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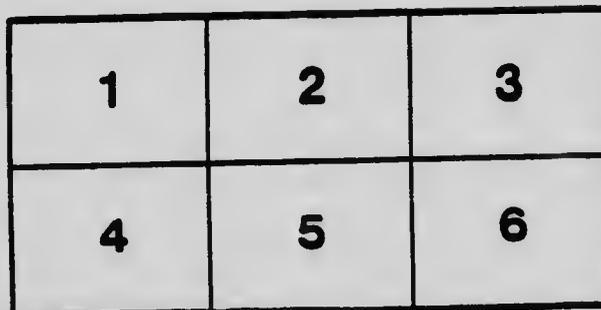
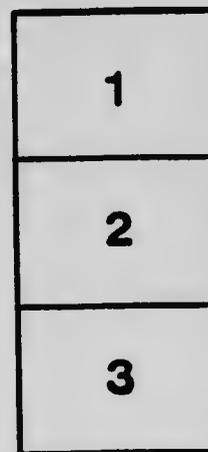
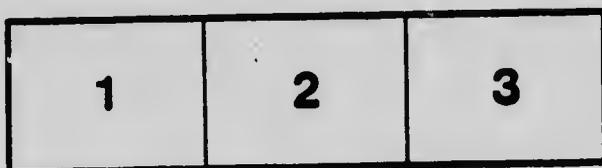
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THE NEW HEAVEN



LETTERS

EDITORIALS

POEMS



BY

WILLIAM STRONG

*Hamilton, Ontario,
Canada.*

PS8487

T 89

N 42

1902

**"A" are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."**

—Pope.



.....

REFACE.

—

THIS little book has been written and published under the inspiration and guidance of the spirit world. For the last six months or over, the experience of the writer has been most remarkable. He has been in almost constant communication with the angels, having talked with scores of individual spirits across the boundary-line which separates the material and spiritual planes. Sometimes the communications have been in his own room in the second storey of his residence, No. 61, Victoria Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario. Sometimes he has spoken with the Heavenly messengers at séances held by trumpet, test, clairvoyant, and materializing mediums. The knowledge gained through said communications relates chiefly to life and destiny. Believing this to be the most important truth which can possibly engage the thought of man, the author has, with the utmost candor and conscientious conviction, written and published these letters, editorials, and poems, many of which have already appeared in the daily Press, but the most important, having been received lately, appear now for the first time. No reader can possibly be more surprised than the author at the marvellous revelations made to him. The beautiful teaching received by him from the spirit world has changed his whole life and thought, and has brought Heaven down to earth in his experience. He, therefore, dedicates this little work to the cause of truth and righteousness, fully convinced that the truth herein outlined will supersede the present creed-bound system and will, as quickly as accepted, bring in the long-prophesied brotherhood of man.

"Ye Will Not Come Unto Me."

When God the future doth reveal,
He makes it clear that it's for weal,
And then His promises doth seal.

His purposes are all of love,
All knowledge cometh from above,
His synibol is the peaceful dove.

A marvellous light He doth bestow
To guide the path of men below,
As through a world of grief they go.

Men will not hear the voice Divine,
Nor see the lights that round them shine ;
Their pleasures are in gold and wine.

They spend their days in raking straws ;
He calls, but they refuse to pause,
Yet good and right are all His laws.

Still He doth call, "Come unto Me,"
From sorrow and from death be free ;
My love it hath redeemèd thee.

No, never will I give thee up ;
Receive Me and with thee I'll sup,
And then to joy I'll lift thee up.

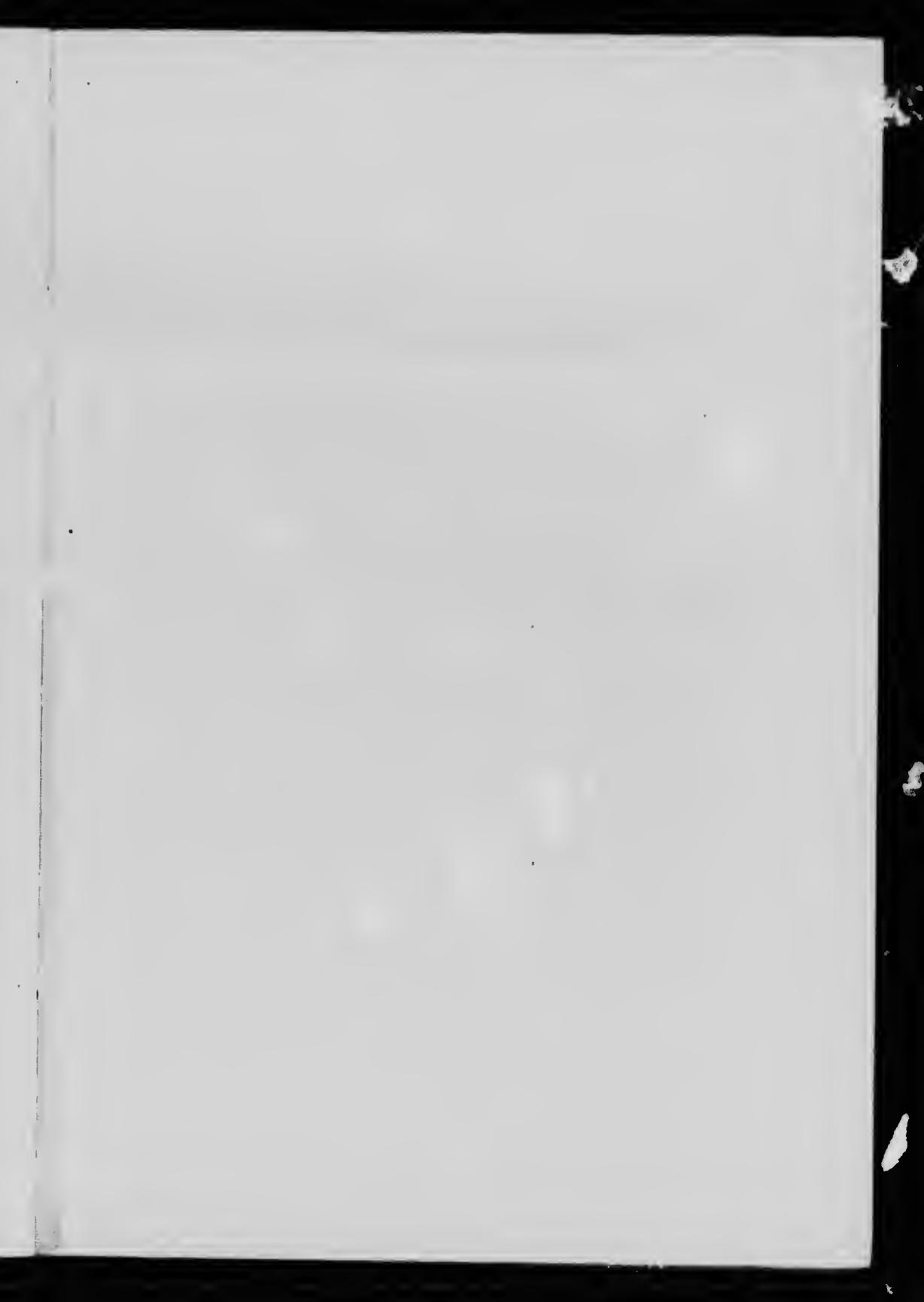
Beyond My love ye cannot go,
(Though some have said this is not so).
This truth I want the world to know.

Ye wayward, wandering sons of men,
Come to your Father's House again.
How you will—but when ? but when ?

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

March 5th, 1902.



INTRODUCTION.

The Incoming Era.

ALL thinking men believe that the world is entering a new era.

By what name the new condition of things shall be known has not yet appeared. Some believe it to be the Second Coming of Christ or the Rediscovery of the Nazarene.

One thing is certain, the present manifestations are stirring up the same old feelings of strife which characterized the Galilean's first appearance.

The old Jew was not more bitter against the Babe of Bethlehem than the orthodox party of the present day is against what is known as Spiritualism. At the same time, the thoughtful men and women of to-day have either turned away from the orthodox teaching of the churches or are dissatisfied with the hollow sham and materialistic tendencies of the creed-bound teachings of our time.

Our boasted civilization, which is the outgrowth of the teachings of the creeds, has utterly failed to bring in the reign of peace and good will amongst men.

Social evils, commercial selfishness, bloody wars, all go to prove that there never was an age when spiritual truth had less hold upon the hearts of men than at the present

day. In greed for gain, men have practically lost sight of the Golden Rule. Brotherly love is so rare that it fails to govern, alike in Church and State.

The name of Christ is heard, but as we listen we remember His words, "Not every one that sayeth Lord ! Lord ! shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven." It is not the name of Christ we need, nor His pierced feet touching Mount Olivet ; what we need is that the principles taught by Him be so understood and practised that men on the earth shall form a great brotherhood and come into harmony with God and the Angel World.

It is an established fact known in the experience of many that the spirits of our departed friends, with the great and good of the centuries gone by, are touching us from a higher sphere, anxious to hush us into quiet receptivity long enough to make us hear again the Bethlehem song, "Peace on earth and good will to men," while priestcraft, with its vested interests, stands opposed to the light of truth which must strike a death blow to their selfish greed.

I see men engaged, as by prophet foretold,
They are proving their oxen and counting their gold ;
Enlarging their borders and crowning their kings,
While leaving undone far mightier things.

In 1878, W. E. Gladstone wrote an article in the *North American Review* on "Kin Beyond Sea," in which he stated : "The United States can, and probably will, wrest from us our commercial prosperity." He then states, "I have no inclination to murmur at the prospect. America is passing us by at a canter." In these statements, if in nothing else, the great statesman has proved himself a prophet, and by his honest candor and friendly reference to a rising people, he has left us an example which we should not fail to copy. Let us, as a highly honored people, prove ourselves worthy of the honor given to us, by rejoicing in the

prosperity and marvelous advancement of our neighbours, the people forming that most progressive nation now on the face of the earth, the United States of America.

Looking up and earnestly praying that the mantle of Gladstone may fall upon me, I make bold to predict that the liberty-loving people called Spiritualists shall, within the first half of the twentieth century, wrest from priestcraft the power by which it binds in slavery to the creeds the great liberty-loving people of the world. I further predict that this great liberty-loving people that now dominate the world, shall, within the next fifty years, be formed into one great brotherhood for the establishment of peace and good will to men. Knowledge of God shall accomplish this, and that knowledge shall come to us through our contact with the spirit world. What is known as the Christian Era is now drawing to a close.

The last century has done much to ripen the thought of the people for the incoming of the new. Social evils so revolting, commercial greed so astounding, national difficulties so appalling—and all this in the twentieth century of what is called gospel teaching by the creeds. Is it not time that men were looking round for a new condition of things to solve the problem? Some men, who, like the old Jewish Rabbis, think themselves wise, are looking to the seats of learning for the solution. They appear to think that the remedy should be discovered in the laboratory of the schools. Others think it should be worked out by sacraments, catechisms, church creeds and penance. While men are thus engaged, shut in by selfishness and superstition, extolling self and saying, "We thank God that we are not as other men," the spirit of the meek and lowly Nazarene is coming, as a thief in the night. The very fact that it is stealthy, in the night, causes many to ridicule, "not knowing the Scriptures." The fact that the coming truth is out of harmony with preconceived opinions,

makes many reject it; and the further, and to many the most important fact, that it must certainly strike a death-blow at priestly power, upsetting their craft, is without doubt the most difficult obstacle to be overcome. The power of the truth, however, is irresistible, because the force behind it is the Infinite Intelligence. Therefore, in the fulness of time, this power cannot be suppressed. The unphilosophic teachings of the creeds, no longer accepted as true by thinking men (but a dead letter), leaving men without power to control passion, without the motive necessary to regulate commercial dealing, and without the spirit of good will which makes all men brothers, must give way before the light of spiritual truth which is now dawning upon the world. Socialism, with its baneful influence; anarchy, with its destructive forces; capital, with its relentless greed; these must all give place to the incoming of a truer brotherhood, a mightier power, and a more worthy ambition. This can only be accomplished by the permeating love which comes through harmony with the Infinite and the knowledge imparted by the spirit world.



The Doom of Creeds.

In chains of superstition as with bands of toughest steel,
I see men sitting helpless without the power to rise;
In schemes of hellish priestcraft without the power to feel,
I see men laying traps for the victims that they prize.

I see the sordid motives that move the cunning knave,
The sophistry he uses to bolster up his creed.
I see our help is coming o'er the vibratory wave,—
The spirits of our loved ones are a present help in need.

I see the morning breaking o'er the hilltops in the east ;
 It gilds the whole horizon with the promise of new light.
 The messengers are out, pressing to the bridal feast ;
 Redemption through the truth must soon appear in sight.

The doom of creeds is written on every temple wall ;
 In trumpet-tones the truth is sounding far and near :
 Come, hear the angels' voice, the message is for all.
 Through knowledge is redemption. Love takes the place
 of Fear.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.
 May 18th, 1902.

How the Light Came.

For years I had a desire to visit other worlds and become acquainted with their conditions of life and forms of government. I have imagined my return in possession of marvellously interesting information, while I anticipated the pleasure of conveying the knowledge gained to attentive listeners on this earth.

I oftener wondered why the Great and All-wise Ruler whom we call God had not some way of revealing His purposes to the anxious seeker after truth. The inconsistencies in the teachings of the creeds became more and more apparent as my reasoning powers matured. The narrow and unreasonable dogmas of the churches were to me so unphilosophical I could not accept them.

The arbitrary interpretation put upon the so-called infallible revelation was so out of harmony with the laws

of the universe that I became less and less able to believe the modern Christian teaching.

I was fast drifting into what is called agnosticism. I found that the sum total of my knowledge of life and destiny might fairly be represented by the space covered by the point of a cambric needle placed upon a marble slab.

Faith in Jesus the Nazarene was being declared to be the only hope of salvation for the world, while at the same time millions of the human family had been for centuries passing out of this life without having an opportunity of hearing that such a person as Jesus of Nazareth ever lived. Missionary work had been carried on by the churches, but each sect believed that their mode of teaching was the correct one. At the same time the so-called Christians at home kept up practices that would make the heathen blush. I found that the gospel preached as the power of God was not the power of God, for men were not being saved from themselves, but were living under the power of evil habits—in open violation of the universal law of love, and consequently without a knowledge of God, the Infinite Intelligence, from whom emanate law and love.

My soul longed for truth. My thought found expression as follows:—



Soul Longing.

From out the vast treasure-store of knowledge
 Give me one gem-thought, glittering and bright—
 Not a dark, mystic, nebulistic theory;
 But burning fact, to cheer the dreary night.

Those distant lamps hung out through all the ages
 As lights for those who cross the billowy sea,
 Amongst them all there surely must be one
 To cast a gleam on life's dark path for me.

To-day, when time and space no longer hinder
 Communion with the one-time distant strand,
 May I not grope through the uncertainties
 And feel the touch of the all-powerful hand ?

As earth with all that's earthy groweth older,
 And sensuous pleasures lack the power to allure,
 Give me a better hold on the abiding—
 Make the eternal certainties more sure.

As care and sorrow cut their furrows deeper
 In me and in the faces that I love,
 Give us a steadier, surer, brighter vision
 Of the perennial youth enjoyed above.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

What the Creeds are Doing.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—It is the privilege of but a few to stand upon high pedestals, and, looking out over a sea of faces, impart knowledge to eager intellects. The privilege, however, is not a small one to those equipped for the work. Religious teachers are particularly favoured, because their hearers, as a rule, are more sympathetic and consequently less critical than those who gather merely to be entertained. And then there is an inspiration which comes to those who are really called to the discussion of religious themes, those subjects which rightfully belong to the minister of religious knowledge, an inspiration which no other public speaker can expect to receive, and next to which is the inspiration which comes to the divinely appointed and gifted legislator

and law maker. And to give the fullest liberty for the exercise of the power and gifts thus bestowed should be the aim of every religious Parliament.

The formulated creeds have, in my humble opinion, greatly retarded both the bestowment and the dissemination of the highest possible spiritual truth. There are no such fetters put upon men in any other department of knowledge as are put upon the student of religious truth.

Men in science and philosophy are given a free hand and are permitted to soar at will. Their deepest investigations and most lofty flights are encouraged, and every fact discovered is hailed with the greatest delight and with world-wide gratitude is greeted.

The power influencing the mind of the inventor, enabling him to accomplish wonders and belt the globe with a golden girdle of thought, is at the same time influencing the religious teacher, imparting to him truths greater than have before touched the intellect of man. The conventionality of religious creeds puts the religious teacher in a strait-jacket, and he has to conform to the limitations of about two thousand years ago, or be excommunicated. And while the resources of the universe are being opened up along the lines of science, we are led to believe, or expected to believe, the teaching that the Almighty and All-wise God became exhausted when He revealed Himself through Moses, Daniel, and St. John. And worse still, the teachings and traditions of the fathers must give color to what the old inspired writers put on record. And the modern thinker and seer, to whom God reveals Himself to-day, is generally considered by men to be a fool, especially if he professes to have anything new.

The hope of the Church of to-day is in the men who are wide enough in their grasp of thought to reach out and pull down the man-made limitations. No man can have the fullest inspiration to think and investigate until there is

freely given him the fullest liberty to impart to others the result of his thought and investigation. God is waiting to bring heaven down to earth or lift earth to heaven, but creed-made ignorance and prejudice are blocking the way.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

January 4th, 1902.



The Lamp of Liberty.

(“Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.”)

When man's efforts cease, and God takes control,
And the power from above possesses the soul,
Then the victory is given o'er passion and self,
And the wayward and lost has come to himself.

Christ invited the people, saying: “Come unto Me,”
Through dogmas and forms you never can see,
“Lo, I am the way, the truth and the life,”
Follow close in My path—it's the end of all strife.

Not by prayers, nor confessions, however sincere;
Resolutions and vows fail you year by year.
From whence is the power for age and for youth?
It's found in a word—by knowing the truth.

God's presence is real—so also His love;
And both we can know with light from above.
When these become ours, a strength they bestow
Which none but those who possess it can know.

Cast off every yoke—look up for the light;
The dark lamps of earth but lengthen the night.
As the sun's in the Heaven, so God has the power
To make thee a free man—to do it this hour.

That voice now within is the compass for thee ;
Press onward, the lighthouse is fresh trimmed, you see ;
The lights of the past have served their turn,
But low in their sockets now most of them burn.

From the highlands ahead see a crystallized fact ;
Steer onward with courage—intuitive tact,
The morning is breaking, the harbor's now clear ;
We greet all our friends, gone before, with a cheer.

WM. STRONG.

What the Creeds are Doing.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—The creeds are the trading stamps of the sects. They are the remnants of a crude age, and they will most certainly give way to a higher condition of religious thought. My letter in your issue of the 4th inst. has raised considerable discussion, both through the press and otherwise. Candid and intelligent discussion is always profitable. The question is a vital one. I find it is necessary to explain that in writing against the creeds I have no quarrel with the Church as a whole, nor with any particular branch or sect ; nor am I attacking divine revelation in any form ; on the contrary, I am an advocate for both, hence my assault on the creeds. The good people in the churches and out of the churches are the salt of the earth, and church organisation has been necessary right up through the centuries. The creeds, if ever they were necessary, have in my opinion outlived their usefulness, and are at present a positive hindrance. My attack is not

a flippant one, and I write, not for the sake of notoriety, but as a man interested in the welfare of the race, acting under a profound sense of duty. From this time onward until the creeds undergo a radical revision, or are abolished, the question will be very much alive, and the privilege of having a share in the reform is much appreciated by me. I fear nothing—therefore no man need dictate to me as to what my duty is (except yourself, Mr. Editor, as to the amount of space you are willing to allow me).

Give me a conscience tender only to the touch divine,
Not trampled by the tyrant's boastful tread.

God is revealing Himself through natural law in the physical world just as quickly as man is rising in intelligence to avail himself of the benefits which have been held in reserve for him ; and the same God (for there is but one) is revealing Himself through natural law in the spiritual world just as quickly as man shakes off his creed-made ignorance and prejudices, and stands upon his feet, looking up.

So long as we look into creeds and handle the trading stamps of religious sects, the good God has provided for us a living, but a very dependent one.

The traditions of the fathers, the commentator, and the catechism have something in them, but most of the bread is very mouldy. Why live on the fragments of ancient banquets, while next door are the ever-unfolding provisions of an almighty Father's love?

Some of my critics appear to think that in combating the creeds I am attacking the foundations of faith in God, while I am really trying to get men to move their faith from creeds to God Himself ; or, to use another figure, I am trying to cut a hole in the creeds so that men may look through and see God as He is manifested in the universe which He governs.

I have no desire to answer the man whose thought is working in the sphere of Calvin, Luther and Knox; that man is so very much creed-bound that I cannot hope to impress him by anything I can say; his thoughts are too "mundane" to handle higher things.

A "Subscriber" in your issue of the 7th inst. has a good grasp of the subject, and should not be ashamed to sign his name to such a letter as he writes. I will end this letter by stating that we never can have the highest possible spiritual truth taught in our churches while men are bound by the existing creeds and are afraid to think out and investigate truth not included in those creeds, and they will remain in ignorance and with only the borrowed opinions of others like themselves, will manifest their want of knowledge by interpreting the marvellous phenomena of the Pentecost as due to over mental excitement, as some of the most experienced and best educated of our ministers are now doing.

Some earnest religious teachers are crying aloud against the materialistic tendency of the present age. My own observation is that quite a percentage of the people are settling down to the belief that this life ends all. "Eat, drink, for to-morrow we die." I charge this condition of things directly to the creeds. Shut men up to what is called the orthodox teaching, formulated in the creeds, let the practical man in this realistic age see how little such teaching affects the life of the average adult. Then give the logical mind a goodly mixture of science and you have it ready to explain away the spiritual phenomena called miracle, and materialism is the inevitable result.

This is a pen picture of the existing condition of things.

Now there is within reach of every unprejudiced person proof positive that the spirit world is a reality. In fact, that there is no death. The value of such proof is incalculable to this world in its present condition. A vague faith

may have been sufficient in the past. To-day men want proof and the proof is on hand. Orthodoxy (the crowds) shuts the door of this great truth against all but those who are bound to think for themselves.

I make this charge fearlessly, and I hold individually responsible the men who enforce the law of orthodoxy, leaving the mass of the people in ignorance of the greatest truth in the universe.

Hamilton, Ont.

WM. STRONG.

January 12th, 1902.



The Rediscovery of the Nazarene.

On Bethlehem's plains the angels sang,
Peace and good will to men,
And now the angels come again,
Will mankind hear, and when?

Will priestly power o'er truth prevail,
And night eternal stay?
Or cunning, selfish bigotry
Postpone the dawning day?

Shall men the light of truth behold
Stand girt with regal power?
Then will the God of nations give
True liberty this hour.

Nations in bloody wars engaged
Shall know the rest of peace,
And all the captive sons of men
Shall hear the word, "Release."

The woes of earth are all entailed
Because of Priestcraft's power ;
Claim now your birthright, sons of God—
Be free men from this hour !

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.
April 25th, 1902.

What the Creeds are Doing.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—My critics are wonderfully kind. Two short letters—one in your issue of the 13th inst. and another in a subsequent issue—require no reply—only a little correction.

“Subscriber” evidently wrote in great haste without giving the matter due thought. To make the work easy he passed over my letter in your issue of the 4th inst., but laid hold upon a prophetic sentiment expressed in a verse of poetry. “Subscriber’s” action reminds one of the police officer who lets the burly ruffian slip while he arrests the small boy who is innocent. The verse of poetry is as follows :—

I'm looking for the morning star that gilds the east
horizon,
And the rising of the sun to announce the coming day ;
I expect the world's redemption to come by way of
knowledge,
I know the power to human souls doth always come that
way.

This, evidently, is poetic symbolism, not personal experience. To compare with this "Subscriber" quotes Dr. Bonar's beautiful lines of personal experience:—

I looked to Jesus and I found
 In Him my star and sun,
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

Surely my friend "Subscriber," ere this time, has seen his mistake. If my good friend wants personal experience to place side by side with Dr. H. Bonar's, permit me to write:—

At God's command the sun stood forth to illuminate the
 spheres,
 He spake the word, the shackles broke, then fled my fears.

No darkness can remain where sun's rays penetrate ;
 No fear can e'er torment where dwells a love so great.

A shadow ne'er can fall with omnipresent light,
 And nothing can appal with consciousness of right.

The hope that truth inspires, the world can ne'er destroy,
 To sup with God the Infinite is Heavenly joy.

WM. STRONG.

What the Creeds are Doing.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—

I expect the world's redemption to
Come by way of knowledge :
I know the power to human souls
Doth always come that way.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge" (Prov. i. 7). Not the sum total, but the beginning.

For an extended view of this question of knowledge, read the whole of the second chapter of Proverbs.

The knowledge spoken of in this chapter is that possessed by Christ Himself, as prophesied by Isaiah (liiii. 11): "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities."

This is the experience spoken of in I. Cor. xiii., "Beareth all things." The man who has this has come to God. And for that man Christ has done His work. To unite God and man on this plane was the mission of Christ. Christ was true; Christ was just; Christ was pure; Christ was love. Therefore Christ was God manifested in the flesh. Humility, truth, justice, purity and love came down to lift man up to God, that God and man might be one; hence the word Atonement, or At-one-ment.

It is not necessary to salvation that man be told that Christ's obedience is put to man's credit. The way this is understood by many strikes at the very foundation of human responsibility. This phase of teaching has got so very popular in the creeds of the sects, it is as much as a minister's situation is worth for him to come out boldly against it; and the very fear to act boldly leads him into the error of believing it himself often. The up-to-date

thinker has discarded the vicarious sacrifice of Christ theory, as accepted by the old school.

Getting a man's debts paid for him by another never improved any man; in fact, it is demoralizing, always has been, always will be, and every thinking man knows it to be so. What saves a man is knowledge. The schoolboy is saved from the evil practices of his bad companions by knowledge—not by the knowledge of the schools, but by the knowledge of the laws of nature. The acquirement of knowledge makes the good citizen, the honest man, the charitable man, the Christian.

Fear of punishment never made a man better. Love is the greatest force in the universe. This is not mere sentiment, but fact. To know God is to love Him. To love God gives power to keep His commandments.

To get some good, holy person to keep the commandments for a man will not do. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." That is common-sense, that means something.

A great many good people agree with the creeds that men need to be kept in fear of eternal punishment to make them straight, moral and true. Has such teaching made men true and good? Does not all the real spiritual power in the world spring from love? Then away with the fear theory, it's a failure; in the very nature of things it must be a failure. Fear of every kind is a weakness. This kind is the most disastrous, because the question involved is the most momentous. Tell men of the marvellous provisions of God's love. Tell them the mighty truth that God never gives a man up. Lead them patiently to where they can understand (know) this to be a fact.

Give men one glimpse of the greatness of love and you will save more men in a moment of time than your eternal punishment theory has saved in the last two thousand years.

"God so loved the world," is the very mainspring of saving truth.

And to really grasp this truth in its magnitude is salvation for man. The creeds are barriers to the presentation of these truths. Individual teachers are afraid to transgress the law of orthodoxy, and the mass of the people are suffering.

"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge; because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me" (Hosea iv. 6).

Ponder well the whole of this chapter, by the ancient prophet. God is the same to-day as He was then.

There requires to be a new revelation to man. The inspired word through the prophets and through Christ is no longer a power, because of human limitations. God will again reveal Himself, and true prophets who fear nothing must be raised up, so that the power of truth may redeem the world.

The creeds, and the condition of things developed through the creeds, have turned very many thinking men and women away from the teaching of the sects. A large percentage are agnostics and materialists, many believing that this life ends all.

There must be a breaking up of this condition of things. Men must know the truth, the infinite love of God. To know God is life eternal.

The creeds are the trading stamp of the churches, and must go.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

January 24th, 1902.

The World a Battle Field.

They say this world's a stage where the tragic act is seen—
I find it's something more ; it's a battle field, I ween ;
Since ever I remember, I have stood where hot shells fall,
And in defence of this and that I've heard the bugle call.

The ground our feet now stand upon has been fought for
inch by inch,
And our own valiant soldiers will ne'er retreat nor flinch ;
In business and in politics, and in every walk of life,
The war is waged unceasingly—no abatement of the strife.

And o'er religious questions has been the hottest fight.
It's now between the churches ; that's why it's in the choir ;
Sometimes the shot is thickest from out the Low Church
side,
And then the High Church brethren do the saddest woes
betide.

Sometimes the robes and vestments control the heavy gun,
And then into their trenches the Low Church men must run.
Sometimes a bishop of renown or Canterbury dean
Will propound the greatest nonsense the Christian world
has seen.
And then the forts are silent for the space of half a year ;
And then the war breaks out again—there is no end, I fear.

Sometimes a hard-shell Baptist says that water's just the
thing ;
And again we hear the old Kirk bell God's sovereignty ring ;
And some will say salvation's found only within their fold ;
And men have fought and bled about such questions, I am
told.

And yet the orator and sage
Pronounce our times the golden age,
The clank of war from every nation
The highest proof of civilization.

When will the star of Peace appear
And burnish bright the Eastern skies,
Illumining each hemisphere?
And when, Oh! when will men be wise?

WM. STRONG.

What the Creeds are Doing.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—

I am looking for the morning star that gilds the east horizon,
And the rising of the sun to announce the coming day;
I expect the world's redemption to come by way of knowledge;
I know the power to human souls doth always come that way.

Before proceeding further in the discussion of this subject, which apparently interests many of your readers, permit me to pen a few thoughts which come to me:—

Opportunities are missed by a hair's breadth.

If by reaching up you have attained to higher knowledge never make merchandize of it.

If you have anything good to give away, never forget your indebtedness to humanity.

If some great truth has been to you a lamp, light it in the room of affliction.

If God has touched you through nature, don't overlook the fact that it is God's touch.

If heaven and earth have met in your life experience, make yourself a bridge-builder so that others may enjoy the same privileges.

Sorrow and loss rightly interpreted take on the King's stamp and become part of the true riches.

All the highest truths in the universe must be known experimentally before they can really be understood. The knowledge we get from books is superficial, provided we only catch the letter, but it becomes real in so far as we are brought into harmony with the spirit of the author of the book. All knowledge comes to earth from the spirit world; spirit is higher than matter; the higher controls the lower—this is a fundamental fact in philosophy. To reject spiritual knowledge is to leave man in darkness. This accounts for all the evil in the world to-day. Over 1,900 years ago there came into the world one who declared Himself to be "the light of the world." A few believed in Him and became like Him, but the great majority rejected Him. Pilate passed the sentence of death and the people took Him, and so far as it was possible for them to do it they put out "the light of the world." No doubt the condition of things which led to the crucifixion of Christ gave a great backset to the progress of that knowledge which is destined to redeem humanity. This accounts for the sorrow Christ felt when He wept over Jerusalem.

The two most prominent factors in the death of Christ were personified by Judas and Pilate, and are the factors most prominently impeding spiritual knowledge to-day. Judas, who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver, represents materialism, and Pilate represents fear arising from policy, prejudice and superstition. Those who think closely will see the truth of what I am stating. Those thirty pieces of silver had greater value in the estimation of Judas than all spiritual things; and the fear of losing caste

and risking his position influenced Pilate to pass the death sentence.

Spiritual truth is not of sufficient estimate to-day to overcome money value, hence a very large number of people will sacrifice everything to get wealth, and the fear of public opinion is leading men to-day to say "Take ye Him and crucify Him." Many good men, from the world's standpoint, cannot understand any higher standard than money value. A few, who are more highly endowed by nature, are enabled to get a better grasp of spiritual things, and are struggling hard to live the Christ life, sometimes seeing only their sins, and sometimes seeing only Christ. There is a more excellent way to live than this, and that is to see the Father. Now to know God intelligently we must behold Him in nature, and see clearly His marvellous scheme for the redemption of humanity through the forces which are operating along the line of natural law. Christ understood these forces and held communion with God, and spake face to face with the great who had passed into the spirit world. Those lonely visits to the mountain by night may be better understood by that glimpse given to two of His disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration. Coming to the people He said: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." When He taught the people high spiritual truth He was misunderstood, and when He showed His power over matter He was accused of doing it through the power of the devil. The ignorance and prejudice of the people made short work of the whole matter by putting Him to death. The light gone, the havoc of the dark ages was a natural result. But although the lamp was broken, a light had gone forth and its scintillating power has been permeating the darkness, and humanity is rising in the scale of being. The influences from the spirit world have been fanning the spark of intelligence, and the discoveries of science have been broadening men's thought.

Knowledge, necessarily shut out from ignorance and prejudice, is opening doors, narrow like Bunyan's wicket gate, and none but the humble seeker may enter, but for such a one there is to-day a marvellous spiritual revelation. None other need come ; the wise cannot enter, for they know all they need to know now ; those who are satisfied with the faith of their fathers need not come—satisfied people are satisfied, and that is the end of it ; those who have a superstitious fear need not come, they will need to outgrow their superstition—knowledge and superstition cannot dwell together. Those who believe that God has somewhere in the universe made provision by which the average man can have the victory over evil may come and find what they long for, and for all such I hold a special and important message. Christ said : " I am the door "—the wise men of His day refused to enter, and those who would enter they hindered. The creeds, and the men who support them, are to-day standing in the way of the mass of the people, like the wise men of Christ's day stood. Materialism—representing Judas—puts a money value on everything. Policy and popular opinion represent Pilate, and truth is condemned and crucified, and no man has been bold enough to declare that the almighty power of spiritual truth must triumph over these evil forces. Some man must take his stand beside the truth, and if need be, stand and be condemned and crucified as Christ was. Spiritual phenomena and philosophy must overcome Judas and Pilate, and God and the angel world be victorious. While the representatives of the creeds refuse this truth (which is now a demonstrated fact through experience) they will continue to humble themselves because of the lack of spiritual power—but the truth must come to light, and the creeds being the trading stamps of the churches, must go. I have no fear for the future. The ground I stand on is bed rock.

WM. STRONG.

Thy Kingdom Come.

(Suggested by the situation in Europe and the attitude of the nations.)

Thou Mighty One, who guid'st the spheres,
Look down upon the seething throng;
Governments ruling under Thee
Fail to discern the right from wrong.

To every eye it must appear
That things are mostly out of joint,
Nation keeps nation in its place—
Peace is maintained at bayonet point.

The tension is too great to last—
Soon we shall hear the cannon boom;
Thou Mighty One, assert Thy power,
Scatter their fleets, and give Him room—

Room for His kingdom to extend
The sway of universal peace;
Cut off the power of bloody men,
And tyranny and war shall cease.

The complicated knot is now
Beyond the power of men to untie;
Wisdom and might to avert the doom
Must come from Thee Who rul'st on high.

The plough-share and the pruning-hook
Shall take the place of spear and sword;
The nations all shall dwell in peace,
And every tongue shall call Him Lord.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

January 14th, 1898.

What the Creeds are Doing.

("Our Father which art in Heaven—Thy Kingdom come.")

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—The mission of Christ was to establish a kingdom. That kingdom was to be formed and based upon principles which of necessity must be enduring, for the kingdom was to be "an everlasting kingdom." Love being the eternal principle, must be the basis of government. The family is the best earthly type of the enduring kingdom, the father being the king. To give strength and stability to the family the father must be loved by the whole household. Knowledge of and confidence in the father's love alone can bring this condition of things.

When the father is loved, obedience is easy and natural. Brotherly love must necessarily be the product of love for and obedience to the father. Hence the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are eternally linked.

The kingdom, to be strong and enduring, must be governed by fixed laws, where demagogues have no power. When laws are not supreme there demagogues are found, for the people act like a king. Supreme power must necessarily be in the hands of one person, or a few, or the many. When one, the few, or the many, direct their whole efforts for the common good, the kingdom is well governed, but when the advantage of the one, the few, or the many is alone regarded, a change for the worse must take place. This is the basis of political philosophy put on record by one of the world's wisest philosophers.

Thoughtful minds following carefully the action of modern lawmakers can easily see that laws are being framed for the few; that money power unquestionably controls the Legislature; that combines stand in with the Government.

This is the text book for socialism and anarchy, but socialism and anarchy have not in them the remedy. The remedy is in knowledge, not the knowledge of the schools, but in the knowledge of the laws which govern the universe. Education as taught by the schools, and theology as taught by the creeds, have had a fair chance to try their systems of ethics in the correction of the evils of the world, but it is pretty fully admitted that there exists a complexity of difficulty which requires some other force to rectify.

At an opportune period in the world's history Christ came to establish the condition of things which alone can correct the stupendous evils existing, and although He was taken, and by wicked men slain, the principles He taught live and will triumph.

It may seem to some a very old-fashioned statement that love must govern the world, and this love is a very stale thing to those who have always read of it in books and heard of it in sermons, but never understood it. I can see no way of getting the ordinary mortal to understand it, except by a revelation of God as He is manifested in the natural and spiritual world. Theology as taught by the creeds has failed to do this. It cannot be that the handful of people who are living the Christ life is the sum total of those on whom the redemption scheme was intended to work the remedy. Whence the failure? Certainly not in the scheme, then it must be in the mode of presenting it, and because of the human limitations I hold the creeds responsible for the existing evils of our modern civilization. Flexibility is necessary to a scheme of redemption, for a race evolving from the lowest conceivable condition of ignorance, and the Infinite God has provided such a scheme.

God has a method of treating man in keeping with the condition in which He finds him.

There are four conditions which may illustrate this:—

First, there is the babyhood of man.

Second, the childhood of man.

Third, the manhood of man.

Fourth, the brotherhood of man.

The first condition is the prehistoric age, when man did not know enough to leave a record of his condition. Paul, in referring to this first condition, or babyhood, says: "The time of this ignorance God winked at" (Acts xvii. 30).

This is the attitude of a father to a little baby, helpless and ignorant.

Paul was telling the people that they had out-lived that condition—that they were now amenable to law, and that as they had broken the law they must repent and believe.

Believing is the condition, not of babyhood, but of childhood. A father expects nothing of a baby, but he expects faith and obedience from a child. Faith and obedience is the capacity of a child.

Paul, referring to sturdy manhood, says: "I know"—"I know whom I have believed." (II. Timothy i. 12.) The Infinite God was now dealing with Paul as a father deals with his grown-up son, and is a faithful man. He says: "Come, my son, I will show you My purposes."

And to every full-grown, sincere, honest man who is seeking to know God, the great loving Father stands ready to reveal Himself. He does not say to such, "Believe, believe, believe," that is for children; but He says, "See," "Hear," "Know" (I. Samuel ix. 15, also xx. 2).

The creed-bound messenger gets his authority from human sources, and after quoting from tradition, commentary and catechism, he says he can't tell which is right; but you can take it for what it is worth. Such teaching can have no power.

It was said of Christ that He taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

We must not look backward for our authority, but

look upward and get the direct message in our ear as Samuel did. To this end creeds must go and human limitations must go with them. When God has developed a sturdy manhood through the revelations of Himself, He will have created a sturdy brotherhood that will not want to get the better of the weaker brother. This will effect the gold cure, or the cure from the love of gold, and the kingdom of God will have come.

The weak teaching of a creed-bound, materialistic age stands in the way of the incoming kingdom.

P.S.—While I have been trying to demolish the creeds, a friendly critic has formed another creed composed of eight articles, and signs himself N.R. Am I to understand N.R. to mean "narrow religion"? That is how I have read it.

WM. STRONG.



As Morning Gilds the Sky.

As morning gilds the sky,
My thought goes up on high,
May God and truth be praised!
Let angel voices blend,
Their mighty voices send,
Earth's mists to raise.

May old traditions go,
Give joy instead of woe,
May God and truth be praised!
Let thoughtful men unite,
Stand forth in reason's light,
The world see better days!

THE NEW HEAVEN.

May war and tumult cease,
Send universal peace,
May God and truth be praised !
Let bigotry go
And with it all earth's woe,
All selfish, crafty ways.

May man his brother love,
Join hands with those above,
May God and truth be praised !
Let bells of heaven ring
As freedom's notes they fling,
In sweet and joyful lays.

Fraternal feelings give,
Let all men ever live,
Our God and truth to praise.
Let love unite in one,
The brotherhood of man,
As on us angels gaze.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.
April 20th, 1902.

What the Creeds are Doing.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

SIR,—In matters of religion men have been kept in a vague uncertainty. To a very large extent it has been a question of the blind leading the blind. Material considerations have so far entered into, and are so mixed up with, the religions of the age that it has become a subject for debate whether our churches have been kept open for the sake of the spiritual benefit or for what is found on the collection plate.

Disobedience to the law which regulates pure spiritual thought has been so general that the sects have had to teach that the day of miracles has gone never to return. A comfortable income has been considered more desirable than the discovery of truth. The people have been held under the reign of priestcraft to an extent that is most lamentable. This condition still exists more or less in all sects. Nothing but the bringing in of the light of truth can break the fetters in which the mass of the people are held.

Men will have to learn that their future condition has no connection whatever with creeds and sacraments, but that God and humanity are one ; that by accepting God as our common Father and treating every man as our true brother, man thus fulfils the whole law. All truth tends to the accomplishment of this grand end. God has not left man dependent upon man, but has made it possible for every man to come directly in touch with God Himself and receive the direct inflow of light, life and love, which is the heritage of every human being without respect of persons.

The best thing that could happen to humanity to-day would be to destroy the whole religious literature of the

world, so that man might be cut off as far as possible from all connection with the past in religion.

God is an everywhere present God, and the great book of nature is wide open and cannot be destroyed. All that is good in the literature of the past is found in nature, and in the existing human race as evolved. We are simply held back and weighed down with the crude teachings and traditions of the ages.

The ignorance and superstition which binds the masses, keeps them in fear of everything. The fear of death and the devil is so general that millions of the human race are in a constant hell on earth.

These people should know that there is neither death nor devil; that hell exists only in imagination, or, more correctly speaking, that hell is of our own creation, that it can only exist as it feeds on wrong-doing, ignorant fear and superstition.

The universal knowledge of God will put an end to hell, since to know God is to love Him, and love brings deliverance from all torment.

Men have failed to find God through the murky maze of theology. A way is opened up direct, and that way is lighted as with a noonday sun. Intelligent men can no longer be made to worship a man. To them the great Father is revealed, and they are coming into a great brotherhood on a common equality. The sharply-drawn lines of social distinction will be wiped out, and every man will see the Divine likeness in his brother.

Ignorance of God and of spiritual truth has hung like a heavy weight around the neck of mankind. The peace and good-will which was declared by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem has been slow in coming because men refused to listen to the messenger who brought the glad tidings.

Then, by an extreme rebound, they took to worshipping

the spirit of the Nazarene. Nothing short of an aspiration after the Most High God can lift the human race. The angel world are God's messengers to men, but God Himself is the All-Soul attractive power of the universe. Those who would advance in life must raise their thought to Him. All base thought, all selfish actions, with all materialistic tendencies, weaken man's grasp upon God and leave the spirit in darkness.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

March 15th, 1902.



What to do with the Creeds.

I'm longing for the Springtime and the budding of the willow ;

I'm waiting for the breath that bids cold shrouded nature live ;

I listen for the voice of the songster on the tree top ;

My spirit rises up to Him who doth all blessings give.

I'm ; for the morning star that gilds the east horizon,

And the rising of the sun to announce the coming day.

I expect the world's redemption to come by way of knowledge,

I know the power to human souls doth always come that way.

To this end burn the creeds that shut men up in prison,

And the holy zeal for dogma causing human blood to flow.

Burn the parchment and the paper with all the canons written,

Till they light us with a Smithfield-Martyr-faggot-glow.

Hamilton, Ont.

January 5th, 1902.

WM. STRONG.

The Power of Thought.

EDITOR HERALD,—The laws regulating the transmission of thought are illustrated by the Marconi discovery.

Two delicately sensitive instruments are placed 1700 miles apart and tuned to the same key. Articulation, which composes language, making it the vehicle of thought, is brought to bear on one of the instruments. The law of vibration, which is universal, is thus harmonized and utilized, and under favourable conditions is unerring. The thought forces setting in motion the instrument at one end of the line are caught up by the vibratory current, and are carried on that current and registered by the sympathetic and delicately sensitive instrument at the other end of the line, and thus the work is performed by natural law. This is not a miracle. There never was a miracle, there never was any necessity for a miracle and never can be. The Infinite Intelligence, which is everywhere manifest, has made such ample provision to meet all possible exigencies that no condition can ever be formed which was not taken into account, and for which the very best provision was not made along the line of natural law.

This illustration will commend itself to every thoughtful mind and will assist the reader to climb to another round in the ladder of progressive thought, *i.e.*, communication with the spirit world. Laying aside all pre-conceived opinions formed by crude teachings of the past, let us come, without prejudice, to the most important question which can occupy the thought of man, namely, life and destiny. We have an intuitive conviction causing us to believe in the continuity of life, therefore we believe that our departed friends have a conscious existence somewhere. To be able to commune with them and to get the benefit of their view of life from a higher plane is admittedly a matter

of the greatest moment. Thought cannot conceive anything higher than itself. Even God cannot create but to the extent of His thought, which is limitless. Therefore the human spirit, being the expression of the Creator's highest thought, is the most gloriously sensitive and sympathetic instrument in the universe so far as it is possible for us to conceive. Let us, therefore, take two human spirits brought into harmony to the law of the Infinite Intelligence. The one a disembodied spirit escaped from earth, now occupying the higher plane. The other a human spirit harmonized on the earth plane. Let these two spirits touch the same note in their spiritual aspirations, let the conditions be favourable, and immediately you have direct and unerring communication. This law cannot fail. A crudely selfish and self-opinionated man steps to the front and says: "I will expose the fallacy of spiritual communication or thought exchange with the spirit world." Such a man by such a statement only exposes his own ignorance, and proves to the world that he, himself, is living in violation of natural law. Every man understanding spiritual truth knows that harmony with the divine (natural law) is the fundamental principle underlying all spiritual communication, whether it be inspirational or vocal.

"The carnally minded man cannot know these things; they are foolishness to him; he cannot understand them, for they are spiritually discerned."

I love to hear the angels' voice,
 The bells of Heaven ring,
 I love the perfume of a rose,
 The balmy breath of spring.
 The songster on the tree-top sits
 And sounds its notes abroad,
 And law and love are everywhere,
 The evidence of God.

Hamilton, Ont.
 April 15th, 1902.

WM. STRONG.

“Where Now Thy Victory, O Grave?”

Across the river once so far,
A voice comes to me sweet and clear,
It tells me of a land so fair,
And whispers to me “Do not fear.”

I hear it in the early morn,
In accents low, and calm and bright,
It penetrates through the darkest gloom,
Distinctly whispering in the night.

An angel bright has heard the prayer,
A loving heart doth sympathize,
For everywhere is filled with love,
A God so great and good and wise.

We thought of distance and we mourned,
And death and danger caused us grief,
But now the wireless telephone
Brings messages of sweet relief.

Our outer ear has e'en been touched,
Those laid away in silent tomb
Hold converse with us day by day,
Speak as if present in our room.

Distance and death and dread disease
Are subject to His mighty sway,
The world is full of hope and joy,
All darkness now has fled away.

Let human hearts exult and sing,
Let joy be mingled with each breath,
Where is thy victory, O grave?
Where now thy fatal sting, O death?

Hamilton, Ont.

WM. STRONG.

January 21st, 1902.

God, the Infinite Intelligence.

I love to hear the angels' voice,
The bells of Heaven ring.
I love the perfume of a rose,
The balmy breath of spring,
The songster on the tree-top sits
And sounds its notes abroad,
And law and love are everywhere,
The evidence of God.

Let us prepare ourselves to let go the old that we may be able to grasp the new. Forgetting the things that are behind, let us go forward.

St. Paul and Professor Drummond have had their day, but it is folly to expect that these men have done the thinking for all time.

When St. Paul wrote the thirteenth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians it was up to date, for in that crude and cruel age men needed to learn of love.

When Professor Drummond focussed the religious thoughts of the world upon the same truth and announced that love was "the greatest thing in the world," the thought was timely; mankind has still to keep looking at those four letters, L.-O.-V.-E.

Every thinking mind knows, however, that there comes a time when thought must evolve, and that time is now.

God is in the world, and it must be admitted that God is greater than all besides, otherwise the greater thing would be God, and the Creator and King would be dethroned.

Love cannot create. Think of love in the abstract, and you can find no creative power. You are forced to associate it with something else. There is no design, no order, in

love; therefore law must be sought and associated with love. Let us now focus our thought on law (power) and love.

But power and love are powerless as creative forces, intelligence, knowledge, wisdom, are necessary.

Infinite Intelligence—and what are the others (law and love) but forces evincing God, emanating from and manifesting the Infinite.

We must not take the evidence of a thing for the thing itself. We must not worship the evidence of God, but God Himself. We must not worship law and love, however good and beautiful; God is behind them and we must worship and adore Him. Jesus of Nazareth came as God manifest in the flesh. The wisest men of His time put Him to death because of jealousy. The most religious men of the succeeding centuries have been worshipping the manifestation of God, instead of the Most High God Himself. And this, in face of the fact that the express purpose of Jesus of Nazareth was to bring men to God, the Father.

God is a principle, not a person. A principle is only known and seen by manifestation.

But you say, "How can I love a principle?" If you will only think you will discover that a principle is what you have always loved. The animal passion, so often mistaken for love, is not love, but a base counterfeit.

Let us therefore cease to worship the creation or the manifestation of God. This is the modern form of idolatry. History reveals to us man emerging from the oblivion of the prehistoric age. We find him carving out of a tree and chiselling into shape his higher conception of God.

Again history reveals to us Abraham receiving a higher conception of God and moved by the forces surrounding him and leaving the darkness and prejudice of his surrounding, moving out that he might secure more favorable conditions. Letting go the old that he might be able to

grasp the new. Following the spiritual promptings, which ever and always lead to higher knowledge, Abraham became the centre of a clearer conception of truth.

Moses, the champion of liberty and the first great legislator, ordained by God to give an advancing people law and order, was saved as a baby from the River Nile, that he might by a mighty stroke break the bondage of Egyptian prejudice and cruelty and liberate a people destined to give to the world the world's greatest Saviour, the Man of Nazareth.

Each hero in history is greater than his predecessor. Each has to meet the demands of a higher condition. The last was so great that men made the mistake and worshipped him as the Very God and by so doing lost their grasp on the Most High.

The last quarter of a century has developed in the arena of thought, disturbing forces, centred around the Galilean.

These disputings must necessarily lead to higher knowledge, as all candidly expressed differences of opinion do.

The settlement is in sight and it is not coming by the denying of the divinity of the Christ, but by the revelation of the divinity of the whole human race. And thus will be fulfilled the words quoted by St. Paul (Heb. 1-9) :—

“Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows.”

Let us therefore not worship the man who is our fellow, but let us worship the God who is the God of our Saviour. Let us worship the Most High God, the principle of Life, Law and Love.

“No man hath seen God at any time.” The fullest manifestation of Him the world has ever seen was Jesus Christ, the Nazarene.

P. S.—A friend who writes a challenge—equal to a bet of 500 dols.—in the very spirit of his letter has satisfied me

fully why the results were so poor, for him, while dealing in spiritual things.

I believe there is very much better hope of success, for him, on the race track.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

April 19th, 1902.



The Angel Message.

I long for the pen of the poet,
 To write in letters of love,
 The message that comes through the angels,
 The glorious news from above.

From the wing of an angel it drops,
 By divine inspiration prepared.
 Let me dip in the fountain of knowledge ;
 I shall then write the words that I heard.

Ah ! our words are too weak to express it,
 No language of earth can unfold
 The message of God through the angels ;
 Its beauty and wealth are untold.

The curtains that veiled the immortal,
 Were drawn to give me a view.
 The object of heavenly vision
 Was that I might come and tell you.

The knowledge of God will redeem you,
 The unfolding of truth make you free.
 This, this is the message from Heaven,
 Now spoken through angels to me.

With knowledge comes love like an ocean,
All boundless and shoreless and vast.
As you dip in its life-giving waters,
This, this will wipe out the past.

Men may boast of the blood of the martyrs,
It is only a stain upon earth,
'Tis God, by the power of His spirit,
That imparts to man the new birth.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

May 25th, 1902.

The Power that makes Men Better.

You cannot make men better by legal enactment. There is no regenerative power in punishment. If men sin they must suffer. This is a natural law. The suffering, however, must be a natural consequence and come in a natural way. The unnatural creates the unnatural, whether it be in law or religion. The penalty attached by men to the violation of law has been manifestly the temporary working of crude thought in its dealings with the evils of a crude age, but has not in it the life-giving power that produces obedience.

The whole history of the past proves that severe treatment of criminals is a failure as a reformatory power. The introduction of the lash is only a desperate step on the part of the existing legal force, in order to find a solution of the problem. The action is extreme. The remedy is not in the lash. The remedy is in the loving impartation of knowledge. It is marvellous that the simple but profound

teachings of Christ have been so overlooked. He said, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou hast sent Me. And I have declared Thy name and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them" (John xvii. 25, 26). It is clear from this teaching that the hope of the world is in the knowledge of God.

God is infinite wisdom, power and love. These attributes can only be made manifest to us by His works. "By their works ye shall know them." This is true in the widest sense. God, as He is manifested in the universe, is the great subject for the thought of man throughout the ages. In this thought is the hope of man here and hereafter. If man could only see that the unfolding of the knowledge of God can only be understood through His works, man would then be ready to learn. Looking back and reading only what men in the ages past understood of God, is most cramping in its effects. Believing that what was revealed thousands of years ago is the sum total of revelation, this has been the great hindrance to spiritual progress. We cannot rise above our conception of God. We cannot get a better conception of God than is afforded by revelation. If revelation is stereotyped, our knowledge of God will be stereotyped also, and our advancement barred by limitations. This is exactly the reason we are struggling to-day with all the evils that existed in the world at the time of the giving of the accepted stereotyped revelation.

Nothing short of the bestowment and acceptance of a higher revelation of God can lift humanity out of its present difficulties. The creeds are opposed to this. They, the advocates of the creeds, refuse to accept anything new. The door of truth is open. They refuse to enter and many who would enter they hinder. I, therefore, hold

the creeds responsible for the continuance of the existing evils. The remedy is at hand, but they refuse to apply the remedy. Knowledge is within reach, but the creeds refuse it and hold the people in bondage to error. As well expect your child to advance in the knowledge of the schools if the teacher keeps him for ever on the same lesson, as expect humanity to advance along the line of the knowledge of God with no new revelation of His goodness and love. For two thousands of years in this world man has been kept looking at the same picture, repeating the same lesson. For humanity's sake, let us turn a page. For the sake of truth and righteousness, let us give man a chance to advance. The angels are looking on in wondering pity. They are whispering to us in all possible ways but men refuse to hear. Infinite Power and love through natural law will remove the barrier. May heaven and earth unite to hasten the day.



The Trumpet Voice.

Let the light of the truth of the ages
 Gleam back o'er the pathway of men ;
 Let the glorious sun of the morning
 Chase the darkness from hilltop and glen ;
 Raise men to proclaim the new era,
 The incoming tide of the truth ;
 Give visions to men that are aged,
 Give dreams in the night to our youth.

Give hope to the slave in his fetters,
 Make free the masses in chains ;
 Bring in the age of redemption,
 When God and humanity reigns ;

Give the knowledge of God to the heathen,
The polished and proudly polite ;
Let them know that the highest ideal
Moves along the pathway of right.

To scorn a sister or brother,
To frown on the one who is down,
Makes demons out of the angels,
And robs a saint of his crown.
Shall we boast the extent of our commerce ?
Shall we glory in store-houses strong ?
Should wealth be the pride of a people,
If to get it they have to do wrong ?

Shall power be the girt of the Empire ?
Shall the sword o'er the earth hold its sway ?
Or God through the trumpet of angels,
Lead man in a happier way ?
May light from above burst upon us,
Haste the glorious noon-day of love,
Let us heed the message from dear ones,
All blessings must come from above.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.
May 12th, 1902.

Natural Law—Natural Religion— Natural Living.

So long as men are found clinging to the unnatural in religion, so long will the world be cursed with the unnatural in crime, commerce, and cruel war.

All crime is unnatural and the result of ignorance—modern civilization, resulting from the teachings of the creeds, instead of improving humanity along the lines of higher morality, has really been reviving phases of unnatural crime or violation of law, known heretofore only in the lowest and most revolting forms of pagan practices, and unknown amongst the original inhabitants of this fair land, the Indian tribes who lived so closely in touch with Nature.

I am not now making the Indian in his crude condition a pattern for imitation, but a truer type of undeveloped manhood, being freer from unnatural practices which place man even lower than the brute creation.

Modern methods in manufacture and trade are evidences of the most extraordinary greed this world has ever known, and are nothing less than an attempt on the part of the few capitalists to tie into huge knots the trade and commerce of the world. I am not now combating the arguments that might be advanced, showing the advantages of combines. I am dealing with the Spirit of greed, which is the motive power that originates these combines.

Modern warfare—including all the cruelties entailed—is the result of ignorance, and could never be continued a day if men only understood their proper obligations each to the others. Unwillingness to give British subjects the privilege of citizenship has been the destruction of the South African Republic, and a rather undue appreciation of the material wealth of South Africa made the Britishers

all the more readily resent the injustice and insult. Both have suffered to an extraordinary extent, and along the lines of natural law. War is contrary to the higher instincts of the human family, and is absolutely impossible where truth and righteousness reign.

While the religious teachers of the twentieth century deplore the evils enumerated (or rather suggested, for to enumerate them is past the power of the pen), they, the religious teachers, are responsible in so far as they refuse to listen to spiritual truth and to investigate its claims.

Millions of people in this enlightened country (America) declare, by their actions and words, that they do not believe in the orthodox teachings of the churches. Millions who attend the church services do not believe the teachings coming from the pulpits—cannot believe them—and no really thoughtful man can believe such unnatural and unphilosophic dogmas. The marvel is that so many have tried to believe and have clung so long to the old traditions, formulated thousands of years ago by men who were not capable of receiving or practising higher teaching. Human thought evolves slowly—our earth conditions have made it impossible to be otherwise.

Knowledge of natural law, however, is now enabling us to come in touch with forces that will bring in the light of truth at a very much more rapid pace.

This change in conditions applies not only to our earth, but to the higher intelligences of the spirit world. These bright spirits who once occupied this earth, but are now occupying the higher plane of being, are learning much more rapidly and are applying their increased knowledge for the benefit of those less favoured. They have (we are informed by them) been discovering laws by which they can come into touch with our world, and they are continually experimenting and increasing the knowledge of these laws.

This accounts for the great increase in the wonderful

phenomenon that is now being manifested, disturbing the creeds, who find their craft in danger. The present condition of things is destined to be disturbed, and the wise man will shape his conduct accordingly. The short-sighted and self-opinionated will oppose the innovation as an encroachment upon his interests. As well try to prevent the rising of the sun as to prevent the incoming of the new era and the light of truth, which is now dawning upon this world through what is known as Spirit return or Spiritualism.

Narrow-minded and consequently ignorant men are again quoting to us the fable of the Garden of Eden and the serpent or snake story. This story was suited to the times when it was first written. All religious teaching has to be in keeping with the intelligence of the people. It is useless to give men more than they can grasp. No really intelligent man is governed by any teaching to-day that is out of harmony with natural law.



Modern Catechism.

- Q. If the devil came to me and said, "Make this stone into bread."
- A. I would say, "No, thank you, devil, I prefer to jump on my wheel and go to the baker's shop."
- Q. If the devil said, "Here are the kingdoms of the world, I will give you a deed to them if you will fall down and worship me."
- A. I would answer—"Come, devil, show me your title in fee simple."
- Q. If the devil got discouraged and said—"Here cast thyself down from this high building."
- A. My answer would be—"You're mistaken, devil, I know something of the laws of gravitation."

The Field is the World.

"Whatsoever a man soweth."

Sleeping one day I had a dream,
 A dream, did I say? Nay, more—
 A picture true appeared to view
 That made my heart feel sore.
 The thought of my vision is with me,
 As out through the world I go,
 The force of the word has oft occurred,
 "We must reap the kind we sow."

Each one a husbandman appeared,
 And all going forth in the field,
 They all agreed there's need of seed,
 That the ground a crop may yield.
 But men sow tares with fondest hope,
 That a crop of wheat may grow,
 It's ne'er been known in any zone—
 "We must reap the kind we sow."

You scatter trouble in the world,
 Then trouble expect 'twill yield,
 Nature is true to what we do—
 It's the crowning law of the field.
 As this law is fixed and cannot change,
 Let us watch where'er we go,
 Be straight and true in the work we do,
 And we'll reap the kind we sow.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

The Resurrection.

The question asked by Job, "If a man die will he live again?" is the most important that can occupy the thought of man. Every other consideration is small compared with this thought of immortality. Rob man of this and you leave him poor indeed; leave this question in doubt and you leave man sitting on the ragged edge of anxiety.

Let the light of truth in upon this question and let the angel world answer it, and you have lifted life's greatest burden from the denizens of this mundane sphere.

The resurrection of Christ is admittedly the central truth upon which the Christian religion rests. The proof of it is with a few hundred of His followers, and the Christian world has to be satisfied with the testimony given through the records made by these followers.

They saw, they heard, they believed, they testified—on this foundation rests the whole teaching of the Orthodox Christian Church.

Not hundreds but millions of men and women, thoughtful, sane, intelligent, come to-day with just the same identical evidence, proving the continuity of life, as applied to the whole human race.

We see, we hear, we believe, we testify—and it must be admitted that the men and women who bore testimony to Christ's resurrection were not a whit more thoughtful, sane or intelligent than are those good citizens who to-day stand as witnesses to the comforting truth that comes to us from the spirit world. They tell us that there is no death but that what we call death is the gateway of life. They say that as their eyes closed to the friends here, their spiritual eyes were opened to behold their spirit friends who stood around to conduct them to their new home. They make it clear that the conditions of life formed by

our environment, associations, and habits here pass with us into the spirit life. In other words, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." They very plainly prove to us, however, that in the justice of the administration of natural law, mankind cannot be held responsible for the performance of duties which were not made clear to him here, nor for the accomplishment of a work the conditions of earth made practically impossible. What of truth was known on earth was known only in part, and what was seen was seen through a glass darkly.

Therefore, God, the Infinite Intelligence, who is everywhere manifest through law and love, must necessarily, because of these very attributes, give intelligent beings the opportunity to rise in the scale of being, and to this end the very first requisite is knowledge—the knowledge of God, the Infinite Intelligence, His marvellous wisdom and goodness, as manifested, through law and love, in the vast universe.

This is the great central truth, which Christ constantly kept before His followers, and which mankind has always been so slow to understand.

Mankind living in a condition where everything valued most took substantial form and shape, had always a desire to give form and tangibility to God.

Therefore, Philip said to Christ, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." Christ doubtless felt the difficulty of explaining the unseen God to an ignorant man, and being Himself the best manifestation of God—God manifest in the flesh—the world had ever known, He said unto Philip, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

Hence, for nearly two thousand years man has been standing where Philip stood, looking at and misunderstanding Christ's spiritual words. When earth with its grosser shapes and forms is removed from the vision of men and they see God from the standpoint of the spirit world,

then they will know Him, "Whom to know, is life eternal," and this will be true resurrection life.

As men come into possession of this knowledge, here and hereafter, on the earth plane or in the spirit world, so will they appreciate the love of God, and rising in the scale of being, they will in like proportion, both here and in the future life, increase in missionary zeal for the spread of knowledge.

That knowledge which is destined to cover the whole earth, and redeem mankind here, while at the same time it permeates dark spirits in the spirit life, thus raising all mankind, everywhere, and thus fulfilling the great law of the universe, that nothing is lost.



She is not Here.

I wend my way to the resting place
Of a dear one that I love,
And look around on the landscape wide,
With the blue sky all above ;
The vast thought of creation,
And the vaster one of God—
Just then I reach the sacred spot,
The stone, the flowers, the sod.

This cannot be the dwelling-place
Of the spirit of our Jean.
And then I see her lovely form—
The veil is raised between,
And just beyond with the angels,
And those who have gone before,
I see my love in the land above,
She is safe on the other shore.

WM. STRONG.

Man's Future State.

"As the tree falls so it lies."

Man passes into the spirit world with the bents and habits formed in this life. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Hence the need of knowing the truth, that redemption through its power may bring practical results in this life. The laws of the universe are eternally fixed and God is no respecter of persons. The same principles apply to all. "He maketh His sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust."

Don't imagine that because you belong to some sect and are taught to believe certain dogmas of that sect, that therefore you will escape the punishment of your transgression of law.

If any priest tells you that you will thus escape, he is either an ignorant man—ignorant of God's great plan for the redemption of the human race—or otherwise he is acting contrary to his own convictions and from motives that are far from honest.

Hear the truth to-day and begin to live from to-day in harmony with the convictions of your own spirit, and then you will be in line with God's law.

Whatever wrong a man does will have to be made right either in this life or in the spirit life. "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge and the judge deliver thee to the officer and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

These are the words of Christ Himself; there is no promise here that He will pay your debt.

Paying the debt of another can never make a man of the debtor; its effects cannot be other than pauperizing. Let a man be honest and contract nothing which he cannot pay. In this the Man of Galilee was our great example. If Jesus were the Infinite God, His obedience would be no example for us, we could not be expected to act like the Infinite Intelligence. Being our brother man, the example of the Christ was for us—proving to us that knowledge of God and the spirit world gives power to obey God's law. Christ's obedience being so near to the perfect, His power was marvellous. Obedience to law secures to man the power of the law, hence the wonderful power manifested by Christ—"According to your obedience be it unto you."

Just as it is useless to talk to children on the highest rules of mathematics, so in that crude age there was little said about natural law. The world had not reached that stage in the evolution of knowledge when law could be understood. The human race was in its childhood in many respects, therefore the teaching was along the line of faith rather than knowledge. Faith and obedience is the capacity of a child, knowledge and obedience is the standard of manhood. "He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes"—no escape. The teachings of the creeds are inconsistent and will not stand the test of sound philosophy.

Comparatively few, however, can apply the test to teaching. Hence the mass of the people are at the mercy of their teachers. The great Father, God, who has made provision for all His children without respect of persons, has provided means for their enlightenment, and the truth must come to them sooner or later.

Priestcraft tries to corner the market by saying: We have the truth, and unless you take it from us you can never get it. This again is a statement made either in ignorance or with mercenary motives.

Truth is as infinite as the God of truth. As the knowledge of God, through eternity, is unfolded, so will truth be made known and so also will every individual in the human family be brought in touch with its light and power. God is everywhere; therefore, man cannot get away from Him.

The redemption scheme which is found only in knowledge, will be unfolded in the presence of every human being, and just as quickly as men accept the truth will they rise in the scale of being. The influences of evil habits will be broken and, basking in the light of truth, men will obey law and be permeated with love. For light, law and love are the Trinity in Unity.



“All Things Shall be Added.”

Man's thought was made so free,
 Predestined for to rise,
 To lift all mists from off the earth—
 Sweep cobwebs from the skies.

To treasure stores of God,
 Our thoughts were made the key
 And when to knowledge we attain
 All riches come with ease.

We pierce the ethereal blue,
 Borne up on wings of thought ;
 All worlds are ours to ramble through
 Free heritage unbought.

The universe is God's,
 The King our Father is ;
 When we attain to man's estate,
 He takes us into bliss.

The brotherhood of man
Has all an interest given ;
One family we dwell in Him,
Possessing earth and heaven.

Not then through power of gold
Shall men control the earth,
But riches all are ours untold—
Are ours by right of birth.

Dispense your treasures now—
Ye Carnegies grow wise.
Your gold will count for naught,
In finance of the skies.

If men could only see
Their glorious destiny,
A shout would burst from every throat,
“ Ring in the Jubilee.”

WM. STRONG.

Nothing is Lost.

In the marvellous economy of nature, nothing is lost. Man, in his clumsy state and crude condition, is slow to understand this truth. Everything material disintegrates or dissolves, but nothing can drop out of existence. Material of various kinds changes shape and form, but there is a hand to hold the most minute particle. Even worlds are subject to the same law of change and disintegration, but the gases and fragments are caught up and worked into the formation of other worlds ; not an atom can be annihilated. What is true in reference to the

material is also true in relation to the immaterial : life cannot be destroyed. Hence, there is no death. The life that has manifested itself in all the varieties of vegetation still exists. Grass, herbs, plants, flowers and trees grow up and decay. The life passes out but nothing is lost. The same law applies to animal life. Every bird and beast and creeping thing that ever lived has still an existence in the great universe of God. As space is unlimited, there is room for everything, and in the realm of spirit everything, by natural law, finds its proper place. If, in the past, man, with less knowledge of natural law, has left on record statements suggesting annihilation, so much the worse for the records. Thank God and the angel world, we are not bound by the records of the past.

The foregoing ascertained facts lift a load of care, and wonderfully assist in settling the great question of life and destiny. Men have been perplexed in trying to understand why an All-wise God has allowed culminating circumstances to result in what appeared the destruction of life. Volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, steamboat and railway accidents, and conflagrations have appeared to destroy life or at least to fix the destiny of large numbers of the human race. Why these apparent disasters were permitted without due warning has been a problem for the ages. These apparent disasters have not been destructive of life and have not fixed the destiny of a single individual since the world began. Thank God and the angel world for the direct knowledge of this fact. The destruction of the body does not destroy life. The termination of earth life does not fix the destiny of the soul. Therefore, in this new revelation we get a glimpse of the wonderful provision of law and love which begets a love unspeakable and full of glory.

“God’s ways are not as our ways, God’s thoughts are not as our thoughts. For as the heavens are higher than

the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways and His thoughts than our thoughts." The fear of Hell never could work a real and permanent change for the better in a human soul; but the knowledge of the unfathomable love of God making infinite provision for the redemption of humanity, works eternal salvation in every soul which sees the truth in the light of universal law and love. The God of the creeds does not exist. He is an unnatural God and there is no place in the universe for Him. He would save the man who was born in a Christian country and who believed the teachings of the creeds and died in that faith, while, at the same time, He would condemn to destruction the man who was born where he never heard the name of Christ and never understood a single dogma of the creeds, and died in a volcanic eruption with his destiny fixed for ever. A man who can believe that such a God exists must have given the matter very little independent thought or must have very little gray matter to do his thinking with; or, worse still, he must have shut himself up with the creeds and have allowed the men who lived two thousand years ago or over to do his thinking for him, having shut his ears to the voice of God as He is revealed through the angel world. At this point the religious aristocrat steps forward to object to the teaching that all enter the same place by the same door, and refuses to be one of the number saved, provided that the common people are admitted independent of their creed. I can, on the best authority, assure such an objector that there is no Heaven anywhere in the universe for him, until he is willing to have all others saved with himself. Heaven is a condition, not a place, and the man who wants his fellow man to be miserable is sure to find himself where he wished the other fellow to go. In Heaven life is love and love is life.

The Brotherhood of Man.

If man but knew the law, he could never suffer loss
Through the accidents of life or by an open grave.
If man had known the truth, there could never have been
strife,
No martyr would have bled nor priest professed to save.
If man could only see that there never was a fall ;
That the race is always rising from a crude and cruel
state ;
If men could only know that truth can save them all,
And that all men enter heaven by the same old open gate ;
Then all would clearly see in all the spark divine,
And passing by deformity that conditions here have
made,
They, into one great brotherhood, eternal love would twine,
And cruel strife and jealousy from earth forever fade.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

May 20th, 1902.

The New Heaven.

Harmony is Heaven. Discord is hell. Conditions, not location, make Heaven and hell. God, the Infinite Intelligence, is everywhere. Wisdom, power, and love are the attributes of God. As man takes on these attributes and becomes like the Great Father, discord ceases and he finds himself dwelling in God and God in him. This is Heaven. There is no other heaven. There is no other way of getting to Heaven than by coming into line with the "Infinite."

Only the knowledge of God can bring man into harmony with God. Knowledge of music enables the musician to produce harmony in sound. Knowledge of mechanics brings harmony in mechanism or construction. Knowledge of the laws of nature is absolutely necessary to produce obedience to these laws. Let a man follow this thought, and through the power of truth, which is the great saving power in the universe, he will find himself in Heaven, because surrounded with heavenly conditions. There may have been conditions formed around the man through former disobedience to law, either on the part of himself or others. These will require to be remedied before the necessary harmony is secured. Separation from such wrong conditions is more or less difficult in this life because of our union here with the material, and because of associations that are unnatural. In the spirit world, the laws governing the material no longer control the man. The infirmities of the body go with the body. The associations of earth, which are baneful, are also cut off. New and natural conditions and affinities are formed. The lower passions, powerful in the formation of earth associations, no longer exist. The incoming of the light of truth, under the new conditions, will enable the man to correct the effect of early habits formed under crude conditions. Natural affinities will attract suitable companionship. That partner in life who helped to make your home a hell on earth will no longer be bound to you by human or physical law. If the light of truth dawns upon both, you will progress together. Otherwise, new and natural affinities will be formed.

Having reached Heaven, man has not reached a cessation of progress. As Heaven is gained by climbing the golden stairs of truth, so also are its joys enhanced indefinitely through the perpetual unfoldment of truth. Every additional manifestation of the marvelous provision of the

Infinite Intelligence contributes to the increase of the joy of Heaven. As man rises in the scale of being, he comes in contact with the ever-widening manifestations of the Infinite. The perfume of every flower that ever bloomed still exists, and flowers have bloomed in profusion from everlasting, either in this world or some other. Their perfume escaped only to become part of the Infinite and All-pervading Spirit filling all space. Therefore, the spirit world is perfumed with the most beautiful and varied odors of which it is possible to conceive and infinitely beyond man's present conception while on the earth plane. As all the loving thoughts that have gone out from the Infinite Intelligence from everlasting are preserved as a legacy for the redeemed, those who come into harmony with the Infinite do, in the same degree, come into possession of these loving thoughts. As all the beauty with which the worlds have been clothed in all their grandeur and variegated scenery, through all the seasons of the past, has been preserved to decorate and beautify the realm of the spiritual, and as the whole of this landscape is the heritage of the redeemed, as quickly as they rise to the conditions which make them capable of enjoying these great riches, so do they come into actual possession thereof. All the sweet melodies that have verberated in space are verberating and reverberating. All the joy of human hearts, comingling with the ecstasy of the angel world, is still making and will forever continue to make glad the city of our God. And this city is as boundless as the Infinite. The whole arrangement is easy and natural. The intelligence at work is infinite, the law unerring, the love unfathomable. This is the new Heaven. To many this will appear as a materialistic heaven, but, on the contrary, it is spiritual, real, and natural.

Hamilton, Ont.
May 29th, 1902.

WM. STRONG.

The New Heaven.

Methought the angels basked in light,
And sang sweet songs the whole day through,
But God has made them all so bright,
Their heaven is in the good they do.

I thought that heaven had walls so high,
'Round streets of gold so dazzling fair,
That but a few could o'er them fly,
And all my friends were shut in there.

I pictured choirs all robed in white,
And all the people shouting praise.
Is highest service song? Not quite;
Nor do they serve who sing always.

All crude conceptions must give place
To higher thoughts of God's great plan;
His love is boundless and keeps pace
With every pressing need of man.

The angel world is all engaged,
Lifting all human kind to God;
All evil forces are enraged,
Their emissaries are abroad.

But truth and right shall masters be;
God and the angel world so fair
Shall be the victors; death shall flee,
And love shall govern everywhere.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

January 26th, 1902.

Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

DEATH WORKING LIFE.

The mighty stride of civilization
 O'er-stepping stones of human life,
 Leaves fatherless an Empire nation,
 Makes widow of a loving wife.
 Each death the ages' epoch mark
 God's model forming in the dark.

The erratic fraction of a man
 Is in fate's hand a ready tool,
 Redeem a nation—offer one,
 This ever the divinest rule.
 Again a Judas doth appear,
 Full seventy million quake with fear.

Vain fear that man can ever die,
 Each one a spark of life divine.
 Translation—that explains the why ;
 Preferment—that the eternal line.
 The President presideth still,
 He's one step further up the hill.

The Summit—There God stands alone,
 Our work—eternally to rise,
 For failure, our best men atone,
 The plan perplexes many wise.
 Death must take place that men progress,
 Joy working through our dire distress.

Men may have named it freest speech,
 It grew our idol—gave us pain,
 The courage for our task we reach,
 Where bodies of our great lie slain.
 Our task—suppress the traitors, now,
 While o'er the tomb the sorrowing bow.

WM. STRONG.

The Lord Will Provide.

The needed rain is falling,
And from the house-top calling
Are the tiny little sparrows, to their chums.
They for refreshment wait,
Trusting wisely to the great,
And while they wait believingly, it comes.

Who hears the sparrows call,
Takes note when one doth fall,
And scatters needful food for those who wait,
On Him we should depend,
For He's our truest friend,
'Tis He alone provideth, He is great.

All good's at His command,
But we're slow to understand ;
Leave us leave it to His judgment, He is wise.
He sees us where we stand,
Puts forth to us His hand,
And if needful, rains the manna from the skies.

While His people have to spare,
And there's suffering anywhere,
It is safe for them to answer to the call,
His works are done in love ;
His, the larger view above ;
When we fail in swift obedience, then we fall.

Hamilton, Ont.

WM. STRONG.

Eye hath not Seen.

O for a greater grasp
 On all that life doth bring,
 And for a brighter hope
 Through God the Eternal King.

How can we rise aloft,
 While hampered with the clay?
 How can we clearly see
 Till dawns the eternal day?

How can we joy in God,
 Till God Himself appears?
 How can we overcome,
 Till freed from doubts and fears?

How can we know the truth,
 Till He the truth reveal?
 How can a dark, cold heart
 Be made to see and feel?

How can a rebel born
 The heritage receive?
 How can a doubting one
 Bow meekly and believe?

How can the poor outcast
 Be made to enter in?
 How can a lost one know
 When God forgiveth sin?

Spirit of truth, reveal
 The mysteries of Thy grace;
 Give us to know Thy mind,
 Impart to us Thy peace.

WM. STRONG.

Who is Sufficient ?

The people want a clever thing,
Written in a spicy way ;
Common things are plentiful ;
Printing such will never pay.

Fill the hopper, fill it full ;
Sit you down and grind the grist.
Hazy thoughts will never do—
Sunshine's wanted, not the mist.

Common twaddle all may write,
Words and volumes without aim ;
Hundreds such we daily see—
All are different, but the same.

O, for higher climbing thought,
And for deeper delving power !
Come, say something never said—
Entertain us for an hour.

Give us story with a plot ;
Make us verse to move the soul ;
Give the charm to every part—
Let design unite the whole.

O'er the tragic make us groan ;
At the comic make us laugh ;
Fill our souls with music sweet ;
Grind the wheat, but not the chaff.

Give us less, but give us more—
Smaller measure, better grain ;
More of sympathy and heart ;
More, especially, of brain.

There are men with power untried,
Men who, doubtless, could do well ;
Perseverance is the way—
All must labor to excel.

WM. STRONG.

To the One I Love.

If I could fly like a crow,
 I'd wing my way to the West,
 And there visit one that I know—
 The very one I love best.

On the branch of an oak tree I'd sit,
 The oaks that shadow the lawn ;
 I would not mind it a bit,
 She's certain to pass after dawn.

In a moment I'd be by her side,
 The day I'd spend with delight ;
 Escaping the long, dusty ride,
 Yet piloting her in the night.

In spirit I'm off to the West,
 And visit the one that I love ;
 She'll pass as I'm taking my rest
 On the branch of an oak tree above.

Hamilton, Ont.
 July, 1900.

WM. STRONG.



That Unkind Word.

I've hurt your gracious, tender soul,
 And haste to apologize to you ;
 Your name with my best friends I enroll,
 And take great pains the ill to undo.

The greatest blunder of a life
 To my true friends may add another ;
 'Twixt thee and me there is no strife,
 And I endorse your claim of brother.

WM. STRONG.

The Public Censor.

The man who aspires to be poet and preacher
Should pick up and move from his house made of glass ;
The people may bear to be lectured prosaically—
Even then they will crash in the stones as they pass.

The mote in the eye of his neighbour's a mountain,
While a log in his optic he fails to behold ;
By pluming his virtues and ranting on vices,
He has traded good manners with a public scold.

Sitting judge on one's self is a rare occupation ;
Self-culture, good breeding, are modest and meek ;
A galvanized conscience can gossip with freedom—
It's branded like Cain ; its mark is its cheek.

To get his wee scissors and carry them with him,
And clip others' actions to suit his small mind ;
The thing seems a marvel and none could believe it
Until in real life its presence we find.

To think that because he is different from others
That therefore they're sinners of all 'neath the skies ;
It's a proof of how little he knows of true ethics,
And proves very clearly he's far under size.

The greatest of gifts is the charity virtue—
A small thing inflated—puffed up, I should say,
Is the object before me—the thing to hold guilty
For your trouble of reading my musings to-day.

WM. STRONG.

Ireland for Ever.

Some thirty years have passed just now
 Since I left home 'neath the mountain brow
 In that Emerald Isle, where beauty reigns,
 Where Nature's hand took special pains—
 In the land where the shamrock grows.

I'll ne'er forget the hawthorn sweet,
 Nor the daisy-bloom beneath my feet;
 The corn-craik, methinks, I still can hear;
 The cuckoo's voice sounds far and near;
 In the land where the shamrock grows.

The heather bloom was my delight;
 Roaming the hills from morn till night;
 And in the valleys at their feet
 Gathering primrose and violet sweet,
 In the land where the shamrock grows.

The pasture fields are rich and fair;
 There is health in every breath of air—
 Wild flowers make carpets for your feet
 In shady nooks where lovers meet,
 In the land where the shamrock grows.

There is no land beneath the sun
 That has wept and laughed as ours has done;
 Washed by the ocean on every side;
 Kissed by the breezes from every tide—
 This land where the shamrock grows.

My heart it bounds with great delight
 As the green hill-sides appear in sight;
 Approaching the land I love the best
 To visit Mother and all the rest,

In the land where the shamrock grows.

Hamilton, Ont.

WM. STRONG.

Mother's Wheel in 1856.

I want to spend a summer
Where the clouds rise from the sea ;
Sweet Ireland, that dear old land,
Is good enough for me.

I want to see the wild primrose beds
Shoot forth and bloom in Spring,
And climb again the heathery hills,
And hear the laverock sing.

I want to gather home the sheep
To the shelter of the fold ;
I want to be a boy again,
And forget I'm growing old.

I want to rise at early morn,
See nature robed so fair ;
Behold the dew on tender blade,
And chase the timid hare.

I want to trudge again to school,
My books beneath my arm,
And fling the turf in fuel box
To help to keep us warm.

I want to look again at life
From the standpoint of a boy,
Be filled once more with boundless hope
And overflow with joy.

I want to sit at mother's knee,
And see and hear and feel,
As I did in eighteen fifty-six,
As she sang and ran her wheel.

WM. STRONG.

How to Miss Heaven.

If I could only realize the things of which I dream ;
If all the milk that Bringle gives would only turn to cream ;
If all the things I've longed for would but materialize ;
If every cloud would disappear and leave the bright blue
 skies ;
If all my friends were real ones, and all my foes were
 drowned ;
If I had lots of Klondike gold and riches did abound ;
If men would all look up to me and think me good and
 great ;
If all the earth were owned by me—the moon my real
 estate ;
If I could build some radial roads and travel to the stars,
With Jupiter my winter home—my summer spent in Mars ;
If I could visit Mercury—return by Milky Way,
Free passage through the universe, so I could go or stay ;
If every road I travelled on was strewn with pretty flowers ;
If refreshments, all prepared for me, were spread midst
 shady bowers ;
If music tuned to sweetest notes came borne upon the
 breeze ;
If wines, the best that man e'er poured, were ready on the
 lees ;
Do you believe that with it all real happiness is given ?
Instead of that I rather think I'd just be shut from Heaven.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

March 16th, 1898.

Blighted by Electricity.

At sixty-one Victoria south
An iron lamp-post stands,
Embedded in the fertile soil,
Deep-rooted in the sands.

Everything planted hereabout
Bears fruit the second year ;
Hope blossoms in fruition—
Results we never fear.

This iron post I water well,
And tend with constant care—
With other objects on my lawn,
It stands in purest air.

For many years without results
An ornament it stands—
Boughs bathed in brightest sunlight
Roots bedded in the sands.

But not a bud has yet appeared,
Nor blossom does it bear ;
The passers-by behold it—
They stop, they laugh, they stare.

Some drop a word of comment brief,
A few suppress a swear—
With branches stretching outward,
Behold, it standeth bare.

If it would but bear roses rare
Or lilies would unfold,
I'd water it in summer-time,
Protect from winter cold.

THE NEW HEAVEN.

If oranges, grapes, or apricots
 Would grow upon this tree,
 I'd tend it late and early,
 So the public all could see.

But a corporation lamp-post
 That yields no useful fruits,
 Nor light, nor beauty casts around
 Should be pulled by the roots.

Please send me some assurance
 That my iron post will sprout,
 Or send a civic dentist
 To jerk the blamed thing out.

WM. STRONG.

**Thoughts of Thanksgiving.**

Great the stimulus to gratitude,
 As our grain is gathered in ;
 But what must be our attitude
 If a broad success we win ?
 Our acres have been fruitful,
 The weather has been fair,
 And reports of golden harvest
 Reach us now from everywhere.

While material growth doth gladden
 And our barns are bursting out,
 Let not wealth the people madden,
 Nor success lead men to doubt.
 While our factories are busy,
 Crowded stores and active banks,
 Let us take our blessings meekly,
 Not forgetting to give thanks.

As the peace to bless a nation
Has been ours through all the year,
Let us ponder well our station,
Fearing what we ought to fear.
Health we have in goodly measure,
Up and down within our ranks ;
Let us bow our heads a moment,
And return to Him our thanks.

Let us keep the fact before us :
What doth make a people great ?
Farm and factory and storehouse ?
No ! for better things we wait.
Men who stand for truth and justice,
Those whose hands from bribes are pure,
When a crop of such we gather,
Then true greatness we secure.

WM. STRONG.



Hollow Mockery.

Friendship expressed in empty word
Is but the sheathings of the sword,
With pointed blade a friend to stab—
Pure hollow mockery and gab ;
A stranger to forgiveness they,
Who pierce a soul by what they say.

WM. STRONG.

In Quarantine.

Our travels are upon the earth,
 We're slow to take a trip abroad ;
 Men tell us there are other worlds
 Made and sustained by the same God.
 We're cornered in the universe,
 Shut up and cribbed in close confine ;
 Our sin has kept us under law,
 We're here in strictest quarantine.

Our spirits chafe against the cage,
 We're subject to a strange sensation ;
 When we would visit other worlds,
 We're bound—men call it gravitation.
 Some folks are willing to remain
 Shut up on this eternal ball ;
 But such are very like the place,—
 The narrow space has made them small.

We're under law because disease
 Would spread abroad to every star ;
 The government, of course, is wise,
 When healing comes we'll travel far.
 Why should we wonder if some use
 Just now and then the wireless 'phone,
 If we should hear them laugh beyond,
 And they in turn should hear us groan.

Why should a man be punished if
 He hears a sound through the ravine,
 Or if by clearer vision sees
 Some object that none else have seen ?
 If faith can throw a thought athwart,
 And draw to us the faintest fact,
 Why should we take the man of faith
 And place his body where it's racked ?

The narrow creeds that crush the soul
Must undergo great evolution,
And men will rise and soar aloft
As they are freed from earth's pollution.
The greatest souls must suffer most
From narrow cells and cramping creed.
We'll hail the long-expected day
When all from quarantine are freed.

WM. STRONG.



My Mother.

The way a mother loves her son
Has been the cause of many a pun,
If he is tall, she loves to point—
Count every inch, mark every joint ;
He's never little in her eyes ;
Her love makes up for form and size.

If he is good, her heart is glad ;
Her affections cling to the naughty lad ;
If he's successful, she is proud—
Though modest, hear her now talk loud ;
If he has failed she covers quite
His faults with kisses day and night.

If he is in the ranks of fame,
She loves to dwell upon his name :
With prophet's eye she sees the prize,
Still hidden from all other eyes ;
Others may love him well, but none
Can clap and shout, "The boy's my son."

She anticipates his triumph, when
 The thing's invisible to men.
 No greater loss can meet a boy
 Than loss of mother's smile and joy ;
 Should he die young, his grave keeps green
 With hopes of what he might have been.

Come, boys, stand by your mothers true—
 They daily sacrifice for you ;
 Their love is pure, constant and strong,
 No earthly love can last so long ;
 When last expressed in the parting kiss,
 The one is gone you're sure to miss.

WM. STRONG.



A Misunderstanding.

In an apple tree over the door,
 A robin sat in its nest,
 We could see its head and its bill
 And the uppermost part of its breast,
 A thing of interest that tree,
 For we looked the robin to see.

We vowed we would not molest
 Our friend in the fork of the tree,
 But let it continue its work,
 Keeping quiet as quiet could be.
 Cock robin some worms first did bring
 Then instantly moved on the wing.

Our motives were misunderstood ;
More restless they gradually grew.
Disturbances often will rise
Between your neighbor and you ;
You may cherish the purest intent,
Yet the friendship be fatally rent.

The robins they rose up and left,
Without even saying good-bye.
I'm feeling like one sore bereft,
At times I almost could cry.
Dear robin, you misunderstood ;
Come back to me still from the wood.

WM. STRONG.



Our Rational Sin.

In the fall of the year, with Thanksgiving near,
We turn and look backward our mercies to scan ;
There are blessings galore, as we number them o'er.
While loading with bounties, Lord send us a man.
Thy sunshine made yield in orchard and field,
On hillside and plain flocks and herds still increase,
While there cometh afar the rumblings of war,
In this favoured land Thou givest us peace.
Give us wisdom to know, whilst Thy gifts Thou bestow,
That material wealth may much evil disguise ;
If men hold their sleeve a bribe to receive,
Abundance may ruin—O Lord ! make us wise.
May we act as we ought, no judgeship be bought,
May these be the gifts to honor and truth ;
Save us all from the stain of ill-gotten gain,
Make our homes the abode of virtuous youth.

As I muse o'er my verse I know men are scarce,
 I ask but for one a leader to be ;
 Prepare him to meet the hellish deceit
 That all through our courts and councils we see.
 The tear droppeth fast as we think of the past,
 The laws we have broken. In sackcloth we bow,
 In contrition true, our vows we renew—
 Blot out our transgressions and pardon us now.
 Hamilton, Ont. WM. STRONG.



Memories.

In youth I loved to wander
 Through woodlands and through dells,
 And cut the holly whip-stocks,
 And drink from out spring wells.

I loved the voice of brooklets,
 The hopefulness of Spring ;
 To chase the early butterfly,
 With many-coloured wing.

To see the cattle grazing,
 The happy lambkins sport ;
 The horses, too, in gladness
 Erect their tails and snort.

I loved to go off rambling,
 When nature wore her best,
 And peep into the quiet nooks,
 Where the robin built its nest.

To sit upon some meadow knowe
 And see the laverock rise,
 Still pouring forth its sweetest notes
 While mounting to the skies.

I dearly loved those summer days,
When all nature sang for joy,
And everything that God has made,
Gave pleasure to a boy.

WM. STRONG.



Economy.

Ten varying years have passed, and each one pushed its
predecessor back,
Since Jim and Joe and Will sat on an old straw stack,
And each a gold-brown peach as his sole fortune did possess,
And each one wiped the down, and each his fortune did
caress,
And each resolved to reach the goal we call success.
With careful hand Jim picked the flesh from off the stone ;
"I ate it all, you see," he said, "of waste there can be none."
Joe ate his peach, the kernel, too, ate he, a fuller proof of
strict economy.
And to this fact they all three did agree.
Will also ate with much delight the luscious thing,
Then to a fuller test did strict economy bring ;
He took the stone and hid it in the earth away,
And there it lay, as if asleep, from day to day ;
But when the spring its sympathies did bring—the sun
did shine—
A tiny little bud sprang up beneath a vine,
And from that bud a handsome tree did grow.
I'm talking now of facts and things I really know—
And that same tree abundant fruit did yield,
And peach-stone buds soon covered all the field.
I'm stating facts—no foolish jesting rash—
From this year's crop Will banked two thousand cash.
Hamilton, Ont.

WM. STRONG.

Modern-Made Preachers.

There's nothing more clear to-day than the fact
That the Church has lost grip on the crowd ;
I whisper the news in your ear, my friend,
I'm ashamed to declare it out loud.

We have taken some gold from out our wee pile,
And have sent our boys to the schools—
The learning they've got is not wisdom, I fear,
For many return to us fools.

Their theme was once the despised Nazarene,
It now savors of Spencer and Hume ;
We're back at the inn where Jesus was born,
For again we find, "there's no room."

They toy with our hope as with strings of a kite ;
They read essays on Ethics and Fate.
The manna of Heaven they keep from the poor,
While dying men cry "It's too late."

Some labor to prove that God does exist,
But fail to point men to the Cross ;
Their service may pay from the preacher's standpoint,
But the perishing world suffers loss.

The man with a message we hail with a cheer,
We the hireling shepherd rebuke ;
Go pay him his wages and bid him be off
With essays and moonshine and crook.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.
August 10th, 1898.

Moral Reform.

THAT MEETING SIZED UP.

The elections drew near—time something was done,
But nobody looked for such a piece of rare fun.
The charge it was made, and the inference, no doubt,
And thus the unlooked for was clearly out ;
The court it was called, and the people to see,
Who were yet in the dark as to what was to be.

The Smiths they were there, so was Jones and John Brown,
The play should have drawn the half of the town ;
The lawyers, the doctors, the ministers all,
They gathered and filled our fine city hall.

The farce it began with the chairman's address ;
Every word was taken down by the staff of the press.
Young Staunton held forth with much learned lore ;
His pointed remarks made quite an uproar.

The commissioners' way was made rather rough ;
Mayor Stewart's remarks were principally bluff ;
Reform, led by Staunton, was sure to win ;
Hamilton seldom has given such a black eye to sin.

The champions of morals were keen for a fight ;
It was pleasant to see them stand up for the right.
Captain Watkins, he stood with his host in the fray ;
By his daring they held the police force at bay.
Though a farce, it is well that the meeting took place,
As things have been drifting we were in for disgrace.

WM. STRONG.

Advice to the Early Robin.

They say the robin has been seen :
Reports were made some days ago.
Some wonder if it's true, I ween.

Two feet of frost and one of snow
Is what remains to chill your song :
I fear, wee robin, you are wrong.

A month at least of Jack Frost's rule,
Before the balmy days of Spring :
I never took you for a fool,
And always loved to hear you sing.
You're almost sure to catch a cold,
And cruel folk will say you're bold.

With frozen ears and chilblain toes
We, too, are hunting for the Spring.
The coal is gone, but not our woes.
So, hie ye off and southward wing.
St. Patrick's Day you may appear,
For after that, there's naught to fear.

WM. STRONG.

**Let Me Tell.**

If you want to rise to fame,
Let me tell ;
Do something worth the doing ;
Do it well.

There is a kind of fame
That's no credit to a name ;
Be careful that you miss it,
Let me tell.

There's a prize for noble service,
Let me tell ;
Watch your motive, keep your heart,
Guard it well.

It is difficult to bear
When the people stand and stare,
Let me tell.

That your work may stand the fire,
Keep your eye on something higher,
Let me tell.

The testing time is near ;
Trust in God and never fear—
All is well.

WM. STRONG.



The Old Oak Tree.

We sat 'neath the shadow,
'The shadow o'er the lea,
The shadow that was cast
By the old oak tree.

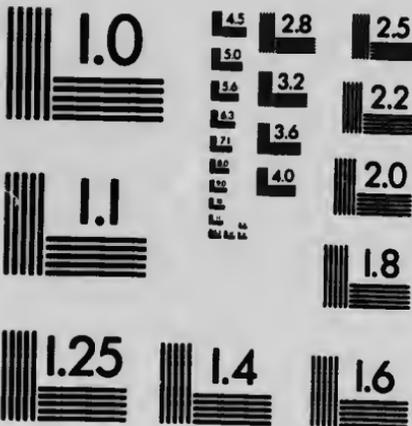
We walked where roses bloom,
Shedding perfume o'er the lea ;
Where the June roses blush,
They all blushed for me.

We walked as lovers walk—
A pleasant sight to see,
And we sat as lovers sit,
'Neath the old oak tree.



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THE NEW HEAVEN.

We talked as lovers talk—
 'Twas a gladsome day for me,
 I popped the question there,
 'Neath the old oak tree.

The day was bright and fair,
 The sun shone out for me ;
 Our hearts with joy did bound
 As we sat 'neath the tree.

The shadows come and go
 Many years o'er the lea,
 'Midst light and shades of life
 We have managed to agree.

And now with locks grown gray
 As gray as gray can be,
 We are sitting in the shadow
 Of the old oak tree.

WM. STRONG.

**Memories.**

A lonely, longing feeling came
 As I sat 'neath the apple tree ;
 I thought of how in days gone by
 I sat, a boy, at mother's knee.

How free from anxious care those days !
 How full of hope and joy and bliss,
 As on my head her hand she placed,
 And on my cheek a mother's kiss.

I love to think of days in Spring,
When hawthorn bloom the air did scent,
And when on Sabbath afternoon
In quiet walks the time we spent.

My earthly troubles all she knew,
And the remedium to apply,
Assuring me of joys in store
If I should wait till by-and-by.

Her sympathies ran out to meet
And kiss away my boyhood fears ;
And when the world did make a stain
'Twas quickly washed by mother's tears.

Had I known then, as I know now,
The love that fills a mother's heart,
I'd have smoothed the wrinkles from her face
By taking pains to do my part.

I hope that I shall know her when
I meet her with unfurrowed face ;
But if I get where she is gone,
It must be through redeeming grace.

Nature has no absolving power,
But God doth every heart control ;
He smooths the wrinkles from the brow,
Writes pardon on the guilty soul.

WM. STRONG.

My Night-cap.

A leisure hour has come to me :
I spend it o'er my bureau drawer ;
Amongst the many things I see
Are trinkets I have brought from far.
And here is one I dearly prize—
Before me now my treasure lies.

If it were set with jewels rare,
A monarch's brow to adorn,
Instead of being plain and bare,
By common people worn,
Its price 'ould never rise above
The value of a mother's love.

Her loving hands the pattern made,
The fold, the seam, the nitch ;
Its dainty string of linen braid,
Each flute, and flower, and stitch ;
She's long since in her home above—
It's here to tell me of her love.

The mineral wealth and treasure vast
Brought in from every sphere,
A mother's love have ne'er surpassed,
And we such love revere.
A generation's past and gone
Since last she put my night-cap on.

WM. STRONG.

Memories.

I love to sit at eventide,
When the shadows long are cast,
And meditate on boyhood days
Far distant in the past.
I love to think of the old home
To memory still so dear ;
Don't say that I'm a baby
If I should drop a tear.
I see again the meadows green
Where I rambled as a boy,
And as I think my memory tastes
Of youth's peculiar joy—
Those green banks sloping to the brook
Where I used to herd the sheep—
Don't chide and think it childish
Should memory make me weep.
The lilac-colored heather bloom,
On the hillsides, I behold ;
I roll amid its beauties
And forget I'm growing old.
The old orchard has its charm—
Favorite trees at certain spots ;
Shall I draw you up a survey,
And mark their place with dots ?
I'm away amongst the bushes,
Where the blackbirds love to dwell—
Of my former rambles here
I have pleasant things to tell :
How the loving parents wait upon
Their helpless little brood,
And the chirpings of the mother bird
By the young are understood ;
But we must cease our rambles,
For the night is getting dark,
I no longer hear the robin's note,
Nor the happy meadowlark.

WM. STRONG.

Hysterics.

The orchard boughs were all in bloom ;
 My love and I sat 'neath a tree ;
 Between us there was little room ;
 We sat where none around could see.
 The summer flowers the air did scent ;
 Brimful of joy the hours we spent.

Our cup of happiness ran o'er,
 'Twas pleasure pure as it could be ;
 The sorrow that makes hearts feel sore
 Had never touched my love nor me.
 Can you explain the reason why
 When filled with laughter she should cry ?

We'd played as children o'er the lea ;
 We'd plucked the wild rose on the moor ;
 Companions all through life were we ;
 But ne'er in such distress before.
 A storm of grief her heart did fill
 Though all around was calm and still.

A woman has within her breast
 The elements of calm and storm ;
 All things are moved at her behest,
 The frost to blight, the fire to warm ;
 She's fair in form as fair can be,
 But full of contradictions she.

She wept as though a friend had died ;
 I tried to understand her ease ;
 I sat dumbfounded by her side,
 And then my arms did her embrace.
 The storm did quickly then subside ;
 I'd asked my love to be my bride.

WM. STRONG.

Springtime and Love.

The affinities of Spring and love
Are felt by the human heart,
A glance from her I love so well
Smites like a Cupid's dart ;
And, whispering in a willing ear,
Love says, " We cannot part."

The affinities of Spring and love,
Like wedding bells do ring ;
A hope that makes the bosom swell
Returns with every Spring ;
We long to put our arms around
Some lovely, charming thing.

The affinities of Spring and love
Bring joy to the poet's soul ;
His pencil may portray a thought,
But fails to tell the whole.
The rapture of the opening flower
Chants from the mystic roll.

The bloom upon the early rose,
The blush upon her cheek ;
The meek, retiring violet bed
Where we played hide-and-peek,
To tell the joys that in them lie
My words are all too weak.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

The Dear Old Farm.

Though cherished memories of youth
No pencil can portray,
The nooks and corners of the farm
Are with me all the way ;
Those sunny spots where breath divine
Revives all latent powers,
And balmy breezes every spring
Call forth the early flowers.

The birds postpone their honeymoon
To gather moss and hair,
The cheerful chatter of the mates
Is heard from everywhere ;
The lambkins on the hillside sport—
No thought nor care have they ;
The trees and shrubs on every side
Are decked for holiday.

The hedgerow where the hawthorn blooms
Gives perfume rarely sweet,
And there the bursting primrose beds
Make carpets for your feet ;
The meadows where we picked May flowers
Are stretching far and wide ;
The brooklets babbling through the dells
Are lost in ocean tide.

In sheltered corners of the fields
We romped the while the posies grew ;
I long to be a boy again—
Drink in the fragrance all anew.

The cliffs and crags and mountains high
Lend dignity and charm ;
The things that lift one nearer Heaven
Are in that dear old farm.

Though cherished memories of youth
No pencil can portray,
The nooks and corners of the farm
Are with me all the way.

WM. STRONG.



To Spring.

We wait the magic of thy touch,
Thou fairest of the seasons four ;
Thy charming smile doth me bewitch,
As o'er dead nature thou dost pour
The liquid breath that life doth give,
And bids the dry and withered "Live."

We love to think that thou art here—
Gloom and despair give place to joy,
Thy promise leaves no room for fear ;
Thy gold is free from all alloy ;
The resurrection power is given,
And earth is placed next door to Heaven.

The silent birds break forth in song,
The flowers spring up around thy feet ;
We've waited for thy coming long ;
Now rested nature doth thee greet,
Our hopes to full fruition rise—
We bask beneath the brightest skies.

The Student.

He read a thousand books or more,
 And gathered piles of facts thereout—
 Piles, did I say? A million score,
 And facts they were, I have no doubt.

He planted deep in fertile soil,
 And watered well with wholesome fear ;
 Some thought the seed would only spoil—
 He gathered corn—rich, golden ear.

Each fact a seed ; each seed took root,
 On every stem a hundredfold—
 A harvest rich in mellow fruit—
 He bought the truth, but never sold.

WM. STRONG.



The Common People.

“God must have loved the common people. He made so many of them.”—LINCOLN.

A great man once, by God inspired,
 With heaven-born patriotism fired,
 Stood, and before the people spoke—
 The words rang clear 'mid battle smoke—
 “God made and loved the common folk.”

God made the great of world-wide name ;
 Bestowed the gifts that lead to fame :
 The poor He appoints their proper place ;
 Nor wealth nor want is a disgrace—
 The word comes clear to caste and sect :

"For persons He hath no respect";
Yet in the numbers He has given
We plainly read the law of Heaven,
The timely words by Lincoln spoke:
"God made and loves the common folk."

The autocrat, to power born,
And wealth, may turn the lip of scorn;
God speed the day when right shall rule,
The sceptre shall forsake the fool;
Shackles fall off as by a stroke,
And kings be made by common folk.

WM. STRONG.



The Fairest Spot.

The place where I played as a boy
Is the fairest in all God's creation;
As I sit and think of it now,
Its beauties pass in rotation.

The daisies that peep through the grass,
Are the sweetest you ever could see;
The primrose that covers its banks
Each breeze wafts its fragrance to me.

The lambkins enjoying their sport,
Are racing again on the hill;
The brooklet that babbles between
Glides onward the ocean to fill.

THE NEW HEAVEN.

The lark, in its mounting aloft, ·
Tosses music from out its wee throat ;
And off to the south-west I see
The sails of a fisherman's boat.

The thrush that loud whistles its notes
Sits perched on the top of yon tree ;
Am I back to my boyhood again,
Or has memory brought it to me ?

The tireless sun in the west
Moves ever new landscape to greet ;
His rays gleaming through the old oak
Make golden streaks all round my feet.

From under the old orchard trees
My mother appears in full sight ;
How well I remember her voice !
And it sounds familiar to-night.

The hawthorn that blooms in the hedge
Sends perfume in every direction ;
The whole now appears to my view,
They're more than a vague recollection.

Should this prove only a dream,
I hope soon the real to behold ;
The charms of the spot are so great,
Its enchantment I fail to unfold.

The place where I played as a boy
Is the fairest in all God's creation ;
As I sit and think of it now,
Its beauties pass in rotation.

WM. STRONG.

My Venture.

The day was warm, the weather fair—
We sought the shade, yes, you know why,
Near the rustic stair—the arbor there—
Just she and I.

We talked of school and college days,
Of the girls and boys we knew ;
I much admired her charming ways—
And you would, too.

Her comely form, her winning look ;
The seat was made for two ;
Beneath our feet the silvery brook—
Refreshing, I tell you.

A delightful hour ! ecstatic bliss !
Most opportune, you must agree ;
With impulse strong I did her kiss—
Can you blame me ?

We meet each other often, still,
And have experienced more of life ;
She shares my burdens up the hill—
My own dear wife.

WM. STRONG.

The Larger View.

I stood upon a mountain top,
With distant landscape view ;
There stood another by my side,
A company of two.

The exhilarating air did blow
South-west against our face ;
Her garments fluttered in the breeze,
Her form was charming grace.

A blast much stronger than the rest
Caused me to proffer aid,
And as I took her in my arms,
Just guess the words she said.

“I could endure the greatest storm
If held in your embrace.”
And then her rich brown tresses
Were scattered o'er my face.

Mountains and storms, e'en cruel blasts,
Are blessings from above ;
They carry off the selfish thought
And show the strength of love.

I ne'er enjoyed such landscape view,
Such breadth of rolling sea,
And never till that moment knew
That she cared aught for me.

WM. STRONG.

Born, Not Made.

The power to write a pretty poem
Is a gift that can't be bought,
For none but Nature can bestow
The pen and ink and thought.

And even if surrounded with
Material most profuse,
Unless he has the gift divine,
The plant and stock's no use.

The poet's pen drops every word
Into its proper crease ;
He'll only write the thoughts that come,
And when they stop he'll cease.

His heart must beat in sympathy
With Nature's every touch ;
He knows what all her lessons are,
Nor makes her say too much.

No striving for effect is his,
No painting green the skies ;
His colors are all natural,
His mountains the right size.

His similes are always true,
His lines correct in feet ;
Where'er his work appears to view
Our hearts rejoice to greet.

WM. STRONG.

God's Gift.

Early one morn there came bouncing
A dear little babe to our house.
Its angles were shaped by an artist,
Its head was as slick as a mouse.

We hoped it would stay with us ever ;
To rejoice in its coming were two.
In its cheeks there were dimples so pretty,
Its eyes were a nice shade of blue.

I'm sure we were never so happy—
So delighted—because it had come.
We examined its toes and its fingers ;
Its body was plump as a plum.

The railways don't bring us the babies ;
They come to us from the skies ;
They're not so learned as the old folks,
But the questions they ask are more wise.

I'm sure they are gifts from the Maker ;
They claim the best we can give.
It's sad, but then I must state it—
Folks say the best ones don't live.

We're happy that through the long years
The one, then so little, has grown ;
She has now been with us so long
We forget, and call her our own.

WM. STRONG.

Take no Thought for Life.

The banker is loaded with stocks and with bonds ;
The figures are piled to a maddening height.
No freedom from care, but worry all day,
Disturbed by ill dreams and sleepless at night.

The merchant, he, too, has a load to sustain ;
Observe and behold, he is weighted with care ;
The wrinkles are coming to furrow his face,
And premature frosts are whitening his hair.

Society's votaries for a time may step light,
Sustained by the nectar they sip from the flowers ;
But wait just a little, the burden will come—
The strain of the dance ; the load of late hours.

Those who shrink from the care of a home : Are they free ?
Those who dread the real work that a family make ?
Is sunshine alone for the spinster & maid ?
Does the bachelor's back or heart never ache ?

What are freedom and joy, and where do they dwell ?
Shall I go to the mansion, or hie to the cot ?
Can they be attained by a mortal below ?
Are they within reach ? O, say, are they not ?

Yes, weary one—see that stonebreaker's home ;
His wife and six children awaiting sunset—
They all go to meet him, the six in a row,
The little one first—the dear little pet.

WM. STRONG.

Rural Happiness.

Have you escaped the greater harm--
The modern city's magic charm,
And learned industry on the farm ?
Then thank your stars.

Have you enjoyed your country life,
Made choice of a contented wife,
And settled down, away from strife ?
Then thank your stars.

Do you possess your acres clear,
And till the ground from year to year ;
Seeing first the blade, and then the ear ?
Then thank your stars.

Can you let politics alone,
Live happily in any zone ;
When buying beef expect some bone ?
Then thank your stars.

With prospects of a crop of hay,
Provision made for rainy day—
I mean a little put away ?
Then thank your stars.

Have you got children, two or more,
With prospect of a half a score,
With hats and cloaks and boots, galore ?
Then thank your stars.

Can you from vain ambition keep,
Learn what to sow and when to reap ;
Enjoy your work and restful sleep ?
Then thank your stars.

Give to your neighbor no offence,
Pay all your debts—one hundred cents—
Make your religion common sense ?
Then thank your stars.

Can you assist the man that's poor—
Perhaps he tramps from door to door—
Impart out of your goodly store ?
Then thank your stars.

Have you a hope beyond the grave ?
Are you a servant, not a slave,
Obeying whom your blessings gave ?
Then thank your stars.
WM. STRONG.



Memories.

Heaven help me just for once to dip my brush
So I may catch the hue,
And paint the pictures that mine eyes beheld,
That sweet spring morn when the distilling dew
Fell from the hawthorn blossom upon the primrose bed ;
When from the tree-top, meadow, and from briar bush
Came the inimitable notes of linnet, laverock, thrush.

No uninspired pen can possibly portray
The beauty of the landscape scene—
The pleasures of the hour, youth's joy, earth's charm,
As came ushering in the day.
There is a color that the artists use
To paint the water, earth, and trees ;
But what can represent the song of birds,
Or the sweet humming of the bees ?

Tell me, ye spirits, the enchantment that ye use
 Youth's pleasures once again to bring,
 The meek violet, sweet hawthorn blossom,
 And spring primrose perfume to diffusc.

WM. STRONG.



The Philosophy of Life.

There's nothing we require more
 Than life's philosophy to know ;
 'Twill help us when our hearts are sore :
 Brings cheer whichever way we go.
 There's compensation in our loss—
 There's strength for every bridge we cross.

There's joy at hand when sorrows press,
 When clouds hang heavy overhead ;
 When we are suffering sore distress—
 In ways unseen are being led.
 Its truth will keep us without fear
 While o'er life's roughest seas we steer.

Our Pilot has been o'er the course ;
 His wisdom guides our every turn ;
 His promise comes with greatest force
 When cyclones make our seas to churn ;
 He whispers comfort in each breeze,
 As we pass o'er life's stormy seas.

And when the waters rise and swell,
 Threatening to swamp our little bark,
 To know that He doth all things well
 Brings sunshine to dispel the dark—
 To know that wisdom, power, and love
 Control the lower from above.

WM. STRONG.

Our Flag, our Boys, our Queen.

(Written at the time of the Cronje surrender.)

Though round you music we have hurled,
With Union Jacks above unfurled,
Six million mouths all shouting praise,
And you have had no rest for days,
We pen another note of thanks
To you, returning from the ranks—
You, who the Cronje camp did crush,
Heroically the foe did rush.

Your modest mien proves valor true,
While men in madness honour you.
And woman-kind, ne'er found remiss,
Plant on your cheeks affection's kiss.
With manly form and soldier's dress,
In calmest words we now express,
"Is final proof of duty done
When firmness made the foe to run."

Such men to thrones give stable stand,
While ready they with heart and hand,
Count not their lives too good to lend
That Freedom's cause they may extend.
Here's to the flag—red, white and blue—
Then to the boys who proved so true,
And to our Queen, so proud of you!

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.

God and Britain.

(Written on the receipt of news of the relief of Ladysmith.)

The arm of Britain groweth strong,
She wields it with her might ;
And by its power, this very hour,
God vindicateth right.

“ A vaster Empire than has been ”
Beats back the Boerish horde ;
Our sons unite and press the fight,
’Tis the army of the Lord.

The tyrants’ cruel heel no more
Her golden sands shall press ;
On every kop doth shine new hope,
Freedom and happiness.

The vile fanatic’s day is past,
His history’s a stain ;
On land and sea men must be free,
And God and Britain reign.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Canada,
March 1st, 1900.

Our Beloved Queen.

"An Empire greater than has been,"
A nation with perpetual day,
Hastes to do honor to the Queen
Who did so long the sceptre sway.

A patter to a people free,
No pompous folly marred her life,
A queen, a wife, a mother, she,
Gentle, but grand, and free from strife.

A diadem was on her brow,
Divinely raised to grace a throne,
Her worth the world is measuring now,
The kingdoms all her death bemoan.

She's gone to reign where thrones endure,
Her illustrious son succeeds her here;
May he the strength of kings secure,
The God of nations love and fear!

May the events transpiring now
Cement the Empire closer still;
Before the King of Kings we bow
And own supreme His sovereign will.

WM. STRONG.

Hamilton, Ont.
January 30th, 1901.

Pay, Pay, Pay.

The "absent-minded beggar,"
Now returning from the fray,
With the scars of battle on him—
He for months has been away—
Let him hear of service rendered,
Tender him a due reward ;
Let the nation now be liberal ;
He has fought her battles hard.

Let us meet him with a welcome ;
Let him share the victor's spoil ;
Pay him now with gold and diamonds
From the land where he did toil.
Men should never muzzle oxen
When they're treading out the corn ;
Let us deal with men in justice,
Let them know we're Britons born.

With the flush of conflict fading,
And the strife of conquest o'er,
As the fragments of our regiments
Place their feet upon our shore,
Let us not forget their valor !
May it stir again our pride !
They have helped the cause of freedom—
British flags are floating wide.

WM. STRONG.

LONDON :
FRIARS PRINTING ASSOCIATION, LIMITED,
26A, TUDOR STREET, E.C.

