

371. THE
GOLDEN RULE



OF
SPIRITUALISM :

LOVE & LIGHT AGAINST SELFISHNESS & NIGHT.

Dedicated to my Friends under the Southern Cross,

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

PRICE, 3d.

✓
PUBLISHED BY W. H. TERRY,
Freethought and Spiritualistic Book Depot,
84 RUSSELL STREET, MELBOURNE.



371

THE GOLDEN RULE OF SPIRITUALISM :
LOVE AND LIGHT AGAINST SELFISHNESS AND NIGHT.

Six hundred years before Christ, Thales, the Greek sage, is recorded as saying: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing." Five centuries before, Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, said to his disciples: "Do to another what ye would he should do unto you. Thou needest this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest."

The Golden Rule: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets;" was not first spoken by Jesus, but was seen by others and expressed even among widely different races of men. I accept the inspiration of these sages so far ahead of their times that even yet we fail to catch the full meaning of their words. The shepherds tending their flocks by night, on Syrian plains, may not have literally seen the flash of a great light, yet the light of these great souls comes and still illumines the world, and their voices chanting the refrain of the purified floats across the ages. The sweet melody of their words speaks of one Divine brotherhood with these great souls of love—Earth's saviours! they stand like Pharo's light on the headlands overlooking the stream of human progress. I am thankful for one and all, and my breast swells with gratitude for all they have done and dared. Sages, heroes, martyrs, men of deeds, and men of thought; their radiance blends from the horizon of the past, like the countless orbs of the milky way.

Their strength was in their self-sacrifice. I recall their teachings and their lives, to find they devoted themselves for the good of others. They crushed instinct beneath the iron heel of the spirit, and opened wide rifts

through the clouds of selfishness, revealing the possibilities of human nature.

The followers of Jesus have been content with the Golden Rule, forgetting that he fashioned his own life after a higher ideal.

The teachings of his life as recorded exemplify a nobler and higher motive. It is because of this grander life that he has become the ideal of the hopes and aspirations of a great civilisation, and the light from the ignominious Cross increasing over the wide expanse of eighteen hundred years, beacons the nations toward the highest conduct of life.

The secret of his power lies in the depths of his love, expressed by the ashen lips of mortal agency: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Not the grandeur of his moral precepts; not the profundity of his intellect; not the brilliancy of his eloquence, but in the self-absorption in the love he bore for others, lay the talisman of his power. I care not if the existence of Jesus be denied or proved to be a myth, there yet remains the eternal fact of this ideal which is new and distinct for every soul, and in the full measure of its dreams of perfection. He is the ideal of all men; what they ought to become, and what they are capable of becoming. In an age of iron, when the law said: An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, he said: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he trespass against thee seven times in a day and turn again to thee saying I repent, thou shalt forgive him."

THE DOCTRINE TAUGHT BY THE DISCIPLES.

When he sent forth his disciples to preach the gospel he held out no earthly reward, only loss. Position, honours, home, friends, all men hold dear, were not to be theirs; but, on the contrary, scorn, contumely, hunger, thirst, poverty, stripes, and death. The Church at Jeru-

saalem was not supported by the sale of pews to the money changers, nor did the young men's Christian Association at Corinth call Peter or Paul at a salary of two thousand a year to minister unto them. Paul was not sent to Rome by a Mission Society. In the application of the Master's principles he swerved not from their most refined significance. Charity, which is another name for love, "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not, is not puffed up, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

The recorded life of Jesus transcended the Golden Rule, that would have us do good that good may return to us, and thus is rooted in selfishness. We recognise the fact that if we do wrong to others, they will return wrong to us. As we desire others to be just to us, we will be just to them. We should not do right because it is for us to do, but because of our own gain. We must not do that which would be unpleasant to have returned. We must not take our neighbour's goods, because we do not wish him to take ours; we must not lie or bear false witness, because we should be injured if others bore the same on us. Lavishly as the Rule has been praised, ideal and Utopian as it has been deemed, it is the outgrowth of selfishness, and has the flavour of earthliness, which Jesus discarded by word and deed. He is represented as saying: "But love ye your enemies and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. . . . Judge not and ye shall not be judged; condemn not and ye shall not be condemned; forgive and ye shall be forgiven; give and it shall be given unto you."

Is this a practicable morality? Practicability is not a measure of absolute truth, and these high truths came down from a higher sphere of Light. No one will dispute their practicability in a purer and less selfish condition of life. How is this better state to be gained; unless these principles on which it rests are brought to

the point? There is, however, no truth which is impracticable. The adoration of mankind of those who have devoted their lives for the good of others, proves that truth, however Utopian, can become a part of practical life—practical life as typified in the life and character of Jesus idealised as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind. He lives in the mind as its highest, purest aspiration. He is the perfect, unselfish One to whom it bows in reverence, because such embodied love and self-sacrifice is Divine. The silver tongue of oratory need never be silent in words of praise; the poet may idealise; the painter at no loss for a subject, for this quality allies Jesus to the Celestial.

It allies not only Him, but all like him. Six hundred years before His time, Lautsze, a Chinese, uttered the same doctrine: "The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he giveth to others, the more he is increased." Eternal words of wisdom, for the more the sage teaches, the more perfectly does he understand his own doctrines.

BUDDHA.

To another people Buddha said: "A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil comes from him the more good shall go from me: the fragrance of these actions always redounding to me; the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him." "Turn aside evil with that which is better," wrote the Arabian seer in Al Koran.

The Bhagavad-Gita, the most wonderful portion of the Mahabharata, the perfect blossom of Hindu intellect, inflexibly holds aloft the stern mandate of duty, the triumph of the pure spirit over the animal and selfish nature. The mission of Christna was to teach self-sacrifice, and it is well we have such examples, even if the gods punish them. Rather should we say, such examples are so essentially Divine, we Deify the actors. Bhreegoo, a celebrated saint, tested the divinity of Christna by a kick, knowing that if he resented, he was a pretender. Christna examined the foot of the saint, saying, "This

breast of mine is extremely hard, you must have hurt yourself." Then the saint wept, knowing indeed he had found his master.

IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

Not alone with the deified sages, but penetrating the stratum of lower animal life where we recognise with pleasure its dim beginnings. The mother bird exposes herself to the storm to protect her callow young, or feigns wounds and diverts danger to herself while her brood escape; and the tiny sparrow wins our respect, braving the hungry hawk. The fidelity of the dog is sung in verse and told in story; the geologist dealing in prehistoric sepulchral caves, exhumes the coarse skeleton of an early man, and by his side the skeleton of the dog which kept him company. Affection, unselfish, fossilized in stone, telling us that even in that remote age, on the very threshold of man's advent, the fidelity of animals was appreciated. The dog, watched by his master's grave, or as a spirit passed to the happy hunting grounds of the blessed, there to pursue the deer or engage the mighty bear, at bidding of his master and friend!

THE FOUNDATION OF HEROISM.

Self-sacrifice is the aroma of every day life; its ideal side relieving its rough realities. It is the foundation of true heroism and hero worship. It is a quality common to mankind, and prominent in proportion to spiritual culture. The names of the devoted the historian has recorded with grateful pen, and the poet sang in glowing measure. Paulus Æmilius refusing to desert his fallen soldiers; Regulus advising his countrymen, and returning to Carthage to meet the tortures prepared for him; the Howards, the Nightingales, seeking the suffering in prison, the wounded and plague-stricken on the field of battle, an endless host, who cast aside personal ease and comfort that they might administer to others; these humanity reveres and loves.

The story of Leonidas and his Spartan band, at Thermopole, will never grow old; not simply because they fought the Persian host, but for the motives which caused

them to stand a rampart of flesh, and thus show by example to their countrymen the path of duty. It is a kaleidoscope, with variations, repeating the same story of the saviours, sages, martyrs, and the God-men who have by their lives and deeds given mankind the ideal of a true life.

Prometheus chained on Caucassius, suffering that the people may enjoy the light of the gods, or their knowledge. To die for others! How the deed overshadows all deficiencies and exalts human nature. Mankind are loyal to their martyrs and suffer not their names to pass into obscurity. In the hour of great national calamity, when a gulf opens which must be closed or the people perish, a noble deliverer comes to the call and fills the breach with his life. Rome assaulted finds an Horatius to defend the causeway to her imperial gates.

The great truths of the world have been heralded by men, clear-seeing, far-sighted, in the van of the race. Often have they died for the truth, loving their fellow men so much better than themselves they were willing to give their lives that they might be led to higher planes of thought.

LUTHER.

They, like Luther, could not rest under the burden of the great truths which struggled for expression. Emperor, king, and pope were overruled, and the poor monk commissioned by his inspiration was greater than them all. When examined before the edict of Worms, his faithful friends saw before him the tortures and death of Huss; will he go? "I will go," he said, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the rooftops." Alone he braved the temporal and spiritual rulers of the world. Said one in admiration of his heroism, touching him on the shoulder as he passed in the anteroom: "Little monk, little monk, thou hast work before thee that I and many a man whose trade is war, never faced the like of." In the enthusiasm of battle, the glory and heat of combat, before onlooking armies and nations, men rush on death. Luther stood almost alone, the representative of a cause already ac-

cursed by the pope, amidst an assembly the majority of whom considered the stake his just punishment. Defeat, infamy, torture, and ignoble death, the curse of the Church, the hatred of posterity, were before him; yet, exalted by the truth he had proclaimed, he answered the demand to recant: "Popes have erred, councils have erred. Prove to me out of scriptures I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

But at the close of that stormy day; the conflict over, and he was alone, he flung up his hands and cried: "I am through! If I had a thousand heads they should be struck off one by one before I would retract."

The fate of civilisation turned on his brave answer, in giving which he sacrificed everything men hold dear, and laid his life on the altar of truth. That act has endeared him to the generations of four hundred years. The names of many superior in scholarship and culture, who attached to his cause, yet stood temporising, explaining, and compromising, are recorded, but for them is no attachment, and their simple names alone remain. There can be no compromise with error except by falsehood and ignominious loss of manliness. His was the courage and devotion to principle of Polycarp, bishop of Africa, when brought before the Roman tribunal, and commanded to recant his belief, and sacrifice to the gods of Rome. Although he knew that the Amphitheatre thronged with a mob gathered from the confines of the empire, and the hungry lions awaited him, he answered—"Burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds; throw me to the wild beast; I never will renounce the truth."

IN THE HUMBLE WALKS OF LIFE.

We need not search the pages of history for examples of self-sacrifice. They are seen in the every day life of most lowly persons, for say as you will, it is love for others and not of self that rules human actions at their best.

To bring the comforts of home, the warm hearth, the generous table, the means of enjoyment for wife and

children, the sailor braves the seas, the miner delves beneath the earth, the citizen plies his task. The mariner goes out from the haven of home to a succession of battles. Oh, the suspense of the moment when he watches the approaching storm! Around him is perfect repose; not a breath of air, and the ocean at rest. The great sails are bound to the spars, and made ready for the encounter. The low moan of the whirlwind comes over the tremulous sea. Then the sun is blotted out. It is night, with crash of thunder, and shriek of winds, and roar of waves. Darkness above; darkness below; darkness around, through which comes the shriek and roar of wind and wave. The giant elements on the one hand, on the other, heroes; keen of sense, quick of resolve, and indomitable courage.

Sometimes these men, strangely silent men, who have become so through the solitude of the night watches on the lonely reaches of ocean, are called on for a desperate courage, even to the death. On the vast solitudes, with sail nor land in sight, a cry goes up appalling as the word of doom—a dreadful cry, at which the blood stands still, and the breath ceases on the parted lips. Then the humblest seaman often places himself in the rank of earth's noblest ones.

When the "Ocean Queen" was burned, John Maynard was at the wheel, and steered for the not far distant shore. Three hundred passengers gathered on the deck, their lives depending on his remaining at his post. Could he, would he remain? The throbbing engine laboured on, and held the ship to her course. The flames pierced the deck and wrapped him in lurid smoke. "Steady, John!" the captain spoke, and out of the flames a voice calmly responded, "Steady it is."

"One minute longer John, can you remain?"

"Aye, with God's help I can."

One minute and the keel, harsh grating, drove high on the shelving sands, and on the beach three hundred saved called for the hero who had rescued them from death. Wrapped by the flames as by a mantle, his attitude expressing the last great resolution which held the ship to

her course, his hands' burned to the wheel, scorched and blackened as the crumbling pilot-house about him, they saw John Maynard ; saw him only for a moment, as with a smile of victory he sank out of sight for ever.

A tale comes from the far off Orkney Isles, washed by a sea restless with storms. A young girl watched her father's coming up from that terrible sea the long night, to go down in the cold grey morning to find him in the wrack of the tide with the broken tiller in his rigid hands. That was fifty years ago, and ever since, her life has been consecrated to the toilers of the sea. As a light could not be kept on the reef, she placed one in her window, and all these weary years she spun each day to buy the candle she nightly burned to guide the fishermen into the little harbour. Not a night of all those fifty years did its flame fail those who in the darkness battled with the storm. Such are the promptings of unselfish love in its ministrations for the good of others and forgetfulness of self. A candle gives a feeble light, yet it may guide as well as the far penetrating beams of Eddystone.

She grew old, but refined and beatified by her divine office, and adored by the northern people as one far more of heaven than of earth.

Genius is but another name for self-consecration.

Pestalozzi, who exemplified in his devoted life his teachings, said of the wonders he wrought, "All this was done by love, which possesses divine power if we are only true to the right, and not afraid to carry the Cross." Here lies the subtle charm of genius, removing it above the mask of common life and setting it as a star in the heavens. The child expressed this profound principle when to prove she had met a change of heart she said : "I feel all the time like giving my best things to my sister."

PERVERSION BY SELFISHNESS.

Wise and pure men saw redemption only through the power of love, and on this basis founded their systems, but always their followers misinterpreted them, and sought to extend their doctrines by force. The cunning

of the brute triumphed, and soon the gentle power of persuasion gave way to that of animal might. It is said that in the islands of the far off Southern seas, when the chrysalis of a splendid butterfly is almost ready to expand its magnificent wings, a fungus fastens on it, and by filling the whole body with its roots, changes it to wood. The resemblance is perfect, but the indurated shell contains no living butterfly that will float on the soft air like a wind-blown leaf, and gather the nectar of the flowers.

In a similar manner the fungus of ignorant selfishness fastened on the doctrines taught by Christ, and converted them into a semblance and a shadow. The history of the Church became the record of atrocious crimes against man in the name of God. Hatred, scorn, envy, the serpent brood: insidious, creeping, slimy with poison, hissing the venom of falsehood and slanders, became the leaders of the cause. They twined around the Tree of Life, and hissed amidst its blooming spray. They blighted the good and fair, and banished joy from the heart. I have no desire to present the terrible panorama of religious history; the struggle of civilisation against the power of hydra-headed superstition, bigotry, and intolerance; we can only exclaim, poor humanity, how dreadful has been thy martyrdom at the hands of self-appointed agents of God!

The law of Love has been held in obedience to the law of Force, and after almost nineteen hundred years the result is around us: penitentiaries, workhouses, jails, saloons, and places for which there is no name—poverty, crime, monopoly, and waste. The vast and complex machinery of government by force, a system of coercion, without a shade of mercy, and in attempting justice even, shamefully unjust. A great criminal class rapidly increasing, scorned, despised, and ready to retaliate for injustice done to them. The failure of so-called religion to reform and purify, has opened the way for science, and in the latest development of Evolution, races have a system of morals based on Materialism, hard and unfeeling as granite.

IT IS THE ETHICS OF ABSOLUTE SELFISHNESS.

Whatever morality there is in Materialism is expressed in the doctrine of Evolution in its ultimate conclusions. When it enters the realm of mind, of motive, and attempts to account for the origin of the moral and emotional faculties, it introduces a cold, hard, and impassive view of man's relations to his fellow man, founded on absolute selfishness and ending in self-gratification. Those who are conversant with its teachings on this subject, conscious of the drift of argument, shrink from the inevitable conclusions to which it invariably leads. The acceptance of such views has not an elevating tendency, as they apologise for crime, if it can be shown that the crime is in the interests of advancement. And as success is the criterion and strength, the umpire, these terms are synonymous. When pain ceases to be repulsive, the fine sense of justice is lost. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the fierce struggle for existence in its application to the world of living beings, is as heartless as the course of revolving worlds, and as remorseless in its destruction of the weaker. It prepares the way for the study of morality after the same fashion, and when it enters that province it eliminates feeling, sentiment, and love, and substitutes crystalised selfishness.

Many shrink from the conclusions to which this theory logically leads, though there are those who bravely follow. If progress entails of necessity the destruction of inferior forms, and the same forces in history determine the supremacy of nations and races; the strong triumphing over and crushing the weak; if this is the creative plan, why mourn we over the inevitable? Why seek to shield the weak against the strong? Why exercise charity toward the oppressed and unfortunate? All these unselfish feelings are sentimental nonsense, unworthy an Evolutionist, who should calmly fold his hands in regard not only of brute ascendancy but of intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth. By treating these as resultants of animal observation, they are ruled out as factors in the problem; whereas they are fundamental quantities in this vast equation.

The day has gone by when the drivellings of a mind distorted by self-emasculation like Rosseau's can gain a following in his praise of the superiority of the savage state. The trained senses of the savage, or his physical strength, are not superior to those of civilised man, who enjoys a greater length of life, and the oft-repeated assertion that increase is in inverse ratio to intelligence is a most palpable misstatement. The ignorant are controlled by instinctive desire, and rear numerous children without forethought or care ; while the wise control their desires, and rear children only when wanted, and as they have the ability to properly care for them ; but the highest intelligence yet attained has not furnished the least evidence of diminished prolificacy. In fact the most recent views of the proper means of securing the most perfect health and longevity is by a rounding out by culture of all the faculties in harmony. Mental activity is not opposed to, but on the contrary, provocative of, health. The statistics of those engaged in purely mental pursuits, and the average number of their children conclusively shows that their longevity is greater, and that there is no appreciable loss of increase. Yet these examples by no means represent the best results possible to achieve by a proper culture of the physical and intellectual powers in harmony.

Hence it is not necessary to rely on the brutal qualities of selfish brawn and muscle to continue the race, and when knowledge and spiritual perception lead in the struggle for existence the winner is not the strongest brute, but the noblest, purest spirit. The humanities are more potent than the brutalities. Love in its high qualities of doing for others ; of charity, philanthropy, and self-devotion, destroys the doctrine of selfishness expressed in "progress by antagonism," so far as man is concerned, the agony of weaker races expiring under the pressure of the stronger ; the starvation of the incapable ; the suffering of the unfortunate, with the complacency the vivisectionist looks on the spasms of the animal tortured by his knife. He assures himself that these are inevitable results. To pity is weakness ; to

sympathise, foolishness ; charity belongs to childhood. He worships the strong, the triumphant. Public charities, argue the Evolutionists, are mistakes, and attempts to elevate inferior races follies quite as great as for a philanthropist to attempt to preserve Suroids or Saurians of the early geological ages after higher forms had taken their places. What use of sustaining the incapable when the capable can take care of themselves and are of sufficient number ? The failures, best perish, the sooner the better, and why prolong their existence by charity ? Alms are a premium on inferiority.

Here let us pause. Somehow where man has become possessed of ideas of right, and sentiments of love, the Evolutionists claim these are the product of experience, and come from selfish consideration of what is for the individual's good. I do not ~~seem to~~ analyze this perception and sentiment ; that they are ours is sufficient. I admit that in the struggle for the possession of wealth in its various forms, the old brutal plan of the strong, cunning, crafty, and treacherous against the weak, the unsuspecting, is carried to its full extent. But I do not admit that this is just or in accordance with the highest motives of humanity. It is more repulsive than the onslaught of tigers or lions on defenceless antelopes, because in human beings something more is expected. From ancient times to the present, with ever increasing strength, aversion has been felt and manifested toward the selfish and aggressive, and the worshipped saints of the world have been those who opposed selfishness with the whole strength of their lives.

NEW ELEMENTS INTRODUCED INTO THE PROBLEM.

There are new elements introduced with humanity. It is no longer a question, and this has given value and lies at the foundation of the teachings of the various *Sacred Books of the World*, regardless of their age or the race which receives them. It is the seal of their inspiration ; the evidence of their divinity. Wherever they introduce selfishness, it is the dross of the animal side mingling with the pure stream which flows through.

The essence of pure religion is self-sacrifice ; devotion to

the welfare of others, and in some of its many forms has been manifested from earliest times among all races of mankind.

IS IT PRACTICAL ?

The true and faithful are unsuspecting and believe in the intrinsic goodness of their fellow men ; rascals distrust and have no confidence in human nature. The theology which has been taught is the nightmare of religion and the despair of man. Its fruitage in the present is the doctrine of the right of might in the struggle for existence, and the scheming greed and insatiate selfishness in the marts of trade. The divinity of man is made a jest, and his immortality provokes a sneer. "One world at a time : " the philosophy of well-fed science ! To get money is the object of life, by means fair or foul, and revel in the pleasures money brings. The poor and the weak go down in wretchedness, that gain may triumph in its pride.

To one who comprehends the position of man as an immortal being, how contemptible are the pursuits of those who are praised in public places. The ways of the scheming politician, the business man, the striving, seething mass of aggressive selfishness, is worthy only of brutes, and is a disgrace to immortal beings. For these we have only pity. They may become criminal, for criminality is distinguished from "business," in many cases, only by a narrow film of law. Shall we hate the wrong doer, or the wrong ? To hate the former is to do the thing we would avoid. The spiritual cannot hate or despise. It has pity for the erring, and a better, higher way by which the wrong may be made right. Hatred of wrong and scorn for the wrongdoer has been the venomous reptile twined from root to fruitage in all religions. It has made thinking a sin, erected scaffolds and gibbets, and applied the torch to the faggot pile. In the name of love it has tortured and lacerated, and not content has made in imagination a hell of torture unending in the future, and where the infinite anger and hate of an infinite God is wreaked on helpless humanity.

CHRISTIANITY.

The concrete embodiment in the churches of to-day,

stands powerless in the flood seething around it. What has it to say in regard to the vital questions of the hour? —the emancipation of labour, the freedom from monopoly, the defence of poverty against avarice? Nothing. Yet in the beginning it set out with the grand affirmation of the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood is based on the essential likeness of all human beings, and the possibility of its realisation rests on the growth and perfectability of human nature.

THE IDEAL ANGEL.

When we picture in imagination angelic beings, they are arrayed in spotless purity, and no shadow of selfishness is upheld in their actions. They are absorbed in doing for others, and thereby gain the greatest happiness. That we are able to entertain such ideals proves that we are ourselves capable of actualising them. We can become all that we aspire to become, for the ideal is a dim prophecy of what is possible for us.

Man as an immortal being, with infinite ages for progress before him, occupies the most exalted position conceivable, and as the next life is in continuity with this, the ways of angels are not and should not be foreign to him. The rule of the conduct of his life should be to do that singly which has relations to his future life as well as the present.

The angel-life should begin on earth. Man is a spirit, flesh clad, and stands in the very courts of heaven if he so desires. Circumstances and cares may impose their burdens, yet it is through such struggles, strength of will and nobility of purpose are acquired.

You have seen a plant whose lot was cast in a desert spot, growing amongst stones in a scanty soil. It strove to perfect itself in the fulness of its nature, and bear its beautiful chaplet of flowers, and mature its fruit. But the rains ran away and left its roots parched and the air refused its dew. A scraggy stalk, with ill-shaped leaves, and a few pale blossoms, are all of it, yet the fruit matured under these unfavourable conditions its fruit is perfect. The plant has been true to the laws of its growth, and made the most of the surroundings.

Thus through the cares of mortal life the spirit should be perfected as its privilege.

But these cares may become all-absorbing, and dwarf the spiritual growth. We are in the midst of an age which, while boasting of its intelligence, would have us believe that the highest intelligence is that which gathers money. It is an age of trade, not only of commodities, but of souls. To accumulate money; to surpass in display; what are lands and fine equipages, luxurious clothes and gaudy dress, to the perfection of the spirit? The childish folly of this greed and pride are pitiable to contemplate. To man with immortality a destiny, outstretching the stars, these freaks and trappings are unworthy of a moment's thought. The ignorant may set up as examples, and praise with blunders the gory-handed chief, the grasping monopolist, the glory of this life; what are these to him who knows that they will vanish with the day like the mirage of the desert, the foams of the waves, and looks beyond for its inheritance!

The spirit stands on the eminence of life, and sees before it an infinite vista of joys in acquisitions unending. Terrible and sublime position! which brings magnanimity of thought and purity and fervour of purpose. Why should we hate those who injure us? The injury is only of the hour, and to-morrow will be no more than a mark on the sands effaced by the waves. Why angry, when those who call it forth are so far beneath they cannot understand us? Why envy, when we have only to reach and the qualities envied are ours?

Every soul inherits the possibilities of infinite acquirement, and some time we shall deserve this inherent quality, and find those now degraded, perfect and beautiful beyond our present conception.

As the angels are perfect, and their realm is harmony, so ought we to labour to make the present life as only a lower stage. Earth-life is too brief to waste in any pursuit which has no benefit to the immortal state. Every selfish act is waste, for the deeds of love alone are treasures carried to the higher life.

The following Works, by Hudson Tuttle, may be obtained at W. H. Terry's:—

Arcana of Spiritualism, a manual embodying the Author's researches and experiences for 20 years, and a thorough presentation of the subject in its phenomenal, scientific, philosophical and religious aspects. 5/6.

Arcana of Nature—showing the evolution of the universe, and offering evidences of man's immortality, 2 vols. 12/6.

The Ethics of Spiritualism—a system of moral philosophy founded on evolution and the continuity of man's existence. 3/.

Origin and antiquity of physical man, scientifically considered. 7/6.

Revivals—their cause and cure. 2d.

84 RUSSELL STREET, MELBOURNE.