of the universe, yet do not, however, represent the most interesting aspect of our contemplation. It is a singular fact, unknown to all ancient philosophers, fantastic,

and hardly conceivable even now to the thoughtful mind which seeks to comprehend it in its importance; that these suns of infinity, far from being fixed as they appear to be on account of their immense distance, are rushing through space with an inconceivable swiftness; the star in question, among others through the immensity of space at the daily rate of *thirty millions of kilometres.*"

"Yes, seven million leagues per day! Two milliards five hundred and ninety million leagues per year! and nevertheless, in ten years, in fifty years, in a hundred years, this star appears to us not to have moved in the heavens! The swiftness of a cannon-ball shot forth from our most powerful guns does not exceed seven hundred metres per second and the velocity of that star is above three hundred and twenty thousand; it will be seen that the swiftness of the star surpasses that of the ball in a proportion of four hundred and fifty-five to one! Can the most audacious imagination conceive such a flight?"

"The star would pass in five days and some hours through the distance of thirty seven million leagues that separate us from the sun a distance which a cannon-ball would take seven years to traverse. It will be seen that such a velocity borders on the marvellous, and yet it is an established fact, has been measured by the most delicate and precise operations and cannot be less than the numbers we have given."

"This swiftness is a symbol, and under that head I would here present it. *All the stars are animated by analogous motion*, more or less rapid; and not only the stars—each of which is a sun, and the majority of which must be centres of planetary systems, sources of light, heat and harmony, around which gravitate habitable earths, abodes, actual past or future, for various existences of terrestrial beings—not only, I say, are all the stars thus hurled through the immensity of space, but also all the planets, all the satellites, all the worlds, all the systems, all that exists in creation."

"The earth rushes around the sun with a

velocity of six hundred and forty-three thousand leagues, turning at the same time upon its own axis of rotation with eleven different kinds of motion, more light and mobile than a child's toy balloon floating in the air; influenced by the various attractions of the nearest stars, a veritable play-thing of the cosmic forces that carry us along in the immense vortex. The moon revolves around the earth, disturbing us constantly in its course, and making us submit to various inflections. The sun carries us along with all its cortège to the constellation of Hercules; and yet, since her existence, the earth never yet passed twice over the same road, describing not closed ellipses, but coursing through space in interminable spirals. The suns nearest to ours travel with their systems towards various directions. Constellations dislodge themselves, from age to age, each star having its own motion, by virtue of which the changing figure of the heavens incessantly modifies itself; and thus every thing in perpetual movement, flies, circulates and precipitates itself with vertiginous velocity, towards an unknown and never attained goal."

"This is not a romance or dream of pure contemplation, a view outside of ourselves; it is our own and unavoidable history. Within an hour, each one of us, reader and writer, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, young and aged, whether we sleep or wake, within an hour each one of us has passed through the heavens by an invisible route of more than a hundred thousand kilometres for our planet describes not less than a hundred and sixteen million leagues annually in its sole revolution around the sun; and a centenarian will have traced through space a track of more than twelve milliard leagues. But it is found that these velocities are *the very condition* of the stability of the universe; the stars, the earth, planets, worlds, suns, stellar systems, star-clusters, milky-ways, distant universes, all sustain themselves by the mutual equilibrium of their reciprocal attraction; they are all *placed upon the void*, and maintain themselves in their ideal orbits,

as they revolve with sufficient swiftness to create a centrifugal force equal and contrary to the attraction that draws them, in such wise, that they remain in unstable but perpetual equilibrium."

"Formerly, people were in doubt, and we cannot wonder at it, about the firmness of the foundations of the world; for before the isolation of our planet in its motion around the sun had been demonstrated, it appeared indispensable to accord to the earth an undisturbed basis, and to fix it upon infinite roots. But as the stars rise, set and pass below the earth, these foundations, without which the reflective mind, ever desirous of ascertaining the truth, would not be satisfied had to be renounced, as it was absolutely impossible to conceive of a material pillar, of ever so vast dimensions, be it of the diameter of the earth, and resting in the infinite, even as little as we can admit the existence of a stick having but one end. However deep the mind may descend towards the base of this material pillar, it arrives at a final point and the void alone can be infinite, and from thence the said pillar no more serves us, as it rests itself without support. The modern concept of dynamism, opposed to the ancient and vulgar idea of matter, has a philosophic bearing, unprecedented in the entire history of the sciences. *It teaches, proves and convinces us, beyond a doubt, that the material, visible palpable universe rests upon the invisible, the immaterial, the imponderable force.*"

"This is a fact against which the vulgar and deceitful testimony of the senses never will again prevail. The earth which was thought firm at the base of creation, is not supported by anything material, but by invisible force. The void extends above and below the earth, to the right as to the left, and into infinity in all directions. It is the solar attraction that supports her—attraction and motion. It is the same with all the worlds, with all the stars, with all that composes the universe in the internal constitution of bodies as also in the sidereal all. Let us dwell for a moment on some details."

* * *

"Behold a strong iron rafter, such as is generally employed at present in architectural constructions. It is placed on the void at a height of ten metres upon two walls, upon which rests its two ends. It is solid, certainly. On its centre a weight of a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand kilogrammes has been placed, and it does not even feel this enormous weight, it is with difficulty that an imperceptible bending can be shown with the level."

"For all that, this rafter is composed of molecules, which do not touch each other—molecules which are in perpetual vibration, which expand under the influence of heat and contract under the influence of cold. Recently in the full sun it attained the temperature of sixty degrees (Celsius); last winter it was below zero. In its first condition it is seven millimetres longer than in the second and its molecules, can by greater heat, be still more expanded. Tell me, now, what constitutes the solidity of that bar of iron? Its material atoms? Certainly not, for they do not touch one another. The solidity dwells in the molecular attraction—that is to say, in an immaterial force."

"It has been calculated that there are not less than eight sextillion atoms, say eight thousand milliards of milliards in the head of a pin, and that these atoms are separated one from another, by distances incomparably greater than are their dimensions; these dimensions, on the other hand, reduce themselves to the infinitely little. If one would count the number of these atoms contained in a pin's head, by detaching, in thought, a milliard every second, one would require to continue this operation, during two hundred and fifty-three years to complete the enumeration."

"By studies on molecular action it has been calculated that in the most minute drop of water, such as could hang on to the point of a pin, a drop invisible to the naked eye measuring a thousandth part of a millimetre cube, there are more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand millions of molecules."

“Absolutely speaking, solid solidity does not exist. Let us take into our hands a heavy iron ball. This ball is composed of invisible, non-contiguous molecules, which again are composed of non-contiguous atoms. The continuity that the surface of this iron ball appears to have, and its apparent solidity are thus pure illusions. For the mind that would thus analyse its internal structure, it would seem as a vortex of flies, reminding one of those motes that float in the sun-beam on a hot summer’s day.”

“Studies of molecular physics have brought us to admit that in a cube centimetre of air, the molecules that compose it, do not occupy more than a third part of the cube millimetre; that is to say, the three thousandth part of the total apparent volume.”

“All these molecules, all these atoms, are in perpetual *motion*, as are the worlds in space; and the structure of bodies is organized by invisible force. In hydrogen, at normal temperature and pressure, each molecule has a swiftness of translation, vibration and circulation of two kilometres per second.”

“Every body, organic or inorganic, air, water, plant, animal, man, is thus formed of molecules in motion.”

“Our very body is no more solid than the rest. Each globule of our blood is as a world (and we have thereof five millions to the cube millimetre) all circulating continuously, without stopping or resting, in our arteries, veins, flesh, brains; all moves, all precipitates itself in a vital vortex, proportionately as rapid as the celestial bodies in space. Molecule by molecule our brains, our skull, our nerves, our entire flesh renews itself without rest, and so rapidly that in a few months our whole body is entirely changed. The analysis of bodies, organic as well as inorganic, thus brings us into the presence of atomic motion ruled by forces, and the infinitely minute speaks to us the same language as the infinitely vast.”

* * *

“The title of ‘Materialist,’ borne still today by men who do not see beyond the vulgar appearance of things, will soon not be

otherwise considered by the thinker than as a superannuated expression, and one without meaning. The visible universe is not at all what it appears to our senses; and it is the invisible that constitutes the essence and support of the creation. In fact, *this visible universe is composed of invisible, non-contiguous atoms; it rests on the void*, and the ruling forces themselves are immaterial and invisible. Seek matter, and you will not find it; it is a mirage that recedes in the ratio as you advance; it is a shadow that vanishes each time you think to seize it. It is not so with *force* the dynamic element; it is the invisible and imponderable force that we find in the last analyses, and it is force that represents the base, the support and very essence of the universe.”

“In the profound silence of night, all moves, borne along by a breath divine. In the hours of tranquil concentration, do we not hear the voice of the Infinite? Night is the state of immense space; and we have the day during a half rotation of the earth, only because we dwell in the immediate vicinity of a star. Night fills all, but it is not darkness, it is the soft light emanating from millions of stars. Then we can best feel how all is in vibration. The motion of every atom on earth and in heaven, is the mathematical result of all the ethereal modulations that affect it at the time from the abysses of infinite space. The moon attracts the earth, the earth attracts her sisters, the planets; these solicit and call her; the stars attract the sun and like those particles of dust that we see oscillate and vibrating in a ray of sun-light, do all the worlds in the universe unto infinity glide, turn, circulate, fly, vibrate and palpitate on the bosom of the illimitable void. A geometer dared to say that with a motion of the hand he disturbed the moon in her course. This was giving an imaginative expression of the extreme mobility of things, and showing that the most feeble disturbance of a centre of gravity, has its reaction at a distance. When the moon passes overhead, the whole earth is drawn, the waters in the ocean are displaced, and each one of us

weighs somewhat less than when the moon is on the horizon (the difference is about eighteen milligrammes). When Venus passes at ten million leagues from here, when Jupiter passes at a hundred and fifty leagues one and the other displace the whole earth from her normal position."

"Have you ever approached a piece of iron to a freely-suspended magnetic needle? What a marvellous spectacle is this mobility these palpitations, this misdirecting of the needle, under the influence of an apparently inert object, and which acts upon it at a distance! We observe a compass at the bottom of a hermetically-sealed cellar; a regiment of soldiers passes along an adjoining row, and the compass becomes agitated, influenced at a distance by their steel bayonets. Does an aurora borealis occur in Sweden? the compass in Paris feels it. What do I say!

The fluctuations of the magnetic needle are in relation with the spots and eruptions of the sun! Modern physics or the natural philosophy of the present day is a proclamation of the invisible Universe."

* * *

"It is under this modern aspect of science that it appeared interesting to contemplate the visible universe to-day and to invite those of my readers to this contemplation who like to dwell sometimes on profound truths. Stars and atoms place us in the presence of an harmonious immensity, an immense harmony. Those who but see the orchestra without hearing any sounds, are deaf. Through the visible Universe our mind must feel the presence of an invisible Universe, that we see is but an appearance; *the real is the invisible force, the energy that moves all.*"

THE IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

CHAPTER IX.

It was night. I was sleepy and content, for I had been happy and amused, running hither and thither in the sweet-scented air. All the evening I had slept on my couch among the flowers that made my room fragrant, and I dreamed strange dreams in which each flower became a laughing face, and my ears were full of the sound of magic voices. I awoke suddenly and fancied I must be still dreaming, for the moonlight came into my room and fell upon the blossoms. And I thought with wonder of the simple home I had been reared in. How had I ever endured it? For now it seemed to me that beauty was life. I was very happy.

As I lay dreamily looking at the moonlight the door in the corridor was suddenly opened from without. The corridor was full of light such brilliant light that the moonlight seemed like darkness, and I was blinded. Then a number of neophytes entered my room, bringing with them some things I could not see, because of the strong light. Then they

went away and closed the door, leaving me in the moonlight, with two tall white motionless forms. I knew who was with me though I dared not look—it was Agmahd and Kamen.

At first I trembled, but suddenly I saw the child glide forth from the shadow, her finger on her lips and a smile on her face.

"Do not be afraid," she said, "They are going to put on you the beautiful robe you told them to prepare."

I rose from my couch and looked at the priests. I was no longer afraid. Agmahd stood motionless his eyes fixed on me. The other approached me, holding in his hands a white robe. It was of fine linen and covered with rich gold embroidery, which I saw formed characters, which I could not understand. It was more beautiful than Agmahd's robe—and I had never seen anything so beautiful as that when I entered the temple.

I was pleased and held out my hand for the robe. Kamen came close to me and when I flung aside the one I wore, put this one upon me with his own hands.

It was steeped with a subtle perfume, which I inhaled with delight. This seemed to me a royal robe. Kamen advanced to the door and opened it. The brilliant light streamed in full upon me. Agmahd remained standing motionless, his eyes fixed on me.

The child looked upon me with admiration, and clapped her hands in delight. Then she held out one hand and took mine. "Come," she said. I yielded, and together we went into the corridor, Agmahd close behind us. The scene we entered startled me, and I paused. The great corridor was full of priests, save just where I stood, close to the door of the holy of holies. Here a large space was left, and in this space stood a couch covered with silken drapery embroidered with gold, in characters resembling those upon my dress. About the couch was a bank or hedge of sweet-smelling flowers and all around the ground was strewn with plucked blossoms. I shrank from the great crowd of motionless priests, whose eyes were fixed on me, but the beautiful colors pleased me.

"This couch is for us," said the child, and led me to it. No one else spoke or moved, and I obeyed her. We advanced, and upon the couch found our golden ball with which we had played in the garden. I looked in a sudden wonder to see if Agmahd watched us. He stood by the door of the holy of holies; his eyes were on me. Kamen stood nearer to us, and he was gazing at the closed door of the sanctuary and his lips were moving as if he were repeating words. No one seemed angry with us, so I looked back at the child. She snatched up the ball and sprang to one end of the great couch; I could not resist her gaiety; I sprang to the other end of the couch and laughed too. She flung me the ball; I caught it in my hands, but before I could throw it back to her, the corridor was plunged in complete, profound darkness. For a moment my breath died away in the sudden agony of fear, but suddenly I found that I could see the child, and that she was laughing. I flung her the ball, and she caught it, and laughed again. I looked a-

round and saw that all else was black darkness. I thought of the awful figure I had seen before in the darkness, and I must have cried aloud with fear but for the child. She came to me and put her hand in mine.

"Are you afraid?" she said; "I am not, and you need not fear. They would not harm you, for they worship you!"

While she spoke I heard music—gay, wonderful music—that made my heart beat fast and my feet long to dance.

A moment later and I saw the light come round the sanctuary door, and the door open. Was that awful figure coming forth? My limbs shook at the thought, but yet I did not lose all courage as before. The child's presence and the gay music kept from me the horror of solitude. The child rose holding my hand in hers. We approached the sanctuary door. I was unwilling, yet I could not resist the guidance which led me on. We entered the door, and as we did so the music ceased. All was still again. But there was faint light within the sanctuary which seemed to come from the far end of the chamber.

The child led me towards this light. She was with me, and I was not afraid. At the end of the chamber was a small inner room, or recess, cut, as I could see in the rock. I could see this for there was enough light here. A woman sat on a low seat, her head bent over a great book which she held open on her knee. My eyes were riveted to her instantly, and I could not remove them. I knew her, and the heart within me shuddered at the thought that she would raise her head, and I should see her face.

Suddenly I knew my companion, the child was gone. I did not look to see, for my eyes were held by a supreme fascination, but I felt my hand had no answering clasp. I knew she was gone.

I waited, standing still as one of those figures carved in the avenue of the temple.

At last she lifted her head and looked at me. My blood shivered and grew cold. It seemed to myself that I froze, for those eyes cut like steel, yet I could not resist or turn

away, or even hide my eyes from that awful sight.

"You have come to learn. Well, I will teach you," she said, and her voice sounded low and sweet like the soft tones of a musical instrument. "You love beautiful things and flowers. You will be a great artist if you live for beauty alone, but you must be more than that." She held out her hand to me, and, against my will I lifted mine and gave it to her but she barely touched it; at the touch my hand was full of roses and all the place was filled with their scent. She laughed, and the sound was musical; I suppose my face pleased her.

"Come now," she said, "and stand nearer me, for you no longer fear me." With my eyes upon the roses, I approached her; they held my sight and I did not fear her when I did not see her face.

She put her arm round me and drew me close to her side. Suddenly I saw that the dark robe she wore was no garment of linen or cloth—it was alive—it was a drapery of coiling snakes, who clung about her and made folds that had seemed to me like soft hanging draperies when I stood a little away from her. Now terror overcame me; I tried to scream but could not, I tried to fly from her but could not; she laughed again, but this time her laugh was harsh. But while I looked all was changed, and her robe was dark—dark still but not alive. I stood breathless, wondering and cold with fear—her arm was still about me! She raised her other hand and placed it on my forehead. Then fear left me altogether; I seemed happy and quiet. My eyes were shut, although I saw; I was conscious, yet I did not desire to move. She rose, and lifting me in her arms, placed me on the low stone seat where she had herself been sitting. My head fell back against the wall of rock behind me. I was dumb and still but I could not see.

She rose up to her full height and stretched her arms aloft above her head, and again I saw the serpents. They were vigorous and full of life. They were not only her dress

but they were about her head. I could not tell if they were her hair, or if they were in it. She clasped her hands high above her and the terrible creatures hung wreathing from her arms. But I was not afraid. Fear seemed to have left me forever.

Suddenly I became aware that there was another presence in the sanctuary. Agmahd was there, standing at the door of the inner cavern.

I looked in wonder at his face, it was so still; the eyes were unseeing. Then I knew suddenly that they were in very fact unseeing; that this figure, this light, I myself, were all invisible to him.

She turned to me, or leaned towards me, so that I saw her face, and her eyes were on mine; otherwise she did not move. Those eyes that cut like steel no longer filled me with terror, but they held me with a grasp as of some iron instrument. While I watched her, suddenly I saw the serpents change and vanish; they became long, sinuous folds of some soft, grey, gleaming garment, and their heads and terrible eyes changed into starry groups of roses. And a rich, strong scent of roses filled the sanctuary. Then I saw Agmahd smile.

"My Queen is here," he said.

"Your Queen is here," I said and did not know I had spoken till I heard my own voice. "She waits to know your desire."

"Tell me," he said, "what is her robe?"

I answered, "It shines and gleams and on her shoulders are roses."

"I do not desire pleasure," he said, "my soul is sick of it. But I demand power."

Until now her eyes fixed on mine had told me what to speak; but now I heard her voice again.

"In the temple?"

And I repeated her words, unconscious that I did so till I caught the echo of my voice.

"N," answered Agmahd, contemptuously "I must go outside these walls, and mix with men, and work my will among them. I demand the power to do this. It was pro-

mised to me; that promise has not been fulfilled."

"Because you lacked the courage and the strength to compel its fulfillment."

"I lack those no longer," answered Agmahd, and for the first time I saw his face flame with passion.

"Then utter the fatal words," she said.

Agmahd's face changed. He stood still for some moments, and his face grew colder and more stony than any carven form.

"I renounce my humanity," he said at last uttering the words slowly, so that they appeared to rest upon the air.

"It is well," she said. "But you cannot stand alone. You must bring me others ready like yourself to brave all and know all. I must have twelve sworn servants. Get me these and you shall have your desire."

"Are they to be my equals?" demanded Agmahd.

"In desire and in courage, yes; in power, no; because each will have a different desire; thus will their service be acceptable to me."

Agmahd paused a moment. Then he said; "I obey my Queen. But I must be aided in so difficult a task. How shall I tempt them?"

At the words she flung out her arms, opening and shutting her hands with a strange gesture, which I could not understand. Her eyes gleamed like hot coals, and then grew cold and dull.

"I will direct you," she answered. "Be faithful to my orders and you need not fear. Only obey me and you shall succeed. You have every element within this temple. There are ten priests ready to our hand. They are full of hunger. I will satisfy them. You know I will satisfy when your courage and steadfastness is proved—not until then, for you demand much more than these others."

"And who shall be the one to complete the number?" asked Agmahd.

She turned her eyes again upon me.

"This child," she answered. "He is mine—my chosen and favorite servant. I will teach him; and through him I will teach you."

"THROUGH THE SHADOWS LIGHT IS WON."

Gone the golden age of boyhood, when the curls
curved on my brow,
And the sun glowed with a glory that I vainly look
for now;
When each day brought all I wanted till the peaceful
evening swept
Lightly o'er the day's experience, and in dreamless
sleep I slept.
Ah, that wealth of joyous slumber, who shall give it
to me again?
Knowledge, wisdom, are my fellows, yet this boon I
ask in vain;
They have given me ample dower, taught me what
the ages know,
Shown me all mankind hath garner'd in the centuries'
steadfast flow.
Is their treasure worth the cost? Lo, I have bought
it with the joy,
The golden faith that knew not doubt or question as
its base alloy.
These are gone. I know that heaven is, perchance,
a dream, a phrase;
Such my knowledge, while the insight of the boy
decays;
So, I know that in the sullen dust, whereon I heed-
less tread,
Science writes my dull "*hic jacet*"—nothing more—
when I am dead;

Nothing more! My thoughts are soaring, cinctured
as with eagle's wings;
Can it be, when death confronts me, they shall fall
like meaner things,
Pass absorbed through foul corruption, such as sets
the body free,
Batten'd on by worm and maggot, feasting as in
mockery,
And the power I feel within me, sweeping on from
light to light,
Time and space alike compelling to its will by royal
right?
Is it but a trick of matter, some strange phantom of
the brain,
Or some plastic mode of motion herein working for
our pain?
Is it so? my King within me robed in costly purple
dwells,
Every mark of royal splendour his imperial glory
swells.
Shall I brand him as a slave and drive him forth de-
throned to die,
Like some felon, spurned and scouted by the careless
passer-by,
All his kingship falling from him, all his power but a
name,
Idle for the bitter contrast—ancient sway and pres-
ent shame?

Or, again—'tis science whispers—God is but an empty
breath ;
Force and matter govern all, they hold the keys of
life and death ;
We are but fantastic puppets, jerking in their iron
grasp,
Pigmy which the hand of giants throttles with re-
lentless clasp.
Is it so? No God! The vision grows more stern and
darker yet ;
Shall I all the dreams of boyhood in this dreary
thought forget ?
O'er the distance—pah! I stifle—settles Nature's
funeral pall,
Drooping in its heavy folds which cling remorseless
over all,
Like the murky cloud which riseth where the earth-
quake holdeth sway
And the homes where men have dwelt in tottering
ruin pass away.
Such the outlook, what avails it to have leant in by-
gone days
On the hand which led our fathers as they trod earth's
earlier ways?—
That to us—the sons of Progress—is, they tell us,
but a shade,
Idle as the wraith which mocks the wanderer on the
Brocken stayed.
All our ancient forms desert us, all the lines whereon
we built,
Marking out the bars which severed innocence from
fretful guilt ;
Right and wrong alike are blended, each is but an
empty name,
Based on nothing but convention, whence alone
comes praise or blame.
Thus we stand—the world's dark shadow seems to
darken more and more,
And our race is drifting, drifting onward towards a
surf-lined shore.
Who can say what now awaits us, whence may in-
spiration come,
Who shall guide the helmless vessel, as she rusheth
o'er the foam?
Lost and dead the old traditions, gone the hope of
other time,
With its beauty and its comfort, speaking oft in deed
sublime.
Gone the whisper o'er the billows, that could still
the sea in calm ;
Gone the prayer that made life's troubles earnest of
celestial balm ;
Gone the Father's hand that stayed us frail and
shrinking on our way—
Though the hours were dark and stormy, we should
find the light some day.
We have gained—ah, well I know it—set our gain
by what is lost :
Gains of science, gain of heartache, sum it up and
count the cost.
What avails it that we bridle to our use the flashing
sun,
Tame the powers of earth and air to do the best we
would have done,
That we laugh at time and distance, rushing on at
break-neck pace,
If—like haunting spectre—ruin be the shadow of our
race?
Deep within, man's heart seems bursting—shall no
voice across the main
Greet him as the vessel drifteth—is there naught to
lay his pain?
Listen !—nothing but the sea's wail—nothing but the
surges' plash,
Where, upon the distant reef, the restless breakers
fall and dash.
Listen—listen yet again, whilst sorrow chokes the
weary heart,
And sad memories from the distance into life and
being start—
Whilst what *was* seems fair and wistful—and what is
how dark and stern,
And the wonder of existence daunts us more, the
more we learn :
Comes a whisper thro' the tempest, like the breath
of tropic air,
Doubt not,—man's salvation dawneth, though at
times his heart despair.
Though the other life be vanished and the ancient
hopes be dead,
Thou art not forsaken wholly—through the shadows
light is shed ;
Deem not that our life is broken—through the present
and the past
Runs one golden thread of kinship, linking each to
other fast ;
Every age is but the offshoot of the ages which have
gone ;
Causes but work out their issues—hence alone is
progress won.
Doubt, despair, the things that wrack mankind in
this, his latest age,
Will but lead him, if he face them, to a higher heri-
tage.
In the forefront of the battle, where death stalks
amid the slain,
Danger holds wild revel, beckoning troop on troop of
mail-clad men.
Some shall fall in bleeding horror—others till the
sun goes down,
Mid the din and murk of conflict, proudly yet main-
tain their own.
Such are heroes—greater peril guerdons them with
richer meed,
Fairer wreath for higher daring consecrates heroic
deed ;
So, our post is full of peril, in the forefront we too
stand,
In this later age whilst foes are thickly massed on
either hand :
Facing toll, defeat and danger, greater than in time
of yore,
We too bear the brunt of fiercer combat than our
fathers bore ;
Some must fall—but those who dauntless, still fight
on and scorn to yield,
In the proud, fierce joy of conflict, marshalled on the
deadly field.
Haply maimed and bleeding, shall in time the prouder
laurel gain,
Issuing from the contest, victors, reaching thus a
higher plane.
They have grappled doubt and faced her in the
strength of honest thought,
Though they knew the stern conditions of the fight
wherein they fought ;
They have grappled doubt and faced her—now she
lies before them slain,

Like some mythic dragon, weltering in her gore upon
the plain.
Science daunts not them, behind her their clear vision
looks afar,
Sees the mystery that broods beyond the glow of sun
or star.
In the lowest realm of nature—in the grandest where
her sway
Rules the depths of space and guards the wonder of
the Milky Way,
Mystery shrouds our gaze—our deepest questions
come to us again
Like the idle echo, telling that we ask them but in
vain—
Language, thought, imagination; all alike are found
to fail.
Read the legend of the Temple—"Isis' eye keeps
down her veil;"
Thus we hail the Mighty Presence filling life, and
space, and time,
Brooding in great Nature's temple with a loneliness
sublime;
Till, with stricken hearts and lowly, trembling as in
love and fear,
We too, worship in the fane—the Power whom we
seek is here.
Here is God—Religion founded not on superstition
now,
But on truth, that with more knowledge ever fairer
seems to grow.

Yet the heart of man is lonely 'midst this splendour
of the spheres,
Eyes that catch the dim reflection of the distance
melt in tears;
Whilst the massy diapason but appals his startled
soul,
As across the chords of space its harmonies in thunder
roll.
Lo this music of the gods, it strikes us down—this
blaze of light
Blinds us, like a touch of darkness—all too fierce for
mortal sight.
For our human hearts are frail, unapt to bear the
strain, the stress,
Like the nervous weed, they shiver 'neath the stroke
of loneliness,
Give us what may shade the vision, lend relief to
aching gaze,
As the full glare of the sun is softened in the mellow
haze.
Bid some gentler voice awaken, speaking not of
power but peace;
Veil our eyes and charm our ears—our dazzled spirits
claim release;
So, across the heart's vibrations plays—like whisper
of the wind—

One calm strain, whose mystic music lays the wild
thoughts of the mind;
Sweeping thro' its inmost nature, till the answering
fibres move,
And each chord in sweet pulsations whispers low the
notes of love
Love!—the eye grows clear and eager, heaven again
is in us seen,
With the blush of human kindness earthly things
incarnadine,
Love!—the sorrows of the world, the care, the want,
the strife, the sin
Fade; the toil for gold or place, the crime without,
the wrong within—
All that in man's proud escutcheon seems to mark
some bastard bend,
Shown in treason to his race, in broken laws or in-
jured friend,
All seems changed, the world's wild turmoil 'neath
its influence of balm
Lulls—the roar of waters dieth in a harmony of calm.

Thus the newer gospel speaketh, 'tis a two-fold utter-
ance rings,
With a power in its music as the old world onward
swings.
Shall we deem it faithless, soul-less? Nay, herein
our thoughts are dim,
Everywhere the parts are hallowed into one majestic
hymn,
Rising like a grand "Te Deum," taking captive brain
and soul,
Whilst in dim and mystic cadence its vibrating echoes
roll,
Louder pealing, fuller, deeper, sweeping through the
near and far,
Reaching from the earth beneath us to the lapse of
viewless star
Till, spell-bound, the mighty anthem sinketh—one
clear tenor tone,
Love-attuned; its force subdueth—earth and heaven
again are one.
Mystery and Love are wedded; doubt is quelled, a
nobler Faith
Through life's empyrean floateth, leading captive
wrong and death.
But a dream, you say, my brothers. Nay, the gleam
is in the sky,
Where the eastern morn awakens—we shall greet it
by-and-bye.
Lo, e'en now, the fair reflection of its rays across our
earth!
For a newer dawn ariseth, and what shall be wins its
birth.

March 13th, 1888.

E. H. GULLIVER.

THE LATE DR. ANNA KINGSFORD.

THE HISTORY OF A REVELATION.

[FROM "LIGHT."]

In response to many pressing invitations to furnish through the columns of "LIGHT," that large public the world over which is interested in the Spiritual movement now in progress, with some precise account of Mrs. Kingsford and her psychic gifts, I have thought that I cannot do better than recite the following history of a revelation received by her, and thus at the same time illustrate to some extent the method of production of our book, "*The Perfect Way*," of which the revelation in question constitutes the First Appendix.

We were in Paris in the middle of the year 1878. Mrs. Kingsford was about two-thirds of the way through the course of her medical studies, and wholly engrossed by them. I, at the same time, was equally occupied by my interpretative work, chiefly in regard to the Scriptures, and had, at the date in question, written enough to make a small volume of which the title was to be "*The Finding of Christ; or the Completion of the Intuition*." But it was still very inchoate, there being several points on which I had failed to reach the central idea. I had consciously been assisted in it by light from interior sources, but had at length come to a standstill. I did not communicate to Mrs. Kingsford either the line of my thought or my difficulties, as I would not disturb her studies; it being the eve of a very important examination. The points on which I wanted light were, I knew ones on which she could not help me by any knowledge of her own. And she had been without illumination for the past three-quarters of a year.

It was one evening when I had retired for the night, and my longing for special help had become highly intensified, that standing at my open window and looking out on the starry sky, I mentally addressed the expanse

in appeal for correction, confirmation, or illumination in respect to the work on which I was engaged; but without forming any definite idea as to the result desired, or, indeed, expecting any results. And then I retired to rest.

In the course of the following morning, no word of this having been said to her, Mrs. Kingsford remarked that she was under a very extraordinary access of exaltation, as if, she said, she had been drinking spiritual champagne, all her faculties seeming to be at their best, and all her knowledge at her finger-ends. She only wished that her examination, which was close at hand, had been on that day. I still kept silence, but thought it not unlikely there might be something for me as the result; and full of excitement about her state, she went to the schools, where an examination in her subjects was going on. From this she returned in high delight, saying she could have answered every question perfectly—they were put *viva voce*—and far better than any of the students. That same evening, however, everything was driven from our minds by her having a severe attack of sickness, followed by exhaustion and syncope of a most alarming character. For a considerable time she was as one dead; and it was very late before the restoratives administered recalled her to consciousness, and she was able to be left alone for the night. I mention this in order to show how entirely free from relation to anything in the mind of either of us at the time was that which followed.

I was roused early by her knocking at my door and thrusting into my room a paper, which she said contained something she had seen in the night, and had written down on waking. She had not read it over, and hardly knew what it was about. But, perhaps it was something that I wanted.

On reading it I found it an exposition, coherent, luminous, and written in the most exquisite, archaic English, of all the points which had perplexed me in my endeavor to fathom what I had suspected to be the spiritual meaning of the earlier part of the Book of Genesis. I read and re-read it with delight, and found that it opened from one end to the other the whole book of the Scriptures, relating Genesis to the Apocalypse and giving a key to the interpretation of both. Mrs. Kingsford's delight and surprise was equal to mine. It contained about 860 words, and was incomplete, leaving off in the middle of a sentence. We both longed for more of it.

After an interval of one night, this came, and Mrs. Kingsford gave me in the morning a second communication of the same nature, consisting of about 640 words. They are the two parts of the First Appendix to *The Perfect Way*—that entitled "Concerning the Interpretation of Scripture. It should be stated, in order to show their independence of our own minds and knowledge, that while fully confirming my conclusion to the parabolic and non-historical character of at least the early chapters of Genesis, they not only went far beyond the point reached by either of us, but in respect of certain impressions corrected us.

To my inquiries concerning the genesis of the first part, she answered first by recalling a dream she had received in the previous November, which ran thus:—

"I was conducted in my sleep into an old-fashioned library, in which sat, dressed in the early costume of the Georges, a charming old lady eating macaroni and honey, and conversing with an old gentleman dressed in the costume of the same period. She rose to receive me and kissed my hand with an old-fashioned courtly grace. On my looking at the old gentleman he also rose, and I noticed a strong resemblance between him and you so that the thought crossed my mind that you would look just like him if your features were a little thinner, and you wore ruffles round your throat. The old lady seemed to

read my thought, for she nodded and said with a smile, 'Yes, he,' meaning you, 'is one of the family.' After this the old gentleman disappeared from the scene, and the old lady said to me, 'You have come to see my library. There it is. Mount the steps and take down any book you like.' I looked up and saw a great number of books ranged in a book-case, which covered the whole of the wall opposite. Mounting the steps, I took down a book at random, and opened it. It was a poem entitled *The Nature of Christ and the Christ-like Soul*. I turned over the pages and read several lines which I tried to fix in my memory, but with only partial success, for all that I can recollect are these:—

" 'Epitome of all,'

His birth, his death, his body's bitter dole,
Alike the dower of the Christ-like soul,
Thus man, refined, at last shall pass away,
His spirit rising through its mould of clay.'

"Well, last night I found myself in the same library with the same old-fashioned old lady and gentleman, and, after being welcomed by them, I mounted the steps and took down a book and read. The leaves were of silver plates, thick and massive, and every page reflected myself. And what I read I wrote down immediately on waking; and, while writing, the words showed themselves to me.

The second part came differently. It was a lecture delivered by a man in a priestly robe, to a large number of students in an amphitheatre of white stone, where I sat with them and made notes of the lecture, which notes of course vanished with my dream, and I wrote it down on waking."

It was on the nights of June 6th and 8th 1878, that these communications were received. An interval then passed, during which Mrs. Kingsford had a terrible illness, lasting several weeks, which threatened to break her down altogether, and for a long time quite destroyed her psychic memory. In September, after a visit to the seaside, she grew better, and her faculty began to recover its power; and for the next year and a half we continued to receive similar in-

structions, most of them being so timed, as to come when, having exhausted my own power of interpretation, I stood in need of help, and this generally without her knowing my need, and always without her having been able to supply it had she known it. For the knowledges were far beyond us both, as also was the language in which they were expressed; and they equally excited her wonder and admiration and mine.

As may well be supposed, our discussions were many as to their source. We seemed to have obtained access to a reservoir of knowledge at once unlimited and infallible; but the precise *modus operandi* remained hidden. All that we felt confident, was that the knowledges in question transcended all of which we had ever heard; that they were exactly what all inquiring minds in the religious world were longing for; and that they did not seem to come from extraneous sources but in some way to be revealed from within, as if stored up in some interior recess of the mind, and requiring only that we reached far enough to get them; and this, even when the agent of their transmission assumed a personal form, as not unfrequently happened.

At length—it was on the last day of February, 1880—I formulated in my mind an hypothesis whereby to solve the problem. May it not be, I thought, that *my* spirit knows these things, as it is I who am specially seeking them, but is able to impress them upon my colleague better than upon me, in consequence of her more sensitive organism?

It was as if my arrival at this explanation had been waited for in order to give us the true one. To appreciate the force of this, it must be remembered that we were not the possessors of any occult books or knowledge beyond that which we obtained by experience nor of any books claiming to give esoteric interpretations of Scripture or Religion. Nor were we "Spiritualists" in the sense of being restricted to the views and experiences understood to be implied by the term; nor had we as yet given a thought to the doctrine of Re-incarnation and of a multiplicity of earth-

lives, but were wholly free from belief or prepossession in regard to it.

I had kept my new hypothesis to myself, first, in order to ponder over it before imparting it, and next to see whether the idea would be communicated independently to my colleague, as frequently happened. Evening came, and with it, a somewhat diminished pressure of work, allowing of an interval which she was impelled to employ in questioning the planchette, a practice for a long time of very rare occurrence with us, mainly because of the great expenditure of time and nervous energy involved in the using of that instrument, the exhaustion of the latter often requiring several days for recovery. As Mrs. Kingsford rarely proposed a séance unless prompted by the feeling that a message was awaiting us, I left the matter to her initiative.

On this occasion the response was instantaneous. We had scarcely placed our hands on the instrument when it commenced writing. And this is what, after it had ceased, we found written. It should be added first that the names by which we were universally designated on these occasions were "Mary" and "Caro."

"We are instructed to say several things to-night. We are your Genii."

"To Caro.—In the first place you entirely misconceive the process by which the revelation comes to Mary. The method of this revelation is entirely interior. Mary is not a medium, nor is she a seer, as you understand the word. She is a prophet. By this we mean that all that she has ever written or will write, is from within and not without. She knows. She is not told. Hers is an old, old spirit. She is older than you are, Caro; older by many thousand years. Do not think that spirits other than her own are to be credited with the authorship of the new Gospel. As a proof of this, and to correct the false impression you have on the subject, the holy and inner truth of which she is the depositary will not in future be given to her by the former method. All she

writes henceforth she will write consciously.

Yes, she must finish the new evangel by conscious effort of brain and will.

"To Mary—It may serve to exhibit the path by which you have come, and to suggest the nature of some ancient tendencies which may yet tarnish the mirror of a soul destined to attain perfection, to learn that you dwelt within the body of—"whom I am not free to say, but only that, although it startled and distressed us both, we found on referring to the history of the person named, who had lived some fifteen centuries ago, a resemblance of characteristics sufficiently strong to render the statement creditable, and we have since received confirmation of it."

A few days later, Mrs. Kingsford found herself again in the library already mentioned and in company of the same courteous old gentleman, who told her that he desired to communicate with me on a matter too delicate to be entrusted to a third party, but that he had a difficulty in doing so, as I had not been able to find my way to the house. It occurred to us that he might give his message through the planchette, and in such way as to be intelligible only to myself. So we sat. It at once wrote my proper name, by which I had been previously designated by the old gentleman in the library. And concluding it was the same, I inquired whether the purport of his private communication with me was what I was imagining it to be. He wrote, "Not quite." But it proved to be quite, only there was more of it. For my expectation was to be told that the book I was writing should be published in the first instance, anonymously, that idea having recently been suddenly flashed into my mind for the first time, much to my chagrin, for I saw the propriety of it while greatly disliking it. However, he presently added, "It is not considered desirable in our circle that you should produce the book in your name. I will suggest to Mrs. Kingsford what should be done: good-night.—E. S."

These we presently recognized as the ini-

tials of Emmanuel Swedenborg. And on procuring his life and portrait, and a *fac-simile* of his handwriting, no reasonable doubt could remain that it was the famous seer himself who had thus for so long a time interested himself in our work, while the doctrine of our communications we had received concerning the mystical interpretation of Scripture proved identical with his, saving in some particulars which were of such a kind as to show that Swedenborg had advanced to more correct views since his death and was now taking an active part in the work of interpretation to which we had been called. The teaching given to us was, that of Swedenborg, but without his limitations. Thus far, however, there seemed to be a contradiction between the statement that the revelation came from within and not from without, and the inference which at this stage seemed unavoidable, namely, that it had been inspired by Swedenborg. But the discrepancy was cleared up on a subsequent occasion when he came and wrote, saying that he had received a visit from Mrs. Kingsford's angel, who said to him of her that she "was in his library some time ago, and *under his magnetism* recovered a memory, of no small value," namely, the knowledges contained in the two communications described.

My space does not allow of my transcribing the entire message. In it the angel is made to say of Mrs. Kingsford that "his client was a soul of vast experience," and that he "had been promised help to recover for her in this incarnation the memory of all that is in the past."

On a subsequent evening, after a brief reply to a question, Swedenborg withdrew; and while we waited, expecting more from him, a fresh hand wrote:—

"Em¹ has an engagement to-night.—E.

On referring to his life, we found it stated that Swedenborg used to declare that his spiritual affinity hereafter would be a certain lady of similar mystical tendencies who had pre-deceased him, named Elizabeth von Gyllenberg. So that this would seem to have

been the old lady of the library, and his anticipation was realized.

Our interviews with Swedenborg were to our great disappointment—for they were most interesting and valuable—soon brought to an end. For after failing for a longer time than usual to write to us, he came to Mrs. Kingsford in sleep, and told her that he had been forbidden by our angels to use the planchette on account of the facility with which the lower spirits can use it for purposes of deception and fraud. He gave us some instructions which involved a prophetic knowledge for the conduct of our work, and spoke of a former incarnation of mine. Wishing for information respecting the genuineness of this intercourse with Swedenborg—not that there was any, even the smallest cause given for distrust, so perfectly coherent and characteristic of him and independent of any imaginings of ours, was it—we applied to a quarter the information from which we had learnt to regard as infallible; and received for answer that “a portion of Swedenborg is still in this sphere, through which we can communicate with those with

whom he is in affinity.” For the explanation of this, to us then, enigmatical reply we had a considerable time to wait. It belonged to a stage in occult knowledge far in advance of that then attained by us.

Among other things Swedenborg wrote for us, “Do not be too kind to the Christians.” And in answer to our question about his meaning, he added, “I use the word in its popular, not eclectic, sense. You are emphatically Perfectionists. Since I have had my library, I have occupied myself much with pre-Nazarene Eclecticism; and I find it much richer and more profound than that of the comparatively uncultivated Nazarene school.”

It will be seen by this narrative that a mission was contemplated for Mrs. Kingsford by our angels beyond her power to accomplish by reason of her delicacy of constitution. It remains to be seen whether her death was the end of her work, or but the removal of a disability for it. There are, I have reason to believe, many who, in common with me, “sorrow not as those without hope.”

EDWARD MATTLAND.

THE SONG OF TRUTH.

From the unseen throne of the Great Unknown,
From the Soul of All, I came;

Not with the rock of the earthquake's shock,
And not with the wasting flame.

But silent and deep is my onward sweep,
Through the depths of the boundless sky;
I stand sublime, through the lapse of time,
And where God is, there am I.

In the early years, when the youthful spheres,
From the depths of Chaos spring,
When the heavens grew bright with the new-born
light,
And the stars in chorus sung—

Lo, that holy sound, through the space profound,
'Mid their glittering ranks I trod;
For I am a part of the Central Heart,
Co-equal and one with God.

The world is my child. Though willful and wild,
Yet I know that she loves me still,
For she thinks I fled with her holy dead,
Because of her stubborn will;

And she weeps at night, when the angels light
Their watch-fires over the sky,
Like a maid o'er the grave of her loved and brave;
But the Truth can never die.

One by one, like sparks from the sun,
I have counted the souls that came
From the hand Divine;—all, all are mine,
And I call them by my name.

One by one, like sparks to the sun,
I shall see them all return;
Though tempest-tost, yet they are not lost,
And not one shall cease to burn.

I only speak to the lowly and meek,
To the simple and child-like heart,
But I leave the proud to their glittering shroud,
And the tricks of their cunning art.
Like a white-winged dove from the home of love.
Through the airy space untrod,
I come at the cry which is heard on high,—
“Hear me, O God! my God!”

LIZZIE DOTEN.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

FY F. E. COOTE.

[*Read before the Gnostic Society, Sunday Evening, April 2nd, 1888.*]

The subject of our discourse this evening is "Popular Delusions" for delusions are popular.

Of all the delusions that there are there is none greater than Difference. What you know is the same as what I know; for no one can *know* anything but what is true. No one can say that an untruth is knowledge. We may believe lots of things; and about such things we may have lots of differences, but this is ignorance. But a truth never alters; if it did it would not be truth. Truth can't be one thing at one minute and another thing the next minute. So if you have a truth, and I have the same truth, we know the same thing, and there can be no difference between us with regard to the truth. And if you have six truths and I have the same, there will be no difference between us on those truths. And so with all truth. We cannot differ about what we know, but we may differ about what we don't know. And that we don't know is our ignorance.

So all difference is ignorance or error. If then we be guided by error, whither shall we be led? If the blind lead the blind they shall both fall into the ditch. Then, wherever there is difference there is error, and if we be guided by it we will be deluded. But we *may* be guided by whatever is identical with itself; for there, there is no difference. Well then, is any appearance identical with itself? Is there anything that we see that is always the same—that is no different at one time and another? If not, then all we see is delusion, and if we be guided by it we shall be deluded. And if there be nothing that we sense but what changes and is different from time to time, then everything we sense is delusion, and if we be guided by it we shall be deluded. Where there are many there is delusion; but where there is one, there is

knowledge and truth. For where there is unity there can be no division or difference. Unity, then, is real, but division is delusion.

Again; God is infinite and therefore can be nothing but what is Him. God is Real, He is Unity. But if you divide God into two—such as good and bad, right and wrong, great and small, spirit and matter, man and woman, sun and earth—you immediately create a division which, as we have seen, is delusion. Then, in reality there is no division, but only one—God.

But we believe in numberless divisions, personalities and separateness. How have we got into such delusions? Let us see. Now, we want to know, so that the first thing to be done is to get where there is knowledge, or into a state to receive it. And we have seen that there only is knowledge where there is no difference. Let us say Love; that love which knows no difference, which shines upon all alike. Hold yourselves in that attitude of universal love for a time. Now imagine Hate, and just fancy yourselves being led by it for a day, a year, a thousand years! And if you were led by avarice, cruelty, drunkenness, sensuousness and all the rest of the delusions, where would you come out at, and what would you come out as? We do not wonder at *anything* that the senses reveal. And nothing but the senses reveal horrible things. And if all these things, and controls, and conditions, and devils, hells and death be delusions, the first necessity for getting out of them is to know it. Then when you know the truth, you can get rid of the opposite by denying it out of mind.

Perception will give you the knowledge you require. Have a reason for everything you believe. But if your reasoning be from the outer, or what the senses reveal, you will not get knowledge; for then your premises

will be erroneous and your conclusions must be erroneous. But if your reasoning be from the inner—the One, the Unity, where there is no difference—then all your conclusions will be correct. And we have this evening evolved two conclusions from this inner plane, which we will repeat; one is, that *where there is knowledge, there there is no difference*; the other is, that *where there is difference, there there is no knowledge*. But, you may say, suppose one is right and the other is wrong, surely there is difference. How then can it be said that where there is difference, there there is no knowledge. For surely, he who is right has knowledge. Truly, my friends; but he who is right and has knowledge does not differ from you; it is you who have started the difference, not he. If one of two brothers, who are the only inhabitants on an island, wants to quarrel with the other, but the other sees nothing to quarrel about and won't, how can there be any quarrel? So where there is difference there there is no knowledge.

And now, we will relate to you an account of a remarkable experience that happened to an Adept in the Himalayas of India. The story runs thus:—

“In the Mountains of the East there lives a recluse. On occasions this secluded mountain-dweller had been seen by different travellers in the locality, and his appearance had been noted by some of the travellers with sufficient accuracy to enable identification. From the different reports this extraordinary man must have lived in the same locality for hundreds of years, and is said to be in possession of the secret of the Philosopher's stone and Elixer Vitae. And indeed this has been proven, as will hereafter appear. He had been an earnest student of nature, and had mastered her secrets to such an extent as to be able to produce at will any form he required. But if this were all there is to relate it would not be necessary, in the writer's opinion, to publish this account; for many trustworthy travellers have borne witness to similar miraculous performances, such as bringing the apparently dead to life, sev-

ering limbs from a living body and uniting them together, producing shrubs, trees and even animals from apparently nothing.

I may say—the story proceeds—that on one occasion as I was passing through this locality I had been able to approach this mysterious philosopher sufficiently near to recognize that he was the same as others had seen. However, to proceed with my narrative as far as possible in the order in which the circumstances happened.

It was quite a long journey from the locality where I had seen our Mystic to the city, in which I had business of considerable importance to transact. In the outskirts of this city, whither I had made an excursion for the purpose of obtaining rest and fresh air, I came upon this philosopher—at least I thought so, for he had every appearance of being the same individual. But, as I approached, he did not disappear, as I had expected, but remained in a standing position, absorbed apparently in thought. I put several questions to him and spent a long time in trying to get him to communicate with me; being anxious, as you may imagine, to hear from so great a master as he was reputed to be. But he was apparently quite unconscious either of my presence or my speech, and it seemed as if my efforts to get him to pay any attention to me would be quite futile. But being determined to have further interview and to see the matter through to the end, I withdrew a short distance off. Occasionally he would mutter something in a harsh sort of voice, but very little was intelligible. After listening attentively for some time, the most I could gather from him was that he had lost himself and had run out of provisions for some days. But what he said did not appear to be addressed to me, nor would he take of my provisions when I offered them to him.

There was something about this unfortunate person that I could not help associating with the Mystic Philosopher; yet this man was certainly out of his mind. I noticed that whenever I moved in the direction of the mountains he would follow me, though quite

oblivious to my presence. So I took counsel with myself and determined to retrace my steps to the hills, if by so doing he would follow me, for I was convinced that he was in some way mysteriously related to the Adept, whom I now looked upon as more mysterious than ever. That my intuitions were not without good foundation will shortly appear.

The return journey was long and tedious indeed, and many times it almost seemed as if my still unconscious and well-nigh exhausted traveller would abandon it altogether; but I had no means of discovering his intentions or moods of mind, but accompanied him patiently along the not unfamiliar way I had already passed over on my way down.

To shorten this portion of my story I will simply say that, as we neared our destination, my companion improved, so that no longer he refused the provisions I offered him; but I am convinced that when I came upon him near the city, he had lost consciousness to such an extent that food and drink had lost their meaning to him. Soon after this, though still travelling slowly, he showed his first conscious recognition of my presence, which augured well, and after that we were able to increase our pace very considerably, and finally we reached the much longed-for hills.

Although we both were on the look-out for the Great Master, he had evidently seen us first, and was coming towards us. But the welcome he gave us both was beyond description, and when you know truly the cause of it, if it find credence with you, as indeed it should, you will not wonder that I am unable to say more. I have already told you that our Host, at whose mountain home I am writing these lines, was well-known as an Adept in the Secrets of Nature. And on my questioning him on this point he did not hesitate to confirm the reports I had already heard. But being mostly set on knowing who was my companion I had found near the city and how he got there, and being sure of obtaining knowledge on this, or any other subject I might require—for indeed I am treated in every way as a son—I requested

that he enlighten me. And so it came to pass that, on the morning of the next day, we ascended a high peak of the mountain, and standing on the summit we saw an appearance by no means unusual, namely, the shadows of our bodies, which, being cast on the heavy atmosphere before us, made us appear as giants. Similar accounts you may see in almost any book of Alpine travels. Then my host said to me: "Consider well what you now see that you may understand the mystery I shall unfold to you, for without understanding you can know neither that which is, nor that which appears. Look once more on the shadows." And I looked again as he bid me, and saw that his shadow had disappeared. And thereupon questioning him, he answered: "The shadow cannot always remain; but let us return to the house, there I will explain to you the mystery of the shadow, as also concerning your companion hither; and many other things which I have learned; having been here, as you have heard, for a very long time."

After our return home, he produced for my instruction such effects as I have already spoken of, and which in Books of Indian Travel is recorded that Yogis and others perform—producing pastures and trees and animals when he would, and when he would making them to disappear. And this he did by his word only, and I can testify to it that there was no other magic in it than that he spoke with understanding. But last of all he produced a form in every way resembling the one I had come upon near the city and which was like a reflection of himself. And thus he addressed me: "My faithful friend, the reward of your fidelity shall be the knowledge you seek. Now look on this form, remembering the shadow from the mountain peak and listen to my history. I was born here amongst these beautiful hills, and there was no time I did not remember. But of myself I knew nothing of the great world you have come from, having always remained at home in my Father's territory, because I was forbidden to wander past the boundaries on account of the savage tribes that dwelt in

the lowlands beyond. But being specially desirous to know what manner of people lived in the great world beyond, I produced a form similar to that which stands before us, knowing that if I sent it out no harm could come to it from the savage tribes; and thus I might learn something of your country and of your people. And I was pleased with my project, for thus nothing could harm me, and, so long as I gave it my attention, I could learn that which I so much desired, without leaving here. And so I determined to send it out into all the country around; and my mind being concentrated upon it, my attention was much occupied, for the sights of the lands much surpassed anything I had yet seen, and the people were both friendly and possessed of marvellous learning, the like of which I had never before heard. And I had no desire yet to return my attention to my father's home, for in the countries whither I went everything changed from day to day, and the next day was more wonderful than the one preceding it. And time and distance were as nothing.

But one day, coming into a country with which I seemed somewhat familiar, I began to feel tired and sitting down by the way-side I determined to return my attention home. But, O my faithful friend! a great fear came upon me, and I arose but could not return my attention. That I was at home I knew; but I could not separate my attention from the form I had concentrated upon and travelled in so long and so far; and in my fear I clung to that which I had made.

O remember! the shadow from the moun-

tain peak and consider that to which I clung. And fear drove me that I wandered heedlessly. But in the hour of my deepest despair you came to me; and, although I knew you not, still I followed you; neither knew I of my necessities, but I partook of your provisions.

Hear now my father's message to you, O my faithful guide! 'Let him remain with us and share all our knowledge and confidence, and let all our possessions be as his possessions, and let him tell his people, that those who will may follow him.'

This ends the story. And every one who shall *seek* to restore the unconscious, and *offer* provisions to the needy from a right motive, is a faithful guide and shall be received as such by our Father. And whoever shall, in the same spirit, guide a brother or sister even a little way on the journey home, he or she shall find rest. Let us then love one another equally, that enmity may be deprived of its sting and cruelty of that which hurts. Let your love surpass all sympathy, that you may be just; and let it be more than duty, that you may delight to love. Then shall the unlovely be to you as the lovely, for they are lovely; and the sick shall be to you as the well; and the offensive shall be to you as the delightful, for they are sons and daughters of God; and delusion shall be removed even from the senses; and your power shall be mercy; your strength shall be gentleness, and your glory shall be peace.

May your peace and loving presence be extended to all without wavering.

A LAST PRAYER.

Written by Helen Jackson (H. H.) four days before her death.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast
Let me repentant work for Thee!

Aug. 8.

—December Century.

FRAGMENTS FROM ENGLAND AND ISLAM.

BY EDWARD MATTLAND.

The Spiritual world is real, and the faculty whereby man holds intercourse with it is a natural faculty which fails only through morbid, or at least, abnormal insensibility of the cerebral centers. The source of all evil in mortal existence is the limitation of the Spiritual vision. The cause of this limitation is unsuitable diet, physical or mental. Neither mind nor matter is inherently other than "very good" even as they were when first created and "God said that they were good." Physical and Spiritual health are interchangeable terms; the enemy of both is the same. To be well means to be in the possession of Spiritual perception as different from and far surpassing any reason, as sight differs from and far surpasses touch.

Revelation is the result of a perception in which truth revealed is passive and the individual is active. It is as if an intervening veil were withdrawn. For perfect vision the female, no less than the male faculty of the mind must co-operate, blending these in a perfect marriage the mind which is dual reflects as well as perceives. In perfect health—that is when the mind is unruffled, it is like a sea which reflects perfectly the heaven of the real ideal which lies spread above it. Of the perfect marriage, of the two differentiations of the mental dualism is born the divine child—Truth. Truth is also the focusing of God upon the soul of man. It is an immaculate conception wherein He stamps on humanity the true image of Himself. A sound intuition is the perception of the God thus impressed, God being one and the mind one. All error is but limitation of truth through defective management of the instrument. It is necessary to the discernment of truth that the envelop of the mind be scrupulously kept clean. Differences of what men call opinion are differences in the amount of dirt upon the spectacles of their minds; when all are alike clean, all will see alike. It is

through despair of being able to clean their mental glasses that the world has renounced the use of the intuitions for the reason. "Inspiration" consists in a communication in which the recipient is passive and the communicator is active; it may occur when the mind is bent in a direction wholly averse to the subject of the communication. It may consist of an idea shot forcibly into the mind, as if it were a luminous dart or an arrow of light, or it may be a distinct picture of the fact intended to be conveyed. The mode will depend very much upon the character of the individual mind. For one person it is a diffused spiritual influence; for another, it is a distinct idea; for a third, it is a picture. For those in whom the dramatic faculty predominates, "dreams are a frequent medium of communication of this kind; whether the inspiration be a true or a false one depends upon the health of the dreamer. The great requisite is, that his will be subordinated to the Divine will." Any determination to "quench the spirit" is sure to be followed by a withdrawal of the "Spirit." There comes to me as I am writing, the following account of a dream which was dreamt at the very house at which I was writing on the various kinds of "Revelation." The dream is that of a *Seeress, who knowing the general tendency of my work, has feared that it might prove more hurtful to myself than beneficial to others. It is not the first confirmatory supplement to my own thought that I have received at the moment when I had been left unable to complete its expression satisfactorily to myself.

"Last night I was visited by a dream of so vivid and strange a description, that I give it to relieve my mind of the apprehension which it has caused me."

"It seemed to me that you and I were two of a vast company of men and women, upon all of whom,—with the exception of myself,

* Dr. Anna Kingsford, Ed.

for I was there voluntarily—sentence of death had been passed. I was sensible of a knowledge, I knew not how obtained, that this terrible doom had been pronounced by the official agents of some new Reign of Terror. Certain I was that none of the party had been guilty of any real crime deserving death, but that it had been inherited or incurred through their connection with some régime, political religious or social, which was doomed to utter destruction. It became known to us that the sentence was to be carried out on a colossal scale, but we remained in absolute ignorance as to the method or place of the intended death. It was night, dark and starless, and I found myself with the whole company of doomed men and women, who knew they were to die, but not when or how, together in a train hurrying through the darkness to some unknown destination. I sat in a carriage quite at the end of the train in a corner seat, and leaned out of the open window, peering into the night. Suddenly a *Voice*, which seemed to come out of the air, said to me in low, distinct tones, the mere recollection of which makes me shudder—"The sentence is being carried out even now. You are all of you lost. Ahead of the train is a precipice of monstrous height, and at its base beats a fathomless sea. The Railway ends only with the abyss, over that will the train hurl itself into annihilation. *"There is no one on the engine."* I sprang from my seat in horror and looked at the faces of the persons in the carriage with me. Not one of them had spoken or heard those awful words. The lamplight from the dome of the carriage flickered on the forms about me. I looked from one to the other, but saw no sign of alarm given by anyone. Again the *Voice* out of the air spoke to me, "There is but one way to be saved. You must leap out of the train." In frantic haste I pushed open the carriage door and stepped out on the foot-board. The train was going at a fearful pace swaying to and fro as with the passion of its speed, and the mighty wind of its passage beat my hair about my face and tore at my garments. Until this moment I

had not thought of you, or even seemed conscious of your presence in the train. Holding tightly on the rail by the carriage door, I began to creep along the footboard toward the engine, hoping to find a chance of dropping down safely on the line. Hand over hand I passed along in this way from one carriage to another and saw by the light within each carriage that the passengers had no idea of the fate upon which they were being hurried. At length, in one of the compartments I saw *you*. "Come out," I cried, "Come out. Save yourself. In another moment we shall be dashed to pieces." You rose instantly, wrenched the door open, and stood beside me outside on the footboard. The rapidity at which we were now going was more fearful than ever; the train rocked as it fled onwards; the wind shrieked as we were carried through it. "Leap down," I cried to you. "Save yourself. It is certain death to stay here. Before us is an abyss, and there is no one on the engine." At this you turned your face full upon me with a look of intense earnestness, and said, "No, we will not leap down, we will stop the train." With these words you left me, and crept along the footboard towards the end of the train. I followed, full of half angry anxiety for the consequences for what seemed to me a quixotic act. In one of the carriages we passed, I saw my mother and brother, unconscious as the rest. Presently as we reached the last carriage and I saw by the lurid light of the engine smoke, that the *Voice* had spoken truly, and that there was no one on the engine, you continued to move towards it. "Impossible, impossible," I cried, "it cannot be done; oh, pray come away. Then you knelt upon the footboard and said, "You are right; it cannot be done in that way, but we can save the train. Help me to get these irons asunder." The engine was connected with the train by two great iron hooks and staples. By a tremendous effort, in making which I almost lost my balance, we unhooked the irons and detached the train, when, with a mighty leap, as of some mad, supernatural monster, the

engine sped on its way alone, and was lost in the darkness, shooting back as it went a great, flaming trail of sparks. We stood together on the footboard, watching in silence the gradual slackening of the speed. When it had come to a standstill, we cried to the passengers, "Saved, saved," and then amid the confusion of opening doors and descending and eager talking, my dream ended, leaving me shattered and palpitating with the horror of it."

"The Soul is crucified whenever its counsels are rejected for those of the body, the soul by whose inspiring influence we have done so much to redeem the waste places of the earth and to plant in them sparks of the same vitality. Man can live and to appearance thrive on the foulest garbage, but to attain his full perfection as *Man*, in the re-

spect of all the higher faculties, only upon a diet, mental and physical, which is absolutely pure can he unfold this wondrous mortal frame, with all its spiritual mysteries, indicative of the meaning of Man and the universe of which he is a product, and without inflicting a particle of suffering upon aught that breathes and feels. There are signs that the true Christianity of the intuitions—is alive, and that the régime of blood and torture by which existence has so long been made hideous is over, and the true church will rise Phoenix-like and glorious from the ashes of its present degradation. This will be the work of those true Priests and Prophets—who have kept alive on the altar of the national heart, the sacred fire of the Soul, in whose light we see all things in ourselves, and around all things, God—and in God all things.

THE SPIRIT'S FIRST VISIT.

A sweet low sound as if a Soul was there,
Came murmuring to me a living thought,
As though a string, by inspiration wrought,
Had thrown its soft vibrations on the air,
With joyous echoes thrilling everywhere.
The Song was new, and yet its numbers brought
A memory of something not unsought,
That tinted all around with colors fair;
So like a royal visitor it came,
Illuming every footstep of its love
And my Soul's mansion with its flame;
And these words woke in song: "No more above
I wing strange flight, but round about thy door
With sister spirits hover evermore.

So the Spirit like a white-winged bird
Upon the shadows of the dark-waved deep,
And all the lethean dreamers rose from sleep,
As by a hopeful rising sea-breath stirr'd;
The morning broke, and high in heaven was heard
A sound of orisons for those who weep,
And boons of strength for feeble ones to keep.
And ever to the sorrowed was prefer'd
This shout: "The loved ones gone are loving still
With happy patience, waiting with their love
And watchful hope, their mission to fulfill."
And once again these words: "No more above
I wing strange flight, but round about thy door
With sister spirits hover evermore."

And often now the same words flow apace,
And by the repetition grow more grand,
Like wavelet breaking on an open strand,

Or the same beauty in a loved one's face;
And 'tis a joy those loving words to trace
Back through the years that memory can command
And ever see the Spirit blessing stand,
A white-robed angel in a black priest's place.
O gracious mutiny against his reign,
Displacing winter with fruit-bearing leaves,
The rule of healing for the rule of pain,
Cathedrals changed to barns for harvest sheaves,
Garners for truth with stores for living bread,
And crystal waters from the Fountain-head!

And so my Soul enlarged, for life was seen
Of new-born things, uncover'd mysteries
That glowed like new-found isles in peaceful seas,
Where all had once a freezing terror been,
The young-day sun came pouring wide his sheen,
And sinners smote no more with bended knees
The midnight mete of penance miseries,
Or shriek'd before the priest's emblazon'd screen
Of ever-burning woe, such as to-day
At Beddington* glares on the laborer's seats
While farther in, where polished manners pray,
High art with burnished ornament repeats
Heaven's milder forms. Such cheerful changes ring
The joy-bells which the loving Spirits bring!

JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT.

* In Beddington Church, an immense painting of lost souls withering in hell's flames, overlooks the pews consigned to the "poor," while the symbols of grace, mercy and love adorn the other end of the building, occupied by the rich.

PEARLS ON LIFE'S ROSARY.

WRITTEN DOWN BY MRS. GERTRUDE B. CLARK.

CHAPTER IV.

All planets whereon souls become attached to atomic structures through which they record power and growth are under the superior guidance of a Higher Court, situated in the more luminous realm of Soul-land. To the Court of the planet, the call of which touched our soul cords till they vibrated in tones of sympathy; we sent a Soul-echo, and immediately the return wave brought us response, when we felt that we were at last in the borders of the Soul-field, on the mountain peaks, and in the valleys of which we would seek to place the sacred torch of Soul-light. The atmosphere surrounding the Soul-land we were nearing, and which was its index of inner life and conditions, showed a planetary unfoldment, and mental power, not yet subservient to the electric or Soul-light of the Central Heart. All this we took in through our more matured Soul consciousness, while we felt the warm tide of love and hope born therefrom flow in peace waves towards the needy ones, whose night time recorded the hour that always precedes the dawn, where the two extremes lie not far apart. Forth from the Higher Court of the Soul-orb, came a chosen few to meet us. Souls they were, who had watched the growth of the material orb, from its infancy, and had sung anthems of joy over the first leaf, bud and bloom. In the eyes of their Souls we read deep feeling, in which were blended lines of anxiety that told of hope many times unfulfilled, yet there was that in the very atmosphere that spoke to us of masterful Souls, till we felt for them, the deepest respect. Our approach to the Tower was heralded by the Divine Harpers who were the little ones of the Superior Realm in whom so great purity dwelt, as their inheritance from the Father, that they never approached material forms with thoughts of attachment thereto. The harps

they held in their hands were luminous, a silvery light being born in every cord, while the angel fingers of the little ones, as they touched the vibrating strings, awakened little jets of light like sparks from the robe of Deity. We learned that in those same little ones divinest Love was enshrined and became an active principle in and through all the belts of Soul-land. This dispensation holds good in all the Soul-orbs, of all inhabited planets, and these little ones are the special link between the children of all planets, and the Father and Mother Heart; they constitute the ascendant element, and are in truth to worlds the centre thereof, from whence echoes of divine harmony break on the Heaven born air, and are wave-borne even to the shores of the material orb. Little ones of the Central Heart, through whom the deepest love blessings of the Father reach hungering Souls, we owe them sweetest remembrance. Passing beneath the Grand Arch of the Tower, we all in keeping with those who were our guides, waved our hands to the little Harpers who flitted bird like from arch to arch, looking down at us till the sunlight of their souls fell in our hearts like the peace Benediction of the Father. Entering the Recording Hall, the Court entire, who were there assembled arose to greet us, with a welcoming chant, to which we bowed low in token of our appreciation and love. In fulfillment of the custom of our home planet, we bore with us from our own land, parchment on which in symbol form, was recorded our group, with names of each, together with the planet from whence we had come, the mission we were to fulfil, and the division of the Cycle in which we became to that planet a helping power. This parchment, which was signed by our own Superior Court, was read in our presence by one whose province it was to care for the

same until our return, to our home. Great gladness was manifested by the entire Court till we rejoiced that sufficient Soul power was ours to help lift the burden beyond which lay the dawn. It was most needful that we tarry for a time with the Higher Court that our powers could be weighed and measured and also that there might be born between us that oneness that results from an assimilation of the Soul chemicals without which there can be recorded nought but failure. A refinement of these chemicals is an index of the soul attributes, or the height to which the attributes have reached in their likeness unto the the Father and Mother I will also add here that it is through the power of Soul chemicals that the higher guides of this planet to which I now come, are able to send earthward the higher light with which they seek to flood the land. A few Soul brains there are here with which the Higher Guides find it possible to assimilate, because of the diviner chemicals therein enshrined showing the possessors thereof to have traversed a long way back toward the Central Heart, from whence comes the great love call to the Soul. Angel thoughts, it will be seen, are only transmittable to those in whose brains are found chemicals like unto those held within their own chalices. The majority of this planet's children are yet in too great bondage to Matter to be in condition to evolve only the chemicals through which are recorded thoughts concerning materiality. The angel of the higher life, which is divine truth, will tarry long with lighted taper, at the outer door of such souls. In our communion of souls, in the mission field we had sought, we felt the harmonious waves of the Peace Sea wash centreward, till we felt as did they, the needs of the planet, and felt too, that the hour in which active effort should be recorded had come. In the Soul Land City, wherein we were received, we noticed all the edifices were built in a circular style, some represent-

ing a complete circle, and others but half a circle. We felt that in this peculiarity there was recorded some Soul condition, some special attribute, that might be the ascendant Star in that planet's possibilities. Every where splendor reigned, with a touch of harmony, that showed plainly the fact that whatever they attained to, fell not short of the plans of perfection, that spoke to their conceptions in ideal language. Following our special guides, who were set apart for our service, we went through the separate realms that we might become conscious of just the amount of harmony there existed between the planet's demands and our Soul power, as in that way we could measure the possible good to be wrought. We noted the fact that the upper realm, though in all its appointments was perfect, lacked the steady radiance that characterized the realms of our own home land, though the Soul robes of the Wisdom Fathers and Mothers were white and semi-luminous. In the record made by the absence of radiance, we read the fact that the children of the planet had never come fully under the Baptismal light from the Central Heart, their inheritance while yet in their cradle land, being not—as an ascendant Star, in the Soul Arch—Divine Illumination, consequently, while in their unconscious relation to the growing world that waited them, they could not transmit over the incomprehensible lines of the Soul, that though unseen, bound them with positive force to the waiting world, Soul radiance, as a baptismal, in which all the Soul atoms of the planet—that existed by virtue of the action of the two-fold law, would hold as their own—the Legacy of Light. What they inherited not from the Father and Mother source they could not transmit. Thus it was that with strong mental power, they were unlighted by the lamp Divine, and to bear this light beneath the highest arch of that planet was our mission.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE OF SPIRITUAL HEALING. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department of the Gnostic is under the Editorial charge of W. J. Colville, who is now one of the Editors and Proprietors of the Gnostic. All our readers will be interested in the following personal words to them from Mr. Colville.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have been for a long time earnestly endeavoring to start and carry on a monthly periodical dealing with all those momentous questions pertaining to spiritual advancement now so profoundly engrossing the attention of earnest seekers after truth throughout the world. Not finding myself in a position to venture an entirely new and independent magazine, I have felt myself most wisely and opportunely led to unite my forces with those of Mr. and Mrs. Chainey in further extending the work and usefulness of "The Gnostic." As I am deeply concerned in its welfare in all respects and as it is the official organ through which I can answer questions pertaining to Spiritual Science regularly in every issue, I cordially commend it to all my friends in all parts of the globe and sincerely hope that in response to this announcement the publishers may receive without delay a large influx of annual subscribers. I hear no other words than those of commendatory surprise at the beautiful appearance of the Gnostic, which is in every sense a thoroughly fearless advocate of all branches of the higher culture of humanity. As it is the organ of no special clique or party its utterances are not restricted to the advocacy of any limited philosophy. All truly advanced spiritual thought is invited to its columns while acrimonious disputations are rigorously and most wisely excluded. Feeling sure this notice will reach the eye of many who will only be too glad to help on the good work in which my fellow laborers and myself are now so actively engaged, I have only to subscribe myself the reader's sincere friend

W. J. COLVILLE.

Question 7. Of what use to an animal is the suffering that it endures? I can understand that our suffering raises us spiritually, and that it is through us that animals suffer, but as one creature ought never in justice to be sacrificed to another, the suffering that we cause them to undergo ought in some way to benefit them.

Ans. There is indeed much room for speculative inquiry with regard to this interesting and complex subject, and it would be no difficult task for us to occupy many pages in a labored attempt at its satisfactory elucidation, desiring however, to be as brief and practical as possible, we will content ourselves with remarking that the whole gist of theosophical teaching is to the effect that everything is slowly wending its way upward to a higher expression than has yet been evolved. If the theory of involution be studied in connection with evolution, it will be comparatively easy to trace the benefit accruing to all sentient creatures from the sufferings to which they are involuntarily subjected. Woe is ever pronounced against him by whom an offence cometh, not against those who are the victims of such offence. Inexorable divine justice through the perpetual out-working of the undeviating law of Karma or consequence ordains that those who perform an act of cruelty alone suffer for such act in the long run, appearances are often so deceitful, and it is so hard for us to clearly distinguish between real and apparent loss that we often mistake seeming evil for genuine good. Now all unmerited suffering, i. e. all suffering not brought upon ourselves by folly of our own, redounds inevitably to our highest interest by accelerating the processes of our develop-

ment and remember also that the law of Karma works in the animal as well as in the human kingdom. Animals as well as men are all traveling on to a higher bourne than they have yet attained, and as this is a fact known to those familiar with the ancient wisdom now being presented to the world at large, the problem is solved, immediately we see the law of compensation operating on behalf of animals as well as men. Dr. Anna Kingsford, that noble woman and true Theosophist who did so much to enlighten the world on the true basis of moral conduct, argued with overwhelming force against the eating of flesh and particularly against vivisection on the score of these practices being *sub versive* of the highest interests of human welfare as they are in flagrant opposition to our deepest moral instincts, but though we who err must incur a penalty in our own deterioration until we have expunged our fault with bitter suffering, the innocent victims of our inordinate selfishness only lose their mortal envelopes and doubtless in every case receive an impulsion forward through the sad experience which has removed their outward forms. No philosophy which does not carry the thought of infinite retributive justice in every department of the universe can be ultimately satisfactory to mankind, and for this reason, if for no other, we should defend the doctrine of a future existence for animals and allot their sufferings a place in the order of their progression.

Q. 8. Are not consequences of human experience often totally inadequate to the error which induces them, as for instance, a man mistakes a toadstool for a mushroom and dies in consequence?

A. No act can possibly be solitary and unrelated to other and previous acts, therefore the gathering or eating of a toadstool in mistake for a mushroom and being poisoned in consequence is an experience which can only be correctly understood by one who has traced out the relations of cause and effect to an extent far beyond that attained by the majority. Say that the act standing alone is a very trivial mistake, a simple error of judg-

ment in no sense criminal, a philosophical inquiry of momentous import at once presents itself, viz., what has induced a state of mind rendering such an error possible, is not the ostensible act only the first visible expression of perhaps a very long and important chain of unknown antecedent causes? If the spiritual perceptive faculty was in any way keen such a mistake could not occur, and why is not the intuition keen enough to avert such a catastrophe, is a very pertinent query in this connection. We continually attribute the grandest consequences to the most trivial acts solely because we do not see behind them into the mysterious past whence they sprang. We see a flash of lightning and hear a clap of thunder, these are the first intimations we often have of a terrific storm which has been, all unknown to us, for a long time slowly brewing. We are out in the storm without even a wrap or an umbrella, totally unprotected, surprised and at the mercy of the raging elements, or we are in a railway carriage or on a steamboat and an accident overtakes us so suddenly that we are instantly maimed beyond probable recovery, these things we say are casualties which cannot be prevented, and yet in every instance had we only developed our psychic perception to an extent we have not as yet done, we should have been forewarned, forearmed, protected, or in some manner saved entirely from the affliction which has befallen us. Belief in special providence and absolute miracles has arisen entirely from a failure to account for exceptional occurrences in the light of relative psychic culture.

Q. 9. Do we understand you to maintain that accidents as well as diseases are all preventible and therefore quite unnecessary?

A. Accidents are invariably the result of folly or ignorance when they are not the fruits of lawlessness or crime. An accident must have a cause, it must be the effect of something, it does not originate through the arbitrary caprice of God, neither is it a freak of fortune. What occasions, for the most part these events commonly termed accidents? Drunkenness, frenzy, fear and a host of other

vices and follies coupled with recklessness and a lack of skill on the part of somebody, will account probably for 90 per cent., while the remaining 10 per cent., even though seemingly beyond human control, are simply beyond that limit of control which ordinary men and women have yet gained over their surroundings. Now we wish particularly to call our readers' most careful attention to the following important proposition, which is that all mishaps are avertible, provided we are sufficiently developed psychically to heed those numerous and instructive warnings which invariably precede disaster. Just as the weather prophet can, by scanning the face of the sky which others cannot read, foretell the impending tempest, just as the shrill whistle or clanging bell signals the arrival or departure of a train though a deaf person hears no sound at all; so unseen, and to the ear of flesh inaudible influences are perpetually warning us to get out of danger's way, but alas, the *prenez garde* of our unseen friends is heard by comparatively few of earth's children. The great practical advantages attending and resulting from psychic culture are that with our interior vision more fully opened we shall be able to see things in their true proportions, and thus avoid making mistakes and falling into pits of needless sorrow. The following clipping from the *Golden Gate* serves to illustrate in some measure what we are seeking to convey. The editor of that valuable weekly says: "One of the first fruits of the 'gift of the spirit' is that of being able to sense the spiritual

status of those with whom one comes in contact. He reads his fellow-beings, whenever he chooses to do so; as from an open book. He can not tell you how or why, but he *knows*, and that knowledge is almost infallible. In the higher unfoldment of this wonderful faculty one may ever know in whom to put his trust. Armed with this power how many of 'the rocks and shoals of time' may be avoided." If this be true, as it unquestionably is in the main, in all particulars, cannot we easily extend our view of this entrancing subject until it embraces a realization that we can so foresee coming events as to avoid painful experiences. The literature of clairvoyance abounds in striking illustrations of this power, but until recently the prevalent opinion has been that clairvoyance in its widest sense is a special gift, a dower bestowed by heaven on a few, but utterly unobtainable by the many; the present trend of advanced spiritual thought is toward the demonstrable conclusion that every one can in some measure develop his own inner nature so far as to be able to anticipate danger and thus avoid it. There is nothing arbitrary in the scheme of the universe; immutable law shows no favoritism, he who has ears to hear and eyes to see can walk securely and those who mentally and spiritually speaking are as yet well nigh destitute of these fundamental organs of perception can, by diligent prosecution of befitting methods, develop these much to be desired avenues of information.

IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The following lines refer to the above words, taken from the Cloth of State of Marie, Queen of Scots, found in her English prison and worked by her own hands—'*En ma fin est mon commencement.*' (In my end is my beginning). These words greatly puzzled Randolph and other English Spy Reporters when they saw it at Holyrood; not comprehending that the young and

blooming Sovereign in her twentieth year, undazzled by the glories of her earthly State testified thereby her hope of a better inheritance, when the mortal should have put on immortality. Chosen for her warning in the days of her prosperity, she re-adopted it in the season of her adversity as her consolation.

MISS STRICTLAND'S LIFE OF MARIE STUART.

In my end is my beginning,
 So it evermore must be.
 Who can pierce the mystic future?
 Who can scan infinity?
 Who can backward gaze thro' ages
 Long before this speck of sod
 Formed a cottage for that Spirit
 Which springs from the life of God?

In my end is my beginning,
 What I always was I am;
 I shall never be another,
 Always that same vital flame,
 Which from out the eternal splendor
 Came to earth, awhile to dwell
 'Mid the seeming shades and darkness
 Leading whither! who can tell?

What am I, in my beginning.
 I must be a living thought
 From Deific mind projected
 With unending purpose fraught,
 I am not my outward vesture,
 This frail form of earthly mold
 Is not me. I am immortal
 Always safe in God's blest fold.

I can feel within my being
 Longings, strivings, not of sense,
 And I know what e'er befalls me
 Death the dreaded recompense
 For my mind's most true ambition
 Only sets my spirit free
 To enjoy that larger action
 Angels well call liberty.

Need I fear the bonds that chain me
 To an adverse fate below?
 Need I dread the angry breakers
 Or the winds that fiercely blow?
 Holding still the faith most precious
 Which the ancient prophets knew
 And the martyrs died for, surely
 Heavenly joys will not be few.

Thus the Queen of Scotland muses
 In her prison lone and drear,
 Knowing that the hour approaches
 When the light shall shine more clear.
 When the mystery of being
 Shall be better solved above

Than amid earth's murky shadows
 Which obscure God's changeless love.

In my end is my beginning,
 Still her busy hands move on
 Tracing this immortal sentence
 On an altar cloth, till won
 At the last the martyr's triumph
 And the martyr's glorious crown.
 Every word her lips have uttered
 Wins a merited renown.

If when brooding o'er the sadness,
 Fickleness of all below,
 Noble hearts like Marie Stuart's
 Will but deal a fatal blow
 To the world's envenomed slander
 And to all its treacherous praise
 By confronting this great problem
 Of the Soul's eternal days,
 Dreams and shadows, airy phantoms
 Of the mortal sense will pass
 And the living truths of Spirit
 Stand revealed in inward glass.

Can it be that I'm immortal?
 Whosoever I may be.
 Can it be that I've an heirship
 To the great eternity?
 Yes, I feel within my being
 This great truth beyond recall
 In my end is my beginning
 I am one with God the All.

Times and seasons, these may flicker,
 Fade and die, like struggling lights
 Burning on an earthly altar
 But encrowned on heavenly heights
 Where the lamps are all perpetual,
 Not the dying tapers here
 But the flame within man's inmost
 Burns forever, steadfast, clear.
 Mary, Queen of dazzling beauty,
 Help us by thy loving will
 So to do our every duty
 That like thee we gain the hill
 Whereon we can view with transport
 All the experiences of time,
 Knowing that they all bear fruitage
 In the everlasting clime.

FRAGMENTS FROM "MORGENROTHER."

BY JOHN PULSFORD, FROM "LIGHT."

I beg of you to afford me space to place a few of these inspired passages before your readers, who may not yet have heard of the treasures of hidden love and wisdom contained in this little volume. The chapter is headed with the words of Christ, "*I go to prepare a place for you.*" Commenting on these words the author says:—"It is our Lord's humility to hide things too great for us in the simplest words. His brief sentence covers centuries on centuries of growth and arrangement." I go now to form my kingdom a new kingdom in the Father's universe. The Universe has been created and is still enlarging *to meet* the requirements of new comers; as new structures are constantly raised on earth, and new grounds laid out, for the coming race; or has the universe grown."

"God's past is great, but his present is greater, our present is so much blessing and fruit, moral vigor and loveliness, wealth and harmony, from the seed of the past. But out of the glorious present, a *far more glorious future* is evolving. Father everlasting, Thou art always preparing new heavens and new earths, which are richer than the old. Thus Thy Name unfolds and unfolds, so that children everywhere are immensely greater in hope than in experience. Their hope is inspired by the riches of Thy infinite, endless resources."

"New days and new eras are forever coming, new plants, new beasts, and new men, with new virtues in them; new flowers of exquisite form and richer coloring, new fruits of fairer bloom and finer flavor; and new babes of a lovelier type and of greater promise are coming and to come. In larger and larger measure, Joy is shed from the bosom of Love."

"Sons and daughters, open your bosoms to the new waves of joy which are flowing to you from the God of Love, and the joyous

heavens, for in your new joy your new holy joy—nature shall grow the faster."

When going up into His own higher and more influential condition, Jesus said:—"There are already many mansions in My Father's house; many peopled regions; many forms of society. For throughout the immensity of the heavens, no single society is precisely like the other. Like the stars, societies are innumerable, and all of them arranged in Divine order, but among them all there is no place, no society precisely adapted to my need and your need; I go to found a new kingdom, to lay out a new territory and to people it with a new order of humanity, after the order which I have made, and established in My own humanity. How could there be a kingdom or people in the heavens representative of our Lord's work before that work was done. How should any place or society in the universe be gifted to manifest forth the new harmony before the nucleus of that harmony was complete in His own glorification and ascension. * * *

"There were kingdoms of innocence and holiness, kingdoms of wisdom and love, kingdoms of great glory and happiness; but no kingdoms of redemption, no kingdoms which celebrated victory over evil and evil powers, no kingdom that embodied and manifested every possible contrariety of nature and experience in a triumph of reconciliation. None of the existing angelic kingdoms, therefore, were large enough, or many-sided enough to represent the marvelously intense and complex conditions which the Lord Jesus has built into His human nature and was about to generate and build into our natures.

"I go to prepare a place for you." I have not organized society on the earth, it must be organized first in my Father's house in the centre of the heavens; and thence it shall be organized on earth.

"As in Heaven" so it shall ultimately be "on earth." I am a new beginning, because I am the First of a New Order of Humanity.

"Let me ask: If myriads were liberated and organized into new society, immediately on our Lord's entrance among the departed generations, who can compute the result of all the centuries which have elapsed since his ascension."

"If I hear the voice of the Lord, from His new Kingdom which, through these nineteen centuries, He has been forming and arranging in the heavens and in Hades, He is speaking on this wise: "I see multitudes on multitudes of those who are called by My name, instead of receiving me in the power and glory of My New Kingdom, are holding to tradition, and abiding in their nature-born humanity. They will have the past but not the present. They are stationery. They are always contemplating conditions as they are to-day. As I am they do not imagine Me. Still less do they take into account the immense armies and forces which are arranged under Me. The whole church on earth is rapidly dividing into two irreconcilable classes, those who are receiving the breath of my Living Power and the power of the great organizations of new men and women who live in Me and are co-operative with Me, to bring down the larger truth of the heavens, with its greater liberty, and its riper joy, into the earth."

"Do they suppose that in a thousand years I do nothing. Do they think that when men get "where I am" and directly under My influence, they make no progress. How is it possible that my disciples on earth can doubt that I am leading thousands of millions of the human race more and more into Divine order. How is it that they have not believed my words; I said plainly before leaving the earth: 'I am going now into the world of intenser life to arrange the forces of My Kingdom and then to bring down these forces into the souls of men on the earth.'"

"Has there been no progress in your own world during the last century; rather have there not been very striking and wonderful

advances in many directions in the last fifty years. How is it possible that man should doubt that far greater progress has been made in human society, of which I am the centre. The unparalleled quickening of thought and invention in your own day is from this source. The energies of My Kingdom are moving in all centres of your earth. They are greatly affecting the mineral, elemental, political and ecclesiastical world. Nothing escapes their causal influence. They are profoundly stirring the souls of men and women in all nations. To many classes they are causing perplexity and alarm, to others they are giving new delight. They are demanding and making more room in the hearts and minds of men that they may come more fully and develop My purposes of love to the race."

"Let the old Faiths be admonished that this day is passed, that they must be resigned to the bats and owls. The potencies of our Lord and His glorious Kingdom are in the air, and are shaking all old things, that things that cannot be shaken may prevail."

"It is altogether incredible that the conditions of our Lord's Divine Humanity should be built up into the societies of vast numbers of men and women in the Heavens, and not exert a very great influence upon the men and women of earth. The fact is, the secret influence is marvellously telling on the souls and brains of our age. The new wine is everywhere bursting the old bottles. The life that is now waving in upon us from the bosom of our kindred above, is generating new sympathies and a new expansion of thought. The pressure begets general excitement, haste and expectation. The new Heaven, the Kingdom, which our Lord has formed, is intimating by a thousand signs, that it is moving to take possession of it, as summer skies take possession of field and garden and by the diffusion of glory, create summer and harvest. The earth is the Lord's, He has redeemed it; and He will have equilibrium between His Kingdom above and His Kingdom below. 'The Kingdoms are but one.'"

“‘I go to prepare a place for you.’ He was going then, but not now. Now he is returning. ‘I go to receive My Kingdom and return,’ the words which He is speaking to-day are ‘I have received my Kingdom and organized it. I have filled myriads of myriads with My glory.’ They all partake of my desire to descend. I in them and they in me make one descending Spirit. There are some among you who have received the New Breath, and are marvelously lifted and enlarged. They have the sense of new youth, new freedom and delight, new vigors, new hopes and new beauty will be led forth as from a secret well, in all those who welcome the New Breath. They will be characterized by buoyancy of spirit, and new charms of character, or to quote the words of the beloved Seer; the receivers of the New Spirit of Life from Heaven shall be ‘adorned as a bride adorned for her husband.’”

“Come from the four winds, O Breath, and open the secret fountains in all human bosoms. Open to us our interior roominess,

yea, open us more and more interiorly, until Paradise and the glory of God meet our view.”

The eloquent passages which I have quoted at such length describe so perfectly the present state of feeling between, alas! opposing armies of the disciples of Christ “that those who feel in themselves the new vigors as from a secret well, of the New Breath” that little remains for me to add, except to say, that after the coming of the Bride (whose advent is Now, as it was given to me to prove in two articles I wrote in 1881, so long announced as “*The End of the World,*” because the end of that dispensation) and as soon as the Heavenly marriage is consummated, the Divine Child, or Son of God, may be expected to be born. In other words, the new order of Being, the Divine Humanity, or Manifestations of the Sons and Daughters of God, not alone, but as of many, will be due, and this more perfect race is destined first to humanise and finally divinise the Earth.

MARIE CAITHNESS.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

BY J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Long since, a dream of Heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft;
But hearing still, in middle song,
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament;
Before the still uplifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air,
With breathings of unselfish prayer;
And a voice saith: “O Pity which is pain,
O Love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which remain!

“Shall souls redeemed by me refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin-forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern?
Has saintly ease no pitying care?

Has faith no work, and love no prayer?
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell,
Can Heaven itself be Heaven, and look unmoved on
hell?

Then through the gates of pain I dream,
A wind of Heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,
Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo! God's hope is
there!

Is it a dream; Is Heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air?
Its happy eyes for ever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer!
My God! my God! if thither led
By Thy free grace unmerited,
No crown or palm be mine, but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still can weep.

THE SACRED HEART.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEART OF HISTORY.

Much time and thought is given to what is called History—the history of men and of nations, the record of their struggles, battles, inventions, art sciences, philosophies and religions. The study thereof is an important part in the curriculum of all our colleges and universities.

Biography is also a form of history dealing simply with the life and work of one man or woman, instead of those of a nation. Many of our best books are works of this character. Why do we set such value on what others have said and done? Take the life of a great man; wherein lies its worth? It is not what you learn of his habits of external life, the facts of his career, his birth, his relations, his education, his fulfillment of the various duties of life—as husband, father, friend, citizen. We do not say knowledge of this kind has no value, but their worth is trifling in comparison to the state of thought and feeling you are in when you have laid down the book. Does the world seem a grander place to live in? Is life more worth the living? Does your heart thrill and glow with fuller love to your great human brotherhood? Have the trifles of life become great, viewed in their relation to the whole? Do you feel yourself girt with new resolve to quit yourself nobly in the great battle of life? Do the heavens seem nearer and does God seem more real; or are your feelings the reverse of all these? Therein lies the worth or unworth of the book. It is the unseen, but felt heart of it, the subtle and yet all pervading soul of it. The same law holds good in the history of a nation. It is not the names of kings and queens—the records of wars, of inventions, the progress of the arts and science—that gives value to history so much as the state of feeling produced in heart and mind, and the harmony we find in our own consciousness

with whatever is great, heroic, sublime. When we read of men and angels in communion, of Gods who walked and talked with men in visible form in the elder world, is there that in us that responds to its truth? It is because of this law that many works of history are comparatively valueless, having no power in them to touch the heart. Shakespeare is the best historian of England, because he recreates the past and presents it to us in a series of vivid pictures. This is ever the method of highest genius. All true genius approaches what we call Inspiration, Revelation, Intuition. The Soul is a great dramatist. Revelation is ever allegorical—a series of hieroglyph painted on the walls of the mind, as the ancients wrote their history and knowledge on the walls of their temples of worship. The religious ceremonies conducted in these temples were principally historical or allegorical dramas. The Master dramatist of the modern world tells us that "All the world's a stage." This is most true, and history is the back drop that gives distance, perspective to the scene. Life without history would be like a great play without its appropriate scenery, or like a picture without perspective. This is the real nature of much so-called life to-day; we stand divorced from the past. The great majority have lost all real faith in the heart and soul of history—the record of the relation between the seen and the unseen. Life to-day, as lived by the majority of Americans, has no sense of unity with the wondrous and sublime past, and so lacks back-ground. Our worship is no longer related in any vital way with the past. The religion of the Churches is divorced from the theatre and school, and as a consequence the temple, once the centre of man's highest thought and deepest feeling, has become a mere fashionable club-

house, while the daily lives of the members thereof are tame, barren, insipid and monotonous, sordid, gloomy or sensuous. The State stands apart from the every-day life of the people. Politics are a trade, instead of a consecration to national or world interests. Science and Theology, Education and Religion are growing, every day, farther and farther apart, while the theatre is a stranger to both. All this separateness is a type of the most rudimentary conditions of life. The higher the type of form of life, the more is all separateness fused into or held subject to an all pervading unity. We do not mean by this that State and Church, School and Theatre should be fused into one institution. Still they should be so inter-related as to act as a unit in the unfoldment and culture of man's wonderful complex unity of being. They will do this in that near future so swiftly coming to the world, stealing upon it already—as long ago predicted—like a thief in the night; or the dawning of the day in the east following swiftly on the darkness of the night when the Soul shall once more make itself felt upon all institutions that represent man's organized and consolidated efforts of progress, action, culture or pleasure. How this will come about is by no means so clear as that it will and must come. The principal cause of this separateness in life about us is to be found in the fact that as a people we have no religious development that is at one with our national, educational and dramatic life, and that none of these can be true or all satisfying save as they are correlated to each other and all supported with a background of history in which the life of man on earth blends into that of the life of the unseen denizens of the celestial world. But to-day each separate institution has a separate history, and so a different back ground to life. The history of the State goes back no farther than the Revolution. Its gods are Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln. The history of the School goes no farther than what is considered strictly authentic, and from every page thereof is stricken the sublime, the Spiritual as myth and fable.

The history of the Theatre is the best of the three, because it includes the work of a Shakespeare, and a Goethe, and many another poet who has truly blended the seen with the unseen, the material with the Spiritual. Only the legitimate and sublime form of the drama has been almost pushed out of sight by the literary rubbish, buffoonery and heartless stupidity that gains the largest support, because it comes into closer relation with the stupidity of modern life, outside of that few, whose brows have caught the glory of the world's new dawn, and who, by hearing the voice of God within, have lifted life once more into the sublime, the God-like. The history of the Church is too often that of the sect or creed—going back in Protestantism to Luther, and in Catholicism to Peter—when it should ever take us back to a time when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, when it was written of one "he walked and talked with God" and he was not for God took him, when another ascended in a chariot of fire, and another saw chariots and horsemen on the mountain tops unseen by bodily sense, when the sick were healed at a word or touch, when the blind saw and the dead were raised to life again, when the Prophet foresaw and foretold the future, when the voice of intuition was the word of God and when the fullness of man's ideal of life dwelt in visible flesh among men. Is not this period of life the real historical back ground of our moral and spiritual life and so the very heart and soul of all history? Other histories tell us of the triumphs of physical might and intellectual vigor, and satisfy those who cultivate alone the physical or mental. But after long ages of preparation, there appears at last a new order of man, in whose life body, mind and heart or Soul are perfectly equalized. Strong and graceful, rational and scientific, and at the same time intuitive and spiritual. These are the first fruits of the new earth and new heaven. All things by them are to be made new—the Church, the State, the theatre, the school, law, medicine, literature, history and all other centres of man's common life.

These, like this new man, will all have their central life and being in the heart. So far as we have any history now that conforms to this law, we find its best expression in that sacred book, that is the principal object of veneration throughout Christendom, by both Jew and Gentile. We should be sorry to encourage idolatry towards this book; still, underneath the great value set upon the letter of the Bible, there is a great and profound truth. It is, among all books, *the* book. It has been translated into more languages than any other. It has been the object of more thought and study than any other. It has won more love and loyalty, and at the same time been criticised and denied more than any other. The denial has been of the intellect divorced from the heart, and the love of the heart or Soul ruling body and mind. It has won this devotion because it is the one great work of history that has a heart in it as well as a body and mind. It makes life Divine. It relates earth to Heaven and man to God. It is true, many read it with darkened sense, taking drama for history, poetry for fact, and yet behind all idolatry and superstition, behind all ignorance and scorn, behind all mockery and denial, behind all strife and ism, there it is a stupendous fact, and to deny that its existence is of profound and lasting import to humanity, is to deny God, to deny justice, to deny that there is anything in life but chaos, mockery, delusion, pain, death and annihilation. Its existence is the assurance made double sure of a time in the history of this world when intuition was active as well as reason, when the veil was often parted between the seen and the unseen, when many who lived on this earth knew and understood, not only the outer forms and shadows, but also the inward life and reality. We have books more dramatic, books more scientific, from the standpoint of sense observation, but all of them together when you reach the heart and centre of being, the life that each one has hid within, wield less influence in the world, simply because they have less heart, less knowledge of the Soul. We do not

mean that there are not other works of a like character. The Koran, the writings of Confucius, the Zend Avesta, and, above all the Aryan Literature, have the same power to thrill the heart. It is impossible to read even Edwin Arnold's free translations of these and not feel, beating at your pulse and thrilling at your nerves, a new and deeper sense of the glory and Divinity of life. The time will come soon when all the leading hearts and minds of the world will take all these into their Bible, and also such interpretations and aids to the understanding thereof, as such works as "The Perfect Way" and "Sympneumata." Still our speech and language are so much colored by the symbolism of Old and New Testaments that they will remain for a long time to come, among all books *The Book*. We rejoice in the awakening interest in all these sacred literatures of the Heart. We are learning to understand past in the light of present inspiration. New Prophets have risen, and we now understand those of the foretime. New miracles, so-called, are taking place all around us and those of the days of Elisha and Jesus, of Zoroaster and Gautama, are no longer a mystery or objects of credulity. History, we are told, moves in cycles, and that these cycles take the spiral form, so that while it is true, as has also been said, History repeats itself, the repetition takes the upward path. Looking backwards to the ripest period in the intuitions—anterior to that which is now beginning to disperse our darkness—we are confronted with the central position and importance of Palestine. We have found the cause of this in the fact that in The Grand Man, whose body is our planet, it is in importance what the Solar Plexus is in the body of individual man. Other parts of man's complex nature may have had higher development in other parts of the world. But when we look for clearest light of Spiritual life, for nearest relationship between the world terrestrial and the world celestial, for the most exalted views of man and God, for the greatest enthusiasm for righteousness, for the fullest incarnation of the Divine qualities, we are surely led to Palestine.

(To be continued.)

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BY FREEMAN B. DOWD.

Without the darkness there could be no light—without inertia there could be no motion. Without ignorance there could be no intelligence. Mind is only a conflict of the Soul with darkness and nonentity—an effort to be an individual thing—to materialize itself and become a bright orb fixed among constellations of beauty in yon blue vault—or to go further on and become a universe in itself. We must struggle for existence, which indeed comes from the night in answer to our aspirations and struggles in the light—(and exactly in accord with our aspirations is the answer)—for light is the time for effort but when the night comes our energies flag and we turn to the darkness—as a tired child turns to its mother—for comfort, rest, refreshment and new life. Then it is we turn our faces from the light, close our eyes, fold our hands, and drop in perfect trust into the arms of a power we know very little of; visit scenes strange to time and sense—worlds without order or system, where reason plays no part, the continuity of things broken up memory suspended, and the facts and laws of daily experience become distorted and hideous, or angelic and celestial. At such times we find our spiritual God and are transformed into angels or devils, endowed with powers for good or ill we know not of in our walking state. When we lay down to sleep, we submit ourselves—without fear—to be bound hand and foot, and handed over helpless, to a power which resides in that primordial night out of which all things and all life comes!—a power that is secret and hides away from all things of light—that in fact seeks the very opposite of light, of intelligence, of intellect and the volition of man wherein to dwell. Voluntarily we love some things—but the love of things is not pure love. Pure love springs up in the heart by its own power wherein there is no reason, intellect or taste. We love more truly and

honestly when we do not think—when we sleep. Love is pure when no earthly considerations enter therein.

After sleep we bring back in the morning new vigor, new thoughts, faces, scenes and ideas—from that primeval world where the angels are—to enrich ourselves and the world by adding something to its things of beauty and light, in our struggles for existence. Thus are earths, stars and suns strengthened in their eternal wanderings—for they pass over the track when the night has been one-half of the way—and absorb something, that HE who dwells in darkness and in secret leaves there as HE passed along. The night feeds everything! for love dwells there—a spirit—“without form and void.” And we turn from the light, from our worrying and cares, to find rest in forgetfulness of all save our loves—these cling to us even in the deepest sleep. We close our eyes and forget ourselves, our reason, our pride, our vanity and even avarice—when the “blind God” visits us, the same as we do in sleep. Human love is a strange and mysterious thing—it dwells most in secret and in darkness, for we love in the night. It shuns the light and causes modesty. It is not to be spoken lightly nor loudly about. The notes of its song—the cadences of love—are soft, low sweet, sad, like the murmur of a rivulet or the cooing of a dove. The glance of a love-lit eye is timid, shrinking, yet melting with a soft light, loaded with the mysteries of an unknown universe. No true man gives publicity to his loves. Love is something to be covered up and spoken of only in whispers. It is too sacred—which means, too secret—to be reduced to intelligent rules of thought and calculation. It shrinks back from the mental sun, as a spirit dissolves in the sunlight. It will not bear investigation and still it is always inviting us. It comes not at our call, but steals upon us unawares.

It is effortless and no amount of labor can produce it. We hunger and thirst for it, and go starving, still it is as common as the night. The night finds everyone of us regularly, but some do not sleep well—they have bad dreams. This is because the daytime has mingled with the night. So, if some hunger for love, it is because mind holds them in too strong a light—they cannot rest in that involuntary ecstasy of nerve and brain that forgets all schemes and plans. Love dwells in the night side of us—in the woman part of our natures. It is of the soul and not of the mind—of the heart, not of the brain.

Oh woman! mysterious being! Fallen thou art yet art thou the angel still! The reservoir of love—born of “a deep sleep”—*child of a trance!* thou entrancest still the fallen world! Well might ADAM hang his head and turn his face away from his Maker in very shame for having in his audacity broken into “the HOLY OF HOLIES” and surprised the GREAT GOD in His sleep there! Shame for having let light in upon the night of her innocence! Well might they clothe themselves in fig leaves to hide a too plain reminder of their disobedience. This act of partaking of “the forbidden fruit” was *done in the night.* In the early morning ADAM opened his eyes with a new light shining in them, for he had learned something. The night had imparted something to him that the eternities—nor God himself—cannot take away. What was it? Mental light! The dawn of mind—of progress!

True, he could no longer stand *erect* and look his Maker (love) square in the face—but with *hanging head* and crouching with shame he essayed to hide his nakedness *with leaves.* “God walked in the garden in the *cool* of the day” that is in the early morning; for this is the coolest part of the day. I dwell upon the night because of its importance. Night means darkness, mystery, the abyss, wherein intelligence avails but little; boundless, “without form and void”—the time of rest of magnetism and of glowing fires. Night also means love, for lovers are always mag-

netic i. e. *empty*, and do their courting at night and in secret, and it was at this time that the serpent lured EVE and ADAM done his courting. The morning found him full of love and shame—i. e., he was electrical—the day is electrical and the night magnetic. The night means love for at this time God slumbers in the hearts of all who love. Nor was HE aware of what had been done till the early morning—in the cool or electrical part of the day—when mind awakens. Then he calls “ADAM! where art thou?” When passions have run riot in the human soul, when mind does *not rule*, but love does, and we do things that will not bear the light, whereof we are ashamed—then it is when we awaken—i. e. become cool and electrical—and passions give place to judgment—that God calls loudly in every human being—especially in all progressive people. God's voice is heard in our judgment. “As we *think* so are we.”

And God made garments of the skins of animals for them—*not to keep them warm*, but to cover up their nakedness—i. e. HE caused hair to grow where it had not grown before. Is not the stage of *Puberty* indicated plainly here?

HE clothed them with the animal, and as animals they must go down the ages. The cleanliness and purity of the forest leaves is not for man. To tear down the forest, and plow the ground up, and plant corn thereon to feed and fatten vast armies of hogs—the filthiest of all animals—this is his pride and his glory. To subdue, and appropriate to himself the whole animal kingdom, so that he may loll in his carriage and gorge himself with their rotting flesh is the height of man's ambition. To bore down into the earth regardless of her groans and resistancy for toys of his fancy—to build and have great cities where the hosts may gather together some to wallow in filth, and others to writhe in anguish—this is what he calls civilization. They have covered the beautiful form of our mother earth, with great, deep, putrid, foul ulcers called cities, wherefrom the corruption of Hell oozes most plainly to be seen. Great rivers of it flow in all directions therefrom, till every glade, hamlet, hill and valley is poisoned with their moral exuvia.

Man is the filthiest of all God's creations; but this is only the external covering or garment of the skins of animals which God made to cover their nakedness. Deep down within man is altogether a different being. In vain does he strive to drown the voice of God in the rush and rattle of business, the roar of machinery, the din of battle, the pomp and parade of thrones, and the loud laughter of mammon—still it speaks and in time will be heard. The promise of God still remains "My Spirit shall not always strive with flesh" and out of this excuse, this pride in his toy creations, man shall yet arise to a true knowledge of himself and his powers. "For God doth know that in the day thou eatest thereof ye shall become as Gods knowing good from evil." So spake the serpent—modernly called the Devil—and God himself admitted that he told the truth. "Now therefore seeing they have eaten of the knowledge of Good and evil, and *become as us*, least they partake of the tree of life also" etc., etc.—They were turned out of the garden and a flaming sword that turned every way was placed to guard the way to the tree of life. Note that the tree of life was in the same garden and in close proximity to the tree of knowledge—so it must be evident that if ADAM's knowledge and shame and evil came to him through sexuality life might have been reached by him *afterwards* had the way not been *guarded*. He was not forbidden to eat of the tree of life—neither is he forbidden to do so now. Life and death both flow from sexuality. Life first then death afterwards.

Bear in mind that these first of creation before the fall were all pronounced very good. Bear in mind, also, that these Chapters of Genesis are merely a study of *man as he is*.

"And God saw that the imagination of men's hearts was continually evil." Love in itself is not passion—but when it becomes active, it falls into facts, the base of knowledge or the mind and becomes passion. Love comes to the *knowledge* of every male at Puberty. God's creations were all pronounced very Good by him. "And God saw

that it was Good etc." Note: All the ways through the Good is first. This certainly means something more than a passing phrase. "GOD SAW"—and the man who sees Good and remains with that *only in his mind's eye* knows no evil. Evil is of the mind, but sight is of the soul. "GOD SAW" or love saw good only—and even to-day love sees no evil in anything that is or that transpires. God knows no evil—He is as unconscious of it as He was of ADAM's transgression till informed of it by ADAM himself. It is only the awakening mind that sees and knows evil. God is not intelligence, HE is LOVE. Man is mind and mind is fallen love—or God fallen or breathed into forms. A spirit has no form yet it dwells or abides in forms. It takes form by action and action descends to worms and dust. In spirit all power exists and forms have power only in proportion as they embody or contain it. God being love or a spirit, is the highest spirit known to us. In fact all other spirits are only fallen love. Hate is a spirit, but it springs or falls from self-love. Self-love is divine and pure as any individual spirit can be in its latent or normal state, but notice the dark spirits that spring from its action! No man ever intends to injure himself, and do acts against others because he *falsely* thinks it will do himself some good. So in the beginning of all things, God saw *and still sees, in the things just born only good*. Evil comes from the light of intelligence. The night corresponds to good, the day to evil. Ignorance is innocence—it is Good, but civilization is not ignorant nor innocent—because we *think we know*, and in the majesty of our thought pass judgment upon the works of God, calling those things that suit us good, and those that do not please us evil. The Soul of every evil is good. Good is infinite but for the sake of vanity it must descend into forms i. e. in *our estimation* it descends in manifestation of itself. There are no degrees in Good. It is one—the first and the last. But by the light of intelligence, by the creation of things endowed with volition and judgment—there must be comparison of the use and beauty of

things—which creates the idea of the *opposite* of good.

The day and the night suggest the opposites—and it is perfectly natural that man should prize the day above the night—for is not most of beauty then? In our short and defective sight, we see not the good in the deformed and ugly things. There is no progress possible in perfection. By the very recognition of evil only is progress possible. Evil is a spur—it compels us to efforts to better our condition—and these efforts are multiplying things in an unknown ratio. When spirits are being evolved by our acts, that embody themselves in darker deeds than we ourselves dare to do—for the work of creation *descends*. We are Gods because we *know* (in our estimation). Love is pleasure—our good—but the fall of it is pain—our evil. Evil is a spur, but good is the rider and the stud; and if we only think so it is the sharp sting of the spur in our flank. “As a man thinketh so is he.” The serpent of Genesis has never had justice done him. If the GREAT INFINITE—God! the creator of the serpent, as well as man—made a mistake or left a flaw in his law! a broken stitch—whereby the serpent could unravel the whole web, and in one short hour destroy the plan of Omnipotence it certainly looks unfair to curse him for using the intelligence God had endowed him with. Besides there is no evidence that any law was ever given to the serpent. There is no evidence that he violated any command. Then why curse him? or why curse ADAM and EVE, and the earth itself because they aspired to become intelligent? When looked at in this light the whole story is absurd on its face; and puts God in a bad light. It makes him utterly deficient in intelligence and power, and at the same time malignant in his nature. The grandeur of His character is dwarfed in an unnecessary curse, for so great is the power of God that for him to think of a curse would be the annihilation of all that He had done. Curses are for man and devils—not for Angels or God. Love forgives, it never curses. There is no divinity in wrath. Be honest with yourself, kind reader, and admit that this story of the creation is man’s work! It is simply an allegor-

ically expressed idea of some man or men. But when looked at in its true light it is all very true. But do not imagine for a moment that God ever used the words put in His mouth, nor that the serpent ever yet foiled one of His plans. The serpent was created expressly for that purpose, else God did not know what he was about in His creation. And if he was created for that purpose, and does his work as he was intended to do—the command not to eat was a pretence—and we make God out a hypocrite and pretender—not only that but a demon! by the side of whom the serpent becomes angelic—for He told EVE the *truth*. He gave God credit for knowing, “For God doth know that ye shall not surely die, but ye shall become as Gods knowing good from evil.” Then God says to some one, “Seeing they have become as Us.” This shows very plainly that the God here spoken of was not the GREAT GOD JESUS worshipped for He uses the word “us,” meaning more than one. Then again He says to some one “let *us* make man.” If anything on earth or off it is worthy of worship, it is truth. We wish to get at the real idea the writer of this strange legend wished to express, and we of the Rosy Cross give him credit of having a great and true idea when *rightly understood*. But the truth is not seen when taken as it reads. Jesus prayed: “lead us not into temptation!” Nothing ever tempts man but his loves. Whatever love is uppermost in any man the same is his spirit—his God. The serpent is simply a symbol of wisdom, and the creator, love, having assumed, or fallen into the form of wisdom tempted the woman. Why? Because it is the nature of woman to love the wisdom of man—and this was and still is her temptation—trust in man is her nature. ADAM and EVE were both deficient of wisdom, and went blindly to work experimenting with their natures. Is not this the case with every young couple who unite in marriage? Who knows anything of the deep mysteries of love? so that they might teach wisdom to the young? Not one! The way of death is plain and open but the way of life and love are guarded. In the night, in the mysteries of love stands the tree of life.

LESSONS IN PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

LESSON VI—THE EYE.

One of the greatest deficiencies in modern education is expression. The great Demosthenes on being asked what was of the first importance in oratory replied—Action. What second. Action, still. The third? Action again repeated the great orator. This is perfectly true. Action, expression, gesture, is the language of the heart, while speech is the voice of thought. The great orator or actor is far more effective in gesture than in speech. When Salvini plays before an English audience in Italian, no one misses to any extent the knowledge of the language, so perfectly does he speak, emotionally through dramatic expression or what Demosthenes called action. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that expression is the language of the heart and whenever it comes from the heart, goes to the heart. All true dramatic expression must be sincere; that which people shrink from in this relation is not dramatic expression, but mere theatrical contortion put on from without.

The Solar Plexus is the dramatic brain and our Soul power always corresponds with our power of expressing or revealing emotion.

The "Monroe Conservatory" of Boston bears on its seal the motto, "Expression Necessary to Evolution." We believe this to be true. The higher order of Humanity coming to the front will be differentiated from those about them, chiefly in great power to feel and to impart feeling to others. This is indicated in the fact that all over the world, the most advanced minds and cultivated hearts are taking a lively interest in Physical culture including dramatic expression in its relation to psychic unfoldment. In other lessons, we shall give at greater length our views concerning the importance of this subject. Every part of the body must be developed. Eye, hand, head each has its own language. In this lesson we wish to give the exercises

for the culture of the eye. The expression of the eye is dependent principally on the mobility of the brow and lids, upper and lower. What a dull eye, or what an expressive or speaking eye, is an exclamation often heard. Could each of these two eyes be taken out of their respective sockets and seen side by side you could hardly tell them apart, showing that the expression is far more in the surroundings than in the eye itself. Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt in speaking of the magnetic power of the eye and the way to increase it says: "To make your look influential as a magnetiser, you must cultivate the magnetic gaze, which is of the utmost importance, for when once the magnetic power of the eye is developed, almost every person you meet is to a certain degree brought under your control, and you will find that it is next to impossible for the most hardened liar to deliberately tell you a falsehood, when your eyes are fixed upon his, provided you take the first look and it be not a meaningless stare, but a clear, calm, searching, piercing gaze of such a character that he is impressed with the belief or *feeling* that you can even read his thoughts.

To excel in a powerful magnetic gaze, you must devote a certain length of time daily to gazing steadfastly at one spot. A well-drawn human eye, or a round black spot on a blank sheet of paper, will do for gazing at. The physiological effect of the process is to strengthen the optic nerve and is curative to the brain. Women who are hysterical can always by this means, prevent an attack and eventually completely remove all such tendencies. Some naturally possess magnetic eyes, and if they only knew the method of cultivating the magnetic gaze and utilizing it they might signalize themselves by founding a new era, as all whom they could interest in their projects would become their allies and followers."

To strengthen the eye further:—Sit upright in your chair hold head without moving. 1. Turn eye to right. *2. To left. 3. To right, upwards at an angle. 4. Repeat to left, downwards. 5. Repeat to the right, downwards. 6. Repeat to the left, upwards. 7. Turn eye to the right and roll it around in a circle. 8. Repeat to the left. 9. Wink the eyelids rapidly.

These exercises strengthen the eye by cultivating the muscles by which it is moved. One reason why we have so many weak eyes is that in our sedentary pursuits the eye is

held so long in one position that these muscles become almost paralyzed. This is especially the cause of weak eyes among school children, held as they are with their eyes fixed on their books five or six hours a day. An active, out-door life generally keeps the eyes strong. To increase the expression of the eyes, the following positions given in the diagram must be taken until the eyes have been trained to speak spontaneously through the great mobility of the brow and flexibility of the eyelids.

CHART OF EXPRESSION FOR EYE AND BROW.

ECCENTRIC.	CONCENTRIC.	ACCENTRIC.
Surprise, Ec., Ec. Brow Elevated. Eye wide open. What are these so withered and so wild in their attire.	Stupor, Con., Ec. Brow natural. Eye wide open. What do you mean.	Defiance, Ac., Ec. Brow down. Eye wide open. I have no words. My voice is in my sword.
Indifference, Ec., Con. Brow elevated. Eye natural. I think not of them.	Serenity, Con., Con. Brow natural. Eye natural. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.	Grief, Ac., Ec. Brow down. Eye natural. Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt.
Scorn, Ec., Ac. Brow elevated. Eye partly closed. Go hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.	Ill Humor, Con., Ac. Brow natural. Eye partly closed. Know you where you are Sir?	Agitation, Ac., Ac. Brow down. Eye partly down. If 'twere done when 'tis done then 'twere well.

Notice—The term Eccentric corresponds with Intellectual, Concentric Moral—Accentric Physical. The abbreviations in corner read Ec-Eccentric, Con-Concentric, Ac-Accentric. In each square the sentiment expressed is given with position of brow and eyelid, and appropriate words illustrating the truth of the position.

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Dramatic Action, (Delsarte Method.)

Location: Room 17, Flood B'ld, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

DESIGN OF THE CONSERVATORY.

To demonstrate that there is a perfect system of education through which body, mind and Soul can be unfolded in harmony and completeness, to cultivate Intuition, Psychometry and all other Psychic Faculties, ignorance and neglect of which is the cause of so much disease and unhappiness in thousands of lives, and to meet the wants of a large class of people growing daily larger, who finding no help in the present conventional systems of Education and Medicine, are looking earnestly for some one to lead them to the Fountains of Divine Life and Truth. The methods taught will qualify Students to become teachers of the same system, and to open similar schools in all parts of the country, thus opening an Ideal Source of living, whereby they can devote their whole time to the most perfect Culture, and at the same time live lives of noblest and most practical service to others.

It is also especially designed through instruction in practical hygiene—gentle but daily systematic physical exercise combined—with the Mental and Spiritual Science of healing, to afford the surest and most perfect means of restoration to health and strength to all who are suffering in mind or body.

METHODS OF PSYCHIC CULTURE.

Class lessons in the Spiritual Science of Healing, Psychometry and Medial Culture, conducted by Mrs. Chainey. Lectures by the Presidents

and others. Practice in giving treatments to the sick, experiments in Psychometry, Thought Transference and Will Culture.

METHODS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Daily drill in physical exercise, Breathing exercise, Musical calisthenics with dumb-bells, rings and wands, Instruction in Hygiene of Food, Dress and Bath.

METHODS OF VOICE CULTURE.

Breathing, Physiology of Voice, Focus of voice, Training of Tongue, Support of Voice on Diaphragm, special and original methods, have been discovered by the President, through the practice of which for a short time, he guarantees to any one not suffering from any striking physiological defect, a voice of perfect compass, tone and brilliancy, strong and sweet, and capable of expressing with ease, every emotion the Soul can feel.

METHODS OF DRAMATIC CULTURE.

Drill in gesture—of eye, hand, arm, head, feet and legs; practice in facial expression, pantomime, exercises in poising, walking, the Mechanics of Reading, Dramatic Reading, Recitations, Amateur Theatricals, and Class Reading of Shakespeare.

TERMS:

Morning Class—Twice a Week, \$5.00. Evening Class—Twice a Week, \$3.00.

—(A MONTH.)—

Private Lessons, by Prof. Chainey, \$2.00. Written or Personal Psychometric Reading by Mrs. Chainey, \$2.00. Written Instructions to Pupils, \$5.00 a Month
