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DREAMS

OF

THE FIRST AND TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY

ANNIE WIGMORE.

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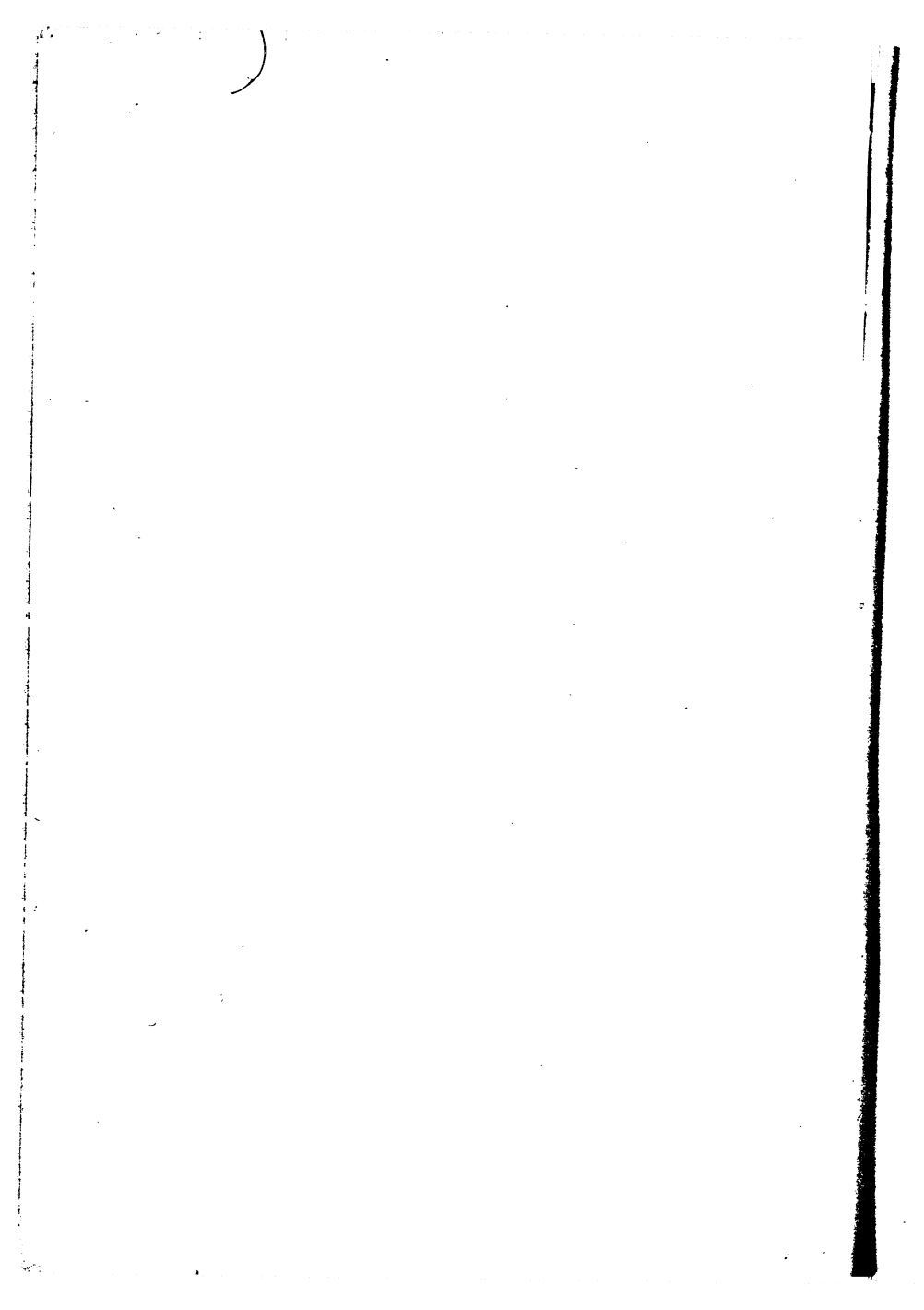
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THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LTD., PRINTERS,
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TO EVERY SOUL ON EARTH WHO LOVES GOD AND LOVES
HIS BROTHER DO I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE WORK.

TO EVERY SOUL ON EARTH WHO IMAGINES THAT HE LOVES
GOD AND YET DESPISETH OR OPPRESSETH EVEN ONE OF HIS
HUMBLEST, WEAKEST ONES DO I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE WORK
AS A TWO-EDGED SWORD, THAT IT MAY CUT ITS WAY INTO THE
HEART AND LIFE OF THE THOUGHTLESS.

MAY GOD GRANT IT SPEED AND VICTORY THROUGH OUR
LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.



PREFACE.

IN OFFERING this little volume to the public I have only the good of my fellow creatures at heart. I have only the feeling of the deepest love and sympathy for even the offender, though he be oppressor, slave-driver, licensed or lawless murderer; seeing that he is, from his very position or occupation as a sower of seed for an awful future of remorse and misery in undoing his great wrongs, an object of pity, sympathy, and care to men of better and more enlightened mental and moral character, as he is also to God and the angels of heaven.

The earth to-day seems like a great plague-spot on God's beautiful creation, or a dark and tangled jungle filled with carnivorous wild beasts, that roar and howl in their greedy eagerness to devour one another, with "might is right" as their motto.

The Book says the lion and the lamb shall lie down together in peace, so shall the pitiful starveling sit down at the royal table—the great table of the king—when all nations are joined together under the banner of Jesus, the Christ of God.

The amalgamation of corporations and societies, the proposed uniting of some denominations of churches, etc., foreshadow the willingness of the people for this near-coming climax.

Socialism in its highest phase, councils of women, christian societies of men and women, and we would not omit that great Christ-taught body, the Salvation Army, all numerous and, thank God, almost invincible in our lands.

We are saved from hopelessness when we know the splendid work these noble fearless men and women are accomplishing.

When we see some giant minds breaking the bonds of orthodoxy, and daring to love God and man, and defy the galling chains which bind their thoughts to the old rags of superstition and dogma, we grow still more hopeful. When we see the strongholds of some of

our national and international enemies weakening at their foundations, and arbitration and peace policies of governments, and purity of life and simplicity of creed, growing more popular amongst the peoples, methinks I can almost hear the far-away strain of the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Still through the cloven skies they come
 With peaceful wings unfurled,
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world.
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.
 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long,
 Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong ;
 And man at war with man hears not
 The love-song which they bring.
 Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing.
 And ye beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow,
 Look now, for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing.
 O rest beside the weary road
 And hear the angels sing !
 For lo, the days are hastening on,
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling year
 Comes round the age of gold ;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And the whole world give back the song
 That now the angels sing.

—R. SEARS.

I intend in a future work to take up a number of subjects only briefly noticed in this introductory work, which I humbly offer for your thoughtful consideration.

To scoffers, either theological or irreligious, I would quote a wise man's saying: "He that judgeth a matter before he heareth it, to him it is a folly and a shame."

I would have the reader collect all the evidence, from both Old and New Testament, of the possibility of spirit reappearance or return and communication, then gather all prophecy concerning the second coming of the Christ and the signs of the times that would signify its near approach.

I would have you note the phenomenal progress which the movement of spiritualism has made during the last fifty years, note its effects in the churches, the numbers of thinking, sincere people whom it has led away from the belief in the triune Godhead. Note the numbers that it has brought from agnosticism and materialism into a sure and certain hope of a hereafter.

Note, also, that amongst so-called spiritualists and mediumistic persons great numbers love and believe in the Christ of God, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, and that the number of such believers is constantly increasing.

I cannot conceive of a good and intelligent person ignoring this. It is this Satan-bred inertia and thoughtless selfishness which gives support to the surge of human corruption and agony which festers our beautiful lands.

"And the Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not, am I my brother's keeper? And the Lord said, what hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

In reading the following papers you will learn by what means I obtained a right to send this message of love and entreaty out to our human brotherhood, and in so doing have felt my weakness and lack of culture very much; and I wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the assistance received from Mr. Andras in preparing this work for publication.

If you despise or reject my message you despise and reject not me but Him who gave it me. Will ye dare do this?

Faithfully, and humbly,

THE AUTHOR.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

" Pauvre feuille desséchée
 " Où vas-tu ? " " Je n'en sais rien,
 " Je vais où le vent me mène
 " Sans me plaindre où m'effrager."

I SEE the brilliant tints of yonder wood,
 Foolishly I think each leaf of lovely hue,
 Nor think how many imperfections lie
 In what now seems to me a scene complete.
 But still I know that there are leaves of brown
 And sister leaves of gold and ruddy hue,
 And the rich crimson ones which seem to be
 Dipped in the blood of dying nature.
 Which seem to say, " Frost, death may cut us off
 And we shall fall and mingle with the earth
 And, rise again, transformed by God's own hand
 To bodies which are pleasing in His sight,
 A leaf again, perchance a violet sweet,
 I care not, as I know 'tis His own will."
 To me they ever seem a fitting type
 Of our own certain changing and decay,
 And, too, of our sure hope of after life,
 In how much brighter form we know not now.
 And thus we seem each one of us a leaf
 In the vast everchanging view of life.
 If faded, old, or rich in colors rare
 It matters not, so that we fill the place
 For us intended by His loving will,
 And fill it, too, as grandly as we may,

Then when the autumn of our lives comes on,
Ripen and fall, content and silent —
Content and silent may we well be in death
If we, like they, have gladdened weary hearts,
Or been a shelter in the noontide heat
Of sharp affliction, and of deep distress.
My God! forgive me when I oftentimes fail,
For fail I know I must in my own strength,
And help me as the years roll by to be
A joy to weary, saddened, lonely hearts,
And be a help to those who are in need.
But most of all, to bring them to Thy feet,
Where Thou canst save them, and where Thou canst heal.
O help me so to live that after death
My influence may live to enrich the souls
Of those who felt its power for good while here,
Though small and worthless it may seem to be,
For so it seems to me the leaflet falls,
Enriching its own native soil in death.



STANDING AT THE THRESHOLD.

Per tenebras ad lucem,
Per cruciatus ad gaudia,
Per servitatem ad regnum.

1. Standing at the threshold
Of an eternal day,
Tired with thoughts of chaos
Existing in life's way.
2. Turmoil and disquiet,
Which everywhere prevail,
Of want, pain and misery,
That follow error's trail.
3. Hate for hate given fiercely,
Of love thrown back with scorn,
Passion's slave the outcast,
Standing aloof forlorn.
4. Thought held chained by custom,
Creeds, bigotry and pride,
While the real Christ Jesus
Is ever crucified.
5. In Him no rank exists,
No pride of birth or lands,
Elder brother then as now,
Drawing by love's sweet bands.
6. He, no crafty Shylock,
Nor yet of slaves possessed,
Crushed by heel of hunger,
Knowing no peace, no rest.

7. Chaos, Misery, Murder,
Want, lust, theft and warfare,
Storm, trouble, no future,
Hell, suicide, despair.
8. Then a change of lenses,
Fairy scene and beauty,
Love and justice reigning,
Conduct born of duty.
9. Kindness, patience, honor,
Little children's faces,
Mothers' softest hush-song,
Maidens' sweetest graces.
10. Bravest strength in manhood,
Flowers, bright skies, the waves,
Our homes, sweet thoughts and deeds,
Kindness the lost one saves.
11. Harmony existing,
Nations arbitrating,
Mercy, union, candor,
Hope in future stating.
12. Rainbow tints, art delights,
Wife and husband lovers,
Music, smiles, poets, dreams,
Men who act like brothers.
13. Truthfulness and virtue,
All the new inventions,
Brightest prospects, good health,
Books and good intentions.

14. Again the lenses change,
Producing strange results,
Good, bad, joy, woe weaving,
'Twould puzzle an occult.
15. Upward I float in space,
Till 'twixt me and earth's strife
I see a sheeny cloud
Covering the web of life.
16. Then I see more clearly
The sheeny cloud is souls,
Weaving the warp and woof
Richly in splendid scrolls.
17. Weaving grand mosaics,
Till picture seemed a song
Of the march of the brave,
In their triumph o'er wrong.
18. May be myriads of years
Have passed over these souls,
Giving wisdom and light
To discern parts from whole.
19. They were souls of the free,
And the picture and song
Were the thoughts and the acts
Of the souls that are young.
20. Still struggling with chaos,
Much troubled and weary,
Little children at school
So hopeless and dreary.

21. Methought in my vision
I heard children crying,
Pained by endless torment,
As if hope were dying.
22. Then I drew me nearer
And Oh ! such piteous woe !
Food for demon laughter
Their bitter, awful throe.
23. And the earth seemed shivering
In a colossal strife,
Fiends with swords bedabbled
In crimson tide of life.
24. Wan and wolfish faces
Turned up to God in prayer,
O Father, hear the cry
Of children in despair !
25. Night, Night, blackest darkness,
Dying, no stars, no light,
O God, be pitiful !
Is there more day than night ?
26. Culture, standing helpless,
Except with stinted alms,
Doling their precious gold
To feed God's hungry lambs.
27. I see diamonds flashing,
Creatures in splendid halls,
Well-fed race of animals,
But pigmy in their souls.

28. But many there may be,
In moments of quiet,
Praying God, our Father,
Remove want and riot.
29. Guide us how to help them,
These torture-stricken souls,
Our brothers, thy children,
O'er whom the torrent rolls.
30. I see women, children,
Treading, treading, treading
The winepress of slavery,
Their pale life's blood shedding.
31. 'Tis hunger-born courage,
Starvation or slave toil,
God, take their souls upward
The want demon to foil.
32. Men, brave and enduring,
With set lips and knit brow ;
How long shall this mill-stone
Grind, grind our lives as now.
33. Slavery, deepest, darkest,
Selling manhood for bread,
And the iron-souled driver
Rolls chariot o'er the dead.
34. My soul sickens with grief,
I cannot hush their cry,
To remove such misery
How gladly Christ must die !

35. But one came and touched me,
 "Look up and list," he said,
 Strains of sweetest music
 By choristers are led.
36. Such divine harmonies,
 Heaven-taught minstrels they,
 Surely, earthly sorrows
 Have never tuned that lay!
37. "Listen," said he who came,
 "Their song is love and prayer,"
 And the suffering children
 Their kindest, tenderest care.
38. Nearly two thousand years
 Have I traversed this plain
 With yonder band of souls,
 Weary and worn with pain.
39. In dark Gethsemane
 I drank this woeful cup,
 On dreadest Calvary
 Sealing the cov'nant up.
40. Small wonder that I sank
 Beneath the awful load,
 For my God and Father
 Had wisely shown the road.
41. Had given me so this sense
 Of feeling human woe
 That through these passing years
 I've felt their every throe.

42. And now I love them so,
 These weaklings of the fold,
Thou knowest of mother love !
 'Tis a sweet story old ;
43. She loves the little one
 More dearly when in pain,
Her anxious heart is sad
 This cup of woe to drain.
44. 'Tis a story olden
 That Jesus ascended
To be king of kingdoms,
 And by God defended.
45. 'Twas an older story
 That a man of sorrow,
And acquainted with grief,
 Was Christ of the morrow.
46. 'Tis only true kingship
 To care for the weak one,
'Tis only true loyalty
 To share in this work done.
47. Hast thou studied my creed ?
 Hast thou read my commands ?
O that men would obey
 And spread truth o'er the lands !
48. So plainly 'tis written,
 To love one another,
As self, love thy neighbor,
 As self, love thy brother.

49. If thou lov'st the Father
 With thy mind, soul and strength,
If thou lov'st thy brother,
 Thou shalt see God at length.
50. 'Tis my whole creed given,
 It encompasses all ;
Why wrangle with "isms,"
 But hear ye the clear call.
51. "Feed my Lambs" 'tis written,
 Go, teach all the nations,
God prepareth the way,
 He calleth the strayed ones.
52. I would that ye tell them
 The grey dawn appeareth,
The long night is passing
 The morning now cheereth.
53. Go, bid them awaken ;
 The shepherd is calling,
Go tell them I love them,
 Will keep them from falling.
54. Will save them from sorrow
 If they will but heed me,
These children of promise
 How sorely they need me.
55. Enshrouded in schism
 How soundly they're sleeping,
In dull comatose dreams
 With life's blood just creeping.

56. And my poor, weak, worn ones
In agony struggle,
Fearing God is a myth,
And heaven a bubble.
57. Know hell as truism,
Know hope as delusion,
Utopian farces,
A dream their conclusion.
58. Go, waken the sleepers,
To them it is given,
To read of the sealed book
Now opened by heaven.
59. Go, waken the sleepers
And tell them my story,
How Jesus is suffering,
Not riding in glory.
60. Go, waken my loved one,
So cold and so stately,
Go tell her I hasten,
I never shall late be.
61. If she will but waken
And rise with the morning,
And gather her jewels
For bridal adorning.
62. As mother's pain passeth
As she dreams of her child,
So shall memories fade
Of Gethsemane wild.

63. And in the bright dawning
Of the soon coming day,
The whole of the children
Christ's loved bride shall be.
64. Then he who spake was gone,
I was alone methought,
And floating back in space,
The message with me brought.
65. And I stood on the sand,
By the ocean of life,
Where the winds and the waves
Are forever at strife
66. And I told my message
To the winds, waves and sea,
And called to the sleepers
But they heeded not me.
67. The tide near o'erwhelmed me
In angry derision,
The winds beat about me
With brutal decision.
68. My foothold was sinking
On the cold shifting sand,
Soon, soon would my message
Have been lost on the strand.
69. But my feet touched the rock
So sure and abiding,
My hold grew more steadfast
In safety confiding.

70. Awaken, ye sleepers,
The daylight is breaking,
And Jesus would warn you
Great sorrow you're making.
71. And I thought that the wind
And the waves stopped their riot,
And the sleepers awakened
From their deathlike quiet.
72. My message had reached them,
But I, tired and so cold,
Lay down in the wet sands,
And the waves o'er me rolled.



OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

"Tenuis Grandia."

—HORACE.

Before me are the rocks of time,
 Whose rugged heights my feet must climb ;
 My task is great, my strength is small,
 My steps may slide and I may fall !
 Fear not, my soul, look calmly on,
 This is the way thy Lord has gone ;
 Here are His tracks, stoop down and see
 Where Jesus' feet have trod for thee !

—W. J. H. Y.

O THOU most high and Holy One ! Thou in whom we live, move and have our being, Thou before whom Thy most holy angels bow in love and adoration. Thou who art ever pitiful when we cry to Thee, we feel assured that when we have in our weakness begged for bread from Thee we shall not be supplied with stones ; we, therefore, pray Thee that, as we attempt this work for the sake of the great human brotherhood, we may have the assurance of Thy Divine approval. O Christ, we pray Thee give us of Thy patience that has calmly borne the unbelief and rejection of the multitude for nearly two thousand years ! O Thou Christ of God, incarnate in our brother Jesus of Nazareth, help us to so lift Thee up that all men may be drawn unto Thee ! Render us such assistance as we require, and to Thy name be all praise and honor and glory for ever. Amen.

As a man thinks so is he. We are a people of aims, motives, ideas. If our life be only three-score years

and ten, then our religion should be "eat, drink, and be merry," for to-morrow we are not. If we believe that after the three-score years and ten there is heaven and endless enjoyment for those who simply believe that Jesus Christ died for our sins, and endless torment or hell for those less fortunate (as belief is not always attainable at will), then our religion should be to persuade men with all zeal to believe in Jesus Christ, though His name be made ever so unlovable, unreasonable or fantastic; but believe you must, either that, or torment "auto da fé." Why these contradictions? Can love and cruelty, justice and revenge, coexist in one nature, be it human or the infinite?

Let reason answer. If a man die without this essential belief, though of a truly righteous mind, shall he be tormented for ever? When we consider that the length of his earth-life is an infinitesimal fraction of his eternal life, let justice this time decide whether it be sufficient punishment for misfortune.

O Father! forgive the men that have taught such atrocities in Thy name, and if we endeavor to explain Thy method of operation, by the aid of the holy spirits who are ever in Thy visible presence, and whom Thou hast instructed, we believe, to teach us more clearly Thy way after these probationary years of mystery and misunderstanding, help us to see a little of the beautiful pattern after the entanglements of background of warp and woof.

God the Father, or the "I Am" of the beginning, from whose creative, conscious, all-powerful mind sprang all things; who takes the central sun of a system for a mile-post on his endless journey through the eternal ages; whose chariot is borne along by the peoples of His

creation ; whose loud voice is in the thunder, whose whisper is in the Æolian harp, whose breath is in the lurid lightning, as in the mother's initial kiss to her first-born ; whose majestic will makes the stars to move in obedient, stately strides through their great halls of space like trained servants who know the beck of their master — who shall fathom the mysteries of the eternal Father, His hidden forces, His subtle agencies ? Will ye measure the resources of the Almighty in the half pint of your human understanding ? Ye say, He hath created us ! He also hath made the sun, moon and stars to lighten the heavens above us. He hath given us His inspired Word, surely He hath exhausted His creative power ! Know ye that ye are as animalcules in the great ocean, or as grains of sand on the shore that bounds it. God filleth the water drop, shall He leave boundless, limitless space to waste ? Nay, but could ye see with strengthened vision, even as the water drop would it be to you one mass of surging, moving life, all acting and living under the direct guidance of the Omnipotent. Would ye see the Father ? Nay, ye may not, but ye may see some of His garment in the azure of lighted space bejeweled with scintillating stars ! His feet, or the foundation on which He standeth, ye may not find. Neither His hands, or the might of His power may ye measure, nor the glory of His pricelessly crowned head, nor His countenance, may ye yet see ; but, if ye would know of His attributes, mark well the footsteps of Him who said, "I and my Father are one, he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." With all respect and reverence we inquire of what ratio of divinity was this Jesus of Nazareth ? What gave Him the assurance to utter this statement ? What were His status and mission ?

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." When a human soul emanates from God it goes forth a tiny ray of the great divine creative nature, therefore, having capacity for drawing from the spiritual and material atmosphere constituents for the building and development of the spiritual and material bodies or clothing and environment of the soul. Such a trio is every human being — such a trio was Jesus of Nazareth, but His conception was divine instead of carnal, thus his soul had only pure maiden thought to mould it in its embryo state ; so, although sharing our frailties and temptations, it was not overpowered by them, as our Saviour must be able to realize our weakness and infirmities, but not be guilty of so-called sin or conscious error. At the beginning of His ministry His human nature became thoroughly controlled by, or filled with, the spirit of Christ, or that office or attribute of God which is the manifestation or Voice or Word of the Creator to His created, not only on our planet but to all peoples. Every distinct new creation has an anointed one who, after he is possessed of the Christ Spirit, is the Word or Voice of God or Christ incarnate to that people ; such was Jesus of Nazareth to this last race that God has peopled this earth with, viz : the Adamic race. Also He was sacrificed with our sins (symbolically), as has been elsewhere explained.

One of the latest assurances of Jesus to His followers was that He would pray to the Father that the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, might come and abide with them forever. Jesus further explains that the Holy Ghost was the spirit of truth which should teach them all things and bring to their remembrance all the things that He had taught them.

Once more we question this assurance of Jesus of Nazareth. What gave Him authority to state that His prayer would be answered? We reply, the same authority that we may obtain by keeping in perfect harmony and knowledge with the divine will, this only is the key to successful prayer. Jesus was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ at the close of His career as to be fully cognizant of the responsibility and dignity of His position; thus He was aware that He would, after His ascension, be virtually Lord of Hosts, King of glory and, as such, ruler over all the earth.

Also His inspirational instructions had taught Him the divine plan of the ministry of angels (or spirits of just men made perfect) over those still in the mortal state. Before explaining the office and character of that part of the Trinity termed the Holy Ghost, allow me to note that the Saxon word "ghost" bears a two-fold signification, viz: a spirit and a guest.

I doubt not that I shall be accused of many heresies, but as it is God's Eternal Truth we are seeking, and believe we have received, we have been obliged to dismantle our mind from "isms" and creeds, and accept the whole beautifully-designed fabric, even though it may conflict sometimes with our hereditary or preconceived theology, and even though at times we are obliged to yield to doctrines which we have previously held erroneous and injurious.

It is too utterly absurd and fanatical to attempt to persuade the thinkers of this closing progressive century that there is only stagnation in spirit-life that is to teach decay, not immortality. Scientific minds know that there is no standing still in life — the soul lives, it cannot stand still. The soul once born into material

life is ever changing — sometimes at ebb, sometimes at flow, but must, as a consequence of life, either proceed to perfection, or retrograde, to the utter extinction of the God-given life within it. We can conceive of no degree of irreverence, and we believe it to be the utter reasonable truth when we describe the Holy Ghost as that vast army of the great "I Am" who do His bidding, viz: the hosts of heaven. As they increase in knowledge and perfection so are they entrusted with more difficult missions, such as inspiration of art, science and learning — moral teachings, etc., to mortals as well as to those of less degree of mental and spiritual perfection. I claim this class of God's creative offspring as the third person of the Trinity, for they are His expression of wisdom and learning and strength to the ever-cycling population of the universe — cycling, for when a soul has no shade of opposition to the divine perfect will, he is once more absorbed into the infinitude of our Creator. This savors of the theory of reincarnation, but note this difference: the soul thus lost in God again has first lost all of its creative distinctiveness. To this explanation of the triune Godhead I would add an almost parallel case. If Her Majesty, the Queen of England, appointed her eldest son as commander-in-chief of the whole British army, which is composed of the people, in speaking of the British army, which of the three powers would you refer to? This I am aware is only an imperfect simile, but the idea of Trinity is inherent. God said (Gen. i.) "Let us make man in our own image," and so the triune effect is carried into man. God the Father — relative parallel, the soul of man; God the Son — relative parallel, the spirit, a medium between the God-soul and the human body;

God, the Holy Ghost—relative parallel, the material body.

Again, God the Father, infinite power, knowledge, perfection—relative parallel, the soul, the source of human power, knowledge and perfection. God the Son, His office, mediator, manifestation and voice between God and the human family, either in the flesh or out of the flesh—relative parallel, the spirit, with its office of struggle and mediumship between the God-ray, or soul, and the denser, grosser, material part.

The Holy Ghost, whose office it is to execute the laws in connection with living humanity and co-progressive spirit-life, has for its relative parallel the human material body which performs the physical action of the soul through the agency of the medium or spirit-body. The Holy Ghost individualized, and each material body per se, performs its functions with sufficient accuracy to fulfill the great plan. In the studying of this interesting but rather intricate subject we must never for a moment forget the omnipresence of the great Supreme Father. The image of God is also another triune—Love, Life, Truth. Love in its highest, most perfect, sense, when devoided of selfishness, must necessarily embrace the weaker; life, as a natural condition, cannot stand still, it must either progress and develop or reproduce. God is Life, God is perfection, therefore, cannot progress or develop but must reproduce. Truth is only a balance sheet of facts as they actually exist, or the expression of omniscience to man, its reproduced progressive genus.

I speak reverently, but must be analytical, for truth will bear the light of processional reasoning. If God is love, then that love must have an objective, or it must needs cease, then God must needs cease. If God is life,

then God must needs be ever reproducing, else in time there would be vacuum.

Love would die from having no weaker object, life would cease from inertia, and also life must needs be ever supplied by God's returning perfected genus.

But, also, God is truth, and the great weigh-scales of the Almighty keep these stupendous matters perfectly well balanced ; and so we say, God is eternal !

We must, therefore, consider man as a processional continuance of an omnicompleteness — self-existent, reproducing, varying, evolving with dissolution and absorption, completing the revolving cycle, all the phases acting simultaneously as though the Omnipotent were playing a grand round with the harmonies of the universe.



SOLILOQUY OF AN EGO.

"Fortiter occupa portum."

I FEEL like one who drifts alone on vast expanse
 Of ocean, with naught but glimmering star to guide me on.
 Anon methinks I catch a radiance from a far-off shore.
 Ah, whither do we drift, my soul and I, on boundless space?
 Behind the distant hills o'er which my youthful feet have trod,
 Huge mountains they had seemed to my young uneventful life,
 As wandering there by rock and boulder or by rippling rill,
 Here a wild flower, or bird of plumage rare, or feath'ry fern.
 Now and again a peep at ocean's boundless broad expanse,
 With wistful, hopeful, lingering gaze; then on at play,
 But play soon cloys; and manhood breathes o'er every thought
 and act.

Then wandering on the sands by deep blue sea, scanning afar
 The distant horizon and broad expanse, dotted with barks.
 Oh! whither drifting, frail and lonely ones? My soul and I
 Would join the hurrying throng; put out, small bark, on Life's
 rough sea.

So here we are, my soul and I, adrift, behind the hills,
 All round the billows. Now my bark rides on lofty crested wave,
 Then low in furrow of the sea, tossed, helpless, nigh o'er-
 whelmed,

Then up on wave to catch a gleam of glittering star far off,
 Then jostled by a brother mariner, then a "Godspeed,"
 Then straining eyes to catch that radiance from the shore,
 Through mists, illusions, darkness and despair!
 Onward, frail wandering helpless one; know, thou lone mariner,
 The light beyond is radix of soft, silvery threads, which twine
 Round each small bark and lonely mariner to draw him home.
 Yonder is home, haven of all our hopes, and aims, and dreams!

Love, Peace and Joy, sweet triplet graces, ever there do dwell,
 But 'twixt this and the moorings yon what strange adventure
 may

O'ertake my bark ; what stemming 'gainst the tide, what calm,
 what storm !

'Tis said, those silvery threads sweet solace from effulgence rare
 Emit ; and when a lonely mariner on life's rough sea
 In deadly peril is, or lost the star, or lost the way,
 And dark the night and mists arise, and goblin forms take
 shape,

Weird ignis-fatuus rise to lead to treacherous rock,
 Or 'guiled perchance by some sweet siren's luring song towards
 death !

If he but listen in his quiet soul, 'twill be as though
 A myriad soft Æolian chords made sweetest, softest sound,
 And down that silvery thread from light divine, come words of
 cheer :

"'Ahoy ! brave sea-tossed one ; light ahead ; hold to the white
 line,"

And so my soul and I take heart. I know behind the gloom
 Of strange adventures that mayhap beset my way there's light
 and home !



AN INFANT CRYING IN THE NIGHT.

"E tenebris lux."

"**O**H GOD, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." Oh God, teach me the truth! Lead, kindly light! A child crying in the night; a child crying for the light, and with no language but a cry. As a child awakens from its slumbers, and perchance dreams, finding darkness all around him, which forms itself into fantastic shapes, terrifying the little helpless creature, and causing it to almost unconsciously stretch out its hands toward the truest earthly friend it knows, so the awakened soul cries out when for the first time it realizes that it is in the midst of bewildering uncertainties and seemingly chaotic revelations, which prompt his startled spirit to shake itself free from the labyrinth of unbelief, or the conventionalities of creeds, and stand, in listening awe, waiting for some sign or revelation from that great Parent of the universe, who seems to be brooding over this sorrowful planet of ours, darkening it for a season, and by the quickening pulsation of the great heart of the people, yearning for clearer light, and more elevated conditions, we have an hopeful feeling that soon the great Mother-heart of the Almighty will answer our united cry, and there will steal over our troubled spirits, on the beautiful wings of knowledge of truth, the approaching dawn of an eternal day of rest in progress; and we know that every prophetic feeling of man's soul must be verified.

Are not those feelings much like this? There must be a great Creator. He must be all-wise, as well as all-powerful. Error is lack of wisdom; our earth is full of error. He must have had power to create a perfect humanity; if so, why was it created so imperfect?

We have Holy writ, but as yet it has not served to remove the tyranny of governments, the inequality of the masses, the reign of wealth and position over talent and virtue, the hatred of man for his brother, the international strife, and even bloodshed, which exist to-day. Neither has the philosophical doctrine of self-culture and morality availed to raise man to that high plane on which his heaven-born aspirations would place him; nor have the brilliant and fantastic religions of the East been adequate to remove the error to which our human family is heir, bequeathed us by a far-seeing and all-wise Creator.

I am aware that it will be considered an audacious statement, ridiculed by the many, believed by the few, but I claim to be under the tutorship of those who have passed into the beyond, having escaped, through death, from their mortal bodies, and whose teachings have been so eminently satisfactory to my own troubled spirit that I have determined to place them before the thinking public with only one desire and aim in view, which is, that others may see the beauty and truth of these teachings as I do. Other queries arise, have I a soul? Observe the larva so laboriously climbing from limb to limb of his little world in nature, intent for the most part only on finding a suitable path leading to where he may obtain the choicest sustenance of life. Sometimes his way is storm-beaten, and he is almost overwhelmed; sometimes he rests in the calm sunlight. For a while

he exists, he toils, he lives, but, after varied experiences, tired nature prompts him to seek some quiet, secluded spot where he may lay down his weary body. Then watch him slowly coil his silvery winding-sheet about him, incase himself in his beautiful sepulchre, and they say "he is dead;" but still, wait a little longer. What is that happy joyous creature fluttering on its beautiful gossamer wings, skimming, soaring, whirling, here and there, in its new-born joy, till some day it flutters so close down to its native home, that the wings of the beautiful, exultant creature fan the senses of some unreleased brother or sister, causing them to start in wonder, perhaps fear, but the assuring, "It is I, brother — sister — your own lamented friend. See how happy and joyous I am; see! I am not dead or sleeping, only transformed; wait a little, brother — sister — till the loving Father says: "It is enough, come up higher!" "God's scales are nicely balanced; I climbed, I toiled, I struggled, till one day I thought I laid me down to die, but, Oh the joy of God's boundless wisdom and love and the beauties of His boundless creation! I exult, I sing, I rejoice!" And away he floats to taste of new, ever new, joys. "Oh God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!"

God, in His infinite wisdom and justice, saw fit to create man lacking wisdom and strength sufficient to avoid the creative fall, which has entailed all this so-called sin, or what is in reality unrighteousness or unrightness, in order that man might be taught in his embryo state the difference between a chaotic and erroneous system of government, which entails tyranny and injustice, misery and suffering, and a government which is a model of justice, unity and love, but which might

seem a too unambitious state for the many had they not the remembrance of former failure.

When we consider the shortness of the earth's duration, and the infinite length of eternity, then make the average length of each individual life a fraction of it, we think a logical and equitable mind will see at once the wisdom and justice of God's faultless plan of the ages. God, immediately after the so-called fall, gave the promise of restoration,—also in later times, in His love and justice, He reassured us, "To wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." The Almighty, dwelling in the personal God-Man, Jesus Christ, was made incarnate to establish a brotherhood with His human creation, He, in His natural body, having partaken of the frailties and incidental sufferings of human nature ; also He came as an example to show us how to live perfectly, as Jesus, with His immaculate conception, was made a little stronger and purer than we, consequently, able to live without conscious error. Also, He came to die as a sacrifice*¹ with all the sins of mankind, committed through man's inability to live a correct life. He thus carried out the symbolical sacrificial atonement for sin of the race chosen to represent Christ's kingdom. Their bondage in Egypt corresponding to humanity before Christ, that is, when all people were under the law of symbolic sacrifice or offering for their sins.

Their wanderings on the Sinaitic peninsula under Moses corresponding to our present epoch under the leading of the risen Christ ; the preparation for entrance, the entrance and sojourn being typical or symbolic of our race in its present merging state, and when the

Notes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, see Summary.

great mother-heart of God shall no longer brood over this sorrowful planet, but with wings folded shall stand in satisfied majesty, while the people with new light in their souls and new hope in their lives (which is the manna that makes man grow heavenward) no longer resenting in their hearts what has seemed to many honest minds a bitter injustice — to be punished for the consequences of creative defect — but contrary to this we are taught, and we claim, it is asserted in Holy Writ (“who is the Saviour of *all men*, especially of those that believe”) that Christ atoned ** or made remission for ** all sin consequent from this pre-arranged creative fall leaving only the lessons taught and the habits of character with the individual.

I, as well as many others, have marveled at Jesus Christ's unnaturally intense suffering in the garden at His approaching death. I had a very vivid mental conception of that view of Christ given me. I seemed to see Him as a human man praying alone in sorrow, in the darkness, as gradually the accumulating filth, sin, suffering, and sorrow of the human family, past, present and to come, were heaped on Him until He, with His weakened human nature, sank under the awful, hideous burden, and prayed in agony to have it removed, if it were possible; but, being ministered unto by angels, He seemed to rise with a new strength, lift the huge, filthy load, carrying it majestically and calmly through the tribunal up to the cross of shame; there once again for a while he seemed overwhelmed with the hideous burden and awful responsibility, which rung the despairing cry, “Why hast Thou forsaken Me,” and so near was He to His complete God-hood or Christ-hood that

Notes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, see Summary.

all nature convulsed and heaved in great breathings of sympathetic horror and sorrow for its Lord, then the veil of the symbolic temple was rent ; the reality had taken place — the symbolic drama was finished ; “surely He hath borne our sins and carried our sorrows.” We think that divine ** justice, which is implanted more or less in every man’s heart, should be satisfied. The remission of sins is an established fact ; we are never punished for our errors, but the conditions called heaven and hell do exist by a law of consequences ; hence, one who has lived, or tried to live, in accordance with what he considers to be his maker’s will, not from slavish fear, but from a sense of fealty or honor, so to speak, has already before passing over fought ** down largely the evil propensity in his nature, thus by natural law in the spiritual world fitting him for a higher plane or more advanced living. Thus, as an inevitable result of this same law, those souls who are in a state of indifference, and those who are acting in opposition to right and good, and those still farther down who live in a state of hatred of good and open rebellion against God, must accept the result, and since such souls utterly refuse to take any manner of oath of allegiance to God, they must by the same law of consequences be lost or left to the kingdom of Satan or evil, but, having no longer that lack of understanding and inherent imperfection which belong to the material life, a soul (1 Peter iii., 19 ; iv., 5-6) may immediately, on being released from his material body, turn to do right, but through this same law of consequences he must for a time be filled with grief and remorse, as every act and thought of his past life is ever before him, also the result of his sins and follies on the

Notes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, see Summary.

destinies and characters of other souls who were within the radius of his influence ; but some have become so diabolical in their character and habits that they still gloat over existing misery and wrong, many of the more energetic ones being satanic emissaries on this working plane of the two forces.

It is by that same law of consequences or effects that those who have believed in Jesus Christ our Lord as their divine Saviour, and have served Him as such in the material body, should continue to do so, and form His kingdom in preference to those who refuse to accept His divinity, be they ever so righteous, as they are also in the presence of the Great God, and in a state of progressive happiness, and will remain so until the appointed time of reunion with Christ as the personal God of the universe.

Eternal rest in progress. Not that progress that is attained by a series of punishments and sacrificial purifications, but which is attained by improved conditions and environments. It is but natural law in the spiritual world. When a soul is freed from its material body and surroundings, it is also freed from its inherent liability to err, but must reasonably be supposed to be in a mental and moral condition far inferior to that which it may attain to through the countless ages of ever newly presented truths, ever new modes of happy obedience to the Great King, ever new mysteries to solve, and new worlds and wonders to explore ; methinks, a soul must be in very dense oblivion that would not rise Godward under conditions so conducive to moral and intellectual culture and development.

Thinking men and women are to-day fast becoming aware of the effects of heredity and environments. It is

just as much a truism in the natural as in the spiritual world, and we feel assured that ere long the beautiful angel of the knowledge of truth will hover so near to suffering-seeking humanity, that she will gently whisper to waiting, listening ones of earth some of the truths of God's infinite justice, wisdom and love; that here one, there another, will listen until a low murmur of wonder, satisfaction and hope will roll all along the surging masses of humanity ever deepening as it rolls till it ends in one universal shout of victory for truth.

Then will come that great symbolic battle that is expected by Christendom, but it is the great battle between the gigantic forces, Truth and Error—with their respective companies, tyranny, hatred, extravagance, licentious lust, luxurious indolence, toil-crippled slavery; and equality, brotherhood, plentiful economy, self-respecting virtue, remunerated industry, appreciated ability. Truth will conquer!

Then will come the symbolical, educational reign known as the millennial age, which will end the preparatory tuition which I understand each race is privileged to enjoy before all the peoples of the universe can be united in that upward march through the great vista of the eternal ages.

Low voices of the cosmic soul
 Breathe softly on my spirit ear,
 And through earth's chaos whisper clear
 The meaning of the tangled whole,
 That deep beneath that seeming strife,
 Where all things ever deathward draw,
 There lives and works the larger law
 Whose secret is not death but life!

—VICTOR HUGO.

THE CHRIST-CHILD KING.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord.

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy *is* his name.

And his mercy *is* on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from *their* seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of *his* mercy;

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

O'er eastern plain from Persia's arid sands,
 'Neath silken canopy, with palms o'erhead,
 Three noble-visaged Magi, whose majestic mien,
 Betokened them of ancient Jewry line,
 Beards flowing down, like snow on mountain side,
 For days had traversed on with wistful gaze intent
 On western sky towards leading radiant star,
 Which gleamed and glittered through the sunset cloud,
 Fulfilled portender of prophetic lore,
 Of Israel's illustrious Christ-Child King,
 For so 'twas written in their parchments old,
 That when the hoped-for Christ-Child came to Earth
 A star should guide to where the infant lay.
 On, on, their patient camels strode,
 Till full in view the Holy City walls,
 Then through the portals, up to palace proud,
 With offerings precious to the Christ-Child King.

Then Judah's Monarch, proud, with troubled mien
 Inquired, "Where is it writ He shall be born?"
 One answereth, "In Bethlehem, O king."
 "Then on, hence, go, but mind that ye return
 And tell me, as I, too, would worship Him."
 Wide swing the gates, as they with gaze intent
 Follow the star, which stands o'er Bethlehem's hills,
 Radiant and peerless, as the babe beneath.
 As nearer they approach th' ancestral home
 Of Judah's stately destined line of kings,
 Accost a group of pious shepherd men,
 Who seem to converse most exultantly.
 Thus spake the Magi then, "Know ye, men, aught
 Of Israel's lordly King born here to-night?"
 "Good sirs, we've much strange blessed news to tell.
 Behold yon radiant star which hangs o'erhead?
 We've watched it rise and slowly course its way,
 Along the eastern sky towards Bethlehem's hills
 Then stand, as though an angel guard to keep,
 Over our loved ones in their quiet sleep.
 Know ye, good sirs, that we are shepherd men;
 Who have much time given to study sacred lore,
 Thus stood expectant of Messiah King,
 When lo! an angel came, right in our midst,
 And all around a lustrous halo shone,
 Trembling we stood, till he who came spoke thus,
 'Fear not! for unto you is born this day
 A Saviour, which is Christ your Lord. Go ye,
 But seek him not in lordly palace hall,
 For in a manger low your Saviour lies.'
 Then with us round about such multitude
 Of glorious company, that sang in strains
 Beauteous, as though we stood at heaven's gates.

And this the sweet redemption song they sang :
' Glory and praise to our great God and King,
Peace and good will to every human soul.'
We think, good sirs, were all mankind so blest
To hear such strains of praise and melody,
That each would love his brother ; gentle thoughts
Would fill the earth like ripened grain the field.
'Twould bear fruition in such noble deed,
They, too, would seem to list at heaven's gates,
'Till once again descend the Saviour King."



THE SONG OF THE WAVES AND LEAVES.

"Mors janua vitae."

IN MY wanderings by sunny, drowsy Italian waters I chanced to restfully doze in an old, luxuriantly vine-wreathed arbor by a peaceful sleeping lakelet. From my Morpheus-inviting lounging seat I could rest my travel-wearied sight on the sun-kissed ripples of this little liquid jewel which lay on the bosom of Mother Earth like a beautiful gem adorning my lady. The perfumed zephyr gently fanned, fanned my sleepy brow while it played mysterious, softest music through the leaves around me and the lapping, lapping wavelets kept beating andante runic time till, like an old minstrel, it thus began its lay :

One summer, long gone by, a youth and maid
Strolled nightly by those rippling waves,
Beneath pale Luna's beams whispering their love ;
The listening wind and rippling waves sang a low requiem :
No more, no more on this fair shore, no more.
The rustling leaves echoed the sad refrain, no more, no more.
The youth and maiden heard the sad, prophetic song,
Then each to other nearer drew, as though to break the
gloomy spell.

The youth, a fair-haired noble, from a distant Western isle, truthful and brave, and scorning aught but right, had given his heart, his life, to this dear maid of soft Italian skies and sunny land.

She, like a dream of beauty, with eyes like stars, and hair like Erebus mourning for lost Sol, had given all her love, as only

Eastern women can, to this fair stranger. "For you I'll wait," she said, "till suns ne'er shine; each twilight eve I'll watch for flutter of this token that I give to thee." For he had said, "Tomorrow I must go to far-off lands; dream, sweet, of me, and when my duty's o'er I'll come for thee and take thee to my home and heart. As God above us is, as life is mine, dear heart, I'll come for thee. Love is eternal, for those who love, love evermore!" And the low, listening winds and rippling waves and rustling leaves, in sweetest, softest sound, sang, "evermore, love evermore."

And now the children stop their play to see a lady, white as some pale shade, come to her window pane, and gaze, and gaze, then turn away, with weary sigh; the children say she waits her lover from a far-off distant shore.

The lay had ceased, and I know not whether I dreamed or no; but before me stood a youth, stately and fair as some mythic god; he smiled and looked toward the pale lady's window, and smiled again, then drew from his bosom a brodered kerchief and held it floating over his head; and I saw that the lady had left her place by the window, and was coming swiftly down towards the water and towards the youth, who stood with arms outstretched to meet her, as she drew nearer and nearer, till, breathless and faint, she sank into his arms. Again I heard, in lulling, softest song:

Dear one, I've kept my troth; my duty's o'er and now I've come for thee, to bear thee to a home more lovely than thine eyes have seen or heart conceived. A mansion fair, of crystal, glistening and splendid as though its turrets were with jewels crowned; where little bubbling fountains play o'er feath'ry fern and lilies, whose white stately heads mind me of thee, my sweet, since thy dear crown of glorious hair, dark as Erebus, is changed by care to fair Aurora's light, where music almost as sweet as my dear lady's voice, plays ever through the vine-wreathed groves.

Methinks you're tired with long waiting, dear ; I'll lay thee down to rest a little while, then we'll go home, for surely love eternal is, and those who truly love, love evermore.

And once again the leaves and wind and waves sang "evermore."

And I know not whether I dreamed or no, but I saw the fair youth gently place her on the green sward, and reverently kiss her brow, and, as he still bowed by her side, I saw a beautiful maiden slowly arise from the resting pale lady, and she and the youth both arose and smiled each into the other's eyes, and she put her hand in his and said, "I grew so weary waiting, dear, but I am rested now. I'll go with thee."

Again I heard the sweet refrain, "Love evermore, evermore." And I think that it could not have been a dream ; for loving friends came searching for the white-haired lady and bore her lifeless form away, saying, "Dear heart, she rests at last for evermore !"

A mouth of suffering whereon the vanishing Psyche had left the shadow of the smile with which she awoke.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.



A STRANGE TALE, YET HISTORY.

“Les histoires les plus vraies ne sont pas celles qui sont arrivées.”

BY A strange chance, I happened to be touring in a country of which I had often heard, but which I had never before been so privileged as to visit, although I was particularly anxious to do so, as I had been informed that from certain points and eminences in it one could obtain quite a distinct view of surrounding countries.

As I passed over the borders of that country, I became filled with a vague dread, for I found it so different from my native home that it seemed weird and unreal, and I shrank from further journeyings; but a tourist's guide came and kindly took me by the hand, proceeding to show me, first, the general landscape, then the various points of interest relative to the inhabitants of this strange land, their origin, employment, opportunities, advantages of progress, etc.; also their connections with our own and other lands. You may be sure that I was deeply interested in the conversation of my guide, who, I found, was an exceedingly learned person, as, no matter what troublesome question arose, he would quickly answer it, no matter if it were scientific, theological or historical. I can but fail in the attempt to tell you of the rare beauty of this summer-land, with its luxuriant tropical verdure, its flowers, its murmuring rivulets, its broad, peaceful rivers, which lapped, like siren kisses, against the jeweled stones that studded their vine-wreathed banks, as they flowed gently down

toward the great blue sea, — with its lakes and lakelets that mirror an over-arching wealth of foliage, of blooming vines and trees, which became Æolian harps in the gentle zephyrs, a soft, radiant light reflecting a transcendently glorious azure arch overhead, which was, here and there, wreathed in soft, downy cloudlets; here and there a beautiful rainbow tint, all reflected in scintillating beauty in the limpid depths beneath. I gazed in wondering content till my guide gently reminded me that we must journey further if I wished to become acquainted with the practical adaptation of the place. He talked of many things, of which I may speak another time, but one which interested me more deeply than any other I will relate to you as clearly as I can.

We had approached the base of an unusually high mountain, and as we began to ascend we were joined by a band of armed soldiers. My guide asked me formally if I was willing to risk danger for the sake of obtaining a good prospect of my own land; he also assured me of no disaster, as I was guarded by this band of soldiers; but, he added, that I might be troubled and inconvenienced by the people that infest these heights, but that on reaching a certain eminence one was freed from these troublesome people, and from there could get a glimpse of many beneficial and instructive things. I consented to ascend, as the soldiers carried the ensign of the great king, and were possessed of marvelous strength, and were well armed, while the troublesome ones, I found, possessed little but strategy, cunning and cowardice, as they were outlaws. However, I gained eventually a sufficient height to escape the caves and bypaths of the outlaws, and came on to a broad plain whence I could overlook this beautiful country. As I stood drinking in

this new burst of grandeur, my gentle guide reminded me of my reason for ascending, bidding me wait and watch ; when, slowly, as a mirage arises, rose before me a picture which will, I think, never be effaced from my memory or its effects from my life.

I saw before me a vast concourse of peoples encircling what appeared to be the edge of a beautifully embroidered Oriental robe, that draped a colossal figure of infinite grace and majesty. As I lent my attention more earnestly to the peoples I observed they were divided into great sections ; also a curious thing I noticed, all the peoples turned their heads periodically toward the figure, each section and subsection bowing to that part of the robe before them, and it was not considered conventional etiquette to move the head much to the right or left ; and so each section bowed, and none saw the majestic colossal figure towering above them.

I saw teachers standing before each group. These teachers with mustered eloquence were trying (for the most part) to point out the several merits of their own sectional picture, to the repudiation or ignoring of their neighbors' sectional picture ; here and there was disputing, but all was done decently and in order.

As I still gazed, my eyes became more accustomed to the distance, and I, too, could discern the pictures on the drapery nearest me, and they seemed quite familiar to me. This central great picture was subdivided into sections diverging somehow from a very old-looking picture, and all subsections have the same scene represented, but each had some disfigurement, each a different disfigurement from the other, and this was the cause of the disputings which I noticed, also I observed each had a representation of a face of divine

and transcendent beauty, but so marred by incapable artists as to lose its attractiveness to the many, though some really love the pictures, knowing in their God-taught hearts that the true portrait lies underneath, so all bow formally to the beautiful face, as they have become accustomed to the blemishes, and there is a superstition amongst them that if the blemishes were removed the portrait might disappear ; but my learned guide informs me that the original is a very fine portrait of the gracious face far, far above their heads, and it was done by an old master with the most enduring paints ever used on earth, and the blemishes might easily be removed without injury to the adamantine colors underneath ; then all would converge to the old picture and amalgamate in love and unity.

To the left of this central great division is a still larger division ; they, too, have this beautiful face, bowing to it almost unitedly, but it is so hidden by the portrait of a young mother, and a figure of a living man raised on an exceedingly high pedestal, that they seldom see the beautiful face, and none see the majestic colossal figure towering above them, and this larger division and the more powerful but smaller division are ever looking with bitterness toward each other, forgetting the beautiful, benign face that smiles down upon them.

To the right of the central I see a third great division. This is a motley division, each subdivision, or, in some instances, each individual, has a picture to represent his ideal of what the beautiful face should be like, and I noticed many of the pictures were newly painted and bore a marked resemblance to the artists themselves, who claimed to be free to paint as they chose, and I

also observed some looked very self-satisfied, and some were ever retouching their pictures as their earnest searching eyes caught some new hopeful idea. Some pictures were of rare beauty, while before some persons there was a dark blank merely instead of a picture, and these people looked so hard and hopeless, that I prayed they might paint something on their section, even though it were not correct or beautiful. I noticed that this third division broke the rule of conventional etiquette and looked wherever they chose,—some high, some low, to right, to left, some even tried to measure the stature of the majestic colossal figure, looking very high but somehow not quite in the right direction, though they caught some of the radiance ; so none saw the gracious living face smiling down upon them.

At the rear of the figure I saw other great divisions, all bowing to a sectional picture before them, with a semblance of the beautiful face, but for the most part so mutilated and marred with such atrocious obscenities that I wept in misery.

As I still watched the peoples, I saw a beautiful angel, on whose white wings was written, "Knowledge of truth ;" she leads a noble army of disciplined workers.

She and they were invisible to the peoples. She, they tell me, has been sent by the Master with the dawn of a new era, and the peoples know it not ; and I watched to see what the beautiful angel and her band of workers would do. I saw them go right down amongst the peoples and touch one and whisper to another, till at length one here, one there, felt that gentle touch, or heard that low whisper, "Don't fear, my brother—sister—we bring the dawn of the new day ; help us brother—sister—to remove the blemishes. God, our

Master, says it must be done; resist us not; truth underlies the blemishes." Here, there, one says, "I will help you, but the central division will not let us work, neither will the division to the left, but the division to the right is a free division, there we may help;" and the angel of the knowledge of truth holds her army over the third division, and many and anxious are the inquiries after truth which arise from them, but they have for the most part so long bowed to the portrait which so much resembled themselves that the real truth cannot yet be unveiled to them. But I soon observed a proceeding which filled me with apprehension. I saw a second army of workers come out from a darkness and mingle with the disciplined workers, and they, too, began to whisper to those who were asking for truth, and the beautiful angel rebuked them not, although they made false statements to the listening ones wherever they could find a willing ear. My apprehension increased. I was utterly miserable to see my own countrymen so deceived. I enquired of my patient guide if there were no way to prevent this. He told me that the remedy lay with the people themselves, as they had in their possession a very old book which taught sufficiently well how to distinguish the true from the false. The great Master had given the people this book, wherein was written a test which never failed, but the third division for the most part ignored or denied the authority of the book, and as the central division (who believed in the book, but overlooked the fact that a test was given showing that some time it would be required) would not listen even to the beautiful angel, and so I turned away in sorrow, but my learned and sympathetic guide, and the band of soldiers which helped me ascend

the mountain, assured me all was well, as the King of their lovely summerland was also King over all the earth, and that He was bringing His plans about in His own way and in accordance with the teachings of the book which the peoples possessed. As I still watched this panoramic view of my own beloved people and country, I grew hopeful, for here and there one studied the book and found the test, then when some false one would approach he was immediately repulsed. As I watched long, and with satisfaction, I saw the central division were agreeing to look about and above, and even to try and remove the blemishes ; also about the same time the division to the right had quit retouching their pictures and were comparing the words of the old book with the words of the army above them, applying the test that was in the book. Also about the same time the division to the left were much disturbed amongst themselves, as they could easily see their neighbors were changing their attitude. Many of the more courageous ones began to look about for the cause. And so the disciplined army spread over all the divisions, while here and there began the educating work which slowly spread like a great billow of cleansing fire, till I heard the noise of a great fall, which shook the whole earth, for the huge portrait of the young mother, whose the figure of the living man on an exceedingly high pedestal, had been undermined by the truth seekers, and both fell with a great crash. I still watched and waited as I saw two great changes completed. The army that had come out from the darkness had retired discomfited, as they could find no credulous ear ; also the bitterness and bigotry, the self-worship and scorn of the Master's book and authority had vanished ; the systems of grind-

ing of the poor innocents to fill the coffers of the leaders was gone. All the holds of iniquity were overthrown in all the divisions; indeed, right before my delighted eyes all the dividing lines disappeared, and I saw the beautiful angel stoop low and whisper to the people; then a murmur of wonder ran along the vast concourse of people till it reached all round the encircled figure. And I saw all the peoples move far back so they could not well see their own pictures because of the distance; then all turned their faces upward to the now exultant, gracious, smiling face above them, and lo, it was the wonderfully beautiful reality of the much marred portrait, and in His gracious Majesty He slowly turned about and smiled a loving welcome to all.

“ Though marvelous, it still is plain
A fair tale yet history.”



THE DREAM OF TYRANNY.

“Ehe Helios kommt, laesst er die Seinen frieren, damit sie die Wohlthat der Waerme mit doppeltem Danke empfinden.”

ONE night I dreamed that I was looking into a subterranean apartment which was enclosed with flat stone walls. The apartment was vacant but for three occupants and some mechanical apparatus. Over against one wall stood a man with his back turned towards me, and entirely nude. He had the appearance of having at one time been the possessor of a remarkably fine physique, but it was now scarred and distorted until he actually appeared grotesque. Had it not been for my intense pity and sympathy I should have laughed immoderately, but the inclination for mirth lasted only a moment, for I soon understood, by observing the several scars and distortions, that the unhappy man must have been subjected to terrible torture to produce such a curious and awful result. Turning from that unfortunate wretch I saw another man standing with his back turned towards me, but he was as yet possessed of all the strength and beauty of a perfect manhood. As I studied his figure more closely I saw that one shoulder and one ankle were quite red as though they had been twisted or wrenched, but I could see no other indication of torture. Just then he turned his face and I saw that he cast a look of reproach and beseeching inquiry on the third occupant of the apartment, who simply smiled sarcastically, looked round at the stone wall, then at the mechanical appliances, then at the deformed man, then at the new victim, and said no word but smiled

again — just such a smile as one might expect to see on the visage of the incarnation of evil, if one might be so privileged as to see him ; and the victim, — I defy any human artist to produce a faithful portrayal of the struggle depicted on his countenance — it was inquiry, then disappointment, then critically examining the torture appliances, then a look of horror and despair, then a heroic struggle to maintain composure, sinking into a stolid leaden expression of acquiescence. At last, turning a querulous, half admiring glance towards his torturer, he again faced the wall.

Then he of the angelic visage picked up one of the instruments used for the making of these curious disfigurements, and proceeded to fasten it on the back of the man, for the purpose of producing a curving of the vertebræ, as of the letter "S."

These contortions were done slowly and systematically so as not to produce death, but merely to impair health, and destroy beauty. But I could not wait to see the cruel performance, I sickened at the very anticipation of the agony that he would be subjected to, so I left them, and as I tried to find a way out from this place I met another of these grotesquely disfigured creatures, but so gorgeously and fantastically clothed and, withal, carrying such a haughty and pompous expression, that my sense of the ludicrous very nearly overcame me again, but recognizing the humanity underneath this wonderful strange exterior, I approached him, hoping to obtain information and explanation of what I had just witnessed.

This man informed me that the place that I had just left was the main entrance to a colony of which he was a citizen, and of which he seemed very proud.

He said that in this colony it was considered necessary, in order to attain a high rank socially, politically, or theologically, or even to become a private citizen, that a man should become so distorted, and that they considered it to be the highest type of beauty in physique.

The being in whom I had been so interested, and who so beautified them, he informed me, they called Ethocrat, or the Angel of Custom, but I had thought Diabolus a more fitting name. I had forgotten to mention to you that this worthy was so richly and becomingly clothed that I had not at first noticed his deformity, although he was exquisitely distorted, so I was informed, and was looked upon as a sort of vicegerent of the Almighty.

He also told me that these men entered this beauty mill (shall I call it?) of their own free will, but after once passing through the doors of that place they could not escape till the work was accomplished.

It was little suffering to obtain position and rank, he said, and the would-be colonist is not aware of the full extent of the horrors of the initiatory process, and it was almost treason to complain after having passed through it. There was one way that they could escape or return if really desirous, that was, to overcome this divinity of the beauty factory, the Angel of Custom, and escape by the same way that they entered. But one that had so done could never return, or was seldom allowed to return, and once more go through these sacred portals to share in the lofty mode of life enjoyed by these colonists. He added, "They tell me that those who rebel against our Ethocracy are forming a colony of themselves, and have decided that this conformity to the image of our Angel of Custom is not necessary or advisable. However, I have no wish to so far contaminate

myself with their vulgar simplicity as to investigate their mode of living. I am very proud indeed of our system, and thank God daily that we are not like other people."

"And is your system pleasing, do you think, to the great Author and Finisher of our being?" I asked.

"To whom do you refer," he asked haughtily, "to our Ethocrat or to the God of ancient writ?"

"There is a rumor afloat that he still lives," I replied.

"Probably so," said he, "but we are quite content with our present ruler, our loved and feared Angel of Custom."

To my further questionings he added that there was chance of communication between the two colonies, and that they were very antagonistic to each other, and that there was a broad neutral ground lying between the two people, and that the rebellious colonists lived on a plain a little higher up, but that quite frequently they met on the neutral ground, and were sometimes used very roughly by members of the other colony, and sometimes these rebels actually coaxed one of their members away, and by continual rubbing and anointing they succeeded in restoring his original figure. This was considered by him of the grotesque figure to be a deep humiliation and disgrace, as they could never come into the sacred edifice again; indeed, it would be useless, as the mechanical appliances would not work successfully on him a second time. He informed me that they of the nobler colony very seldom molested the other people, they considered it to be more efficient treatment to give them silent contempt; however, he said that they sometimes hide behind great rocks and shoot at them with airguns, adding, that they themselves had no heavy fire-arms in their possession, and, bidding me a good day, he

strutted away with all the pomposity, and strangely reminding me of a feathered biped, whose name has become a familiar byword with us as representing much clacking and little reason (begging the feathered biped's pardon for making the comparison).

As he of the pretentious personality had not offered me any suggestion as regards the path by which I might find my way out of this dark and gruesome country and get into a higher plain where I could once more enjoy God's sunshine and breathe God's pure air, I accosted another man of this same type as to body, but as to mind quite a different personality. He looked weary and sad, and to my inquiries he made answer that he, too, was seeking a way out of this place but as yet could not find it, so we agreed to walk together until we should find some lighter locality.

As we walked he told me that for a long time he had been seeking to escape, as he was heartsick of the tyranny of the Ethocrat, who was so unrelenting and unmerciful in his judgment of any subject who did not entirely conform to his torturing rules and regulations. My companion also informed me that my late friend (he of the pomposity) belonged to the higher ranks of society in the colony, and that the members of this class really enjoyed the life; that they gave up all endeavor but that which led them to be like each other, and like the Angel of Custom.

Sometimes they did good acts; if so, all did good acts; sometimes some did bad acts, and if all did not follow in the error they just closed their eyes awhile, and that would answer just as well. My companion complained bitterly of one most odious state of affairs which prevailed amongst them. It, too, would have been irre-

sistibly absurd and funny had it not been for its ghoulishness.

It must be kept in mind that this people was a most exclusively aristocratic people, and that nothing was considered too great a sacrifice to make to attain rank and position as near their beloved chief as possible. In order to acquire this high position two conditions were necessary. I scarcely know which condition should have the right of precedence, as they are so united, or married, as to be almost inseparable. After he had told me the main points of this system, I thought it small wonder that he looked so sad and weary.

He said their land was covered with plentiful fields of grain, fruits, vegetables and food-producing animals; as also the forests and mines were rich in wood and mineral; with beautiful fabrics and gems, silver and gold, in profusion.

They had a vast and advanced field of literature, grand systems for travel and commerce, also for conveying intelligence from one end of their land to the other.

Almost perfect systems for the educating of their children, with an always advancing scientific development.

He was relating all this to me in a slow, monotonous voice, telling more of outlived hope than of patriotic enthusiasm. Then he grew moody and silent, and the expression of his face was as if he were dreaming some hopeless evil dream.

I did not venture to break the silence but presently he began again. Eagerly, earnestly, at times wildly, he said, "I must state, to begin with, I personally have suffered but little on account of the hereditary condition in which I was born, but have in God's providence been

able to examine and consider this system of ours in all its hideous enormity, and, Oh God! what a picture! surely the prince of evil must have racked his cruel brain to concoct such a ghoulis, inhuman system. I have told you of the luxurious plenty which exists in our land; but, God have mercy on the offenders and offended! do you know there are hungry, starving men, women and children amongst us? Do you know that the people of higher rank are kept floating by a great current of human blood drawn from the people of the lower rank? It is obtained systematically by those of very highest rank. This class wear a sign on their heads. It is not made of thorns, but of precious metal, and resplendent with jewels.

It requires whole seas of the life-giving fluid to preserve their floating equilibrium, but it is often given with the greatest zeal and cheerfulness, because the foolish people love to see the pretty glittering tinsel and royal display.

For this first class (that wear a sign on their heads) the quantity of this fluid extract of life that each person must supply is stated officially, and all lower in rank than this first highest rank are obliged to contribute their share, which is an easy matter for those above a certain line of demarkation, for they, too, float on the crimson seas, but the chief burden and responsibility of producing it devolves on the lowest classes.

The pain and suffering of producing it increases per ratio as they grade downward in the social scale; and here what hideous pictures! For this fluid is squeezed and sweated from their bodies, from their minds, from their morals, from their manhood, from their womanhood, from their childhood. It is one livid mass of

writhing, struggling, bleeding humanity! They may only retain enough of their God-given fluid to preserve strength sufficient to create a fresh supply to feed and float these parasitical vampires, who exist in a state of satiated luxury, floating on these upper seas above a certain line of demarkation. God forgive these people, I cannot!

I have seen agony and misery enough to gloat a demon. I have seen a woman of the upper seas, on her bridal-day, supported by a volume of this life-giving fluid which would free from terrible pain thousands of families. I have seen a woman attend one of the public select assemblages, where all move gracefully in stately rhythm to the strains of sweetest music. I have seen her there so clothed with beautiful fabric and jewels, as to represent the cruel torture of thousands of families for a whole year, nay, more than that, and yet for all that she was a kindly, sweet, womanly woman. God forgive her thoughtlessness, I cannot! I have seen women by the thousand come to the house of formal remembrance of the once Most High,—they are obliged to attend by the Angel of Custom on threatened forfeiture of rank,—I have seen these women come from their palatial homes in almost royal splendor of clothing and equipage which has cost the suffering of men, women and children without number.

In this house, and in all such houses in our colony, all ranks are allowed to meet and mingle, but I have observed that these women of the palatial homes are very careful not so much as to touch a bit of the clothing of the less fortunate women, as their apparel, as well as their bodies and faces, show deep mark and impress of their life of torture; and if one should stray into this

house of the once Most High who has sacrificed her virtue that she may be enabled to keep up her share of this floating sea, it is the custom to give her one contemptuous glance and then not look at her again; this rule is rigidly adhered to. What causes me to feel most intensely the gross injustice of this system is the seemingly almost unnoticed truth that these women of the upper seas despise and insult their sister women who, at such fearful cost of health, happiness, or perhaps morals, keep them floating in a sensual and senseless luxury. I speak most bitterly of women, because they are the most blind devotees of this tyrannical Ethocrat. But the men, who claim the greater share of intelligence, are very simple and foolish in this thing. They will strain every nerve and mental capability, sacrifice morals and perjure conscience to obtain great masses of the precious jewels and beautiful fabrics and royal equipages, so that their wives and daughters may enjoy the childish pastime of arraying themselves in these gauds, and admiring the reflection and the re-reflection of it in their splendid mirrored halls — like a familiar bird of remarkably beautiful plumage, who spreads his circle of iridescent splendor towards the sun and his admiring fellow-birds until he is lost in admiration and intoxicated with his own beautiful person.

God made the bird so! But for a woman so to do she must torture and crush her fellow sisters beneath an enormous weight of misery, want, and often almost starvation. I know of these things. I speak from facts. I have seen fathers, who love a wife and daughter, who will crush the heart, life and morals out of a hundred of others' wives and daughters to obtain a new plaything for these their own.

I cannot tell you now of the systems of cruelty and gross, unholy injustice practised by these loving husbands and fathers of higher seas. But what irritates me beyond endurance is the fact that they who are so crushed and starved are made to submit so readily, and that they who exact this awful obedience from the unfortunates do not realize their enormity ; for some are goodish-meaning folk, but are too selfish and weak to follow the dictates of conscience, and find it preferable to obey their loved and feared Angel of Custom.

You ask how this second class of taxation is maintained ; it is accomplished in a very simple but unjust manner. These people who float in high seas as a matter of course are more powerful than those who are so lacking in this life-preserving fluid, so they just seize all the productions of the land and dole them out in small quantities as the poor wretches pay for them with their own life blood.

I can't talk any more about it. I could explain much more, but I am trying to find ever so small an opening where perhaps the light of God may penetrate the semi-darkness which prevails ; for I have read in a sacred book of great antiquity which we possess that the light would come sometime, and all would see, and that error and hate would be removed. Others besides myself have searched for an opening for the light to enter, but the search seems in vain. The other new colony are not much in advance of us, only in this : that they will not submit to our Ethocrat, but their mode of living is much the same, although they are more awake to the enormity of the injustices but as yet cannot correct them.

I must spend all my life searching for the light. You do not wonder now that I seem to have outlived hope ;

it is such a weary task. How can one look or feel happy when his energy for search is supplied from such a chamber of horrors?

When he had ceased, I said to him, "I will go with you. I believe we shall find this light of prophetic lore."

He said, "God grant it, for the sake of the suffering brotherhood of humanity."

And when I awoke in the morning, I wondered whether I had been transported into some strange country, or was it entirely a dream. Which?



UNWELCOME GUESTS OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I sit and watch the dying ember
Flicker and glow and fade,
The year is dying, I remember ;
May all ill ghosts be laid !

Trouble me not with horrid dreams,
Luxuriantly I'll nap ;
I grateful still to-night would seem
Content in Plenty's lap.

But I, half waking half a sleeping,
Feel lurking presences
From out behind my curtains peeping,
Like fatal essences !

With scornful finger pointing at me :
" I'm the pale spectre, Want,
Why recline ye in your luxury ;
Know'st naught of hunger gaunt ?

" Hast been to yonder slums to see
The fruits of licensed industry ;
Hast seen the babes, with gasping breath,
Whom hounded mothers starve to death ? "

Then from out behind my curtain
Came two eyes, that devils lurk in.
" I am Lust," he leered, and told me,
" Know ye aught of those who serve me ?

“ Know ye aught of haunts of demons,
 Grimy, sunken low, and lost ones ;
 In their dens I seek my pleasure ;
 Surfeit I of wrong ? No, never ! ”

Then from out behind my curtain
 Came, with boisterous laugh, the third one :
 “ I, a merry soul am ever,
 Friend of every son and daughter.

“ Hast thou seen my halls of splendor ?
 Mirth runs riot in each member !
 All my palaces are well filled !
 All my parks and groves are well tilled !

“ I sow my seed in infant soil !
 I raise my plants with little toil !
 While young and strong, they grace my halls,
 'Midst gleam of lights and rattling balls.

“ Know ye how many I've reared and sold ?
 The buyers have been my comrades bold.
 Jolly good friends are all we three,
 We dance our joy right merrily !

“ Know ye, sir, I am Lord of much,
 Filling prisons and jails with such
 A lot of broken and shattered men
 As you'll not find on earth again !

“ The homes I strip of warmth and bread ;
 I change the women's hearts to lead.
 The children young and maidens fair,
 Them I sell to my comrades there !

“ Me you would call a licensed ill,
Foolishly kept alive to kill.
Just now my life is valued high,
So I rejoice and train to die.”

There tolls the bell, my ghosts are gone,
And I am left in peace alone.
I wash my hands of all such creatures ;
I'll try to soon forget their features !



PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITION OF PLANET MARS.

" The innumerable worlds that were and are."

—BYRON.

Q. In what transitory state is Mars at present ?

A. In her millennial, just preceding her final transition ; we use the word final advisedly, as she has nearly run her course, having given birth to many races. As you doubtless are aware, there are ever old planets ripening for what is termed death or dissolution in the human family ; as also there are ever others collecting and forming out of chaos or detached particles of dissolved or shattered orbs, which state compares with the human birth.

Q. Will you explain and define this millennial condition as it exists in your planet ?

A. In the first place, there exists in the planet Mars an absolute unlimited Monarchy. We use the word Monarchy rather than Theocracy advisedly, as the God-Man-Christ is the recognised vicegerent of the Omnipotent : in the next place, there exist universal suffrage, co-operation, social equality and brotherhood.

Q. Can the two conditions coexist ?

A. They cannot exist with any degree of perfection unless they do coexist.

Q. Will you explain this theory, Theology, or political economy. Which name serves the question best ?

A. The names are a trinity, which are co-equal, scarcely distinctive in their operations on the inquiring mind of man.

Q. Kindly explain this dual form of government ?

A. I will endeavor to give you a few cardinal points which will, I think, leave the conclusion in your mind that this form of government is both a necessity and a result of natural law. Point 1st : All peoples, individually or en masse, are ever open to progress, or what they deem progress. Point 2d : No two minds are organized entirely alike, hence, could not possibly agree on a universal systematic method of progression which was not absolutely perfect. Point 3d : The supreme Creator, and He only, can conceive thoughts which will be greater and wiser than His created. Point 4th : All must be conscious of the efficiency of the system before all will willingly fall in line, thus necessitating an absolutely unlimited trust in the supreme governing power, which will result, not in annihilation of the individual mind and purpose, but only in leading it in higher, broader paths. We are obliged to retrograde to your comparatively crude state of civilization to learn from the masses that higher teachings and technical and ethical education result in annihilation of individual mind and purpose ; the idea, however, does not obtain with us, and we know that a system of social ethics can be established wherein all men and women are equal.

Q. How was this system successfully introduced and brought into operation in your planet ?

A. There had gradually grown a terrible unrest and dissatisfaction amongst the masses ; tyrannies of different types ran riot ; alongside of this grew a religious state of unrest, unbelief, and dissatisfaction in all sects and creeds with hypocrisy and bigotry in high places ; even the Christ of the Christian seemed like an old fable which the people professed to believe in, fearing the

anathema of the clergy or the ostracism of the modern Pharisee. The historic Christ was preached with a few shattered fragments of his teachings carefully revised to cater to the tastes of an arrogant, purse-proud, pharisaical audience. Then Christ came the second time.

Q. How did He make His presence known ?

A. Read in your holy writ, Isaiah xiii., 4-5 ; it is a true picture of existing trouble and distress of the people at that time. Then the Lord did muster His hosts from the end of heaven to destroy, not literally our planet, but the distressing condition that existed therein. The first appearance was through a strong spiritualistic movement which arose mainly amongst advanced thinkers. This movement greatly interested the sceptical, amused the thoughtless, and horrified Christian orthodoxy, but there gradually grew up a class amongst the Christians, who found that by applying the test furnished in our holy writ (for we possess a parallel of your own) the evidence thus obtained, instead of overthrowing the historic Christ, proved to be a most convincing evidence of the truth of the theology as taught in our sacred writings. At length it came about that the people asked the Supreme Creator to speak, through Christ, to His people, until all listened to His teachings ; soon all forms of existing governments were abolished and tyrannies overthrown. The change was not instantaneous, but very rapid. Selfishness in all its numberless and carefully hidden forms was the only strong enemy to be overthrown or eradicated.

Q. What was the definite working plan that brought about this result ?

A. When those that found the truth had published it, their teachings received much opposition at first from

nearly every quarter, as the carrying out of the new system interfered with selfish plans, and the people could not trust their Creator to form new ones for them; but it became so apparent at length to the many that it was God's voice sounding (*vox populi, vox Dei*) that they were obliged to listen. It eventually became the political as well as religious and social question of the day. A deep-rooted and universal agitation ensued.

The voice of the people was taken by ballot and by petition in various forms in many places. Reformers flourished, communities were started in all directions living by the new system as best they could while still crippled by human reigning power. Then some nations decided to try the plan and prove if God were really to be trusted with affairs of State. The result was so satisfactory that other nations decided to try it, and so it went on until the whole people were under the direct guidance of the risen Christ.

Q. Were there no civil religious wars before the change was effected?

A. It became more of a political and social question, hence lacked the bitterness and hate which usually attend so-called holy wars. After being settled by vote, the balance, who utterly refused to act in accordance with the new regime, were expelled and alienated until they chose to come back in unity and peace.

The ignorant and intolerant were patiently and practically taught, by inviting them to come and share the new mode of living. This method was found to be much more effectual than sending out teachers of the theory, or so-called missionaries, as they could then see for themselves the good effects of the new regime.

When we saw how superior this plan was to the old one of sending out men and women who scarcely understood the language of the people, we wondered that we — great we — had not thought of it before, but, sad to recollect, our former state would not have borne the severe criticism of a catechumen ; but now it was with pride and joy we would show him our improved condition and teach him the beautiful theory which brought it about. Usually nothing but this new-born love of his brother could persuade him to leave us to go back to native home and kindred a zealous worker for the great common brotherhood, for on this principle was the new regime instituted.

Q. Is the study of art and science more advanced with you than in our planet ?

A. I will deal with that subject in detail later, but will now briefly give you an idea of its advancement in our planet as compared with your own.

Science, or the philosophy of principles by which things exist, is of course taught marvelously in advance of your knowledge ; it can never be completely or perfectly taught, as it would require a God-mind to comprehend it.

We are manipulating some forces of which neither the use nor existence has been stumbled against by your race, especially in the *Materia Medica*. As to art, its explanation is a volume, nay a legion of volumes ; but, to begin with, the study and practice of art demands suitable condition and opportunity for its development to any degree. Such this system grants. It is one of its fixed principles that all talent must be fostered to its highest development, all that is required in return is that all be benefited by that development, the motto

being, "God gave you freely, now you give to His children freely." Poets, authors, musicians, speakers, singers, painters, sculptors, artisans of all sorts, grow to seemingly Godlike genius.

Q. But who does the work? Is there equality after all if some must drudge for others?

A. Here again comes the superiority of the plan. As there is diversity of minds, so there must be diversity of tastes as to occupation. Here science with art does wonders. Such are the scientific ideas and theories brought into play, with the accompanying improved appointments, that it is difficult to distinguish which are the fine arts. Take cooking, that bane of civilized woman, now the conveniences are so perfect and arranged so artistically that a princess born might glory in concocting delicious dishes. Neither is occupation confined to sex, but taste, all working co-operatively, hence with so very little labor. If it is only arranging tables for repast, it is done by artists, and, comparing its inviting beauty with the meal in the average home, it would indeed be a feast for the gods.

Garments are simple but beautiful in design and fabric, requiring what would with you be an artist's skill. So with the mechanics' work, so with agriculture, horticulture, in fact, all the toilsome drudgeries have been so beautified and, shall I say, sanctified, by being through generations executed only by lovers of that department of the duties, that there are no sinecure positions, and the law of service is "he who serves his best serves perfectly."

Science is omnipotent in the hands of her divine director. She has literally chained the winds and water; she has hurled the lofty mountain into the abyss by her

side ; she has waved her magic wand over the heavens and hushed to slumber the howling thunder and coaxed down the electric fire of heaven to light and warm and move almost every inanimate thing. It heals in conjunction with other subtile agencies. The old Materia Medica (which was much like your own at present) being entirely outgrown, very little illness is known. Regular habits, good sanitary conditions, hygienic teachings in childhood, absence of nervous strain from worry and physical exhaustion from overwork make all disease an invader that is easily repulsed.

Q. How are the laws of the land given forth and from what center do they emanate ?

A. The laws of the land are conspicuous by their absence. Law relates to enforced obedience. Here the inquiry is "what is the kindest, wisest thing for me to do under the circumstances." There are, however, council chambers within easy distance of all the people, where they may go for directions when undecided as to certain social matters where the prophet of God waits to reveal to them what is necessary for them to know. There is only a thin veil between the seen and the unseen as all have spirit communion and have trusted guides who teach them the higher life as the parent does his child. Recollect that our planet has nearly reached its highest state ; it has taken many generations to reach this stage of perfection.

Q. Is there still lawfully contracted marriage amongst your people ?

A. Assuredly, a marriage is a very sacred ceremony, conducted by the prophet of God, considered to be inviolable and indissoluble. As there has ceased to be the slightest reason for any marriage other than a mutual

respect, and especial love, and only the physically healthy are advised to contract marriage, there has ceased to exist that degradation of union which is prevalent in your planet to-day. There is a sanctity and responsibility attached to motherhood in our advanced state which makes the infanticides and, shall I say, oftentimes matricides of your day seem like some fiendish, ghoulish nightmare born of an over-feast of lust.

Q. Does not this condition of co-operation tend to destroy the sanctity of the home life ?

A. You must recollect that the sanctity of the home life also has its drawbacks. It fosters selfishness ; it causes envious feelings to exist, it does not tend to promote kindly feeling towards all. Still it was necessary at first to let them remain quite distinct and separate ; grouping them at first and using as much as they could of the conveniences of living in common. As they grew more unselfish their homes were less distinct sharing more in common. Now a stranger would with difficulty know who were related, all being so gentle and loving toward each other ; still the home of each is as sacred as his life. Husband, wife and children are a beautiful union there. The mother of young children is totally exempted from work. Thus young, strong women share her burden,— a burden which has grown strangely light through generations of fine physiques.

Q. Is there a formal worship of God ?

A. Yes, they meet in their council chambers every seventh day to thank God for their blessed state, to sing praises and to offer adoration and petitions for the continuance of His guidance and favor.

Q. Why on the seventh day ?

A. The number seven is symbolic of perfection, so

of their millennial state, besides many things that I cannot here explain.

Q. You claim that your Christ is a personal God, then if so there must exist numberless personal Gods ; how can so many supreme powers coexist ; is it not at best an anomaly ?

A. There is supreme power, but not powers. That power endows one man in every planet once in every creative epoch with supreme wisdom and power, for the purpose of guiding and teaching that people. I say, endowed with supreme power advisedly, as he is completely controlled by or endowed with that attribute of the supreme power, the Christ Spirit, which necessarily supersedes his own mind ; thus he is actually the Christ to us, as the mind is actually the man.



ONE DAY I DREAMED.

ONE soft, still, summer day I dreamed that I was a tiny little rootlet, whose seed leaves were just peeping through the soil, and as my wee feathery branches grew, they were ever seeking something to climb on. Around me grew other plants who seemed to need no support, so stalwart were they. Towards them I was ever reaching out my slender tendrils, but no sooner was I safely fastened to some seemingly trusty stalk than the ruthless gardener would invariably come and clip my tender little growth free from its support and leave me bleeding and sore. One day I heard him say to a friend, "I want to make a strong hardy climber of that plant ; it has a good strong root ; it is ever throwing out tendrils." After a while he brought a beautiful trellised ladder and placed it over me, I feared that it would crush me, it was so large, and the top was so far above me, that I could not see it. He said to his friend that day, "I have been pruning this little plant until it has developed into a good strong root, now I shall let it climb, I expect it to luxuriantly cover that tall trellis," and I sighed, and the gentle breeze seemed to sigh with me, for I was so weary of my pain and bleeding wounds I didn't wish to grow any more ; but each day after that he would come and with gentlest touch place my rapidly lengthening and strengthened vinelets around the trellised support, then with a kindly smile of satisfaction pass on his way. And in my dream I knew not whether I reached the top and filled the trellised support or not, but I thought that the gentle breeze played softest, sweetest music amongst my branches and I was at rest from my weariness and pain ; and then I awoke.

THE PREHISTORIC RACES.

"Such things,
Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity."
—BYRON.

IN THE beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form, and void, which simply implies that all was chaos. Geologists teach us that our planet must, according to their demonstration, be some millions of years old, instead of the six thousand of Biblical history, or assumed Biblical history, there being a decided distinction between the man-assumed explanation and the divinely-inspired teachings of truth. All recent discoveries in geology tend to prove the complete accuracy of the Mosaic account of the cosmogony—the birth of order out of chaos—so far as the succession of the various life-creations is concerned. The actual time at which the several acts or processes began and ended is still a subject of very wide differences of estimate, among even the best informed geologists.

In Gen. i., 2, it states that the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, which assuredly implies gradual change, not instantaneous formation.

We are led to believe, and can find no reasonable objection to the view, that the account of the creation of man as given in the latter part of this 1st chapter of Genesis does not refer to our present race but to the first people that inhabited the earth—the Prehistoric Races—the one which immediately preceded our own overlapping and commingling to a certain extent until the flood, at which time there was a great upheaval and

submerging of old continents, **which** accounts for the seemingly unreasonable description of **that** incident. I refer to the statement that the ark rested on the **mountains** of Ararat, when there was only about fifteen cubits of water to raise it to that eminence. Also the thought suggests itself, Why did not the balance of the population escape by ascending those high mountains? But when you understand that these mountains were only then hurled into existence, it entirely does away with the apparent falsity of that strange account, the inconsistency of which many an honest but calculating Christian has staggered at and not infrequently fallen into scepticism over.

The continent of Atlantis is now lying in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, between the United States of America and the opposite shore. The most northerly strip of Africa and the Mediterranean Sea was at that time an isthmus, joining Atlantis to Indiana. Indiana now lies partly inundated by the Indian Ocean. The northern, or rather northwestern part, viz: China, is still inhabited by direct descendants of that prehistoric people, which easily accounts for their ancient learning and historical writings of such fabulous antiquity! The intermediate section became evacuated by the terror-stricken people, all the others being drowned.

Nothing remains visible of Atlantis save the borders of the isthmus and a few islands in the Atlantic Ocean. The advanced learning and art of ancient Egypt is due largely to this early race, as Egypt was never quite deserted.

Pasadena, which lies mostly in the Pacific Ocean, has a remnant left, which covers a strip running from California down the coast to about Chile.

This statement is fully corroborated by evidences of an advanced civilization found buried in many places, biding God's time to give evidence to the truth,—children that cannot lie—the red Indians of America being relics of the people of Pasadena who escaped the inundation.

In the second coming of their Christ Pasadena became almost universally Christian, Indiana partially so, Atlantis wholly infidel or nearly so. Note the consequences: Atlantis is the origin of the colored or Negro race, who has for centuries served his fellow, and who is, in his native state, the most brutal and religionless of all peoples. The Indianians, as seen in the Chinese, live apart by themselves or emigrate largely to serve. The Pasadenians have never served to scarcely the slightest extent. Their spirit-father quietly diminishes their number as they are encroached upon, but they seldom serve.

We have noted previously the law of retributive consequences in the individual; we have only to appeal to history to see that same law inexorable, standing like weigh scales of the Almighty, while nations and empires march in stately panoramic procession before the tribunal of the Most High, a gaudy pageantry.

We would here note its effects on the prehistoric people. We have before noted that Atlantis was almost entirely infidel and materialistic. They valued wealth, learning, skill in art, and prowess as omnipotence, and this was their only recognized god.

They even surpassed their contemporaries in magic, workmanship in art and scientific acquirements. They were not merely Egotists, but ego-worshippers; ego and material natural law formed their dual Godhead. This

was when they were at their zenith, or in the era just previous to the advent of our present race. However, as time lapsed, they became infected by the worshipful habits of their contemporaries, but substituted material objects, which were supposed to represent certain ideas, and were sort of object lessons for the people. At the time of the upheaval and inundation, traditionally termed the flood or deluge, their worship had dwindled into a sort of polytheistic form of religious rites of magnificent splendor and imposing ceremony, which had for its priesthood men who were astrologers, magicians, wizards and philosophers, who taught the masses what they considered suitable for their mental capacity, and what best served their own pride and sensual pleasure. It was these Atlantians that intermarried with the daughters of the new creation, hence the unholy generation that followed. These men were called by this unsophisticated, primitive people sons of God, because of their superior attainments and ability, a term frequently used in that sense in ancient writ. There was little of Atlantis left above water after that flood and upheaval. As the new land of what is now Africa arose, the remnant of this old race served to people the rising continent; an easy possibility, there being no break in the land between the old and new continents, hence they easily fled Southward. Many of the interior African tribes are distinct descendants of this prehistoric people, and have for centuries been in slavery, or living in a state of brutality and degradation second to none on earth — only a consequence of a starved spiritual and moral nature. Holy writ states that all but Noah and his family were drowned from off the face of the earth. I claim that that account was given to our historic race,

who were not allowed till later times to know of these mysteries.

All the mixed race was destroyed. Our primitive historians did not know of the remnants — were not allowed to know of them.

God or Omniscience allows scientific truths to be slowly revealed through apparently untrue phases. The truism of to-day is not the truism of to-morrow. May not history unfold its leaves in the same way? Will you presume to form a code of laws to bind the Omnipotent with your small measure, warped and shrunken by heredity and prejudice! Two great facts are standing bare before the troubled thinking people. The first is seeming inconsistencies of our sacred writing; the second, the material scientific discoveries which demonstrate beyond doubt that there existed a high civilization on this planet prior to our six thousand years of the Christian Bible, and we feel no compunction in assuming the ground that those three remnants have been held intact by the invisible fingers of the Almighty to prove to a generation of doubters, materialists, and critics that God, the Omniscient, originates plans, and that God the Omnipotent executes those plans (the mills of the gods grind slowly, etc.).

Indiana, as I have previously stated, was a huge continent, lying where the northern part of the Indian Ocean now is. China remained unharmed. The southern portion of the continent being submerged, certainly a wide ridge of land between the remaining portion of the continent and the new ocean would be depopulated, giving us what is now India and other small countries in that belt or strip, which became populated with the children of Noah, who were scattered

after the attempt to build the tower of Babel. They gave rise to the Aryan race.

The Japanese also are descendants of that people, with the exception of the royal line whom legend gives an account of as gods coming from over the seas.

I claim these seeming gods to be Indianians, who would, as remarked before, seem like gods to these unsophisticated, primitive people, who would easily be subjected to their imperious leadership after feeling and witnessing their magic or psychic skill. We think fear and admiration would conquer what men at arms could not.

China has remained a solid empire through untold ages. Her religion is a corruption of Christianity; some points quite prominent, its esoteric teachings having been partially restored at times by native prophets, but it has now dwindled into a heathen worship of many objects, as well as of ancestors and historic heroes.

Some ideas which are held in their religious beliefs to-day are a corruption and misunderstanding of the true philosophy of the cycling march or evolution of the human races which had been taught them after their Christ-religion had been explained to them more fully; that is, in the closing of their probationary era just before the coming of Christ the second time, and taught through the medium of a spiritual communion prophesied to them, as also it is foretold in our holy scriptures for us.

Socially, the Chinese race has retrograded as the purity of their religion has diminished. Their international character has been to neither molest nor countenance interference. Perhaps that is one of the strongest arguments in proof of their origin and identity, as this feeling has no doubt grown from their long isolation,

and from their being so entirely sufficient unto themselves for so many ages. Even the feeling of superiority is hereditary, and must naturally be so, because as a nation they have known scarcely anything of the relative power and attainments of their contemporaries, a proof of which was given us in their late trouble with Japan.

It will be remembered that we stated previously that this continent was divided in its religious opinions and acceptance of the Christ; they are, however, still a clever people, though physically and mentally demoralized by over population and inertia or indolence.

Pasadena was also a large continent, covering that portion of the earth's surface now known as California, Mexico, Central America and a large part of South America lying along the Pacific coast; the main body of the continent lying in the now Pacific Ocean. The continent of Pasadena was joined to the continent of Atlantis by a wide isthmus or mere tapering of the larger bodies. This isthmus, would, roughly speaking, stretch across the gulf of Mexico and Florida. At the time of their Christ the Pasadenians were almost wholly Christianized, and some native tribes of Indians still hold distorted traditions of the Christ-story. In some of their most awful and hideous religious rites we may decipher relics of the distorted teachings of Christianity. I refer to voluntary suffering and sacrifice which they consider a holy sacred privilege, and which, if borne with courage and fortitude, add greatly to their progress in the spirit-world. The survivors of such sacrificial feast, partaking of portions of the heroically sacrificed body, hope thereby to increase their courage and fortitude in like suffering. In my estimation there

is more crude nobility in these awful rites than in the cold, lackadaisical, pharisaical, religious energy or rather lack of energy and earnestness displayed by their more enlightened dispossessors. Methinks their Father, the great Spirit, is looking in kindly pity and sympathy on these poor seemingly forsaken children of darkness, who are still struggling through the long night that followed their glorious day, and who are now waiting God's time to call them all home, like an aged mother who sits, half blind and with wandering mind, muttering to herself little disordered fancies of an almost forgotten past. Research has brought another suggestion to the surface; that is, that the discoveries of ancient and prehistoric ruins, remains, etc., of animals and human beings in Asia, Europe and America bear a marked resemblance to each other, suggesting that they were one race or else had been evolved under much the same conditions.

There seems to be not the slightest doubt that a high state of civilization had been reached, sustained, exhausted and forgotten long before the Spaniards came to America. Archæological research is very prolific of proof of this theory, as found in fossils and skeleton remains of human beings in the same place and condition as the mammoth animals now long ages extinct, and we consider research only on the borders of her discoveries.



“SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.”

(Written for the L. S. of Psychical Research. London, Ont., Feb., 1896.)

I SCARCELY feel like offering an apology for coming with a prepared paper to-night, as it seems rather a duty than a pleasure to offer it (I hope) to your patient hearing.

The subject under discussion to-night, viz : the second coming of Christ, is one of the deepest interest to me, not as a fad or “ism” built up by hopes and conjectures, but as an initial step towards victory in the great battle between right and wrong. Neither need I offer this company apology for claiming to have been enabled to draw on intelligences which have had the privilege of watching this earth of ours in a previous and similar conflict, which ended in a manner a little varied as to detail from that in which, I understand, ours will end. I speak now only of the race immediately preceding ours and merging with ours, and would claim that the Chinese, Central African tribes, and American Indians are relics of the preceding race.

I wish you to lay aside religious emotions and fantastic theisms and consider the subject broadly. I believe that one of the greatest natural laws is reproduction in ever varied and multiform creations. New worlds form slowly from chaotic masses thrown in cosmoplastic atoms from other decaying or dying worlds, and are ever reproduced (rather than evolved), differing somewhat at times, still holding the same class distinction. Vegetation lives, grows, throws off its foliage, dies down, becomes matter for newer forms of life.

I cannot stay to illustrate at length, but no life or matter is lost. The forest of the long-decayed centuries is to-day used as coal, still preserving its heat-giving qualities, and is incorporated into our bodies as it might have been long ago in other form. There are endless proofs by illustration of this law of reproduction in matter from the minute short-lived animalcula to the great massive, dying orb whose flickering lights tell the tale of the march of perhaps myriads of centuries.

Allow me to quote Prof. Drummond: "To magnify the laws, as laws of this small world of ours, is to take a provincial view of the universe. Law is great, not because the phenomenal world is great, but because these vanishing lines are the avenues into the eternal order." The Creative Omnipotence, if I may so term that attribute of the universal I Am, has been pleased to be, or is at least subject to, that natural law or in reality is antecedent to that universal natural law. I maintain that there is no supernatural — natural law is merely a crude material form of the great universal order, which governs the universe, although sequences would be a better term if rightly understood. I believe race after race is given birth to in each planet and that each race has a Christ, or an especially endowed human person, who, after certain experiences, is completely controlled by the direct Christ of God's spirit, so is actually the word of God to that people. He remains with them until they have progressed up to perfection or to perfect union and harmony with the Great One, that is, when all matter, even spiritual, and all error and weakness are removed. They are as a sequence absorbed again, or, as we often hear, the "soul gone back to God who gave it," and are completely lost as individuals, but as a ray

or atom of God the creative, might be reproduced in individual form. I think the theory of reincarnation was stolen and distorted from this teaching by malicious although learned spirits.

I understand it to be the appointment or duty of Jesus of Nazareth, our anointed Christ, to guide by the transmitted voice or word of God, this race through its growth and struggle in progression back to unity with the infinite Father or creative perfection. I do not refer to those simply who now people this earth, but to the whole race since the Biblical historic Adam until the second appearance of the Christ, who will shortly come in like manner as he went, that is, in a what we now term materialized form, occasionally seen by a few, sometimes by many. And I consider it to be the obvious duty of Christians, who have received this great and responsible gift of this transmittance of spirit teachings (under Christ), to try to prepare the people for this great and glorious transference of rule and guidance from earthly rulers to Jesus, the Christ of God. As a British subject I must add, that I respect and love the name of that gentle, gracious, and queenly woman who has been held up to the searching light that beats upon a throne for sixty long years, only to give back, like the clear, pure diamond, a thousand rays of reflected loveliness. God grant that she may live to give the borrowed reins of state into the hand of the Christ whom she has loved and served with so much sincerity and dignity !



FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

AS ALL through the lonely gloaming,
I, weary, lie and wait

For the coming of a presence
That will lead me through the gate !

Through the vale of misty shadows
Soon my wearied soul must pass,
In its upward flying Godward
Home at last, sweet home at last !

Though my body here is pain-worn,
I my soul would lift to Thee ;
Fold Thy loving arms around me,
I at peace would be in Thee !

In the quiet hush of twilight,
When life's tapers, burning low,
Send dear, loving friends to guard me,
And to help my journey through.

When at length the veil arises
Which has barred them from my view,
Take me in Thy blissful presence,
Where all old things are made new.

Where the toil-worn and decaying
Will be changed to joyful youth ;
Where the troublesome and misty
Will be light in God's own truth.

Glorious hope, sweet rest, rare beauty,
Vernal hills and azure sky,
Sweetest music, peace and plenty,
Soon is mine, sweet by and by !

SUMMARY.

I OFFER these brief explanations to those readers who have little leisure for study and might not readily interpret all of these "dreams" correctly. To those who have time and capabilities I would advise a careful study of them, as you may draw from them much more than I am able to. I most solemnly assert that they arise not from my own unaided mind; also I do solemnly assert that I have received each and every one in the name of the Holy Trinity through the medium of the Holy Ghost, under the command of Jesus our Christ of God. I make these assertions because of the unbelief of the many in any kind of inspiration at the present day; also because the idea is prevalent that all (without discrimination) spiritualistic mediumship is surely of the Evil One. Kindly read for your instruction and warning on this point 1st John, 3d chapter, 20th to 24th verses; 1st John, 4th chapter, 1st, 2d and 3d verses; 1st Cor., 12th chapter; Mark, 3d chapter, 22d to 30th verses.

1. DEDICATION.

I dedicate this inspirational message to two classes of persons, viz: Christians and merely nominal Christians.

2. PREFACE.

Drawing attention to the terrible condition of affairs at the present time. Granting the great good done by

the few, but rebuking the thoughtless blindness of the Christian Church, as individuals, with regard to the signs of the times. Carelessness is criminal!

3. AUTUMN LEAVES.

As an illustration of a human life.

4. STANDING AT THE THRESHOLD.

Viewing the great want and woe of the world to-day, as well as the great good and beauty which exists. A message from our Lord to His bride—the Church—to awaken and receive Him, as He is now awaiting her awakening to remove all sorrow and wrong.

5. OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

An invocation to God for guidance in so responsible and serious an undertaking, namely, that of giving (through inspiration) additional light and beauty to the Christian religion, it being now due time for it to be more clearly explained and better understood; and to make the study of these subjects of deeper interest and of vital importance, not alone to religionists, but to all thoughtful persons. Also, to teach on scientific principles that a man is a unit of the whole Great One. Therefore, giving great and grave reasons why we should love and obey God and love and help one another.

6. SOLILOQUY OF AN EGO.

The individual life, as illustrated by a thoughtless, happy child, growing into hopeful youth; then as a man, with his struggle amidst success and sorrow on his

voyage across the ocean of responsible life. The solace and hope he may receive in difficulties if he but look toward the light ahead and act by his highest inward conscience. The white line, a ray of the Divine Brightness.

7. AN INFANT CRYING IN THE NIGHT.

A soul crying for light in the midst of darkness and doubt. Hope and happiness for that soul through understanding the beautiful plan of the wisdom of God, with regard to man's origin and destiny. Compelling love to God from all, by proving Him to be wise, just and altogether lovely, "and I, if I be lifted up will draw all men towards me." Our troubles, struggles, pleasures and teachings here are intended only to strengthen and prepare us for the long journey through the eternal ages, our race arriving at the close of its educational term with Jesus, the Christ of God, as our Redeemer and Saviour. Notes 1, 2, 3, 4.

A ray or portion of the universal God is implanted in every soul, which ray is perfect conscience, or judgment divine. Therefore, it sees the injustice of punishment for creative defect, but feels reconciled to God after the knowledge comes that the God-Christ sacrificed and destroyed the sin, and atoned for it to man by removing all imputations of sin from him, hence the sacrificial atonement, and "believe and ye shall be saved," of orthodoxy, which, in a way, is absolutely true, since a soul cannot be "at one" with God unless he believes that the God-Christ bears the burden of the creative defect and consequent so-called fall.

It may be argued that this is a dangerous doctrine, but we consider the habits of character which have to

be overcome sufficient compensation for man's share of the free-will sin which he may have committed during his material life.

8. THE CHRIST-CHILD KING.

The story of the birth of Jesus Christ as given in the Scriptures.

9. THE SONG OF THE WAVES AND LEAVES.

An allegory of Christ and the Church ; their early mutual love by the waters of Galilee ; His death and ascension, with the promise, "And if I go I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also" ; the Church waiting and waiting until grown old almost beyond recognition. Christ's return is announced by a token, is met by His waiting, watching bride, who rests for a short time, then arises in all the fresh beauty of her early life—the first church in its simplicity and purity.

10. A STRANGE TALE, YET HISTORY.

A country of interest to all—the land of spirit. A high mountain denoting a higher, more difficult investigation of spiritual phenomena accompanied by exceedingly trying experiences, but conscious of being carefully guarded by Christ's army while engaged in this special work. A view of the religious world to-day with its diversion of opinion ; its certain outcome in the near future. God's portrait lies underneath all religious beliefs and practices, even though those beliefs and practices may look to persons of different creed like mere caricatures of God and His teachings. He who

formed man's mind must look ever kindly and with infinite pity on His weakest, most erring one.

11. DREAM OF TYRANNY.

Misery, torture, deformity—the outgrowth of so-called civilized society to-day. If one dared to be merely himself he is ostracized. It becomes almost the historic “Let him be anathema,” the round of society's frivolities and gaieties with all their gaud and show while the starving, suffering millions are powerless in their woe is (to speak the most leniently) irrational. We seem to be living out the reversed side of our beautiful faith. O Father, in thy infinite kindness and mercy, show us the way and lead us therein!

12. UNWELCOME GUESTS OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The Satanic traffic of liquor which accompanies Christian civilization, with its companions, Want and Lust.

13. PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITION OF MARS.

The nature of this paper is so self-evident that I think I need add no explanation thereto. For the benefit of those who are especially interested in this subject I would, however, say that I certainly believe it to be a description of the planet Mars, and not merely an illustration or Utopian dream, but given us to draw lessons from, since their experience is so very like our own, while the experience of some other planet might be so

different that a recital of its history would be of little value to us at present.

14. ONE DAY I DREAMED.

A simple illustration of our initiatory experience as the individual and as a race.

15. PREHISTORIC RACES.

This paper carries its own explanation on the surface, therefore requires no comment further than this, it is given you as I have received it. Since writing it, however, I am able to find no evidence but that which would serve to corroborate the statements, nor do I believe other such evidence will be forthcoming.

16. A PAPER WRITTEN FOR THE L. S. P. R.

Written for a local society as a study on the subject of our Saviour's coming to finish redeeming our race from sin. A very brief outline of general teaching with regard to the evolving, or rather revolving, plan of creation and continuously sustained life; sincere tribute to our gracious and beloved Sovereign, with a reference to the near approaching Theocracy.

17. FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

Written to comfort a suffering friend. Also suggestive of our racial suffering and hope of a new and brighter life.

