

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

IN

QUIET MOMENTS.

BY



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Dedication.

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND & CHILDREN,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED ;

Trusting that, however far-fetched they may deem some of

the Thoughts recorded in it,

they will not for that reason cast it aside,

but allow it a place on their table,

if only from

affection for the writer.

And if they will occasionally take it up,

and re-peruse those Thoughts they at first deemed visionary,

perhaps more may be found in them

THAN WAS PREVIOUSLY RECOGNISED.



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A Prayer.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Be it through weal or woe,
Still draw Thou me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.


And, when to Spirit Life,
Upward I flee,
Through all eternity,
Still draw Thou me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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So shall the veil be,
That hides Thee from me,
Made clearer and clearer,
Until Thee I see
Unveiled in Glory!
My God! may it be.
Amen.



Thoughts on
"The Better Land."

UDSON TUTTLE very beautifully demonstrates, "that the Spirit Land is composed of the refined or sublimated atoms of the Earth."

Hence, then, we must argue that everything on the Earth, has a spiritual correspondence in the Spirit Land—quite as real, though of finer material and mould, inasmuch as the grosser particles are left behind ; the finer and more ethereal alone rising to the higher regions of Spirit Land.

Thus the same law that rules man in his separation from the gross mortal body at death, so-called,—that same law reigns universal

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throughout nature : The grosser part remaining on the Earth, to fertilise it for fresh uses, the finer and more purified part rising to the "Better Land," there to help form and people another world, only differing from our own in its greater refinement, purification, and, *therefore*, beauty ; and thus made a fitting habitation for the Spiritual man ; he who has cast off the mortal body.

In like manner this law reigns equally in Spirit Land ; for each of the many planes or spheres in that Land is composed of the refined or sublimated essences of the sphere beneath it, and the inhabitants of such sphere are those who have risen from the sphere beneath, through increased refining and purifying of the Spirit.

Thus the universal law of "like to like" reigns supreme throughout Creation ;—from the realm of Earth, to the highest realm of Heaven ; and a constant balance is preserved : a magnificent harmony, worthy of the Sublime Conception and Far-seeing Wisdom of The Almighty Creator.

Thoughts on the "Supreme."

THAT Central Sun ! that Orb of Orbs
From Whence all Being springs !
That God of Gods ! that Lord of Lords,
Whose Voice in power rings
Through all Creation !—tho' unheard—
Whose Form is—tho' unseen—
Throughout the Universe ! Of kings,
The great Almighty King !

That Central Sun ! Whose glowing rays
Of Love and Life descend
On all His Worlds of Suns and Stars,
And Planets without end !
Worlds upon Worlds of every hue,
In myriad number move

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Around that Central Orb of Light—
Whose guiding law is Love !

'That Love that permeates all space,
With tenderness divine,
Bidding alike the flower to live,
'The glorious Sun to shine !

Oh, had I but the Angel-voice
Of the blest Choir above,
Or tongue of Cherubim to chant
Of that all-searching Love ;
E'en ~~there~~ that Love would ne'er be sung
In fitting strains of praise ;
Nor all the Choirs of all the Worlds
Of Heaven or Earth, could raise
A fitting melody to Him,
That great Eternal One,
The Fount of Life ! the Fount of Love !
The Almighty Central Sun !

Thoughts on Our Creator and His Works.

THE Central Sun of our Sun, is said to be Alcyone, the centre of the Pleiades, and to give an idea of the magnitude of the Universe, I will mention that our Sun, which speeds through space at the rate of 8 miles per second, requires 18,200,000 years to journey once around its Parental Centre!

Now, just try and put this one journey into miles, and you will find it an impossibility ; so astounding and beyond all realisation to our puny intellect, is even this one record of the magnitude of the Creator's works. And yet this journey of our Sun round its Parent Centre, is

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nothing, absolutely nothing, in comparison to other journeys of other celestial bodies! For if our Sun takes 18,200,000 years to go round its Parent Sun, at the rate of 8 miles per second, what time think you, that Parent must take to go round its Parent Sun? And yet a Parent Sun it has, though the human brain stops short—in-capable of following up the tremendous thought!

Try and realise this, ye arrogant specks of humanity, who think your puny intellects are capable of grasping all God's ways, and who laugh to scorn as impossible, whatever transcends the limits of your own infinitesimal knowledge!

Try and realise just this one fact, amongst the myriads equally wonderful, in God's Creation, and may it humble you in the dust, before that Almighty Centre of Centres, Whose single fiat sufficed to bring forth such wonders!

Wonders! such as the highest Angel would fain look into and grasp, but CANNOT!

A Loving Answer to a
Fainting Spirit.

DSH, Child of Earth, tho' Heaven-born,
Why faint beneath thy load?
Why should thy Spirit doubting be,
In its approach to God?

Dear, Weary One, take courage still,
Thy race is nearly run ;
Thy Soul is rising to its home,
Its flight e'en now begun.

And, sure as needle to the pole,
Or child to mother's breast,
So, surely will thy Soul ascend
To its eternal rest.


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Rest, in the Heaven of thy love,
Rest, where e'en now on Earth
Thy Spirit lives its life above,
Drawn to its land of birth.

Drawn to its God, from whence it sprung,
Drawn to His loving Breast,
Drawn to His Home! aye, Weary One,
That Home will be thy rest.



Thoughts on Nature and the Deity.

O long as Nature is ruled by an Almighty God, so long must the Powers of Nature be at His disposal, and, therefore, *infinite*.

Instead, therefore, of calling everything supernatural (beyond the laws and powers of nature) that our narrow, puny minds do not understand, let us at once acknowledge the Supremacy of God in Nature ; and that He, the Almighty, may have bestowed powers upon Nature, that are only hidden from us, because our minds are not yet sufficiently enlarged to receive the knowledge of them.

Thoughts on Life.

LIFE, or Spirit, emanating from the Father, and, being part of His very Essence, no matter what outward form it takes on, it *must* be for good ; and, however, for a time, it may appear transformed, it *must*, eventually, be restored again to Him, from whom it sprung, in perfect beauty, perfect purity, perfect holiness.

No particle of the Life-essence of the perfect Creator-God can ever be lost, however long it may be in returning to the Father's bosom.



A Soul's Outpouring.

NS pants the wearied Hart
For water from the brook ;
As longs the ripening Peach
For kisses from the Sun ;
As thirsts the Herb for dew,
For sweets the Honey-Bee—
So thirsts my Soul for Thee,
My Father-God, in One.

Fond Parent, God Supreme,
All Power, and All Love,
Whose tenderness glows forth,
As the Great Eternal Sun ;
To Thee my Spirit rises,
To Thee my Soul aspires,
With ever kindling fires,
My Father-God, in One.

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Receive Thy poor Child's homage,
Receive her fervent love,
Receive her heart's devotion,—
Thy will, not hers, be done;—
Receive her prayer for guidance,
Receive her Soul, and fill it
With Thy most holy Spirit,
Oh, Father-God, in One.



A Soul's Yearning.


WH, Father-God, when will this Soul be able worthily to express the intensity of its love for Thee?

When will it rise above the trammels of the flesh, and expand in its full fervour of filial affection to Thee, its Divine Parent? Oh, when?

In the hidden depths of its nature, I catch a glimpse of these divine possibilities; but, when I attempt to realise them, 'tis *then* I feel so intensely how this body of clay wraps itself around the Soul, checking that illumination of Spirit, that would fain vent itself in an adequate outpouring of loving adoration, but cannot.

Oh, blessed Jesus, so help me to live, whil'st in this body of clay, that whenever it is thrown off, the Soul may rise to the full fruition of its present longings and yearnings. Amen.

A Prayer.

EAR Father, how I long to be
Where Thou art !
How I long to kneel
Before Thy Feet,
And pour Thee out
My Soul's full song
Of gratitude and love !
Oh, Father, hear it ;
And send me from above
Thy blessing down,
To be a Crown of Glory
On my brow ;
To be a light
To lighten on my Soul
To Thee,
Its blessed Parent, Friend, and Goal.
Amen.

A Reflection

ON THE APPARENTLY SLOW PROGRESS OF
SPIRITUALISM, AND THE SUFFERINGS OF
THOSE FAITHFUL TO IT.

WND is my God the God of Gods,
In majesty supreme?
And has He power. and has He will,
His children to redeem?
And is He Love personified?
And is He Truth revealed?
And can He let His children starve,
Their Souls from Truth concealed?

And can He let His faithful few,
Who have this Truth received,
Still linger on in martyrdom—
Scorned, jeered at, unbelieved?

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

A butt for passing joke and gibe,
For sneering pity's tongue !
Oh, God, my God, how can it be ?
Oh, God, my God, how long
Wilt Thou, if Thou be God Supreme,
Let this deep wrong be done ?

ANSWER.

Mortal beware ! Say, who art thou
To question thus thy God ?
Can'st thou from thy poor tiny plane,—
A grain upon the sod—
Judge Him, Who is the Judge Supreme,
The great All-seeing Eye,
Whose vision in one glance takes in
Time and Eternity ?

Go, puny one : First know thyself,—
A life-long task for thee—
And leave to God His gracious work,
For such as thee and me.

Thoughts on Evolution, as regards "The Missing Link."

IT seems to me that the difficulty as regards "the missing link," between animal and man, in the theory of "Evolution" is caused by the Evolutionist ascribing every development to Nature alone, ignoring as impossible, any interposition of the Creator.

Let me try to make this clear, in as few words as possible.

First, then, what is Evolution? If I understand it aright, it is as follows :—

The Spirit, or life-principle, is sent forth direct from the Father, to go through a long educational process in His Divine Wisdom ; and it naturally

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has to begin at the beginning, and to clothe itself in the simplest and earliest form at first, in conformity to its crude and undeveloped, or infantine state. But each experience of life on earth fits it to assume a higher form on throwing off the old one; and thus its ever intcreasing experience and knowledge cause it to clothe itself in ever ascending forms, until it arrives at the highest form attainable by *un*-individualised spirit.

Now comes the stumbling-block to those Evolutionists, who look only to nature, and give God credit for nothing. This is "the missing link" between the highest grade of animal and man! If my theory be right, it will never be found, for it does not exist.

I will now explain myself: The spirit having reached its highest stage of *un*-individuality, is now fitted for its crowning glory—its individualisation. And to this end, a special interposition of the Creator is necessary. Thus we read: "God created man (the first individualised spirit

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clothed in a material body on this earth) in His Own Image." He breathed upon him the breath of *individualised immortal life*, and clothed him in the noble form, corresponding to his new and exalted birth; and thus this new and grand endowment of humanity and individualisation, once and for ever, to our first human parents, enables all spirit, when sufficiently advanced, to become individualised by re-incarnation into human parents; all Creation thus gradually attaining to humanity, and to individualised immortality.

Therefore, if my theory be correct, it must be patent to every one, that between the highest grade of animal and man, must ever exist a distinct line of demarcation that can never be bridged over.

A Soliloquy upon
Soul Reminiscences.

WAS sitting in the old arm-chair,
Thoughts crowd upon my brain,
Of who I am, of why I am—

I seem to live again
Through long lost ages of the past,
When first I came from God,
An Atom from the Eternal Life,
To tread this weary sod.

Why did He send me forth? Oh, why
Bid me to leave my Home,
My state of simple innocence,
And through the wide world roam,
A tiny Atom without form,—
One of a myriad throng—

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

To wend my way, as best I may,
This weary world along.

Oh, weary was I ! well I know,
When first I sank to rest
Upon the bosom of this Earth,
With fair green Mosses dress'd !
Oh, soft and soothing was that bed
Of Mosses, green and fair,
And thankfully I laid me down,
And long I rested there.

Aye, long indeed, for when I woke,
That Moss, so green and fair,
That welcomed me so lovingly
When first I nestled there,
Was ugly grown, and brown, and sere,
From age, and time, and wear.

Unfitted longer for my Home,
I gently rose in air,
And wandered on to find me out
Another Home more fair ;

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More fitted for the larger sense
That opened to my view,
E'en from that young experience
Of life on Earth, so new.

I hied me on to flowers bright,
And chose a Rose so rare,
And hid me in its petals sweet,
And took my sojourn there ;
Watching the Bee the honey draw
From out the perfumed flower :
Oh, how I longed to be that Bee !
To live each passing hour,
Culling the sweets of Honey-dew,
Living, each day, the life anew.

The flower died ! Again I rose
To find me out a Home,
When lo ! the longings of my Soul
Had taken shape and form !
No longer the mere Atom,
I was clothed in body, new,
Of beauteous Bee, so fair to see,
Of Nature's brightest hue !

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

With joyous sense of higher life,
I winged my happy way
To flowers and fruits, their sweets to sip,
Throughout the live-long day !
Oh, how I bounded to and fro,
Enjoying every hour,
In ecstasy of happiness,
From sense of new-found power !

And thus I passed from life to life,
In ever-rising scale,
Culling from each experience,
The knowledge to avail
My Soul, until it fitted was,
Its Manhood to assume ;
To know itself—to know its God,
Its birthright to resume.

And now I see the Wisdom
And the Love that sent me forth,
To pass through every stage of life,
To learn its real worth :
To gain from each experience
Due knowledge for the Soul ;

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To make it thus appreciate
Its final aim and goal.

To show it, that mere innocence
Is not its noblest form,
As the Man is not developed
In the Infant newly born ;
For, though innocent the Infant be,
If it were now the Man,
With senses undeveloped,
As the Baby-life began :
With outward growth restricted,
With strengthless limb and form,
I ween we should in sorrow say,
" Would he had ne'er been born ! "

Then, as the Babe must ripen
Through many years, to find
Its manhood's fullest glory,
In stature and in mind ;
So must the Soul—the Atom—
Sent forth by God, for good
In Infant form, through many lives
Attain its Angelhood !

Thoughts upon Another World.

WHEN troubled with the cares and sorrows of this world, we often wonder, why are we kept here so long?

Ah, why, oh Man? Let thine own conscience answer thee!

Is thy nature yet so purified, as to be in harmony with the nature of the Celestial Ones of that Land thou longest to be in?

And if not, is it not God's infinite love and mercy that keeps thee here?

Even, could'st thou be admitted to the Company of the Angels in thy present state, what thinkest thou would be the effect upon thyself?

Their glorious light would blind thee; their exalted thoughts would overwhelm thee; their purity

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would cover thee with shame ; their holiness would crush thee, so that thou thyself would'st be the very first to shrink and flee away from those Celestial Presences, so infinitely beyond thine own standard.

Instead, therefore, of impatience with thy lot, learn to bless and thank our loving Father, that He has not sent thee prematurely into a world which thou art utterly unfitted to enjoy ; and pray that He will so purify thy soul, that when He sees fit to take thee hence, thou mayest enter into the company of His Celestial Ones, in joy, and happiness, and harmony, rather than in shame and sorrow.



IN QUIET MOMENTS.

A Soul's Aspiration :

NEARER TO THEE, MY GOD.

NEARER, ever nearer,
My Father-God, to Thee,
Nearer, ever nearer
May my Spirit be ;
Ever soaring higher,
Thy Majesty to see,
Nearing, ever nearing,
My Father-God, to Thee.

“Nearer, ever nearer
To thee, in faith and love,
With vision of Thee clearer,
Inspired from above ;

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With soul attuned to purity,
Thy Purity to see,
Nearer, ever nearer,
My Father-God, to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
In aspiration high,
Ne'er satisfied, until my soul
Approach Thy Footstool nigh ;
For I am of Thee, Father,
Thy Essence is in me,
And nearer, ever nearer,
Must I approach to Thee.

Nearer to Thee, Father,
My Spirit soars to be,
That Spark divine, within me
More loudly cries to Thee ;
In ever-longing effort
Its Parent-God to see,
In nearing, ever nearing,
My Father-God, to Thee.


Then nearer, ever nearer,
Oh, draw me up to Thee ;

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Let not my Spirit faint,
But ever active be
To climb the hills of trial,
That surmounted, I may see
In nearer view, My Father-God,—
My God, be nearer Thee.



The Adamic Race and the Fall.

 LOOK upon the Adamic race, as an introduction upon this Earth, from a more advanced Planet, of certain souls, who, when that Planet was ripe for a higher development, were not sufficiently developed to ascend with it, and, therefore, were re-incarnate upon a lower Planet—our Earth—there to continue their own progression and development, and at the same time to be pioneers of progress to that lower order of humanity then existing on the Earth, and of whom there are traces still left.

This seems to me to constitute the true “Fall,” and at the same time, to be in perfect

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harmony with that magnificent conception, so evident in the scheme of Creation, of making *everything*—even evil—tend to the eventual bringing up of *every* human Being to the bosom of The Father.

P.S.—I cannot claim originality in this view of “The Fall,” having first seen the idea mooted by Allan Kardec.



Thoughts on Truth.

SUGGESTED BY MY GREAT ADMIRATION OF IT,
IN THE CHARACTER OF A FRIEND.

OW beautiful is Truth ! 'Tis like a gem
Of Nature's purest glow ;
'Tis like a brilliant Diadem,
Whose rays illume, with double charm,
Fair Beauty's radiant brow !

'Tis God's own Jewel ! shining bright
In His Celestial Crown !
His choicest gift to Man, to light
His Soul, through darkest shades of night,
To day's triumphant dawn.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Aye, beautiful is Truth ! With diamond edge
It cuts its trenchant way
Through all its foes unerringly,
Leaving them, each unwittingly,
To own its mighty sway !

Yea, beautiful is Truth ! Each countenance,
With its clear beauty stamped,
Shines with a purer radiance,
Token of truthful innocence,
By guile and wile uncramped.

Oh, beautiful pure Truth ! Each quality
Of Soul is raised by thee ;
Each mind's most noble faculty,
Sends forth its light more brilliantly,
If thou its guide may be.

Thou holiest of Gems ! But, why so rare,
In purity, to find
Upon this Earth ? Whose bosom fair
Should rear up all mankind to wear
God's Truth, in heart and mind.

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Ah, easy the response : God's truth demands
More courage of the Soul ;
That courage that unawed commands
The flesh to conquer its alarms,
In perfect self-control.

Oh, courage physical ! 'Tis naught,
When with Soul courage paired !
The battle front may oft be sought,
With courage by excitement wrought ;
But he whose courage is of Soul,
In calmest moment may control
His foes, by nature reared !

Oh, God-like is it to subdue
The body to the Soul !
Such courage is possessed by few,
For craven fears the Soul pursue
Too often to its goal !

But he who makes pure Truth his aim,
Brings blessings from above,
Upon his head : He shall attain

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

His Soul's nobility, and gain
His God's approving love !

Not many such I know. But one
There is, upon whose brow,
This virtue shines pre-eminent !
A noble Soul ! whose element
Is Truth ! To him is due,
This humble tribute of my pen,
To Truth ! God's God-like gift to man.

Bright Spirit ! May Truth ever reign
Predominant in thee ;
Until thy Soul in Heaven gain
That life, that Truth shall sure attain,
A joyful immortality !



Thoughts on the Inconsistency of Professing Protestants.

IN the Collect for "St. Michael and All Angels," we pray to the Everlasting God, "that as His holy Angels always do Him service in Heaven, so by His appointment, they may succour and defend us on Earth."

Again, every Sunday of our lives we say, "I believe in the Communion of Saints," thus acknowledging Spirit Intercourse to be an Article of Faith in our Church, and enjoined upon us as a special subject of prayer.

And yet, out of Church, we laugh to scorn the possibility of that communion or intercourse with

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

God's Saints, and brand as deluded lunatics, those who still acknowledge that faith, consistently with their Sunday professions. Surely, this is a crying sin, and one for which we shall have to account whenever we go hence.

Oh, may our eyes be opened ere it be too late, to the awful inconsistency of our conduct.



Spiritual Gifts.

TO those who profess to believe in the Scriptures, and yet deny the possibility of abnormal phenomena in the present day, I would point out the words of our Lord himself, spoken on the very eve of his Ascension. (Mark xvi., 17, 18.)

“And these signs shall follow them that believe. In My Name shall they cast out devils. They shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.”

Note that these gifts are not confined to Jesus' disciples, or to any stated period, but simply that they shall follow “them that believe.”

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This seems to me so full and complete an answer to all orthodox objectors, that comment upon it is superfluous.



Father! Hear Me.

*In the morning, in the noontide, in the evening, in
the midnight hours, O Father, hear me.*

WHEN the morning light is dawning,
And my Soul to Earth returning,*
Lifts its voice to God, adoring :
Father, hear Thou me !

When the noon-day Sun is shining,
And my Soul, its tribute joining
With all Life, in praise outpouring :
Father, hear Thou me !

* There is a very beautiful theory, that during the sleep of the body, the Soul goes up to the Spirit Land, to be instructed and fortified for its daily earthly duties.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

When the evening light is waning,
And the Sun in lustre fading,
Then in prayer my Soul upraising :
 Father, hear Thou me !

When the midnight hour is ringing,
And my Soul thanksgivings singing,
For such mercies each day bringing :
 Father, hear Thou me !

Hear me Father, hour by hour,
Hear me in weakness, as in power,
Hear me in prayer, the Soul's best dower :
 Father, hear Thou me !

Hear me in gladness, as in weeping,
Hear me in waking, as in sleeping,
Hear me in dying, as in living :
 Father, hear Thou me !

On the Future Life.

WHILST pondering deeply over things spiritual, and as to what plane I should go to in that "Land of Many Mansions," whenever I crossed the border, I seemed to hear the following words given to me.

"I will give you a conclusive answer to your thoughts.

"What are the longings of your Soul? Are they for the pleasures of Earth?"—No.

"Are they directed to the better World beyond?"—Yes.

"Then to what plane in that World are they directed? For so surely as the needle flies to the magnet, or the infant to the mother's breast, so surely and naturally will your Soul fly to that plane in Spirit Life, to which its longings have been directed in the Earth life."

"Love casteth out Fear."

UNTIL I became a Spiritualist, I never realised the force and beauty and comfort and truth of this text, in regard to my Heavenly Father. But the enlightened teachings of Spiritualism have so opened my Soul to His Infinite Perfections, that I can now with truth say, I love Him with all my heart, and Soul, and strength. Yea, so perfectly that fear is banished, realising in my inmost Soul, that "perfect love does indeed cast out fear." Thus a fervent Spiritualist very beautifully writes:—

“Before, I knelt beneath His rod,
But now, His love alone I see,
And all my ways are full of peace,
And still must thankfulness increase
Till life one hymn of praise shall be.”

To Those I Love.

I SHALL not die ! The outer husk
Is all that will be lost of me,
The inner Soul, the vital part,
Will rise to immortality !

Oh, then, dear friends, think me not dead,
When lies this body cold and still,
The fruit is ripe, the husk is shed
Obedient to the Father's Will.

And I, the true immortal I,
The ripened fruit, have burst my shell,
To soar to nobler life on high.
To life more real than Earth can tell.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.


To brighter deeds of love and care
For those still left on earthly soil,
To nobler works, befitting her,
Whose Soul has shed the mortal coil.

Then say not I am dead, when thou
Shalt see this body calm and still ;
I am but passed to higher life,
Obedient to the Father's Will.



From the Bible : Mediumship.

I CHRONICLES XXI :

“ND the Lord spake unto Gad, *David's Seer*, saying, Go and tell David, saying, Thus saith the Lord,” &c.

Again in verse 18 it is written, “Then the Angel of the Lord commanded Gad to say to David, that David should go up,” &c.

The whole of this chapter deserves careful reading, to show the Mediumship of Gad, David's Seer, between the Lord (or Angel of the Lord) and David.

There are many such instances in the Bible, showing that Mediumship between Angel and Man was not wrong then. Then, Why now?

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

I will quote another remarkable passage from
1 Samuel, chap. ix.

“Before time in Israel, when a man went to enquire of God, thus he spake: Come, and let us go to the seer: for he that is now called a Prophet was before time called a Seer.” *Through a Seer or Medium*, therefore, seems to have been the legitimate and recognised method of approaching God, or God’s messengers in those days.

Thus Samuel was the medium between the Lord and Eli, and the argument used, that Spirit Intercourse was wrong and forbidden by Moses, cannot hold good, when we see it practised by Samuel and David continually.

Sorcery, undoubtedly, was forbidden by Moses, but certainly not that legitimate form of Spirit Intercourse that was practised by such “Men after God’s own Heart” as Samuel and David, who were themselves the exponents and upholders of the Laws of Moses.

Thoughts on Re-incarnation.

WHE ridicule the idea of re-incarnation, forgetting that our Lord himself testifies to the truth of this doctrine, for he says, speaking of John the Baptist, (Matt. xi., 14), "This is Elias which was for to come." Again, (Matt. xvii., 12, 13), "But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Then the Disciples understood that He spake unto them of John the Baptist."

Assuredly no one can read the history of the two Prophets, without being struck by the marvelous similarity of their characters, even extending to their clothing and diet.

Perfect through Suffering.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."—MATT. v., 48.

"**P**ERFECT through suffering!" What a theme
For thought is here revealed!
And how it opens up one's life
To views till now concealed!
"Perfect through suffering!" Oh, what truths
These few short words contain!
Then, all life's trials, all life's sorrows,
Are not borne in vain!

Oh, let me think on this. Let reason
Aid me in the search;
The converse let me contemplate,
Of pleasure on this Earth!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Look back, O man, and tell me where
Thy Soul would now have been,
Had pleasure only been thy lot,
Nor suffering had'st seen.

Oh, view thyself in pleasure
Passing now thy earthly life,
In constant stream of gaiety,
Unchecked by care and strife ;
With every passion gratified,
No hope or wish denied ;
Thy present life, thy all-in-all,
No thought of aught beside.

Now take one little step beyond
This life, that we may see
How fares it with thy Soul, when launched
Into Eternity !

* * * * *

Ah, close the picture ! Let us not
The painful scene pursue,
The terrors that there haunt thy Soul,
Are not for mortal view !

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

If such, then, be the end of this
Short life of pleasure here—
Oh, give me back my sufferings,
My trials let me bear.
I would not shrink from one ! for now
I see their use and power,
To cleanse and purify my Soul,
Against the dying hour.

“ Perfect through suffering ! ” Yea, are these
Most precious words, indeed !
Oh, may they ever cling to me,
In every hour of need.
Whene’er the Soul is tempted
To rebel at trials sore,
Oh, may those words, within mine ear,
Their soothing sweetness pour.

“ Perfect through suffering.” Oh, my God,
This end indeed be mine ;
No matter what the trial,
So it make my Soul to shine
In purity before Thee,
That I may welcomed be,

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Whene'er this span of life is o'er,
My Father-God, by Thee !

Welcomed by Thee ! Oh, wondrous thought,
Oh, ecstasy Divine !

Welcomed by Thee ! Who would not pass
Through suffering, to find

A Welcome from his God, whene'er
This fleeting life is o'er ;

A Welcome from his Father-God,
For ever, evermore !

A Welcome from the Saviour,
Dear Guide to life above ;

A Welcome from the Angels,
Those messengers of love !

Oh, welcome trial, suffering,
Thrice welcome shall ye be,

So ye but lead me to my God,
For all Eternity !

Thoughts on "Progression."

WH, if we would only study the real meaning of this word ! How much it comprises ! Perhaps I should not be saying too much in asserting that in this one word lies the true cause of our creation ! Namely,

That our All-Wise Creator and Father saw the necessity to the Soul, of the education it would derive from the trials of the Earth-life, as a further means of progress upon attaining its Individuality ; and therefore ordained its incarnation into humanity, commonly called "the Creation of Man."

Let our motto, then, ever be "Onwards and Upwards:" ever aspiring to something better than that we have already attained : a condition of Soul higher, purer, more and more spiritual.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Never resting satisfied with the attainments of to-day, but ever pushing on to further progress towards the Angelic, the Divine, the "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven, is perfect."



Consoling Thoughts to a Searn Searf.



DEEP thinker—W. Howitt—says, “The World hates new truths, as the Owl and the Thief hate the Sun.”

We all know the stories of Copernicus, of Galileo, Harvey and Jenner; and to these great benefactors of their race, might be added many other names equally illustrious; not to name that greatest of all, Jesus of Nazareth, who for teaching that sublimest of all new truths, “Christianity,” suffered every indignity that could be heaped upon him, ending in crucifixion.

Surely *this* example above all others, may teach us also to suffer patiently in the cause of truth.

A Song of Gratitude to God.

HOW can I sing the Song of love,
I fain would sing to Thee?
How bid my tongue in cadence move
To fitting strains of gratitude,
For all Thy Love to me?

How tell of all Thy gracious care,
For Thy poor, wayward child,
When far from Thee her heart strings were,
Entangled in Ambition's snare,
And by Earth's wiles beguiled.

How tell, how Thou did'st crush the foe,
With sharp, unerring aim ;
Oh, bitter anguish then ; but now
I see Thy love but struck the blow,
To bring her back again,

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

A prodigal unto her God,
Unto her Father's Home ;
Oh Father, now I kiss the rod
That raised me from the earthly clog,
No more from Thee to roam.

(O God, 'tis well the mind can ne'er
Efface its memory ;
T'is well the stricken Soul must e'er
The stamp of earthly trial bear,
To keep it near to Thee.

Lest weak and wav'ring evermore,
Whilst wrapped in earthly guise,
It may forget the lesson sore,
Experienced in days of yore,
From Hand of the All-wise.)

Now, let me tell Thy tender care,
When crushed and stricken low,
How Thou did'st send Thy Messenger,
With balm to soothe the sufferer,
And healing oil to flow

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Into that wound of agony :
So did Thy Love combine
With sweet, angelic sympathy,
Her Soul to raise so tenderly
To peace and rest divine.

That peace, the fruit of gracious light,
Upon her Soul bestowed ;
To overcome the gloom of night
With " Rays Celestial," shining bright,
From Angel's pure abode,

Oh, I could tell of things untold,
Of all Thy Love to me !
Oh, I could many a tale unfold,
Of those " Celestial Rays of Gold,"
Who brought me near to Thee !

Those " Living Rays," those " Angel Rays
Sent to me from above ;
Who flew at Thy command, to raise
My Soul once more to prayer and praise,
To peace and trusting love.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

But things there are, must ever be,
From outer gaze concealed ;
Entwined in holy mystery,
With life's most sacred history :
They ne'er may be revealed.

But Thou, who knowest all, oh hear
My song of grateful praise ;
Oh, let my Soul its tribute bear
To Thee, my God, in loving prayer,
And Hallelujahs raise,

That shall resound through Heaven's vault,
Fit tribute to Thy Love ;
And by th' Angelic Choir caught,
The echoes shall again be taught
To sing Thy praise above.

Until one Universal Hymn,
Shall be outpoured to Thee ;
Shall through the Courts Celestial ring,
And echo answer back again
In one grand harmony :

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

"Glory, oh God of Love, to Thee,
Glory to Thee be given ;
Eternally, unceasingly,
Thy Glory and Thy Love shall be
The theme of Song in Heaven."

HALLELUJAH !

Amen.



Thoughts on the Resurrection.

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God. Neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."

I COR. xv., 50.

THE Resurrection is not for the outer or earthly body, for that being of the Earth, *must* remain on the Earth—being too material for Spirit-life.

The Resurrection is for the Soul, clothed in that inner and more spiritual body, suited to Spirit-life.

The beauty of that spiritual body is in exact accordance with the state of its inhabitant Soul, being, in fact, the outcome of the Soul.

Moreover, as the Soul progresses in Spirit-Land,

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

so will it throw off its first spirit-body, for one still finer and more etherial, in harmony with its progressed state.

Thus, not only is the earthly body thrown off by the "real man," *the Soul*, but many, many spirit-bodies, that each, in their turn, become too material for the progressed Spirit or Soul.



Thoughts on The Almighty Creator.

AS a very small approximation to the grandeur and sublimity of the Creator's Works, I will just state the ascertained fact, that there are known to be at least 148,000,000 of Stars, of which our Sun is one! Each of these stars has its accompanying Planets, multiplying, therefore, the number of Spheres in the Heavens, until one's very brain becomes dizzy in the vain effort to compass, or even to approach, the vast truth! And these are only "the ascertained." What, then, think you is the number of "the *un*-ascertained Spheres?"

Truly, Thy Works magnify Thee, O God!

A Solemn Thought.

*It is said, each person's mind helps to purify or
poison the atmosphere.*

NH, what a solemn thought is this,
For sojourners on Earth !
Each person helps to raise or lower
In purity, God's atmosphere,
According to his worth !

From each one's thoughts an aura flows,
Distinctive in its hue,
Imprinted on the air around,
And by the Angels ever found,
Though lost to mortal view ;

IN QUIET MOMENTS

Except the Spirit-sight be given,
When, lo ! Each one is seen
To stand in his own atmosphere,
Whate'er the colour it may wear,
Of good or ill, I ween.

If grand the mind, and pure the Soul,
What lovely hues are there !
Shining in brilliancy of light,
Encompassing with colour bright,
That Soul in mortal gear ;

Making the air around more pure,
More spiritually fine ;
Enabling, thus, the Angel Band
To hover near, with helping hand
And sympathy divine.

But, if the converse we behold,
Of mind and Soul impure,
And stunted with life's gaities,
And sensual, low propensities ;
Then, be thou very sure,

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The aura round that Soul is dark,
And dense and poisonous;
And all within its reach must feel
That influence, unseen though real,
Encompassing it thus.

No Angel, but of darkness, can
Approach that coffined Soul;
For Purity and Pestilence
Can ne'er combine ;—in every sense
Opposed as Pole to Pole !

Oh, fearful thought ! Oh, solemn truth !
That each of us dispense
A curse or blessing all around,
According as our Souls abound
In guilt or innocence !

Oh, grant, dear Lord, such purity
May e'er be found in me,
That from my Soul, such aura flow,
With blessings deep it may endow
All those most dear to me.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

May every thought, and every wish,
Be subject unto Thee ;
In full accordance to Thy Will,
My mind, and Soul, and spirit fill ;
Then truly I may be

A source of happiness around,
An atmosphere of light,
To radiate forth that essence pure,
That e'en the Angels may endure,
Nor dim their lustre bright.
Amen.



Spiritual Gifts.

I COR. XII.

NOW any one believing in the Bible can read the above Chapter, and then deny the possibility of Spiritual Gifts, now, or at any other time, quite surpasses my comprehension.

Hear what St. Paul says in this Chapter :—

“The manifestation of the Spirit is given to *every* man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom ; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit ; to another faith, by the same Spirit ; to another the gifts of healing, by the same Spirit ; to another the working of miracles ; to another prophecy ;

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

to another discerning of Spirits; to another diverse kinds of Tongues; to another the interpretation of Tongues. But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

To *every* man, does the Apostle say, these gifts are given, and we have only to seek for them aright to find one or more of them in each one of us.

Instead, therefore, of ignorantly denying the truth of them, let us seek to find and to cultivate these God-given Gifts, and most assuredly we shall be successful.



Spirit Materialisations in The Bible.

THERE are many records of such Phenomena in the Bible, such as, "The Angel wrestling with Jacob;" "The Angels visiting Abraham, and eating and drinking with him, on the occasion of their foretelling that Sarah should have a Son;" "The Angels visiting Lot, the night before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah."

Later on, in Joshua's time, when, as related in Joshua (chap. v.), "A man stood over against him, with a drawn sword in his hand, and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay,

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

but as Captain of the Host of the Lord, am I now come."

These, and many other Spirit Materialisations recorded in the Bible, must be a plain proof to all earnest searchers after truth, that they were by no means uncommon, and seemed usually to have created no surprise, showing that spirit presences might be looked for at any time.

Surely, therefore, what God has once permitted He may see fit to permit again, in the furtherance of His Divine Love and Wisdom, for the good of His Children *now*, as heretofore.



GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Rest, Peace, and Love.

A VISION.

REST, Peace, and Love! Oh, where can they
be found?

Not on this Earth, I ween ;
Rest, Peace and Love! I hear that gentle sound,
Floating in airy whisperings around,
From "Land of Love Supreme."

Methinks I catch a glimpse of that blest Land !
A blue arch canopies it o'er !
And the very air seems breathing peacefully,
And wafting tenderly
O'er summer flower !

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

And oh, what flowers ! what lovely tints are there !
What harmony of hue, what colours rare !
What wealth of beauty, in those blossoms fair !
 And see them bending gracefully,
 Saluting all so lovingly,
 Responsive to the air !

And see them asking the soft balmy Air,
To breathe for them, their early morning prayer
Of Praise and Incense ! In the sweet perfume
 They send aloft of tributary love,
 To the Unseen—their Father-God above !

Aye ! Love, indeed, is there !

And the green Carpet, that surrounds those Gems
Of flowers ! How softly green it seems !
As if it would not for the world,
With too bright colouring disturb
 Those lovely Harmonies !

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

And that clear rippling Stream !
That murmurs on so buoyantly,
Its dew-drops sparkling radiantly
To vivify the Scene !
Its tiny voice is mingling with the strain
Of praise, already borne to higher Plane !

And those majestic Trees !
How grand, how beautiful they are !
Dost see them, with their branches
Gently waving in the air,
Over those tender Flowers ?
Lest heat of Summer hours,
Might haply cause their heads to droop
Upon their bosoms fair !

Oh, sweetest harmony of Love !
Oh, lovely Peace and Rest above !

And see the Lambs run skipping joyously,
To where the Lion resteth quietly !
And see them nestling to his side,
And he, as if with parent's pride,
Welcoming them so lovingly !

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Oh, beauteous sight of Peace so blest,
The Lion with the Lamb at rest !

* * * * *

But, who is He, with glorious Form
Clad in apparel white ?
With Crown of Glory o'er him borne ;
With countenance so bright
I may not look upon it !
With eyes so blue,
Beaming with tenderness and light
Of Love's seraphic hue !

Is He " The Prince of Peace " above ?
The glorious type of Heavenly Love ?

And lo, He speaks ! Oh, how divine
Those tones of tenderness !
That gaze of earnestness !—

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

“Come unto me, thou Weary One,
And I will give thee rest ;
Come unto me, and lay thy head
Upon my loving breast ;
Come unto me, and I will be,
Thy Peace, thy Love, thy Rest.”

Oh, Love, and Peace, and Rest divine,
Such Love, and Peace, and Rest be mine !



Thoughts on "The Unseen."

WILLIAM HOWITT says, "Every time a man kneels down in Church or Chamber, he addresses himself to the awful presence of an Unseen Power."

What a depth of thought wells up from a consideration of these solemn words!

An Unseen Power! yes, that Power that nevertheless *all* acknowledge the reality of!

All, all, whether civilized or savage nations throughout the world! yet, unseen!

Such being the case, where is the difficulty of also acknowledging the presence with us of Emanations or Messengers from that Power, in the shape of Spiritual Beings, though equally unseen?

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

For, as the whole must include the parts, surely belief in the one, must include belief in the other.

True, O man! and the difficulty lies only in the veil of Materialism, that encases thy Soul as in a leaden coffin.

That awful Presence of the Unseen God, has only *lip*-acknowledgment. There is no realisation of it in the Soul. The lips from mere habit acknowledge it, parrot-like, but the Soul knows nothing of it—is dead to it.

The Soul, therefore, being dead to the whole, must also be dead to the parts of that whole; and hence the true explanation of the general negation of the presence of Spiritual Beings with us.

But let the Soul once rise from the materialism that encases it, and it will *realise* the awful, though unseen, presence of that Power, that has hitherto only reached its lips of flesh.

Then will follow, as a natural consequence, the realisation also of the Messengers of that Power, (though unseen) in the Spiritual Beings that surround us.

Who are We ?

Thoughts suggested by the scorn and mockery, with which the subject of Spiritualism is usually received.

WHO ARE WE ?

that we can pass judgment, unsight, unseen, on the stupendous phenomena of Spiritualism ?

WHO are We ? We well may ponder
On this thought, so full of awe ;
Who are We ? That we dare venture,
To deny, unseen, the wonder,
That transcends our little lore !

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Who are We? Did'st ever study
Chart of the grand Universe?
Look around thee! look above thee!
Ope thy vision!—it will teach thee
Thy poor judgment to reverse.

Look at all those countless wonders!
Myriads of worlds on worlds
Float in tiers around, above us,
Till the eye no longer covers
What the seeing brain unfurls!

Ah, thou shrinkest! Well thou mayest
Shrink within thee, at the sight!
E'en the Angel-brain is helpless
For one instant to encompass,
God Almighty's Works aright!

A moment pause then! Now endeavour
Once again the scene to view;
Mark those countless worlds, for ever
Each their path pursuing! Never
Wandering in search of new!

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

See them circling round their Centre ;
See them moving round their Sun !
Those myriad worlds—or small or greater—
Obedient still to their Creator,
In perfect harmony as One !

Oh, the Wisdom that can order
Thus the moving power of all !
Thus adjust to each the border
Of its path ; that no disorder
May His grand design befall !

Pause again : In contemplation
Of such Wisdom, Power, and Love !
Pause in silent admiration,
Awe-struck by such revelation
Of the Deity above !

Extend thy vision now, and see
Those worlds in nearer view,
Teeming with life's activity,
As all in joyous harmony
Their pathway they pursue !

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

And *each* of God, the tender care,
As in this world of ours ;
Where *all* alike His goodness share,
On *all* His love beyond compare
His bounty freely showers !

Herein His grandeur stands complete !
Herein we see The God !
That all His works, howe'er minute,
Are subjects of His care, as great
As those of magnitude !

Now turn we to our Mother Earth,
Amongst those myriad worlds
Of grandeur inexpressible !
The foremost she must surely be,
Of all the beauteous Worlds we see !

And we the highest type of all
The creatures of His Will !
Endowed with wisdom over all,
To be His judge, whate'er befall
This world, of good or ill !

* * * * *

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

But, Where are we? Ah, look again
Amongst those countless Spheres!
But, Where are we? I search in vain,
My vision fails to ascertain,
Where *our* grand World appears!

Ah, foolish man! Well may'st thou search
Amongst that Galaxy
Of Suns and Stars! Of which thy Earth,
(Because it is thy Land of Birth)
Thou deemest first in majesty!

Humble thy vision! Look aright,
Not at that glorious throng
Of Suns and Orbs of lesser light,
(Though for thy Earth, still far too bright)
But down, and down, and down,

Until thine eyes a speck may see,
So small, it may compare
To grain of sand on desert lea,
To drop of water in the sea,—
That tiny atom there!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

That atom is thy Earth ! Then where
Are ye? ye " would-be-wise !"
As " dust upon a balance "—ye,
Or less,—for ye we cannot see,
E'en with a Rosse's eyes !

O fool ! whose folly equals but
Thy arrogance supreme !
Yet thinkest thou art competent,
To judge our God Omnipotent,
E'en in the Unseen !

To give Him laws ! To, say, " Thus far
Thou goest, and no farther ;"
His Power, Wisdom, Love, to bar
To that proportion, that may par
With thine own worm-like nature !

Oh, shame upon thee, be it said ;
Oh, humbly kneel before Him ;
Pour dust and ashes on thy head,
Confess thine impotence, or dread
A judgment thee befalling !

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Assert in thee that Spark divine,
That thou hast so neglected,
Deep buried in thy puny mind,
Beneath thine egotism blind ;
And be by It corrected.

Oh, let It lift that veil, that now
In darkness gross surrounds thee ;
Oh, let It speak to thee anew
Of Him, who sees with pitying view,
The chains that now have bound thee.

And let It show thee, who thou art,
In truth unveiled before thee ;
A grain of dust ! A worm of Earth !
Groping in darkness from thy birth ;
Such is the humbling story !

Then let it show thee God ! Thy God !
Ah ! veil thee from His Glory !
Lest e'en one glance may strike thee dead,
One gleam alighting on thy head,
To dust again restore thee !

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Oh, Child of Earth ! remember aye
The lesson now before thee ;
And that thy wisdom cannot see,
Because it is too deep for thee,
Scorn not ! But know most surely,

God worketh not, as worketh men,
His ways are far above our ken,
As He from human folly !
Then, when His ways we cannot see,
Instead of scorn and mockery,
Oh, think with deep humility,—
WHO HE IS ! Who are we !



Thoughts on Development.

NONE would say that the grand and beautiful law of progressive development is (to a finite understanding, at all events) the natural outcome of the Divine Wisdom, and Justice, for it places every living thing in Creation on the same footing. All begin alike from the very beginning, and alike go through every stage of progression, through oft-repeated incarnations; each one being a higher development than the last, in accordance with the progression of the Spirit, through its different life experiences. Thus each one climbs the "Jacob's Ladder" that reaches from Earth to Heaven, and none can say God has favoured


GOLDEN THOUGHTS

one beyond the other, for each having to go through the same experiences and trials, through the same series of incarnations, perfect Wisdom, perfect Love, and perfect Justice are satisfied; and *all* Life-essence or Spirit, as it completes its course, through infancy, youth, and manhood, by these incarnations, returns as the Angel, or matured Spirit, to the Bosom of The Father, who first sent the infant Spirit forth.



The Effectual fervent Prayer
of a Righteous Man
availeth much.

JAMES V., 16.

ATHER, and are these words Thine own?
And dost Thou lend an ear
Of pity and compassion, for
Thy Children's yearnings to adore
Their God in fervent prayer?

Oh, Father, Thou, the Mighty God,
Dost Thou then hear the cry
Of one who longs for purity
Of soul, that she may fitted be,
To approach Thy Foot-stool nigh.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

- Father, I hear Thy gracious words,
In answer to my sighs :—
“Thou call’st Me Father ; is then this
An empty sound and meaningless,
Applied to earthly ties ?
- “ And thinkest thou, thy Father-God—
The God of Love above,
Of Love Parental, Love Divine,
So loving that it doth outshine
A mother’s fondest love,
- “ Can turn an ear of deafness
To a Child’s imploring cry ?
But rather lend a list’ning ear
To accents that to Him are dear,
A prayer, a tear, a sigh.
- “ Ah, could’st thou but appreciate
The solemn truth that thou
A portion of God’s Essence art ;
Thy Soul of His Own Life a part ;
That thee He doth endow

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

“ With His Own Image ! Seal assured
That thou His Offspring art ;
Then would thy Soul—that Spark divine—
See how His Love doth far outshine
All love of human heart.

“ No doubt would longer cloud thy brow,
Nor anguish dim thy sight ;
The riven veil uprolled would be,
God’s matchless Love unveiled to thee
In beams of glory bright !

“ (And though the Universe would fail
His boundless Love to bound,
Yet e’en the humblest flowers share
His Love ! That Love beyond compare,
With which His Works resound.)

“ Then, fearful Child, no longer doubt,
But come to Him in faith
That He will listen to thy prayer,
With pitying heart and loving ear,
As His Apostle saith—

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

“ ‘ A righteous man availeth much
In fervent, earnest prayer.’
If clean thy Soul, and pure thy heart,
Be sure that thou accepted art,
Thy prayer, His tender care.

“ Then cast away all doubt and fear,
Approach in humble love
Unto Him ; and be sure thy prayer,
An echo finds within His ear,
An answer from above.”



Thoughts on The Creation.

BY ONE OF THE HUMBLEST OF THE CREATED.

IT appears to be the Will of the Creator, that every thing He has created should move in a Circle ; from the myriads of majestic Spheres sailing in their appointed paths through Space in a double Circle, to the most primitive form of life, performing its tiny Circle upon the Earth. And we have only to look at the workings of Nature around us, to see the truth of this axiom, and so far as our finite minds can judge, to see also the cause of it.

It is the Father's good pleasure, that nothing in Creation should be lost. Therefore, the out-

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

come of this law, *must*, to every thinking mind, be a continuous circle. And is it not so?

Take for instance, the every-day phenomenon of the grass growing under our feet: its germ is in a tiny seed, which sown in the earth, bursts its shell, and springs forth as the green herb—a source, not only of refreshing beauty to the eye, but of food for millions upon millions of God's creatures.

Having gone through the stages of infancy, youth, and maturity, it completes the Circle, by dropping its seed into the earth from which it first sprang; which seed begins anew the same Circle of Life, that its parent has gone through; and thus the continuous Circle is maintained; the Life or Spirit, direct from the Father, being for ever the vivifying principle.

The herb (also the outcome of the Life or Spirit) either returns in its natural state to fertilise the earth for reproductions of itself, (again a Circle) or transformed by amalgamation (as food)

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

into a higher organism (the animal), it helps to build up and constitute that organism, thereby becoming part of it; and thus, in helping on another life, it commences an enlarged and more developed Circle of Life for itself.

The animal, of which it now forms a part, dies; and either returns, by disintegration of its particles, to Mother Earth, to nourish it for fresh life (again a Circle); or by amalgamation into a still higher organism—Man—again goes through a yet more enlarged and more developed Circle of Life, again to return and fertilise the Earth for new life, (another Circle).

Thus, by this beautiful law, *nothing* is lost:

The outcome of the Life or Spirit—the material part—always returning, in some form or other, to the Earth, to commence anew the Circle of Life; and the Spirit—the outcome of the Creator-Father—also through many circles of ever-

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

ascending grades of life, gradually returning once more to the Infinite Parent.

Thus, (as it seems to me) the Supreme Wisdom has ordained, that the beautiful law of mutual help, through all Creation, should also be the law by which development and progress are effected throughout Creation; thus forming a never ending series of ascending Circles of love and harmony, up to the Infinite Father of Love. Indeed, I believe that this process, carried on through sufficient time, will finally restore the Universe itself to the bosom of the Father.

For, inasmuch as the Spirit or Life of Creation is the outcome of the Father, and Matter is the outcome of the Spirit, or, more correctly, *Spirit condensed*, it follows, that as the Spirit is a vital part of the Father, so must Matter really be—for that which is part of a part of the whole, must also be part of that whole.

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This idea I have endeavoured to illustrate in the next article of this little book, in having drawn a diagram of the Circle of Life, as I imagine it, first issuing as Essence from the Father.

I have represented this Essence, gradually condensing in its Centrifugal Course from its Divine Fountain, until it reaches the furthestmost part of its first semicircle of life; and, therefore, also its greatest condensation.

Then it commences its Centripetal Semicircle, and, in proportion as it nears its Divine Fountain, it becomes less and less condensed, until it finally returns as the completed Essence, or Angel, to that Universal Father from whom it first issued in its infantile state; thus accomplishing the full Circle of educational life, for which it was sent forth.

Yes, this magnificent Universe, with all its myriad worlds, (of which our Earth is only as

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an infinitesimal speck) accomplishes its vast Circle of Life, through infancy, youth, and maturity, exactly as the Circle of individual life is accomplished in every stage of this tiny world of ours. And, it seems to me, that in nothing is the Creator's absolute "Unity" more conspicuous than in this one universal law throughout all Creation ; from the primitive Circle of Life of the earliest moss, to that of the Universe itself.

Oh ! that my tongue could express but one thousandth part of what my Soul apprehends on this marvellous subject.

Oh, Eternal Father, whenever it pleaseth Thee that I should finish this stage of my educational life, and throw off the flesh, may my emancipated Spirit be enabled to flow out to Thee in more fitting expression of adoring awe and love, in the contemplation of Thy unapproachable Majesty, Thy absolute "Unity," in

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

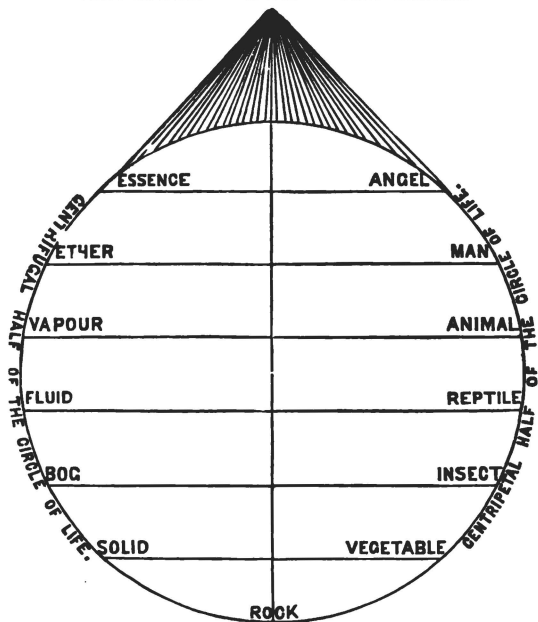
Infinite Grandeur, Infinite Love, Infinite Justice,
Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, as displayed in
Thy Work,—Oh, Almighty and Eternal Father,
—“The Universe.”

AMEN AND AMEN.




GOLDEN THOUGHTS

THE ALPHA — GOD — AND OMEGA.



The Alpha—God—the Omega.

S all life proceeds from God, so must all life return to God.

In illustration of this thought I have drawn the accompanying Circle of Life, as I conceive its course, when projected from its Divine Fountain. *All* life going through the same course in its outward Circuit from its Almighty Parent, and *all* life gradually returning to Him through the necessary grades of development and ascension, until the Circle is completed.

Thus the Life, or Spirit, or Soul of every atom in Creation, sent forth by the Creator, may be compared to the Babe sent forth from the mother's womb.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Both are in a state of primitive innocence, but both need that gradual process of development, that is to fit the one for the Manhood of the body, the other for the Manhood of the Soul. And in this universal process of development for *all* Spirit, do I see the Perfect Justice, Perfect Wisdom, and Perfect Love of The Almighty Father.



IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Midnight : 1881 = 2.

THOUGHTS ON IT : ADDRESS FROM THE
OLD YEAR TO THE NEW.

I'VE seen the Old Year out,
With all its sin and sorrow ;
I've seen the New Year in,
Upon the hallowed morrow.*
Ah, will that morrow fill
Each heart with love and gladness,
To bury, in oblivion,
The Old Year's sin and sadness ?

* New Year's Day for 1882 fell on a Sunday.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

And will the New Year learn
The Old Year's parting lesson ?
"Oh, stand not still, my child,
But ever seek progression.
Progression from the follies,
The sins of former years,
Progression from the sorrows,
That dimmed those years with tears.

" Progression from the passions
Of Hate and Enmity,
To those enduring blessings
Of Love and Charity.
Progression from all evil,
In thought, or word, or deed,
To purity of heart and soul,
The New Year's greatest need.

" Progression from the blindness,
That veiled thy Parent's sight
To God's own choicest blessings,
Though sent from realms of Light.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Oh! may thine eyes be opened ,
Thy heart attuned be,
To joys the angels fain would give,
Oh, fair Young Year, to thee. ”

Such were the thoughts that followed
The pealing of that Chime,
That rung the Old Year out again,
That rung the New Year in.



Truth :

THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.

I WILL quote from that Book that all Christians are taught to consider inspired, to show that all the phenomena that are now of daily occurrence, (though ridiculed as impossible) were known in the olden time, and are recorded in the Bible.

In order not to make this article too long, I will confine myself to one example of each phase of Phenomena, though they might be multiplied almost indefinitely ; the Bible being full of them.

But one example is as good as a thousand.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

"MEDIUMSHIP."

1 Chron. xxi., 7 :—"And the Lord spake unto Gad, David's Seer (or Medium), saying, Go and tell David, saying, Thus saith the Lord, I offer thee these three things, choose thou one of them, that I may do it unto thee. So Gad came to David, &c."

"CLAIRVOYANCE."

2 Kings vi., 17 :—"And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw : and behold, the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

"DIRECT SPIRIT WRITING."

Daniel v., 5 :—"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the King's Palace. And the King saw the part of the hand that wrote."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

"LEVITATION."

Acts viii., 39, 40 :—"And when they (Philip and the Eunuch) were come up out of the water, the spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the Eunuch saw him no more. And he went on his way rejoicing. But Philip was found at Azotus."

"SPIRIT MATERIALISATIONS."

Genesis xix., 1 :—"And there came two Angels to Sodom at even, * * * and Lot, seeing them, rose up to meet them: and he bowed himself with his face to the ground, &c."

From such examples as these, drawn from both Old and New Testament, how dare we ridicule, as impossible, similar Phenomena continually occurring at the present day—thus limiting the power of God, and saying to Him, "Thus far shalt Thou go, and no farther."


Rather let us humble ourselves before Him, and pray that our eyes may be opened, as were

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

the eyes of the young man for whom Elisha prayed, and that the blinding veil of Materialism may be lifted from our Souls, that we may apprehend those wondrous and solemn truths, that are, indeed, the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever.



Thoughts on much-maligned
Death.

 SH Death ! Thou dreaded Monarch,
Say, who and what art thou,
Before whom poor Humanity
In awe and terror bow ?

Th' unthinking World will answer :
Death all that hideous is,
All that is most revolting
Of fearful mysteries.
'Tis that from which all Nature
Shrinks with abhorrence meet ;
Thy very name, the sign and seal
Of grief and woe complete.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Poor Death ! Thy reputation,
Indeed, a sad one is,
If undeserved : Then let us see
If truth accompanies
The fearful condemnation
Men ever pass on thee,
The words of cruel censure,
If undeserved they be.

Life ! What is Life ? Oh, answer—
Life on this Earth, I mean ;
If Death be all that's hideous,
Sure, Life's all joy, I ween.
No want, nor care, nor anger,
Can ever dim the rays
Of pleasure, that Life revels in,
Through all its sunny days !

Yet, who of those who've sojourned
On Earth some fifty years,
Can answer thus ? But rather say—
"This life's a vale of tears."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

Then, clearly is established
A balance 'twixt the two ;
If Life be not so lovely,
Sure, Death's less hideous too.

Now, what is Life? and what is Death?
For, if I apprehend
Them not amiss, I hope to show
In Death a loving friend ;
An aid and close abettor
Of Life's instinctive faith,
That Earth is not its biding-place,
A brighter Home it hath !

Life ! Aye, that wondrous Essence
From God Himself, must be
Immortal ! Then, in Life on Earth
A passing scene we see ;
One of the many phases,
The Life we call the Soul
Must pass, in education,
To reach its final goal.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Then, here we see the reason
Why Life hath its alloy ;
For, as the Child, the lessons
Of its youth doth not enjoy,
So is the Soul rebellious
To lessons taught on Earth,
To fit it for the higher plane
Of its ensuing birth.

But, grant, it well hath ended
The race appointed here,
And at the goal is waiting
For life on higher sphere ;
And ready is to journey on
To realms of greater bliss,
To scenes of brighter beauty,
Purer love and holiness.

Yet, how is it to enter
This abode of joy and love ?
How gain the cherished guerdon
Of the longed-for life above ?

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

The body cannot enter
Where the Soul is fit to be,
For it is of the Earth ! The Soul,
Of Immortality !

Then, must the Soul be severed
From the earthly form of clay,
Ere the prize, for which it laboured,
Can be attained for aye;
And, here comes in the Helper,
Poor, much-malignéd Death,
To aid the Soul to cast away
Its envelope of Earth !

Not dreaded now ! nor hideous,
But welcomed as a friend !
A friend of friends in dire need,
This earthly life to end !
To free it from the shackles
That bind it here below,
That it may rise to higher joys
Than life on Earth can know !

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Then, friendly Death, thou'rt justified
From all the slanders dread,
That mortals ever heap on thee !
Nay, rather be it said,
Good Death, and kind, and loving,
Dear trusty Friend, and true,
To work for us, as none of all
The earthly friends can do.

To thee we owe all homage :
Our gratitude receive ;
For thou the only Portal art,
Through which the Soul can leave,
For higher realms of glory,
This life of trial sore ;
Then, "best of friends," shalt thou be called,
From hence for evermore !

Then, Death, no longer sorrow
For unjust judgment given ;
For, surely is thy value known
By all who are in Heaven.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

By all now wafted over
Upon a happier shore,
Be sure thy praises loud are sung,
And will be evermore.



Thoughts on

“AND GOD MADE MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE.”

NOW, wonderful sentence! Can it be true? Let us contemplate it. “God made man in His own Image.” Not the outer shell or body of man—this is impossible—for corruption cannot be the image of incorruption.

But the outer shell is *not* the Man, any more than the walnut-shell is the walnut.

We must, therefore, look deeper than the outer shell, or body, for the true man, and there we find the Soul—the immortal, the incorruptible part; and, as such, the only part of humanity that *can* be in God’s Image.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

By all now wafted over
Upon a happier shore,
Be sure thy praises loud are sung,
And will be evermore.



IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Parent in every human Soul, either latent or developed.

As God is perfect, so is and must be the human Soul—the true man. For Perfection cannot be the author of imperfection, any more than Incorruption can be the author of corruption. Hence, the human Soul, made in the Image of God, *must* be perfect.

Oh, tremendous thought ! But, oh, most solemn truth !

It follows, then, that the imperfections of the flesh, alone prevent the shining forth of those God-like qualities in man ; and the more we overcome the flesh, the less will be the obstruction to the shining forth of God's Image in us.

What an incentive to each one of us should this be, to battle with the flesh, daily, hourly !

Oh, Father-God ! Ever keep my Soul alive to this most solemn truth. Help, oh help me every

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

moment of this passing life, so to overcome the flesh, with its affections and lusts, that I may show forth my Divine Parentage in every thought, word, and deed ; and thus prove to all around me, that the human Soul is, in very truth, “made in God’s own Image.”



“He doeth all things well.”

FIND is it ever so? Whene'er
Our Souls in sorrow dwell,
Worn out with strife, and care, and grief,
Can we then say, with full belief,
“He doeth all things well?”

When each succeeding year is fraught
With woe ; and we rebel
In utter agony of heart,
Oh, can those words the truth impart—
“He doeth all things well?”

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

When conscious that we long have tried
To do His holy Will,
And, yet, no blessing seems to flow
From Him ; oh, can we still allow
“ He doeth all things well ? ”

When plunged in darkness, is the Soul,—
In darkness grim and fell—
And finds no outlet, though we kneel
In prayerful anguish ; can we feel
“ He doeth all things well ? ”

When seeking earnestly for light,
On doubts, that sound the knell
To happiness of Soul ; can we,
Though still unanswered, clearly see
“ He doeth all things well ? ”

When severed from those earthly ties,
More dear than tongue can tell ;
Can we, in isolation drear,
Still recognise those words of cheer—
“ He doeth all things well ? ”

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

Oh, Father-God, the answer give ;
Inspire me to tell
Of Thine Omniscience ! That we see
Our wisdom folly is to thee !
"Thou doest all things well."

"Oh, Child, and can thy Father-God,
In Whom all virtues dwell,
(Omniscient, Omnipresent ; who
Is Alpha and Omega, too)
Do ought but 'all things well?'

"Can He, the God of Love Supreme—
Love, boundless as His Will—
Give e'en one pang unneeded ? No.
Then be assured, that here below,
'He doeth all things well.'

"For, He is Infinite ! and we
Are finite ! Reason full—
Why all His ways we cannot see ;
But, shrouded though they oft may be,
'He doeth all things well.'

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

"No sorrow, trial, doubt, nor ought
Of grief, the heart can tell,
But needed is, to raise the Soul
To higher aims than earthly goal :
'He doeth all things well.'

"Then, fainting Child, no longer doubt,
Thy sadd'ning fears dispel ;
Remember aye, thy God above
Is God of Wisdom, God of Love :
'He doeth all things well.'"



Thoughts on the Invisibility of the Creator.

THE thought as to whether the Creator is ever visible, even to Angel eyes, has often exercised my mind deeply ; and a few nights ago the following answer seemed given to me :—

“Think of that wonderful doctrine of Correspondence, which holds good through all Creation, even up to the Creator Himself, and your question is answered.

“Can you by your bodily sight see Spirits, although you positively know they surround you? No! Why? Because they are too ethereal for your bodily eyes to perceive them. But throw off

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

the earth body, and you become one of them, and your inner and more spiritual body, having senses in harmony with it, you at once see your surroundings, as real and substantial as you saw men and women, when on Earth.

“Now, apply this rule to higher stages of Spirit Life, and the same law that prevented your seeing Beings in a higher state of existence than yourself when on Earth, will still prevent your doing so in Spirit Land.

“Those Higher Ones, having thrown off the first spirit body (which, though fitted for you, is now too coarse for them), they are clothed in a body so exquisitely refined and etherial, as to be invisible even to you, who have entered Spirit Life.

“But, attain to their purity, and you, too, will throw off your first spirit body, and rise in another, like unto theirs, with senses corresponding, and will then see those Higher Ones, and become one of them, exactly as has already been the case in your first stage of Spirit Life.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

“Apply this law to every ascending stage, up to the very highest, and you will at once see that the Almighty Spirit can never be seen by any, but, perhaps, by the very highest Seraphim round about His Throne ; and only by them, in a state analagous to our clairvoyance ; their Spirit being for the moment raised abnormally, and allowed a passing glimpse of His ineffable Glory !”



Some to the Better Land.

I am nearing, quickly nearing,
That vast, mysterious Shore,
Where the Insight, ever opening,
Shall be obscured no more :
I am sailing, swiftly sailing,
O'er the Stream of Life on Earth ;
My Spirit surely hast'ning
To the Land of higher birth.

I am thinking, deeply thinking,
Of that Land, so very near ;
Before which, all is sinking
Into nothing, nothing here ;

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

I am searching, sharply searching,
The realm of Soul within ;
Lest evil darkly lurking,
That Land I may not win.

I am weeping, sorely weeping,
In penitence of Soul ;
For memory is keeping
Sad list of Sin's control ;
I am kneeling, lowly kneeling,
To God, in earnest prayer ;
My Spirit humbly pleading,
To find acceptance there.

I am watching, closely watching,
The Web so nearly spun ;
For many signs are teaching,
That the thread is almost run ;
I am trimming, daily trimming,
My Lamp with holy oil,
Lest Angels find me sleeping,
When unto me they call.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

I am waiting, duly waiting,
The welcome Sound to hear :
"Oh, Child, thine earth-leave taking,
Arise to Higher Sphere."
I am longing, oh, so longing,
To join the Angel band,
Around our Father thronging,
In that Celestial Land.

I am list'ning, keenly list'ning,
To catch the Angel Song ;

* * * *

I seem to see the glist'ning
Of the robes of that bright Throng :

* * * *

I am soaring, gently soaring,
To my Father's Home on High :

* * * *

My Spirit freed — — — adoring :

* * * *

O God—I LIVE! — — — I *die*!

Revelation ever Progressive,
never Final.

IT seems to me almost impossible, that any thinking mind, allowing himself to use his God-given powers of reason, uncramped by man-made theories, should ever come to any other conclusion, than that revelation can *never* be final, but *must* ever follow the same grand, eternal law of correspondential progression, that reigns throughout Creation, wherever we look for it.

It is the old, old story of feeding the babe with milk, the man with strong meats: The child's intellect, with childish tales, the man's with

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

knowledge corresponding to the growth of that intellect.

So is it with the Soul : It goes through all stages of development, from the primitive, infantile state, ever upwards, ever progressing, and being fed accordingly, with ever progressive revelation,—just as much as it can assimilate, no more—and in one point alone does it differ in this respect from its correspondent, the body : It is immortal !

Therefore, its progression *never* ceases. But, myriads of ages after the mortal body is in the dust, the Soul is still progressing. It is an essential of its divine nature so to do.

Such, therefore, being the case, it must be fed with ever-progressive food.

And is this not so ? whether we view it from the mortal or immortal plane ?

What an infinity of grades of Soul, do we not see on the Earth-plane ; all requiring different

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

food, or grades of revelation? and are we not told that there are the same infinity of grades in the Spirit-world? Are all Gabriels? Are all Michaels? and if not, what constitutes the difference in that Heavenly Host?

Precisely the same cause that constitutes it here.

Superior development of the Soul; causing it to assimilate superior food by revelation in wisdom, knowledge, holiness, purity, charity, beauty, love: in every quality, in fact, that increasingly assimilates it to its Creator, and, therefore, as "like to like," causes its nearer approach to Him.

These form the Cherubim and Seraphim, the Gabriels and the Michaels round about His Throne: Progression of Soul, with its attendant progressive revelation, being the one and only stepping stone: the "Jacob's Ladder" that begins on the lowest rung on the Earth, reaching up to the highest in the Heavens, even to the Creator Himself!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

It is only Man's finiteness that sets bounds to revelation, and when he throws off the body, he then learns that revelation goes hand in hand with progression, and that both are infinite and eternal !




The Master's Call.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

JOHN XI., 28.

"Master, I will follow Thee."

MATT. VIII., 19.

S holy women loved their Lord,
And followed Him in faith,
In days of yore, when He abode
A Pilgrim on the Earth;
So may I now His Servant be,
And follow Him in love;
In faithfulness and fervency,
My Soul's devotion prove.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

As Martha hasted to her Lord,
To meet Him on the way,
In those old days, when Jesus had
Not where His head to lay ;
But sanctified her lowly home
With His blest presence there ;
So may He in like manner come,
And bless His Servant here.

As Mary washed The Master's feet,
And wiped them with her hair,
Fit emblem of humility,
And deep devotion rare ;
So may His Servant ever be
As humble, meek, and low,
As earnestly and lovingly
Her heart's devotion show.

As Martha was in many ways
O'er-troubled much with care,
That caused her in those olden days,
The Master's voice to hear

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

In accents of rebuke ; so may
His Servant ever be,
From over care, in this her day
Of worldly things, set free.

As Mary, gentle Sister, won
Those blessed words of praise,
That shall resound, whilst ages run
Their course through endless days :
“ Mary has found the needed thing,
That never shall be riven
Away from her ” ; so, gracious King,
May these blest words be given

Unto Thy Servant, here on Earth,
Before she passes hence,
Into “ The Land of Second Birth,”
That they may evidence,
She is accepted of her Lord,
And joyfully may trust
To hear from Him, the welcome word,
“ Enter into my rest.”

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

“ Enter into the rest prepared
For all ‘ The Faithful ’ here,
Dear Servant, thou who long hast shared
The toils of earthly care ;
For faithful hast thou been to Me,
And unto thee be given,
A Welcome to Eternity,
A joyful Home in Heaven.”

Dear Lord, may I this blessing hear,
And each beloved One,
May they, too, hear those words, whene’er
Their earthly course is run.

And, now, ere I lay down my pen,
A word I fain would say,
A warning to those Sons of Men,
Who spurn the light of day.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.


The Master now is come ! Is here !
He calleth unto thee,
As unto those, whose vision clear,
The "Times fulfilled" may see.
Then trim thy lamps, look to thine oil,
That thou prepared be,
To answer to His Trumpet-call,
"Dear Lord, I follow Thee."



Signs of the Second Advent.

"The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

JOHN I., 5.

OONER or later, this most significant passage of Holy Writ, will be seen to apply, with as much force, to the Second Advent of our Lord, as it did to the First.

The Signs of that Second Advent are now upon us, in the marvellous Spiritual Phenomena that have latterly burst upon us, and that are now continually taking place before our very eyes, if we would only use the senses God has given us for seeing and examining into them. But as it


IN QUIET MOMENTS.

was eighteen hundred years ago, even so is it now.

“The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.”



“Thy Will be done.”

ATHER, whate'er Thy gracious Will,
In mercy meets to me
Of good or ill ; my Spirit fill
With gratitude to Thee.

Make me to see Thy Will is best ;
Make me to feel Thy Love
Ordains my path to Heaven's rest,
Though tortuous it may prove.

If Thou my thread of life prolong,
Enable me to say
With fervent heart, “Thy Will be done,”
And give that life to Thee.

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

But, if Thy Love shall call me hence,
My earthly course be run ;
Still trusting in Thy Providence,
Oh, may Thy Will be done.

Make me to realise in Thee,
A Father-God in One ;
Thy Wisdom and Thy Love to see,
Then will Thy Will be done.



A Warning Voice.

“Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.”

MATT. III., 2.

REPENT, repent,” the warning voice,
Rings through the ambient air ;
As though the Messenger of God,
Once more, was present here.
Again it sounds with thrilling force :
“Repent, the Time’s at hand !
The Second Advent hovers o’er
This weary, longing land.”

As he, the blest Forerunner, came
To hail his coming Lord ;
To bid the people to prepare,
And heed his warning word ;

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

So, once again, methinks I hear
His voice in accents loud :
“ Put off your Sins, the Bridegroom’s here!
Put on the Marriage Robe.

“ He cometh, yea, He cometh now ;
Go, meet Him at the gate !
Bestir yourselves, shake off the dust
That cleaveth to your feet.
Haste, lose not time, ’twill be too late,
He knocketh at the door !
Oh, be prepared to open it,
At this most solemn hour !

“ Repent ye, oh, repent ye,
For the sin, that crieth out,
In accents loud against ye,
Of unbelief and doubt !
Gird up your loins ; cast off the weight
Of fleshly lust and woe ;
Prepare ye, oh, prepare ye,
To receive the Master now !

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

“ He cometh, yea, He cometh,
For the signs are in the air ;
Then trim your lamps, look to your oil,
Lest ye be wanting there ;
When He makes up His Jewels,
And ye excluded be,
For ever, from ‘ the Book of Life,’
That then will opened be.

“ Repent ye, then, repent ye,
Once more aloud I cry,
As in the Baptist’s name implore
Of ye, ‘ Why will ye die ?’
Oh, purge ye from your sins, that ye
A wedding robe may wear,
To meet the Bridegroom fittingly,
And find a welcome there.

“ Repent ye, then, repent ye,
For the Second Advent’s here ;
Repent ye, oh, repent ye,
For the Lord is very near :

IN QUIET MOMENTS.

He cometh, yea, He cometh *now* !
Loud Hallelujahs sing,
To greet 'the Second Coming,'
Of our High, Anointed King ! ”

