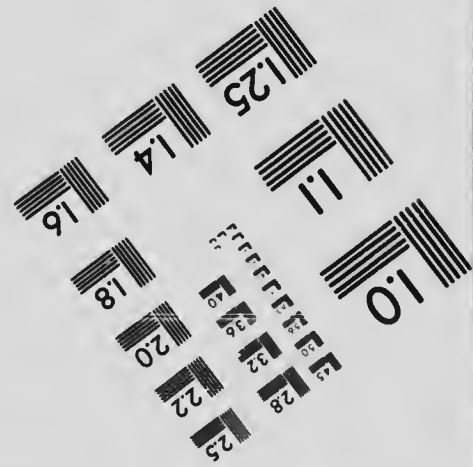
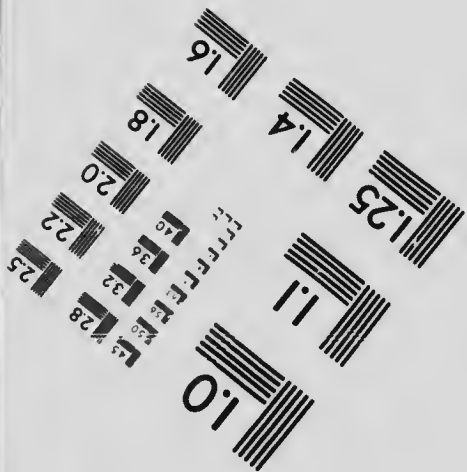
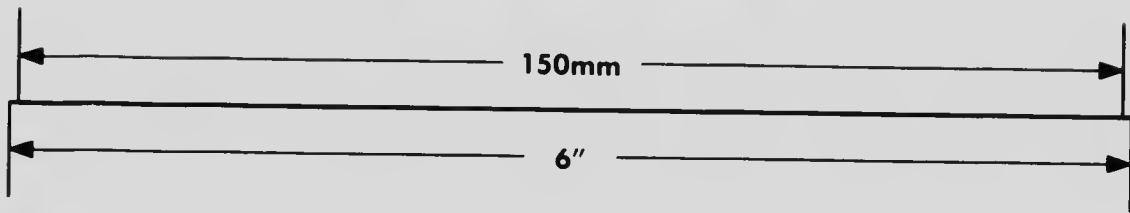
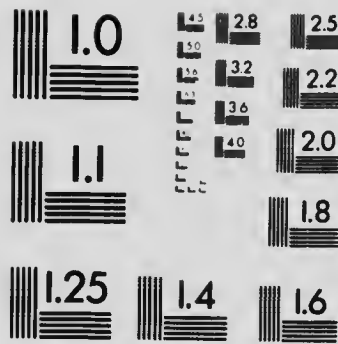
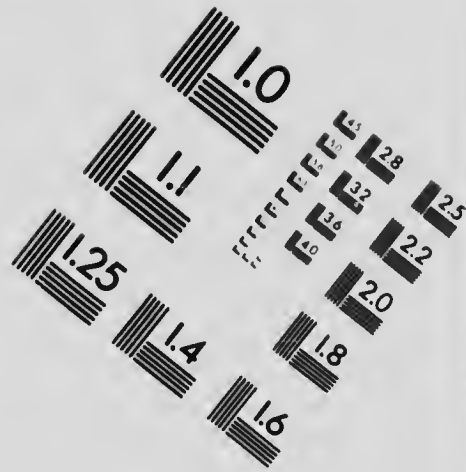
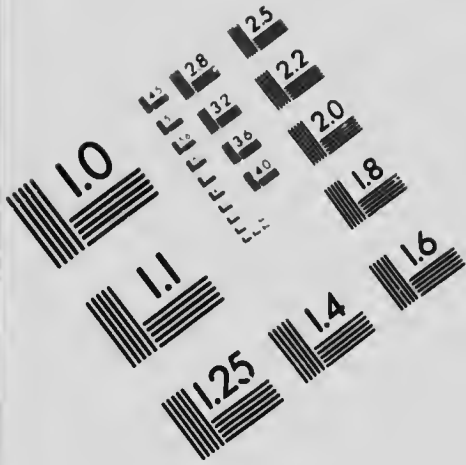


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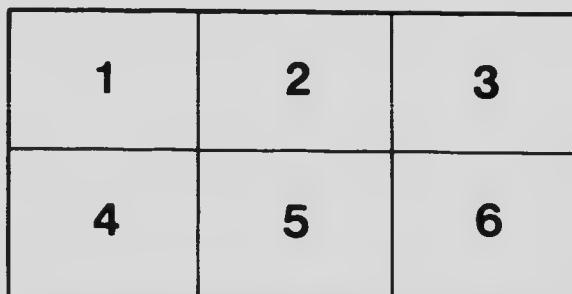
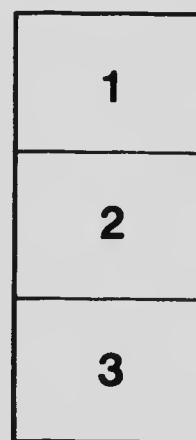
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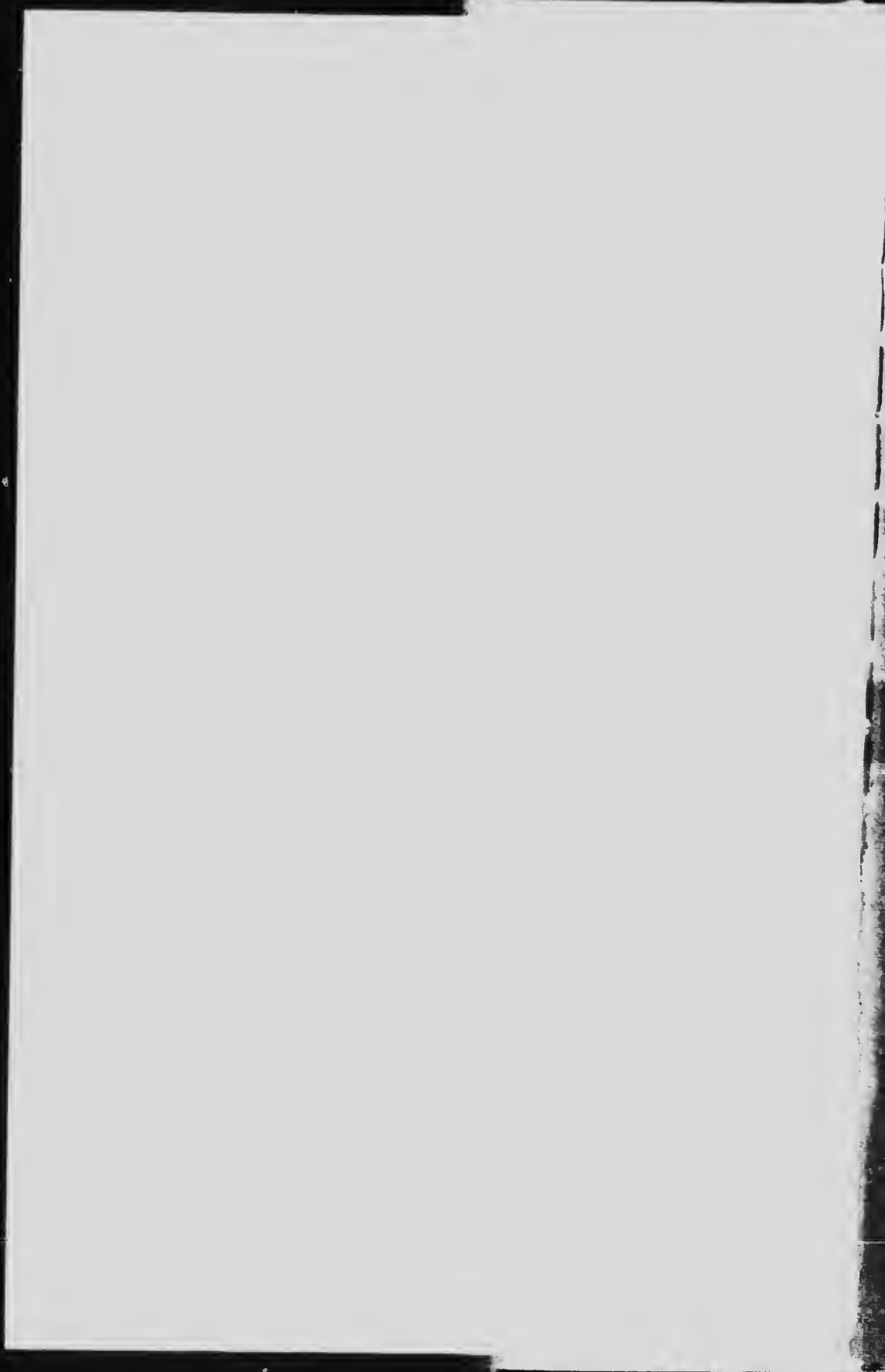
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THE DAWN OF
A NEW
ERA

HEDWIG'S ALBARUS

2 AVI J P U S H A N I G L T C T 2011

The Dawn of A New Era

—or—

The Ideal State
In the Light of
Mental Science

—by—

Hedwig S. Albarus, B.A.



TORONTO, CAN.
AUSTIN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
1903

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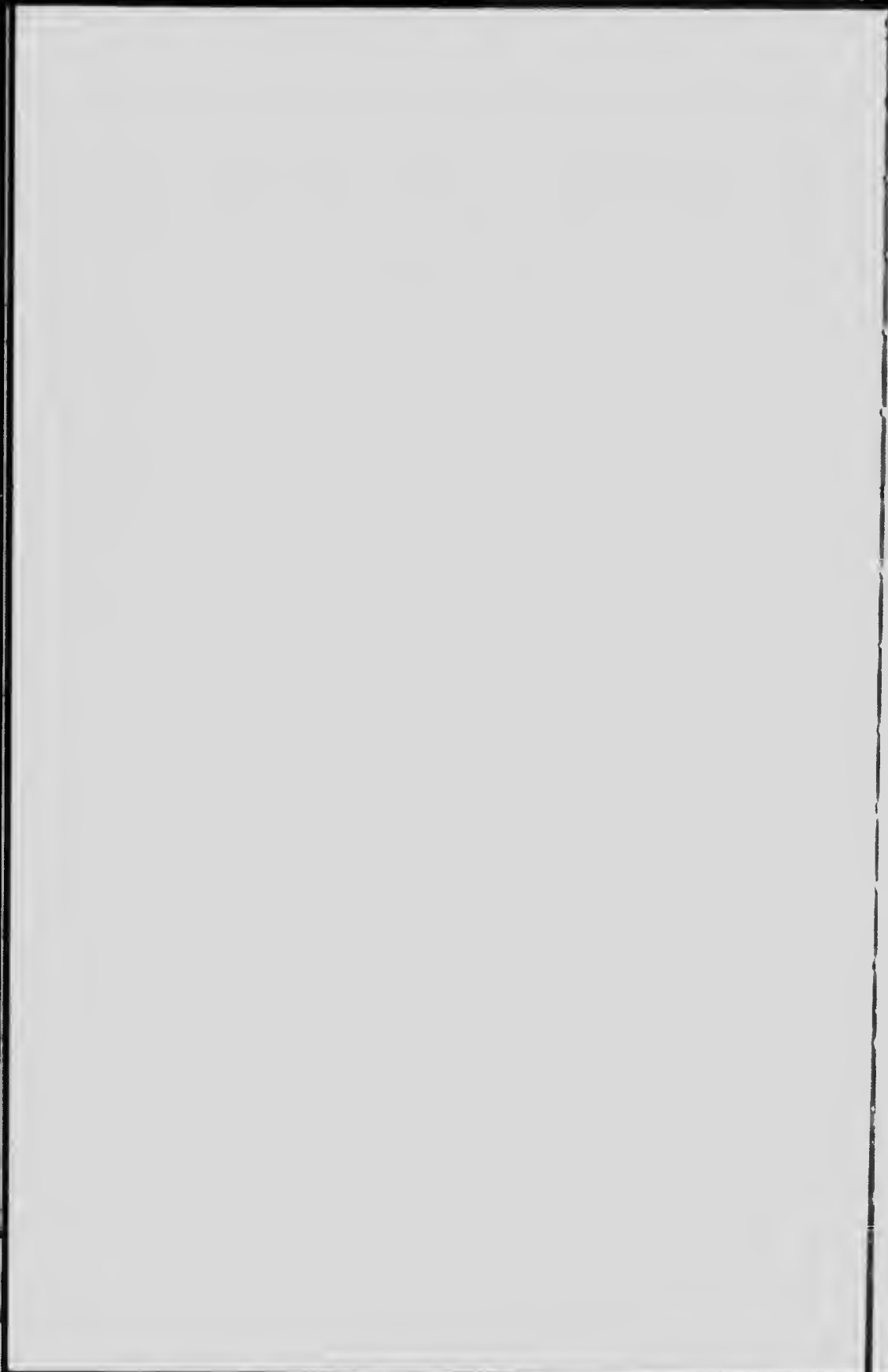
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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF
CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1903, BY B. F. AUSTIN,
AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

DEDICATION.

To my dear friend and guide, Mrs. Julia Hyde of Lily Dale, N. Y., who has proved herself one of the ablest exponents of spiritual science, both in her teachings and life.



THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

THE IDEAL STATE IN THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE.

MOTTO :

I am the owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars, and the solar year ;
Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

—*Emerson*

Again the Winter Fairy's crystal wand
Had charmed the Earth who lay beneath her veil
Of spotless white, and with a glorious crown
Of sunset's roses on her queenly head ;
A sleeping Beauty, waiting for the kiss
Of Spring, her ardent wooer, love and lord.

I homeward turned my steps at eventide,
With weary soul and heart oppressed with care.
I left a crowded city, where, for years
It was my lot to see and often share

The awful struggle of humanity,
There rose before me as I went along,
The valiant worker like a Knight of old
Contending with the dragon Poverty ;
The poor man's home, a storm-tossed little craft
That, if the waves of misery run high,
Is often wrecked with all its precious lives.
I saw the scholar, wearing out his prime
In unremunerative routine work ;
And, who, when after endless years of toil
He leads a bride into his lonely home,
Discovers that the cruel wizard Time
Has changed his form and whitened hair and
beard.

And now there rang within my ears, my heart,
A woeful tale of starved and hungry souls
Of women, living lives of solitude
In large and bustling cities ; exiles are
Not more forsaken than these brides of care
Who ev'ry morning leave their narrow cells
To start the weary round of daily toil
In office, store, in factory or school.
Around them rolls the tide of wealth and power,
Around them beats the pulse of life and joy,
But they are lonely, poor, unloved, unsought,
Like waifs and strangers on their mother Earth.
Month follows month, and years are joined to
years ;
As summer's bloom must die in winter's frost,

So fades the color on the rosy cheek,
 So dies the sparkle in the rognish eye,
 And locks of glossy brown turn white as snow,
 The woman scans the lines of grief and care
 On brow and cheek, around the mouth and eyes;
 And with a bitter sigh and look to heaven,
 She claims her portion of life's banquet fair;
 Remuneration for the joyless years
 Of toil, she yearns for children's loving eyes,
 For merry youthful voices, to beguile
 The weary hours of her declining life.
 She looks, but looks in vain—she is alone.
 Then in my bosom spake the voice again:
 "And has the wife a destiny so fair,
 And does she quaff the golden wine of life
 And eat the honey'd fruit of happiness?
 Is she exempt from grief and watched by love?"
 Then answer came: conjugal love is found,
 We know it all; it is the fragrant rose,
 That crowneth many a home with Eden's joy;
 But far more frequent is the blighted life
 Of uncongenial couples, hearts estranged,
 For marriage often means financial gain,
 A business transaction; sacrifice
 Of manhood and of noble principles.
 There is a wail arising to the sky
 Of weary woman in the bonds of toil [pain
 Who strives with nerves and sinews, racked with
 To earn a livelihood for self and babes.

The bitter tears of many a loving wife,
Of many a tender mother drench the Earth,
Who see their dear ones in the clutch of vice,
And slowly tott'ring to a drunkard's grave.
But Highest Wisdom also sees the glance
Of silent grief, and hears the stifled sigh
Of many a noble man whose life was wrecked,
Whose home was ruined by the want of love,
By reckless management, extravagance,
By selfishness, disloyalty of her
Whom he had deemed his higher, better self,
His queen and guardian angel of the home.

* * * * *

But lo! the evening shades enwrap the world,
I reach my home and sink upon a couch,
Beside the flaming grate, with aching heart.
'Tis solitude and silence all around,
And slumber throws its veil upon my brow,
I sleep and dream. I see a glorious scene,
A host of goddesses with starry crowns
And clad in shining garments, standing each
Beside a portal of the Grecian mould.
Behold! an endless vista, passing fair,
Of marble columns, sculptured architraves
And lofty gables, all along a road
That seems to lead to vast Eternity.
And in the distance, lo! a beckoning hand.
I hasten down the road where on the left
Majestically move the mighty spheres

And thrill the air with music, wond'rous sweet.
And lo ! a goddess near a portal high,
Greets me with grace and speaks in accents clear:
" I bid thee welcome in a future age !
These lofty structures, raised on columns fair
That stand upon the endless road of Time,
They are but landmarks of Eternity ;
You call them centuries, and she who guards
The portal, is the Spirit of the Age."
And speaking thus she opened wide the gate :
I see a marble city, rising high
Amidst a paradise of tree and flower.
No foul and murky regions, black with soot,
Where grimy mortals sweat in Vulcan's thrall ;
No panting drake, emitting smoke and fire ;
But Nature's sweeter agents, waterpower,
The force that flashes from the summer-cloud,
Move wheel and vessel with the lightning's speed.
And rising high into the clear blue sky
Majestic domes with roofs of shining gold,
That crown the structure with the Roman arch.
Are these the palaces of wealth and pride ?
The mansions of the mighty and of kings ?
I enter ; in the marble vestibules
Behold ! surpassed is even Phidias' dream,
The statues all of gold and ivory !
And on the right and left, in roomy halls,
A crowd of people, working, worshipping
At Nature's shrine, and getting closer still

And closer to their mighty Mother's heart,
So that they feel the throbbing ; and a few
Inspired souls will read her awful mind ;
Will see *one* purpose, beauty, unity
In all her workings, and be thrilled with bliss.
And suddenly a mighty song arose
Of blessed men and women in the hall :

“ Oh, this world is highest beauty,
Unexpressed in word or rhyme !
'Tis the garment of the Highest,
Fashioned by the loom of Time.

And I gaze in awe and wonder,
Till I see through 'broidered fold
Revelations of His being
Which in trance my spirit hold !”

* * * * *

And on I went, and everywhere I found,
Art, Beauty, Culture and Enlightenment.
A happy race of people, joined in love.
Tall stalwart men, in all their glorious strength,
With iron sinews ; yet within their eyes
The flash of intellect, the light divine.
And on their brows enthroned the majesty
Of noble manhood, pure and undefiled.
No sordid avarice, no malice, hate,
No slavish fear, nor brutal tyranny

Upon those countenances are engraved :
But gentleness, and courtesy and love,
But courage, and an iron strength of will.
These men no longer live in labor's thrall,
Nor roll in wealth, and waste the blood and
sweat
Of wretched brothers to indulge their lusts.
They no more sacrifice at Mammon's shrine,
For lo ! the monster Capital is dead,
The golden calf is killed and burnt with fire !
The markets are no longer overstocked
With merchandise, the stores no longer clogged
With food and raiment, while in misery
The starving, ragged multitude must toil
To swell the mountain of commodities.
The Commonwealth, a mother bountiful,
Provides not only for her children's wants,
Not only clothes, feeds and educates
Each member, but lets everybody share
In all the blessings of a fuller life ;
A life of culture, beauty, sympathy,
Of goodly fellowship and brotherhood.
And woman, is she still the child of grief,
And is she chafing in the narrow bonds
Of prejudice that cramps her heart and mind ?
Rejoice ! her chains are broken, she is free !
Behold her come into her heritage
Of half this world's dominion, and enthroned
Beside her equal man, her rightful place.

I saw her in the warehouse and the store,
I saw her working for the common good,
A servant and a queen; yea, and I heard
The voice of woman in the courts of law,
Dispensing justice with the "quality
Of mercy," and a grain of heavenly love.
And I hark! the voice of woman strong and sweet
Is heard in council chambers, where the wise
Discern the welfare of the Commonwealth,
And legislature of the time reflects
The needs and wants of full humanity.
For woman is no longer seen as child,
As lacking judgment, rationality,
And only fit to propagate the race.
The mists of prejudice that blurred the view
Of woman's godly nature, have been swept
From brains of people by the healthy breeze
Of more progressive and more vig'rous thought.
Behold her scale the height of human lore,
Explore by deep research the richest mines
Of knowledge and enrich the domain
By lofty monuments and works of art!

And soon I was surrounded by a throng
Of beauteous forms and faces wond'rous fair.
I told my sisters of a future age
Of woman's misery in our times,
Of lonely hearts, I pointed out the chains

That shackle women to unworthy men,
I painted vividly, in outlines clear,
The greed of gold, the thirst for fame and rank
Which wrecks the happiness of countless lives.
The man who sacrifices honor, love
For mammon's gain, for influence and power ;
The woman, stifling true affection's voice
To bear the title of a marchioness.
These things appeared to my companions fair
Like gloomy tales of long-forgotten times,
And how they looked and listened ! — we did
On winter-evenings by the fire-side,
When uncle read us many a touching lay
Of chivalry, of sacrifice and love.
And now a daughter of this happy land
With blooming countenance and Juno's form,
She spoke to me in accents clear and sweet :
"Oh sister, not in lonely maidenhood
Or celibacy do we pass our lives ;
Nor are we sought and wooed in our times
To realize the mercenary ends
Of fortune-hunters ; neither do we buy
A title and position with our gold ;
For money disappeared with Mammon's fall,
We marry, when the force of Love compels
The hearts of men and women ; but this bond
It is no fetter, that but death can break.
If Love were dead, the bond would be dissolved
But Love at our era rarely dies ;

Its force has overcome the greed and hate
And warring passions of a darker age."

And now they grasped my hands, entreating me
To come and see their homes of peace and love.
We reached a dwelling in a garden fair ;
'Twas eventide, the parents had returned
From various fields of work ; the children too
Who had been fostered all day long with care
In day-schools and in public nurseries,
Were now at home to gladden mother's heart.
We saw two cherubs, healthy, rosy, fair
In happy childhood's play. Their father watched
Their frolics with an eye of tender pride.
He was a man whose mighty form recalled
The age of heroes in Homeric lays ;
But when I scanned his face, the pensive brow,
The dark and dreamy eyes, I recognized
A poet's soul within that perfect mould.
His thoughts, like golden rays of heavenly
light,
Inspired the race to loftier strivings still,
To liberty divine and happiness.
His sweet companion was a sister-soul
Who filled the house with lovely harmonies,
As St. Cecilia heard them in her dream.
She would enrobe her husband's glorious words
In garb of song ; and on the vehicle
Of melody his measures would arise

To swell the choir celestial, around
The shining throne of Love Omnipotent

But tarry must I not, though fain I would ;
My sisters of a future blessèd age
Would urge me on, to show me happiness
And beauty, comfort at their own abodes,
I stepped in many a house ; my heart rejoiced
To see the beautiful expanded rose
Of womanhood, from blight and mil-lew free !
The home was made a sacred shrine of love,
No more a den of labor and of toil,
Of rioting and feasting, as before.
All the material wants, of food and drink,
They were provided for, in foresight wise,
By institutions of the ' Commonwealth.'

And in these homes, where Love was lord
supreme
And Art was hand-maid, I addressed my friends:
" Is this the age of which the poets sang,
The golden age, which flashed a vision bright,
Before the eyes of seer, sage and saint
To gladden and uplift a weary world ?
And are you the immortals, ever young
And beautiful and deathless, who appeared
In robes of light to bard divine and blind
To prompt the martial strains of Ilion's fall ? "

And answer made a woman wise and fair :
" This is the age of which the poets sang,
Which prophet saw through rent in cloud of
sense.

The world is free from lust and tyranny,
And war and bloodshed long ago were quelled.
The flag of Universal Brotherhood,
In lily-white, a sunflower as the crest,
Significant of peace, enlightenment,
It floats from every pinnacle and tower.
We are a race, with bodies fair and strong,
No longer in the clutches of disease.
Our life-time averages thrice the length
Of three score years and ten, the narrow span,
Allotted to the race in days of yore :
Because we have a knowledge of laws
That govern life ; nor do we waste the strength
Of nerve and sinew through excess and toil.
We know the force divine of human thought,
Controlled by reason, free from passion's sway.
So we have now advanced from man enslaved,
To man emancipated by his mind.
But we are human still, no gods as yet,
Till we have conquered death and every grief.
But lo ! we have among us teachers wise
Who tell us of a destiny so grand,
As never was conceived by human brain.
The race will realize the holiness

Of Christ and Buddha ; their divinity
Will show itself in works of magic power,
And miracles will be their daily deeds,
Their thoughts will flash through all the
Universe,
And bear their message to the farthest star
Of the Orion and the Milky Way.
The intercourse of this almighty race
Will be telepathy, Omniscience' tool.
You ask me : How will Death be overcome ?
I answer : By Omnipotence decree !
The Ego shall transform the solid flesh
Into a substance a of finer grain ;
And mental force shall pulsate, throb and shine
Through ev'ry fibre ; conscious power control
Each atom of this mansion of the mind ;
And constantly each part shall be renewed
Each organ thrilled by highest vital force
And dissolution and decay must cease.
Then life will not be fettered to this Earth.
The spirit, more than human, has become
So mighty, that it can assume the form
Of angel or of fair Olympian god,
And live in any sphere or shining orb
If you are willed to spend a thousand years
On Cassiopeia or the Polar Star,
Your wish is law ; you travel on the waves

Of the Akâsha, or the ether bright
That fills the Cosmos with its forms and sounds !

* * * * *

We left the homes behind and enter now
A sacred fane, a gem of rarest art,
With alabaster columns, and a roof
Of shining crystal, like transparent air.
This rounded glassy covering would reveal
The sparkling myriads of the heavenly host
To multitude assembled in the hall.
I see a white-robed figure, standing high
Against a background of the glossy green
Of laurel, ivy and the orange tree.
Is it a woman, or a goddess great ?
What majesty in carriage and in glance !
Her face is radiant with light divine ;
Her form emits a bright effulgent sheen ;
She wears an aureola as a crown.
And hark ! she speaks of grander destinies
For mankind, than the boldest dreams portray ;
Of power unparalleled, of wisdom high,
Which elevate the mortal to a god :

“ Ever since hoary ages
Mankind has sought a pearl,
Hidden in oceans of weeping,
Carried by life's swift whirl.

Ever since dawn of reason
Mankind has yearn'd for a rose,
The fragrant, romantic flower
That soothes all pains and woes.

But vain was burning desire,
And loud grew weeping and wail ;
The struggle of life was continued,
The quest for the Holy Grail

“ Where is the cup of salvation ?
Where is the temple of truth ?
Show me the road to contentment !
Where is the fountain of youth ? ”

Sighing rose up to heaven ;
Groaning filled deepest abyss,
Mocking the echo responded
“ Where is the haven of bliss ? ”

Then there was awful silence
But lo ! one beautiful morn
The light of hope is arising,
The sage and seer is born !

A clarion voice is arousing
The world from stupor of pain ;
The trumpet of the Almighty
Resounds over mountain and plain :

Why dost thou seek thy treasure
Thy cup of salvation so far ;
When deep in thy bosom shineth
Wisdom, the heavenly star ?

All thy searching and striving
Can be of no avail ;
For thou keepest thy jewel,
Thy soul is the Holy Grail !

Know then thy mighty powers,
Know thy portion divine
And guard the sacred fire,
In thy innermost shrine !

In the chambers of silence
See the vision arise
Of glorious, lofty ideals
Thy future will realize !

Concentration and prayer
Are the agents of might,
Are the word of creation
Ringing through chaos and night.

Thy intuition and reason
On Resurrection morn
Will be in marriage united
And a god will be born !

No more seeking and longing
For the temple of truth ;
No more aging and dying .
Thy heart is the fountain of youth !

Lo ! thy body a temple
Of the celestial light ;
And thy will is the medium
Of God's power and might

Conquer selfish desire,
Foster the flower of love,
And receive in thy bosom
Peace, the heavenly dove.

Banish worry and weakness,
Chase the phantom of fear ;
Let thy thoughts be thy jewels,
Precious, resplendent and clear !

So by practice and prayer
Man, thou wilt realize
Thy ideal of goodness ;
Earth will be Paradise.

Thou, the mirror of Cosmos
Thou, the Logos sublime,
Sharing thy Father's dominion
Glorious through endless time !"

The words of the inspired prophetess
Were ringing in my heart ; my soul afire
I list like one entranced. Too soon she ceased !
And now there passed a cloud before my sight,
The vision fades, the dream is at an end.
I wake, and find myself upon my conch
Beside the dying embers in the grate.
And I arise, a soul unfettered, free
From tomb of ignorance; no longer weak,
No longer lonely, sad, with feelings bruised

By struggle with despair at mankind's fate,
I felt it now to be a vital truth
That woof and warp of every human life
Are fashioned by the loom of our thoughts :
And that man's circumstances but reflect
His soul's development, his spirit's growth.
No longer weary I, nor sick nor poor,
No longer woe-man, but Prometheus free'd !
I looked to heaven, gazed in extasy
At the effulgence of the legions bright,
And, as my soul embraced the Macrocosm,
I had a vision of the man divine
In trailing robes of stars, and on his head
The aureola of a thousand suns !

HEDWIG SELMA ALBIVUS, B. A.

