

HERTHA.

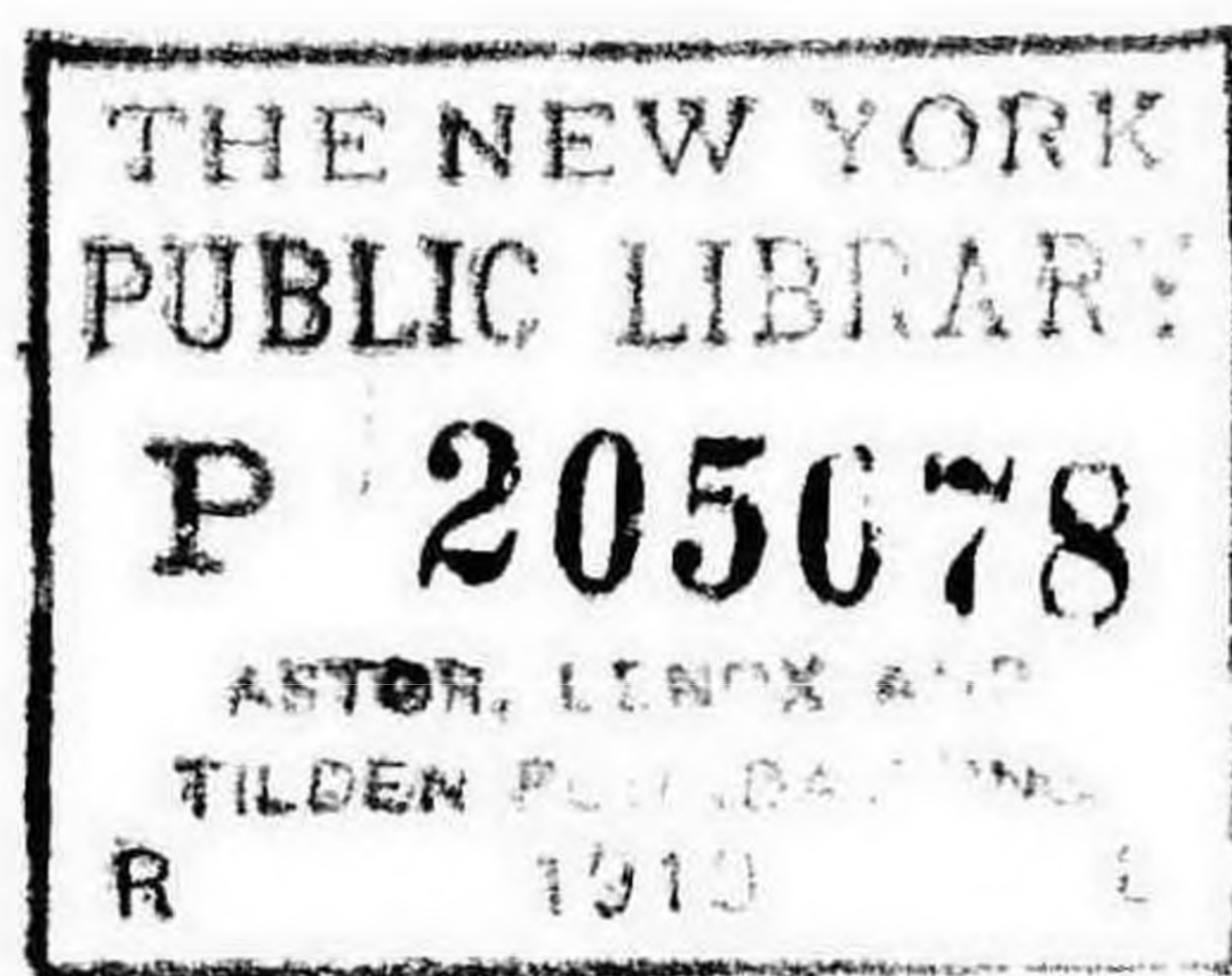
—BY—

ELIZABETH HUGHES.

The ever-womanly leads us on. —GOETHE.

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H. A.



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By ELIZABETH HUGHES.

INTRODUCTION.

AT A time when everything is up for consideration, when received ideas on all subjects are scanned by the greater light of the times in which we live, the basic laws of sex, on the understanding of which, in the clearer light of to-day, great and important issues depend, need the attention of those illuminated minds most capable of guiding us on the subject.

The unrolling of so much that is marvelous in the pre-historic history of our race, in the second volume of the "Secret Doctrine," has prepared us to understand many things on this subject, widely diverging from the received thought of the present time; while the development of various forms of astralism on the phallic plane make it more than ever important that we should take our bearings by the calmer and clearer thought of an epoch less confused, and of minds more polarized to the Eternal Center.

More than ever is the decision forced upon all thinking minds as to the Path to be pursued at this important crisis. Shall we take the right-hand or the left-hand Path? The power which accompanies the knowledge of the laws of being is here,—how shall it be used? A vital question must be settled vitally, not theoretically—by life, by that which proceeds from the heart, not from the mouth; nor can we ever carry conviction to others till we are firmly convinced ourselves. We have to know for ourselves and stand on our own foundation of truth. Without this steadfastness we shall be in constant danger, at a time when the power of illusion is bodying forth beautiful phantoms, to deceive unwary souls. Ulysses had to be tied to the mast to be safe from the songs of the Syrens.

These few thoughts are a small contribution to the important

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subject treated on. I leave them to the consideration of candid minds; and if the manner in which they are expressed may seem peculiar, I can only say that I did not know how to express them in any other way.

E. H.

HERTHA;

—OR THE—

SPIRITUAL SIDE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

CHAPTER I.

WE SEE to-day that the attitude of mind in which the woman question is looked upon varies a great deal from what it did even twenty years ago. In the first place, because individuals have demonstrated the power to hold the positions they demanded; and then because of the great wave of occult influence which has of late years swept through the world—Christian Science, Faith Cure and many forms of psychic force have asserted their control over matter. The sleeping soul has been aroused in this way, and the hidden or inmost, which represents the feminine, is being brought to light. Woman has hailed the power that has brought her deliverance, and with enraptured gratitude has extended a hand to help others; and in doing this she has bathed in the spirit of life that pervades all things and moves the world.

The center of the Microcosm, or living man, which is the universe in small, is also the center of the Macrocosm, or great world. It is absolute Truth—unchanging Love and Wisdom and perfect Justice—and encompassed with this, women have be-

come workers in new fields of applied science. It is old truth revealing itself in new forms as the mighty current bears us onwards to a new era.

Van Helmont wrote nearly three hundred years ago that "man rules the physical creatures through his natural magic, and this strength lies concealed in man, and merely through the suggestion of his imagination it works outward to impress its strength on others." The beneficial or maleficent application of this force will be the question of the next few years, and as the laws of being are better understood the importance of the understanding and legitimate exercise of the great psychic laws will be greatly enhanced. We are going back to the Orient from the rush and struggle and artificial habits of thought and life of western civilization; the world is being rapidly united together by telegraph, steam and all manner of ways of locomotion, nor shall we be satisfied till we try the wings of the wind in the shape of aerial navigation. New lights are being thrown on sacred script from Genesis to Revelation, and on the sacred scripts of old and almost forgotten races. And as we look back we see that the traditions of olden time are not mere dream visions—the poet phantasies of the pleasant morning of the world—but that beneath an oriental sky rise the stately columns of spiritual facts, enduring as the stone symbols in which they have been embodied.

The Jewish Kaballah is a collection of traditions, some of which date from before the time of Abraham. Some of them have never been entrusted to writing, but of those which were compiled about the time of the last destruction of Jerusalem, one of the most remarkable is the book of Zohar. In this book it is said: "The book of concealed mystery is the book of the equilibrium of balance."

Stand afar, ye profane, from this holy threshold; lay aside all platitude, all pride of superficial culture, in entering this temple of the ancient faith; reverently in the silence let us study its arcana as mighty men of many ages and climes have

done before; but to us more than to them does the message come, for the time is at hand. A restful silence fills the spirit as we enter and read the ancient legend. To-day the needs of humanity tell us that one of the things most needed is the understanding of the basic laws of sex and their perfect balance in God, for the confusion of the present time is full of the terror of unbalanced conditions. We read: "When Matronitha, the mother, is conjoined with the King, face to face, in the excellence of the Sabbath, all things become one body, and then all things are called the complete name; the holy name. Blessed be his name forever and into the ages of ages. All these words have I kept back unto this day, which is crowned by them for the world to come; and now herein are they manifested—blessed be my portion! When this Mother is conjoined with the King all the worlds are found to be in blessing and the universe is in joy."

And as earthly things pattern after heavenly things, this condition cannot be reached in our world, which is at present in all its conditions so entirely unequilibrated; until the earthly motherhood is so entirely lifted and conjoined in peace with the earthly fatherhood that the world can enjoy her Sabbath, nor will she ever until then be wrapped in the robes of lasting peace. Whatever has been enjoyed of sweet calm gleams of this peace wherever the sun has gilded peaceful homes everywhere, has been its foreshadowing; but first and foremost is the blissful union of the soul with her divine spouse, spirit. The first necessity is that every soul should be balanced and harmonized within itself; therefore the individual work is the first required; to know thyself. We must rest there first, and then the way will be made plain. It would be difficult for us to realize at present what would be the happiness and peace of a race which has attained to entire harmonious or balanced conditions, (for the great majority of people at present are not balanced nor in entirely sane conditions) and if in such conditions there would be fewer

marriages, there would be no divorces, and the children of such marriages would have the stamp of the highest ideal type of humanity. To be born into such conditions would be the reward and outcome of the progress and development of many previous lives. Poets (who are prophets) catch glimpses of a happier future. The idea of the restoration of the fitting elements to each other is the dominant note of romance and poetry. Their most frequent theme is the woes of kindred spirits who are separated from each other, the incidents of their experience and the joy of their reunion.

The Jewish Rabbis said that the sacred name would be explained when Messianism came to save the world, and now occult science teaches us that of the letters which compose it the first are masculine and the last feminine. The test of all true revelation is the nearness with which it approaches the archetypal pattern. In many places gleams are breaking forth, and a prophetic hope is being kindled of the manifestation of the mother, of the divine motherhood in one or many forms; the unrest and confusion of the clamorous human household is increasing and the children are crying for bread. Oh come, true Isis, and unfold with fine intuition the hidden meaning of mystic script and verse. Bountiful Demeter, corn-giver, bread-giver, bring thy daughters up out of the realms of shade and illusion! From the heights we descend into the depths; from the depths we ascend into the heights—and this in the old mysteries was represented by the fall and rising again of the daughter of Demeter, entrapped while gathering flowers, yet sometimes permitted to revisit earth and see the sun. Earth symbolizes woman—she is a receiver and a giver. To every life, in some shape or other, comes a knowledge of the depths, of the shadow, nor were the initiations of the old temples more severe than the ordeals through which many souls have passed and are still passing; for the progression of the soul through its various lives is initiation, and that was what was prefigured in

the ancient mysteries. We often ask in our perplexity before some straight and difficult gate: "Is there nothing to cling to?" and the voice says: "Nothing," and again the voice says: "Everything, for in me ye have all. Woman! child of the earth, thou who art a receiver and a giver, rise from thy humiliation, thou hast me! be satisfied with my fullness; drink of the waters of life, but do not pour it into buckets that can hold no water. Give to drink as did Rebecca at the well, to him who is divinely sent, who comes of thine own people. Woman, thou art the keynote of the secrets of God. When through thy being can pulsate the melody of a new psalm then shall the whole earth break forth in singing."

The statue of Memnon was said to sound melodiously, when struck by the beams of the rising sun. The waiting chords of the soul are made vocal by the divine breath coming from the East. But shadeless, alone, stands the statue to greet the sunrise, so must the soul stand alone, where man can cast no shadow over her vision, and then is she ever the best beloved. But the shadow of the illusive man—not the real man—has ever stood between her and God, as the illusive woman has ever darkened man's vision. When they are folded in the light they rise together, if it is from the very depths of darkness.

For the experiences of the soul are wonderful! Clear, shining one, star of the sea, how dost thou struggle through the mists of thine earthly illusions; one by one are they purged from thee in the experiences of time, while as yet thou dost manifest through the body and the fleshly senses. If thou art truly regnant, in very deed art thou a manifested God, ruler by right divine; and even if thou appearest in earth's lowliest guise, yet do thy feet rest upon the rounds of the Jacob's ladder, upon which thou climbest from earth to heaven. All power is given, both in heaven and in earth, to those who have overcome the power of illusion and cease to be swayed by it.

In the language of the world people are called desillusionné, be-

cause their senses have been dulled as an ax is dulled, by wrongly using them. The overcoming illusions is quite a different thing—the senses are at their keenest and freshest, and to them is added the sixth sense, an imperial sense, which crowns as with a diadem the perfect man. From the aggregation and spread of spiritual development will come the renewed conditions of the earth; man's divine spirit will brood over the face of the present conditioned social chaos and bring out of its disorder and unhappiness, harmony, peace and order.

Some time ago a remarkable picture was painted by a lady in Sacramento. It represented the Yosemite valley, symbolized in living forms. The rock, El Capitan, outlined a noble human head, representing some great ruler and guide, who would conquer by love, and by truth set us free. In the center reclined a sleeping giantess, with long, flowing hair, near the river Merced. This was supposed to represent the sleeping spirit of woman. Much that was important was going on around her—reforms, agitations, souls in need, crying for help—and still the sleeper slept, while the angels watched and waited. And ever from the flowing river came the appeals of those who were nearly sinking and needed aid.

Collectively the woman soul sleeps to-day and is not fully awake to the necessities of the situation. There are many cries, many complaints, many appeals and many attempts at reconstruction, which are only building on fragments of old foundations; but the deep heart of the intuitions of the coming age is not yet awakened. There is material and intellectual progress on every hand, which affords but little to guide or comfort—and still she sleeps, though the time is at hand.

But it was only when Odin chanted his song that the Vala woke and prophesied.

The need and cry of all past time, of the present time, of the future times is to make the ideal, which is the real, visible. We only truly live in the ideal, that alone to us is truly real,

and our time is mostly occupied in trying to project its shadow. As we succeed in that, succeed to any extent in realizing our ideals or making a representation of them, the picture glows on the canvas, the marble becomes lifelike, the thought becomes vocal, the common life we live becomes exalted, sweet and powerful. Not because we seek thereby for applause, for no painter, no musician, thinks of applause at the moment of inspiration—when he loses the sense of separateness in the realization and nearness of his ideal; nor do those who live sweet and beautiful lives think they are in any way remarkable for so doing, for self is not there, nor any sense of separateness: only the realization of the ideal.

The real woman is strong and graceful as the Venus of Milo,—the shadow woman is ungraceful, distorted, wasp-waisted, aimless, hopeless and helpless; yet still does the real woman sleep, for heavy is the Karma that is laid upon her. Beneath the torture of those wasp-waists, of those aimless lives, of those hard-worked, drudging lives, of those lives which may be called enchanted, for they are bound, hemmed in and fettered by unseen forces which the ego has not sufficient force to break, is the real woman. When she is strong enough she will break her shell and come forth, but she must do it herself; and then she will be so strong and so wise that she will have no need to seek for her place or clamor for it; she will be invited into it.

Always the Valkyries, or prophetesses, went with the Teutonic legions to battle, and those legions conquered the worn-out Roman civilization, which had denied and dethroned its strongest force: the ancient chastity of the women, without which there could be no valiant men. The guiding prophetic instinct must take its place, but pure and sun-bright must be the mirror that reflects the thoughts of God, and less will not satisfy us, for to-day there is a hunger for the true word. The illusive woman is a mirror, which reflects the intellectual and physical man with all his faults and defects. He has been her God—the illusive

man has been the God of the illusive woman—and this has been the ruin of the race. But dethroned idols and old errors are very apt to get angry and make a commotion when they are displaced.

Nay, more, a most ancient prophecy comes with a warning voice: that at the time of the end, the close of the cycle, shall one rise up who shall hold the command of hitherto undreamed-of forces, who shall honor the God of forces, and despise the desire of woman; yet shall he come to his end, and none shall help him.

Woman, like the earth, receives; she also gives. She is the mother, the bringer-forth. Now, if she only receives from the flesh—only receives from the intellectual and the physical—she can only bring forth that which she receives; but when she stands in spiritual light and drinks in its rays, all shadows pass, and man and woman transfigured in the light of the father ray and the mother ray become celestial—Christ.

Why are present earth-conditions lacking harmony? Why the deadly boreal cold of the frozen north? Because we who should rule all things and have dominion are not polar to the Truth nor to each other. The insanities of the world are largely due to the depolarization of the basic laws of sex. Man's harmonies and disharmonies express themselves in nature, for according to the law of his original constitution he has dominion, and reflects his harmonies or disharmonies upon his whole environment. The simultaneous spiritual creation was both perfect and equal, the dominion can only return to man by the equilibrium of the basic forces.

CHAPTER II.

PAUSE awhile and listen! When all tumult, even the rapid beating of your own heart is stilled, and all envy and all hate and all desire (which is the parent of these) has vanished, into

the stillness will flow an inexpressible sweetness and into that sweetness will flow the power of love, which is also the power of intuition or interpretation. Then, and not till then, can the vision manifest itself; and then, and not till then, will peace come and order, and there shall be war no more.

Oh, women! Oh, toilers! Oh, disinherited conditions throughout the earth, the hour of your redemption is at hand! There is a note of preparation sounding abroad—in the call for temperance, in the call for suffrage, in the call for bread and land for the people—which is uplifting the banner of a new crusade for the seeking of the risen Christ.

When the weary disciples were toiling on the sea, cold, wet and hungry, after the dark day of Calvary, looking toward the shore they saw a fire of coals, and coming nearer they saw fish laid thereon and bread, and the well-loved voice saying: "Come and dine," and those hands which priests and rulers had nailed to the cross took bread and gave to them, and fish likewise.

The voice of the spirit is calling for the interpretation of the laws of being which unfold our true relations to God and man; for the perfect satisfaction and happiness we feel when we know our true relations to God, unfold to us also true brotherhood.

The intellectual and the physical are the ruling powers of present conditioned society, and they bind on heavy burdens, grievous to be borne. The toilers feel it and and they are murmuring and discontented; the school children feel it, for they become exhausted at their lessons, instead of gaining added power of mind and body with each advance; and so do the children who work when they should be at play; the teachers feel it, the churches feel it; people are beginning to feel an oppression everywhere as though the air has increased in density; but it only that the finer forces are asserting themselves, and we are beginning to realize it.

Oh! ye who are touched with the finer thoughts that meet no response and hardly comprehension, yield not to weakness;

when you shall have taken a few more steps you shall tune your lyre to a nobler symphony than the soft replies of earthly affection. You shall vibrate to the eternal love, which is ever giving, and drink in its strong power and be upborne on its strong pinons—sometime and somewhere shall you find satisfaction—but it will be in the substance, not in the shadow.

There is an ancient and very beautiful diagram in "Isis Unveiled." In this diagram, from the boundless glory of Ain Soph, which mind cannot grasp intellectually, but only realize dimly in blissful contemplation, flows the super-celestial world of harmony. Below this is the intellectual world, which this sphere of harmony warms and enlightens in order to fructify its energies, and from thence on one side proceeds the father ray and on the other the mother ray. These are made manifest in Logos, the manifested Word. Then comes heaven, the subjective and real world of light; then chaos over which this world of light broods, and in the center of the double triangles the astral light. Within this is Adam Kadmon, the generic representative of our race at its best estate. Below is a little globe representing the unequibriated world of darkness, which is our earth in its present condition. It is the realm of error, the objective world. The father ray and the mother ray are the externalization of certain attributes which are necessary to a visible manifestation. The harmonization of these attributes in men and women, who are their representatives in this objective state of existence, is a matter of prime necessity in removing the errors and darkness in our present unequibriated world.

Nothing tends more to produce this harmony than a study of the great laws of being. Assertions of rights have always a tendency to antagonize. When the inherent forces of our own being are developed, we take our place by virtue of what we are, and we have the eternal forces and laws of the universe back of us. Up the interstellar pathways we may glide and penetrate the inexhaustible secrets of creation; yet is our spir-

tual self superior to all the phenomenal universe, because it is a cause, not an effect.

The feminine is receptive, passive, and the race can never be renewed, restored, till woman is receptive to the highest—receptive to the influx of Spirit. She is awakening from man idolatry, from priest worshipping, from idolatry of the physical and intellectual, to a higher worship and a higher receptivity—this in time will renovate the race. Woman has been submerged and has submerged herself in the material, and has therefore lost both peace and power. She has made herself passive and receptive to the physical and intellectual man and has idolized his errors, which were reflected upon herself and upon her children. She has exalted and extolled the man of war and warlike deeds. She often exalts and worships the more rapacious man of modern “civilization” because he, too, lays the spoils of provinces at her feet.

Few children are born as they ought to be. Extreme poverty is freezing portions of the race with boreal cold, and more deadly luxury is enervating others with equatorial heats, where lie hidden the snakes and vipers of the pleasant vices it breeds. Man’s positiveness becomes destructive; woman’s passivity becomes a stagnant, fever-breeding marsh, until the wind of the spirit blows upon these conditions and renews the face of the earth.

The maiden child stands on a universe of wonder, herself its fairest flower. She sees the blue sky, the fresh spring blossoms, the many colored stones, the bees, the insects, the birds; she is lulled in a dream of beauty and content. But then, there are her parents, often incomprehensible to her; the neighbors who talk a language she imperfectly understands, and which it is often better that she should not understand—her minister to whom she cannot unveil the deep childish questions that arise in her wondering little soul—the servants and her brothers who laugh at her in her searchings after the secret of her birth and

her fate. Livingston, lost on the deserts of Africa, was often not more bewildered than the child, standing alone, with wonder in its eyes, and thoughts too deep for words in its heart. She gets here and there a gleam of some wayside thought that becomes a text for meditation. She has heard that He who was crucified will some time come again with clouds, and she scans the nightly heavens for signs of his coming. She trembles when she sees the red ball of the descending sun through the mists of a mighty city, for may not that be a sign of approaching visitations!

She does not ask the pre-occupied people around her the solution of perplexing mysteries which she feels they cannot answer to her satisfaction, even if she dared expose her sensitive, timid soul to the dreaded laugh. The formula of childish prayers does not satisfy her. One day, seated alone, the thought comes to her that she will find God; but how to find him? She remembers the verse:

"In desert woods with Thee, my God,
Where human footstep never trod,
How happy I could be!"

And the thought comes to her that sometime and somewhere she will seek Him there. She sees the trees, the forest paths where she shall find Him, and she feels that He will reveal all to her and be to her all in all; and that strange insight blends with her garden dreams, and in the breath of the lilies and the rich clusters of the laburnum she gets glimpses of the eternal beauty. As a stranger in a strange land she seeks to revive former recollections and entwine them with present experiences; and this mystic yearning holds her till many a long year after she realizes the unforgotten vision of childhood.

As she comes into womanhood an entirely different code is formulated for her: the artificial code of modern life, and through her fairest years she stumbles and is pierced with bitter wounds, because to get the sympathy she craves she must condone the falsity she feels. Then deeper and deeper come upon her the power of illusion—ideal phantoms of love, peace, com-

fort which wellnigh confuse and distract her. The shadow of the senses surrounds her with a veil of thickening mist. Pain of body and mind follow. Happy if at length, if only in life's evening hour, the veil is lifted, and the clear sky of childhood again dawns, but clearer, fairer than when she stood among the spring flowers and wondered, or when her heart's longing went out to find God in the thick woods. For she has found Him—He is her all-pervading sky, her sun—there is no more mist or shadow on her spirit's heaven.

CHAPTER III.

WE HAVE only comparatively recently got out of the habit of according to this world, our present home, the narrow limit of a date of six thousand years. In this, as in everything else, facts are unchanged; it is only our comprehension of them that is enlarged. A few fragments of history only float to us from the immeasurable deep. There has floated down the thought to people in many and widely distant lands that there was at some distant date a bright and beautiful morning of time, when man as a race walked and talked with God and was made in His image and likeness, and they, man and woman, had dominion over a stormless earth, with an even climate and varied productions. We seem to see man living on fruits amid the gardenized earth; woman, free and happy, is by his side. In their perfect love there is no fear—fear and subjection came afterwards. Fragrance and bloom encircle their days and nights—there is no chill and no frost. The exquisite harmony of the human frame vibrated in sweet accord with all stellar and terrestrial influences—no disease or discomfort had entered the bodily frame—the pure blood flushed the cheeks, the rosy limbs were perfect in grace and suppleness of motion. The gentle animals responded to man's gentleness; the dark eye of the deer had never been startled by savage pursuit, the birds did not fly away but welcomed this fair race with songs to their

inmost coverts. The souls of this race were as exquisitely attuned to spiritual law as their bodies were to the natural joyous life of earth.

Such was the dream that in a golden mist has appeared to man amid the dark and savage ages of fierce and internecine strife of later times. The scene of this fair dream was on the slopes of Caucasus, but however that may be it is certain that the Caucasian race and its offshoots are the finest specimens of humanity on earth to-day. When man and woman descend from the spiritual into the material, they lose their dominion over the planet, and the woman becomes subject to the man. The first becomes last. The degradation of the form made in the image and likeness of God to sensual desire brought on catastrophe. To the higher spiritual law all lower forces are subordinate. Perhaps the impact of a comet buried great portions of the civilized world under showers of stone and gravel—the drift of geology. Sun and moon were hidden in the dread eclipse, and men crept into caves in fear. Who knows but that the great cave temples in Ellora, in India, and other places, were not the first religious constructions reared by those who survived the catastrophe? Who can tell how essential are those who maintain a pure and noble life, to the very stability of the universe? Empires fall from their own corruption—why should not worlds? The stability of the universe depends upon spiritual law.

After the catastrophe which changed the conditions and climate of the Tertiary period the survivors of the race sought to perpetuate their knowledge of great cosmic truths in the most durable manner, so they carved them in stone and built them up in mysterious and world-enduring pyramids, which we, who are the heirs of all the ages, are bent on penetrating; for this is the age of revelation, and man has said in his heart: “There is nothing secret that shall not be revealed, nor hidden that shall not be known.”

On far Chaldean plains men watched the stars and framed the mystic zodiac in a script of living light. The builders have not

left the earth, but even now they are laying the foundations of more enduring structures. Is not the thought of to-day continually looking back to the works of the ancient eras? It is thought-currents that are moulding the future of the race. It is always a few men and women who are their channels; they become the power of resistance against error and the heralds of new Truth. They are Lucifers, Light-Bringers.

Mazzini and his friends made an united Italy; Garrison and his friends made an united America, but these were partial, isolated efforts, and all isolated effort fails in its result and has only very partial success. One man cannot heave the anchor, but when, with song and rhythm, the united force takes hold, the end is achieved. Fear not, though the rain is descending and the floods are coming.

When that dark and silent eclipse hung in massive clouds over the cross in Golgotha, then did it seem as though the reign of night and chaos was at hand, and truly the civilization that then reigned was passing away. Still, the morning of the third day shone bright and beautiful, and woman—who stood by the cross from which all men had fled, save one—became the messenger of the risen Christ to the world, first to the disciples, who fled because they could not bear the disappointment of their material hopes; and then to the world.

To-day in a special sense woman is the herald of the world's newer and awakening life. She represents Intuition and it is on the mountain peaks of intuition that the sun always first shines. A materialistic and man-made priesthood has hitherto held her in subjection and she has been its most useful and plastic tool. She stands at the gate of the New Spiritual Era, as she herself is the Gate by which New Life comes into the world.

The birth-struggle of the new is about to commence; it will be severe—it will be a case of the survival of the fittest—for straight and narrow is the gate that leadeth to Eternal Life. Yet

one step farther—and that step has to be taken to-day—the courage to stand in her God-appointed place; if need be, alone, yet not alone, because the Father is with her. The crown of thorns, of duties well fulfilled, becomes a crown of roses.

Woman, by her toils, her suffering, her humiliation has out-worked her Karma of the past and gone beyond its limits in very many cases. The ideal woman is not the artificial woman of to-day, whose falsities are sounding the death-knell of modern civilization, any more than the average man of to-day is like the real man of the future. An intellectual giant, spiritually and affectionally dwarfed, is not a perfect man. We can form but little idea in our darkness and decrepitude of the power and beauty of the mind-born men and women of future races.

Power and grace are very intimately blended. How graceful are the unstudied attitudes of the water-carriers; the peasant women, when not too hard worked; the sailor, the reaper, the men and women whose muscles are instinct with life, whose blood circulates freely through their veins. Look at the grand pose of the Venus of Milo, our Lady of Milo. Do you see any suggestion there of nervous tremor or of indigestion? You see a being who lifts a regal front to the external world and who is perfectly poised within herself—a creature full of rounded grace and beauty, the highest type of woman produced at that time—not the highest type possible, but the highest type then known, the most gracious of the daughters of Earth.

The directness of the old Greek thought is almost unknown in modern life, save in the genuine Doric of the peasant and when Burns appeared, who was an incarnation of the old Greek thought in modern times; that glorious and glorified being walked solitary and alone and his life went down in darkness at its manhood's noon, while the so-called best society of his native town ambled along like heaps of gregarious imbecility.

Leo Tolstoi, in Russia, is not the only noble who is enamoured of the genuine peasant life. Only in him is it vivified by the

Christ ideal and so his work is an affirmation, not a negation, and he becomes the positive to the negative of nihilism. It would only require an apostolate of such men to remove all terror from the Russian czar. Count Tolstoi is the positive spiritual to the nihilist's negative.

Equilibrium is the result of properly balanced forces. When to the negative of the heroic nihilist women, the positive spiritual women, the Christ-women appear like a rosy dawn in the East, the night of the world's dark age will cease, and Siberian mines and prisons and exile will be no more.

Michelet fosters and represents the sentimentalisms of the age; Zola is his reaction. The girl of the period is a creature in a transition state. The average working-women, assembled by thousands in factories or engaged in the drudgery of domestic service challenge but little sentimentalism and so escape the folly of super-refined apostrophes. And yet angels in calico are sometimes seen washing down stairways.

The finer sense of women is cramped by uncouth surroundings, days spent amid the roar of machinery or in the drudgery of domestic toil, and yet in the little room to which the hermit toiler repairs to rest may almost always be seen a flower or some little dainty souvenir. The spirit makes itself independent of its surroundings or finds within itself the power to construct better ones. We build our own future by worthy endurance of our appointed lot, and we make our own surroundings, either in this or some future life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXPERIENCES OF HERTHA.

AT THE present time, though light is beginning to dawn, yet the forces, both material and spiritual, are in such commotion that we do not see very clearly, because of the running to and fro, and the dust of a period of strife and transi-

tion. Hertha waits—the beautiful, strong Mother Earth, for whom men have disputed, yes, even sacrificed life and torn each other to pieces for a portion of her; and Hertha, which is also woman, has been a prize for which men have often contended, and which, when they have gained, they have neither understood or utilized. And the Earth is unsubdued and her children lack food, though the many-breasted and bounteous Mother groans that she cannot supply them; and woman, whose name also is Hertha, is bound in fetters, which she makes for herself; for the world is waiting for the deliverance of the Mother, and when the Mother is delivered the earth will be free.

To-day the great vested interests are in considerable trouble. Rents are falling in England and Ireland; strikes are troubling the manufacturers and the great corporations. All these interests desire order, and in their blindness they appeal to force, which can never give permanent order. Nothing short of the knowledge of and understanding of the laws of being and conforming ourselves thereto, can ever give permanent order—and is it so hard to enter the kingdom of heaven? How slight a change would cause multitudes of the poor to enter therein. Patience, resignation, industry, divinely ordered, would turn the world into a garden. How deep the dumb virtues lie in many a human soul that, with fair and fertilizing influences, might blossom and fill the world with splendor.

Now, we are too apt to measure our regard for a person by the use we can make of them, instead of being blessed in giving as God gives. The reason people are so miserable to-day is that they have no confidence in each other. There is only rest in confidence. The loss of confidence kills friendship; and the dense atmosphere of a constantly menacing war-cloud broods over the world individually and collectively.

The infinite varieties and subtile forms of a materialistic religion make the descent into matter more easy and apparently more safe. From the Venus Ashtoreth of the Zidomans and the

polygamous gods of Utah to the more modern form of priest worship: by these worships woman is enslaved and the race, through her, is held in bondage. The Truth, in freeing woman, frees the race,—for Truth is life and joy; it warms and strengthens the spirit; it brings forth fruit from living vines, and woman (intuition) in all these forms of degrading and degraded materialism, not being in her place, but broken and thrust where she does not belong, causes as much suffering in the body politic as a dislocated bone does in the human body. To-day religious truth is being lifted up from sentimentalism to knowledge—from the material shadow to the spiritual reality. The church has absorbed the spiritual strength of woman to make an outward show for itself before the world, and left her depleted and speechless. Her rarest gifts they have taken and used with the carelessness of an accepted master—infinite, almost superhuman has been her patience—until suddenly in the light of a new Evangel, her chains fall off and she ceases to be a slave.

The religious life of the world, if it only could be written, is its truest history, for it is that which is most near and intimate in us all; and that is why men and women have been willing to die for religious freedom, without even fully understanding it.

The divine motherhood must manifest in the divine womanhood. Raphael saw this in his Madonnas. Greek art had a glimpse of it in the beauty and power of Athene; there are glimpses of it everywhere to-day, in roadside and hamlet, in cloister and castle, and we gaze on it as we gaze on some magnificent flower that appears unexpectedly in a wild-wood path, because a false and spurious civilization has obscured the meaning of the divinely just and true, by cheap and unsatisfactory counterfeits.

After the great catastrophe which changed the balmy and equal conditions of the Tertiary age into the extremes of heat and cold, as time went on portions of the earth revived and blossomed once more, men molded brass and iron, and made to themselves

instruments of music, but the earth again became filled with lust and violence, till the very elemental forces could no longer bear it (for the conditions of man affect the planet to a greater degree than is generally supposed.) So the fountains of the great deep were broken up and Atlantis was overwhelmed, leaving a remembrance only in dim tradition and in the gigantic records of the eternal hills. The destruction of an influential portion of the earth's race was achieved, and from the survival of the children of Seth came our Europe of to-day, our dominant English-speaking race, the children of Japheth, the religious culture of Shem, the enduring strength of Ham.

The eyes of the world are turning to the Orient to-day, and scanning over the record of its ancient thought. Let us for awhile turn our attention thitherward for the first records of Hertha. A wide pastoral land, where the stars look large and bright in the soft and balmy air. The after-glow lingers in the sky; all is at rest save the distant bleating of the flocks. From a large and commodious tent near spreading oaks a desert Sheik comes forth. It is Abraham, majestic and strong as when he returned from the conquest of the ten kings, calm and peaceful as one who walks and talks with God. The peace of the hour is upon him, even as it rests upon his white robes, his crimson girdle, and his dark and earnest eyes. Sarah is by his side; her dark rippling hair is hidden by no veil, and on her softly-tinted face rests the light and beauty of the Eden days, though now in the late Autumn of her mortal life. Hand clasped in hand, they are asking of the silence, and pondering great events, for with that sunset has the heavenly messenger disappeared, who brought the tidings of the birth of Isaac.

Again the Sheik Abraham stands alone in a desert place, under the nightly stars, and, lo! a horror of great darkness falls around him and a burning lamp and a smoking furnace, the cloudy and fiery pillar of deliverance and guidance, pass between the pieces of his slaughtered sacrifices, for are not his race to

serve hard taskmasters in Egypt, and from a horde of slaves to become an enduring nation, trained by labor and patience and wandering in the unknown under divine guidance? Are not some of us trained in the same way to-day? And still the land, the fair land, is bound by promise to him and to his seed forever, as a more enduring inheritance is to us. But still Sarah doubts and finally gives her Egyptian slave to Abraham. Then jealousy takes possession of her, and the Egyptian flees into the desert and rests by a fountain of water—but is she alone, there, in her wrong and her trouble and with such bitter, burning thoughts in her breast? No, a gentle voice is near, which unfolds to her the future of her unborn child; that he should dwell in the presence of his brethren, as the Arabian Caliphs of old have dwelt in almost unrivalled power and splendor, whose legends of mystic beauty have held us spellbound in the tales of the “Arabian Nights,” or as the wild Arab dwells to-day—free, fearless and unsubdued—but also it was said: “Return to thy mistress, Sarah,” and, comforted by the promises and the strong, beautiful words, she does return, and Ishmael is born beneath the tents of Abraham. Then comes the most solemn covenant that was ever made with man for the possession of a regenerated earth,—at once a sign and a symbol, for the promised maternity could not take place until that symbol had been inaugurated. The cleansing of the flesh, the casting away of the husks of old illusions and old errors; a purified paternity was what was to rejoice the earth and rejoice woman. The rite of circumcision represents the cleansing that must be undergone, previous to the entrance into the heavenly kingdom—the putting off of the old man—the subjection of the flesh to the spirit. With the promise of the land comes also the promise to the woman.

Hertha rejoices! and this covenant, four thousand years ago, is still in force at the present day. By it the hills and valleys of Palestine are pledged to the race of Abraham. Jerusalem is still the Jewish heart-home—from England's great statesman

down to the smallest trader in any land. The scattered people are known everywhere. They are rich, prosperous, and waiting still. The vision is for an appointed time ; though it tarry, it will come. In the meantime Babylon is a heap, and oppressed and denationalized fellaheen are all that remain of the once proud Egyptian race.

For thirteen years has Sarah to watch the growth of Ishmael, ere her arms are clasped around Isaac and she nurses him at her bosom. With half-veiled lids she watches the beauty and strength of Ishmael, and the stately step of Hagar, in whom slavery cannot hide the pride of maternity. She sees her slave's eyes seeking the lithe form of Ishmael in his mimic games of war—Abraham's child, born at her own request—and even from the heart of Abraham goes up the prayer, "Oh, that Ishmael might live before Thee !" But she holds him at last, the promised child ; and in her exultation she says, "Who would have said unto Abraham that Sarah should have given children suck !" and she is enfolded in peace until the sun of earth-life sinks behind the hills and her mortal form reposes in the cave of Mamre, near the very spot where the messengers had brought tidings of the birth of Isaac.

Isaac is a child of fruition, a child of peace. He goes forth into the field to meditate at eventide and watch for the coming of his Syrian bride, and he is comforted after his mother Sarah's death, and brings his wife into her tent. Life flowed for them like a smooth, peaceful river. They were not wanderers, but possessors and inheritors. The peace of patriarchal times flowed round Rebecca, beloved by Isaac even as Sarah was beloved by Abraham. Abundance, beauty, the rearing and bearing of children belonged to the patriarchal age. The source of the generation of Israel was in the Eternal Hills, nor could it begin to flow till the dry rod of Sarah blossomed with the bud of Isaac, and the blossoming rod ever rested in the most holy place beneath the wings of the Cherubim.

CHAPTER V.

ONE HAS said that suffering is the result of some hidden transgression. Suffering is the result and expression of the law that "what a man soweth that also shall he reap;" and in these days when so much that was hidden is being revealed, the causes that produce suffering are clearly explained. In the succession of the lives we live, our own deeds in some past life, touch with joy or shadow the life we are now living, and by the opportunity which this life gives do we advance or degrade our future prospects.

As time rolls on its mighty current we note the appearance of persons toned in the same key, and kindred, though varying in time and place. Two Jewish women appear under similar circumstances—both coming forward in the strong light of history at an epoch when the national pride had been humiliated and the people lay prostrate at the mercy of their enemies. At an early period of its history, Israel was not only conquered but disarmed. The inhabitants had left the villages and retreated to the mountains, and the land was desolate. At that time the wife of Lapidoth dwelt beneath her palm trees, and the remnant of Israel, scattered and peeled as they were, came up to her for judgment. The divine power overshadowed her as it overshadowed Mary, at a later day, and to a burdened earth brought deliverance. In their desperation in the utter darkness of their outlook men came to the mother, and she judged them (for on her woman's bosom rested the Urim and Thummim of divine guidance.) What else commissioned her to send to Napthali for the son of Abinoam, to head the discouraged legions of Israel, himself equally discouraged? Nor would he go forth until she arose and went with him to meet the hosts of Sisera; and as Deborah sang her chant of victory so did Mary sing, and ever it

was the victory over the mighty and the exaltation of the humble and the meek. The spirit of revolt against oppression had come to woman with the spirit of prophecy, and it had succeeded: the land was free, the earth enjoyed her Sabbath, and though in those semi-barbarous times—out of whose shadow we have not yet emerged—the unshrinking hand which wielded the sword of Judith gleams through her mighty war song, blessing the deed of Jael, yet was the land delivered from Sisera. The chariots of iron rolled no more through the highways; the women were delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water. But, lo! arises a fairer star. The ever-womanly leads on with a softer light; but the chant of Mary is the victory over the mighty and the exaltation of the humble, the deliverance of the earth and the inhabitants thereof—the triumph of Hertha, the coming out of the shadow of sorrow and error, which ever walk hand in hand, even as pain is ever a useful and necessary reminder of disordered conditions of body. The mystic and mighty power of revolt against spiritual oppression came also to Mary. The sword that pierced her soul pierced also the heart of her son in the great day of Golgotha, but the Light-Bearer emerged triumphant, and the humble and the meek were gladdened by his rays. The strength of man's passionate energy has hitherto put the mighty in their seat and kept them there; but this mystic and mighty power abases his towering pride and delivers the captives.

Valleys of Palestine, watered by your swiftly-flowing streams, trees that shade the soil where the mighty men of old have toiled and suffered, bear witness, land of Deborah and Mary, battle-scarred, yet in thy reviving fertility still inviting the children of thine ancient race—bear witness, oh ancient land! that power has come wherever woman has walked with God, side by side with man. The Jews in their wanderings throughout the world have preserved and respected the ancient traditions, and the fate of women has been easier, clearer and brighter

among them than among any other race,—motherhood has been respected, family ties have been strong; they have kept the ancient symbolic covenant.

But lo! the Sun (Son) appears, ushered in by the clear, shining beams of Mary, (Mare) Star of the Sea, the comfort of the weary mariners on life's troubled ocean,—Mary now, once Deborah, for truly the song is the same, but pitched to a higher harmony. In the gleaming threads of tradition and history we are seeking out the records of the womanly and must not forget the prophet women who appeared in Italy and Syria about the time of the Hebrew prophets. Of these the most remarkable was the Cumean Sybil and her of Erythea, in Chaldea. After much scorn and rejection the value of their writings was at length recognized, and they were deposited in the grandest temple in Rome, under the care of officers specially appointed for that purpose. In some quotations from ancient writers they appear to have spoken of a virgin mother and of the mission and passion of her son; also of the restoration of the Golden age. That ancient and solemn hymn of the early church, the "Dies Iræ," also joins the name of the Sybil within that of David, in the verse: "Testet David cum Sybilla,"—"David witnesses to it with the Sybil." These women form part of the undercurrent of prophetic thought which existed throughout the brighter days of Rome—when Rome was yet a people, not a race of masters and slaves. We can trace it up to their earliest days, when Egeria waited in her grotto for the footsteps of that Roman king who gave just laws to his people under her gracious inspiration.

The clear sky of Greece shines over Athens. The slaves are toiling on the magnificent buildings; the free democracy is busy hearing and seeing some new thing; youths, glorying in their beauty and in their strength, whose matchless forms yet live in undying marble, tread the streets. Homely Socrates taught; splendid Plato orated, but only here and there a free and magnificent woman, illuminated with the light of her beauty and the

charm of her personal presence, the meetings of warriors, sages and philosophers. These were the women who dared. The rest were held in the fine bonds of conventional life; sweet as unseen violets, they held their silent power, but the isolation and crucifixion of their lives hastened their country's downfall. It was not time for the inmost to be revealed. The beautiful and magnificent Hetaræ swayed the intellect and the senses, but not the heart. Beauty was the religion of Greece, and the senses were deified. Their marble goddesses were instinct with life, even to the lifelike folds of a stone veil, which is blown back by the wind as the messenger of the gods hastes to do their bidding,—and such is the magic of Greek art, that one does not realize the great weight of those aerial folds of drapery, frozen into stone. The human form was developed among them to its utmost beauty and strength, but compassion and aspiration rarely looked from Grecian eyes. When a spiritual man appeared who had grown beyond their traditions and their culture and caught a glimpse of the undying and interior, and taught his doctrines as Christ did, they poisoned him.

In Pericles and Aspasia Greece culminated—Greek art and culture was a flash from the teachings of the Eleusinian mysteries; nothing can appear on the external except as it is manifested forth by the spiritual, and when Greece had exhausted her supply from that source her marbles crystalized and she herself became fossilized, and not only fossilized, but the cause of the making of fossils, as myriads of men in the past could testify, whose existence has been consumed upon Greek particles.

What, oh student, is the future of Greece and her people? What is the future of Palestine and her people? The strong enduring Hebrew strain has vitalized thought in Europe and given to the lyric stage some of its brightest ornaments. Palestine sleeps—she is not dead. The race of Sarah, of Deborah, of Mary, is instinct with life. Greek civilization was not rooted in the earth, therefore it had but little vitality; and earth is

woman, and earth calls for her own, and will sustain her own. She is the mighty mother, the many-towered Cybele. The God principle in woman makes her a receiver and a giver; neither does she come out of man, but, as in the first chapter of Genesis, is herself an integral portion of the Godhead, made in its image and likeness. "The first shall be last and the last shall be first." Alpha and Omega shall complete the wondrous chain, and in the balanced conditions of a fairer day woman will rise in her primal condition, co-equal and co-eternal with man as is the divine fatherhood with the divine motherhood.

Through the stormy centuries comes sometimes a mystic ray, cheering and gentle or lurid and ominous. It is the feminine, almost always manifesting itself when the changing currents of humanity have vibrated to some deeper note. Then for awhile we get a glimpse of the inmost. A few such manifestations, which have been held in remembrance through the centuries and generations, have been cited here.

Beautiful Aspasia, thou didst shine with a cold splendor in the heavens of Greece, but it was an earth-born light; no warmth radiates from thy beams, drawing our hearts to the blessedness of a mother's love, as they are drawn to Mary of Galilee.

The cycle of the dynasties of Egypt is nearing its close; the sceptre of the Pharoahs is in the hands of a woman. As they have sown to the flesh they have reaped the flesh—Hertha gives that which she has received—and what does the Egyptian give? To Antony disgrace and death, to her land slavery and ruin. Sail down the Cydnus, proud queen, with music and perfumes and revels; thy music hath a funeral wail, thy perfumes are the incense of the dead; the tombs of the Pharoahs wait for thee, last of their royal line—nor is there any welcome to thee from the chambers of the pyramids. Thou, who hast enslaved thyself, and hast enslaved thy land in enslaving man—proud reveler of an hour, what hast thou left behind thee, even to this very day? A land peeled and spoiled, a land whose gigantic ruins watch the

mighty dead, where Memnon wakes no more in the beams of the morning, and where the sphinx silently broods over her immortal mystery.

Even Hertha is silent, for her children are slaves. A stillness falls over the earth, as if she brooded over great events. The clash of Roman steel throughout the world is silent, and the great gates of the temple of Janus, in Rome, are closed. Cæsar Augustus rules the then-known world, and from a little town in the conquered province of Judea a carpenter and his wife came up to Bethlehem to be taxed.

CHAPTER VI.

IT is stated that in former days the angel Gabriel appeared to Daniel in Babylon, by the river Ulai. Then there was hope for the Jewish tree, that it should yet sprout again; now was come utter subjection and ruin—the long, dark vista of the denationalization of Israel—not for hundreds, but for thousands of years. The Roman eagles, dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly, flew over Palestine. Yet, amid all this desolation, Gabriel appears before the maid of Nazareth, with brighter cheer than he came to the Jewish statesman in Babylon. “Hail, thou, that art highly favored, blessed art thou amongst women.” Rapt, inspired, with beating heart, Mary yet remains silent in his presence. Then is unfolded to her the message of her mysterious conception and promised maternity, and with the simple fervor of the heroic women of her race she replies: “Behold, the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.” Yea, though a sword should pierce her heart, she accepted it all. The angel spoke of her child as one who should reign over the house of Jacob forever, and that of his kingdom there should be no end, delayed though it may be for thousands of years, while the cycle of darkened ages runs its round.

Then he said: “Thy cousin Elizabeth shall bear a child, and

this is the sixth month with her who was called barren." Soon after she goes to the hill country of Bethlehem, to the home of cousin Elizabeth, and as soon as she enters the house, Elizabeth coming forward to meet her, says: "As soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy," and Mary replies in those sayings which tradition has gathered up into the majestic chant of the Magnificat, now sung and chanted throughout the world to-day: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour, for He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden. He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and the meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away. He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel, as He promised to our Father Abraham and his seed forever."

Much has been said with regard to the conception of Jesus. Scientists cannot fully explain the laws of any human birth—how the wonderful possibilities of a human being arises from the unknown, even as they depart to the unknown. The re-awakening of a human soul, coming from so far, trailing with it clouds of glory or of gloom, to ban or bless a few years of mortal life, struggling through the illusions of sense and matter, on to a higher platform, and setting in a sky, calm and serene, or lurid with storm and tempest, to rise again in scenes and experiences as of some foreign land, with gleams and glimpses of home remembrances, and enriched by them for further travel and exploration; but of the laws of the birth of Him who was the "first-fruits," how shall we speak? A different order of parentage may prevail at some time in the future, when we have outgrown the laws of the animal and become children of the new, made in the image and likeness of the Elohim, a glorious duality. May not Jesus of Nazareth have been a

first fruit, a first-born son, a mind-born son of the morning? Mary, you did not know that the whole earth was hushed in peace waiting for this divine motherhood, which had been foreshadowed to many nations,—that in the forests of Gaul Druids were raising altars to the Virgin, who was to bring forth; that in Syria magi were scanning the sky, observing thy star; that even in victorious Rome the Sybilline books told of the Virgin and divine child, of the Serpent vanquished, and the restoration of the Golden age. Whence all this peace and hushed expectation, and the herald angels' song? Woman has turned her face toward Paradise. Mary holds her babe in her arms; the diabolic powers, incensed because wise men from far Chaldea, the country of Abraham, have recognized him and brought costly gifts, hailing him as "King of the Jews," stir up the jealousy of Herod, to destroy him, so Joseph and Mary, with the babe, flee into Egypt, a journey of about eight hundred miles, and take up their abode near the sycamores and sweet waters of Metairch. They remain there about seven years, but on Herod's death return to Judea.

About two years after the return from Egypt came the first recorded gleam of his divine mission, at Jerusalem, at the feast of the Passover. The boy separated from his parents, was talking with the doctors in the temple. It is related that they exclaimed: "This is either Daniel or an angel." But Mary, coming up and seeking her son, said: "It is Jesus," and then tenderly and anxiously: "My son, why hast thou done this? Thy father and I sought thee, sorrowing." Then the light shone forth, the light of Him who was with his Father before the worlds were made, and he said: "How is it that ye sought me; wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" but he returned with them to Nazareth and remained subject to them.

For eighteen years their home life flowed on in that pleasant town, situated on a mountain slope, looking onto a delightful

plain. Joseph made plows, yokes and carts and sometimes built houses, and probably Jesus helped him. Mary went to the village fountain for water, and washed the clothing in the sweet running streams. Their principal fare consisted chiefly of loaves of barley and dourra, dates, butter, cheese and dried and fresh fruits and herbs. Sweet soul-fraught years of peaceful preparation! Then the impulse of his mission came upon him and Jesus and Mary separated. She heard of his baptism, of his fasting in the Wilderness. The power of the Spirit is on him. He is going forth to conquer, but not to conquer the Roman power; a mightier kingdom is to be overcome, the diabolic power which holds the world in its possession, with all its legions of disease and death. The Captain of our salvation fights palsy, blindness, leprosy, devils, and all manner of disease; He is the Life-Bringer, not the death-bringer, like your Cæsars and Napoleons. Yet the world knew Him not. The doctrine of the Initiate is an open secret from the world. It may be proclaimed in their ears, still it is to them a sealed book. He only taught the multitude in parables. His days were filled with incessant work, incessant conflict,—devils shrink back, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached. Everywhere he brought wholeness, holiness; crowds of people gathering in his way begged of him life and health. The fierce enmity of the Jewish leaders was aroused, the tender heart of Mary was rent with anxiety for her son. She and his brethren, perhaps near relatives, or even townsfolk came to Capernaum, where he then was, to induce him to return home with them. While earnestly engaged in his work some one said: "Thy mother and brethren are without, desiring to speak with thee," but he replies: "My mother and brethren are they who do the will of God, and keep it," but he returned, and the still more ferocious enmity of his own townspeople is aroused against him by his declaration of his mission, so that they attempt his life.

We hear afterwards that Mary and the other Marys followed

him and ministered unto him, even to the foot of the cross. Very early were they at the sepulchre, and tradition relates that Mary mother first met and spoke with her son, who appeared as a working gardener, while the others were looking into the sepulchre.

Mary mother continued with the church in Jerusalem for ten years and shared in all the mystery and wonder of that eventful time. Then John took her to Ephesus, whither Mary of Magdala followed her. In that beautiful Greek city Mary of Galilee is said to have dwelt for many years. At last she desired to return to Jerusalem, the beloved but rebellious city, so soon to be destroyed utterly. Not long after she arrived, feeling that her hour was almost come, she desired to see the apostles and elders of the church, and in their presence and that of the beloved John, she peacefully departed. Mary mother, blessed forevermore! Tradition says that a soft light filled the chamber of death.

Christ never treated woman in any way that would imply inferiority. His talk with the woman of Samaria was as deep and profound as that with his disciples, if not more so. Deep and profound love and the joy of service, built and cemented the early church with the fullness and power of sanctification. Everywhere Christ treated woman without the slightest regard to conventional respectability. She was to him, woman equal and eternal with man, and destined in a brighter future to be absolute in harmony and equality. The subjection of woman had no place under the Restorer of Paradise.

One day he sat at meat in the house of the better class, where, though he had been invited to eat, the customary attentions paid to an honored guest had not been shown him. A woman enters among the attendants and, gliding to the couch of the Master, for some of the Jews had adopted the Roman habit of reclining at meals, she perfumes his hair with precious ointment. He silently accepted the graceful and customary attention till

roused by the whispered remarks of his disciples and the disrespectful comments of his host, he said: "Trouble her not; against the day of my burial hath she done this." It was the consecration of that body, so perfect in its glorious manhood, to death, not to pleasure; and then with a profound feeling which showed how deeply the woman's act had touched him, he said: "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her," for the day of his burial—for few were the days between that social hall and the terrible hall of Pilate! And gliding unchecked to his feet, she annointed them with the same precious ointment and her flowing tears, and wiped them with her long and loosened hair. Profound homage of woman's heart to her best and truest friend! How many women since have wept at his feet and he has comforted them, for as he was on earth, so he is in heaven.

For three hundred years men and women possessed of his spirit, and believing in his name, lived as he lived and died as he had died. Long processions of victors, wearing the martyr's crown, stepped inside the heavenly gates. Woman stood side by side with man in the arena and in the flames. They were afflicted, tormented, and rejoicing. Marvellous were the gifts and glories of that early day, but the time came when the spirit was lost and the church leaders sold out to the emperor. After awhile they made the image of the Divine Man a figure-head to back up earthly sovereignties and ecclesiastical tyrannies. The Son of Man was made into a divine idol to countenance that which he never taught. A spirit of melancholy self-introspection, was nourished in convent and cloister; but it was also true that the iron shell of the convent preserved the thought and literature of a former time, in the terrible pressure of the crushing out of an old society and the forming of a new one. The feeling towards woman was such as it never had been before. The worship of Mary gave rise to chivalry, by which woman by de-

grees became placed in a false position, the recipient of honors she did not always earn or merit, and soon a spirit of sham religion, of scholastic jargon of acrid and wordy disputes, took the place of the grand triumphal faith of the three first centuries. Still the wonderful ideal of human love blended with the divine had come into the world, and some men, touched by the spirit, recognized and felt it—as Dante did in his love for Beatrice, whom he saw after death in vision in Paradise among the trees of life.

The old church of Notre Dame looks down on mediæval Paris. The scholastic learning, which had overlaid the grand religious life of the past, held full sway. And in these tournaments of words one man distanced all competitors, for he had not only mastered all the intricacies of the theology of the day, but had seen beyond it in the light of a love which has enshrined in amber a name that otherwise would have been forgotten. Wars, sieges and revolutions have swept over Paris, but never at any time has that simple tomb in Père la Chaise, which contains the dust of Abelard and Eloise, been forgotten. It was the old, old story. He met Eloise at her uncle, the Canon's, house, within the precincts of the church. He became the teacher; perhaps also the taught, for love explains many mysteries. They were secretly married; but she refused to permit him to acknowledge the marriage, not caring to bar his prospects in the church. How could she bar his progress in his destined field of labor, to give new life to the dry bones of existing religious thought in the church. But her uncle, the canon, filled with rage, had him seized in the night and mutilated. Then by Abelard's desire Eloise entered a convent. Abelard gathered some devoted disciples around him and founded the monastery of the Paraclete, which after awhile he gave to Eloise, who retired to it with her nuns and became its abbess. Their life was the intimation of the free thought of the coming centuries.

The German monk Luther stirred the world later and

changed the current of thought in Europe. But his Catherine is never associated in our thought of him as is Eloise with Abelard. The church assigned to Abelard a remote station, a Breton monastery by the shore of a stormy sea. There, secluded isolated, misunderstood, he died, and his body, by his request, was brought to the Paraclete. Sundered in life, they were united in death. But those years in Brittany had not been idle. Their impalpable thought current is felt even till to-day, and from Paraclete comes a voice that is felt down the centuries.

Pope's immortal poem is only a poetical rendition of the letters of Eloise, which still exist. Eloise and Abelard never met but once after she took the veil, but years after some letters of Abelard fell into her hands and revived all the old feeling, and she wrote to him. She speaks of his name lying close to the thought of God in her heart, of the recollection of his sojourn in the Paraclete being entwined with every stone. "Here thine eyes have dwelt and thy presence filled the day with glory." She says that when she took the veil it seemed as if the shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale; that neither grace nor zeal; but love was her call, and that she still clings to his love, the ideal love, which has lifted them into everlasting remembrance.

Leigh Hunt says in one of his essays that "love is a perpetual proof that something good, honest and eternal is meant us. Such a foretaste of bliss being given; when the world has realized what love urges it to obtain perhaps death will cease, and all the souls which love has created, crowd back at its summons to inhabit their perfected world." This glimpse of a great occult truth in one of the prominent writers of the last century is quite remarkable. When man is born divinely, and loves divinely, death as we understand it now will cease, and perfect human intelligences will reïnhabit a perfected earth. The initiation will be accomplished.

There was a time when France was conquered by England,

her king was a fugitive and her people the unwilling vassals of a foreign power. At this time a shepherd girl, with dreamy, meditative eyes, quiet and sedate, is living and laboring at Domremy. Her hard peasant life had strung her nerves and given strength and endurance to her bodily frame. In the field herding her sheep, in the noontide's hush or in the evening's repose, voices come, and she listens until her love and confidence is won and her heart is inspired. She is loving, obedient and faithful, the Lord's handmaid. This unseen presence fills her soul with peace and rest and gives her power. She was told that she should deliver her country, and how she should do it, and the means she should take to accomplish this result. Her hand, accustomed to rude instruments of labor, must bear the sword of St. Catherine. She should have horse and armor, and discern the king in the midst of his nobles. Her mission is coldly and doubtfully received, but she goes forth at last a warrior maid, a consecrated leader. Riding her white horse and bearing her standard, she turns the tide of battle; victory crowns her in many combats. Her king is crowned and anointed in Reims, and her land is freed from the invader. She now asks to return to her father's fields and her peasant life once more. The nobles and generals despised and envied that strange inspired girl, but the people and soldiers loved and revered her, and the enemy dreaded her, supposing her to be a sorceress. The king entreated her to remain, and she consented, much against her will. Alas for the fatal fight of Compeigne! When leading her soldiers she was taken prisoner by the fierce Burgundians, and sold to the English for 16,000 francs. The English warriors dared not, they could not carry out the terrible fate her enemies reserved for her, for this valiant leader was a prisoner of war. So they shifted the responsibility onto the church, and Joan was brought before the ecclesiastical tribunal of the Bishop of Beauvais as a sorceress and a heretic—fearful and comprehensive word, often a synonym for all that is noblest. After a period of insulting

and torturing imprisonment she was brought to trial and condemned to be burnt at the stake. Her voices were derided, her mission and herself insulted. Up, into the Beyond, on the fire-wings of flame she vanished from the earth. Gentle peasant maiden, enwrapped in the currents of the stormy and dark day where thy short path through life lay; borne almost unconsciously to thyself into the shock of battle and the red joy of victory; failing through the overmastering force of stronger minds fastened on thee, poor sensitive child, to linger after thy work was done.

A woman sits alone in the ancient fortress prison of the Bastille, in Paris. The light comes dimly from an iron-bound window in the immense thickness of the wall, so deeply cut as to afford but little light. She is sitting at a table, writing. Her faithful servant, who had shared her other prisons, was in the same fortress, but in another cell. The true-hearted La Combe was dying at Charenton, after a long imprisonment. On the table is a letter which she takes up and peruses. It is from La Combe—he says: “The times look heavy; the storm gathers in the sky. I feel resigned to reproaches and ignominies. I am about to suffer. It is my wish that you should sacrifice me to God as I have sacrificed myself. All my desires are summed up in one: that God may be glorified in me!” and she sighs: “Oh, holy Spirit of Love, let me be subjected to thy will.”

In days long gone by, in the sunny gardens of her southern home, Mme. Guyon had spoken freely with La Combe, who was her spiritual director, of this hidden way, of this divine way of full sanctification. How this experience strikes at the root of all earthly desire, as well as of all earthly support; how the outward becomes subjected to the inward, and the union with the will of God becomes natural and fixed; how unsanctified passion loses its power on those who are fully sanctified, and the mind assumes a unity of character, for the inflowing love of God reduces all principles and motives of action to one. “My soul,”

she said, "seemed to pass into God and be lost in Him, as the waters of a river pass into the ocean and are lost in it."

This life is an inconceivable innocence. She recalled her little Swiss home and the young Swiss working-girls, one of whom used to read by turns while the others worked, then the ladies of the court in Paris, who listened to her words and sought her presence, but her enemies prevailed. Her doctrines were declared false, rash and impious. Fenelon's sympathy for this disturber brought upon him banishment. The Port Royal nuns who had received her teachings were involved in destruction. An armed band despoiled the convent and dispersed the sisters. An aged nun, the last to leave the ruined building, raising her hand in the presence of the leader of the band and his soldiers, said: "To-day, sirs, is the hour of man, but rest assured that another day, the day of God's righteous retribution will soon come!" and it came with the tocsin of revolution, the barricades of Paris, the reign of terror, and the summons of kings and nobles to judgment.

In great crises or previous to great crises in human history the innermost element, which is the feminine, comes forth. It is a sign of the times; the sign of the woman, which portends the new birth of nations, the going out of the old, the coming in of the new. Mme. Guyon was a mystic. The doctrines of the mystics are being taught to-day, they are reviving in many hearts. The kingdom of spirit, unchangeable, immutable, is ever regnant as we enter in to possess it. At this time Fenelon, banished from Paris, was at his diocese of Cambrai. "In the midst of my duties," he said, "I find God's holy peace," and Mme. Guyon writes: "I presented Fenelon before God in special prayer." Who knows how much of the peace that filled his soul was wafted to him from the prison cell of Françoise Guyon. After years of imprisonment her sentence was commuted to banishment, but she left the prison sick and ever after incapable of any active work—a dove with broken wings. Some

of her sweetest songs were written in the Bastile. Her faithful La Gautière died there. It is a relief to think that she saw green fields and the sun once more. The time of her departure came in the month of June, 1717.

The undaunted heart which beat under Joan's armor, was no stronger and no steadier than the loving resignation of Mme. Guyon in the Bastile, or of Eloise in the Paraclete.

CHAPTER VII.

MANY have been the dangers, sorrows and sufferings of the confessors and teachers of the truth. Isolated, despised and alone, they are yet fed with the bread the world knows not of; and if some seem to have a greater amount of suffering, we know not what condition in past lives or even in the present life may have called for it. Something there has had to be rectified and adjusted. "Search me, oh God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting," said one who drank life's fullest cup of joy and suffering. The begging bowl and yellow robe of our Indian brothers leave little place for the enemy. None can harm him who gives up everything, even his life.

The truth has never been left without witnesses, but when a materialistic church reacted on a materialistic people, the pure traditions were preserved in secret lodges, or in mountain solitudes among a few who found a common bond in a common aspiration—few in number, but strong in faith and so strong in influence, for there is hardly any limit to the power of an idea which becomes a conviction, embodied in ever so small a company.

In the lodges of the Illuminati nobles and peasants, men and women, met on an equal footing. Sometimes the meetings were held under the semblance of a night festival, in a nobleman's castle or in gardens belonging to it, sometimes in

mountain solitudes or in the denser solitude of great cities. Such minds as Jacob Behmen, Mme. Guyon and others were the lights through which the doctrine was manifested to the world, but it existed as a secret brotherhood of the soul and exists to this day. The doctrines taught in the mediæval lodges and inherited by them from very ancient times are reappearing to-day under various names, as Christian Science, Metaphysics, Occult Science, and they are finding a host of exponents, more or less able. But in this day and age, which is ever desirous of hearing some new thing, many rush in to serve their own ends, and a superficial smattering of the ancient wisdom leads to confusion and destruction; few are prepared to teach and few are really prepared to receive, few are enough advanced to bear it on their hearts or understand it. The Illuminati taught, as Christian Science teaches, the divine doctrine that frees the soul from matter, asserts its wholeness in Christ, and reaches in its ultimate to the wholeness and restoration of the body. It is impossible, according to this system, to separate absolute religion from religion in its manifestation.

Van Helmont says: "The soul is the mirror of the universe, and stands in relation to all living things. She is illuminated by inward light, but the tempest of the passions, the multitude of sensual impressions and dissipations darken the light, whose glory only diffuses itself when it burns alone. When we are guided by this light, then only do we find within ourselves pure and certain knowledge." And in another place he says: "The magical mystery and strength sleeps, but by a mere suggestion is awakened into activity, and becomes the more living the more the outer man of flesh is repressed. There is an etherial spirit, pure and living, which pervades all things and moves the mass of the universe. It gives certain ecstasies, which the inner man may experience; the outer man also may receive revelations." Paracelsus says: "The nervous ether or archæus radiates within and without man like a luminous sphere, and may be made to

act at a distance. It may poison the essence of life (blood) or it may purify it after it has been made impure, and restore the health."

This doctrine is being taught and practiced to-day in metaphysical treatments; and people should understand that this is a power that may be used in two ways, according to the motive that guides it, and be careful of subjecting themselves to indiscriminate treatments.

Fire may become a blessing or a destroyer.

The Illuminati did not think the time for organization had come at that time, because there was so much to be destroyed. The disciples were advised to attend to method rather than doctrine. They said: "The time of dissolution draws near; it is even now at the doors, the time when the three faculties of sensation, sentiment or emotion, and knowledge, will be disunited, and their separation will destroy the social, religious and political body. Only those will be saved from the wreck who have the divine trinity harmonized within themselves in spirit, soul and body." To the teachings of the Illuminati may be traced many of the advanced ideas of the present time.

Fourier was a pupil of St. Simon. Lammenais was the offshoot of their teachings; though a priest he was the friend and associate of George Sand and of many of the brilliant writers of that stormy epoch.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

§ WEDENBORG makes the following remarkable statement: he says that the descent of the Word into ultimates, that is, from the celestial into the natural degree, began in the interior of Africa, a long time before his own opening into the spiritual degree. There are three degrees: the spiritual, the natural and the celestial. He calls it "The New Church, or the Advent

of the Lord." He says this was done by revelations in the interior of Africa, and not by means of Christian missionaries. In what part of Africa these revelations were given he does not state. The African sphinx holds her secret; she is as mute as the pyramids. He further states that from these African revelations a communication was kept up with the human race, and an avenue opened through a simple and childlike people, which till then had been closed by the universal dogma that the understanding of the people should be kept in subjection to the faith of the ecclesiastics. For this the Lord had to come from worn-out Europe to childlike Africa. The communications with the human race were closed by ecclesiastical and priestly tyranny, for even the reform movements, after they had attained a measure of success, became tyrants and held the people in the same manner. The time had not yet come for the manifestation of the Mother. The seer further states that the coming of the Lord into Africa, into the hearts of a simple and childlike people, was the leaven that caused the uprising and upheaving in Europe and America. We, who live in the world of effects, know but little of the world of causes; but it is from that hidden world that the real manifests itself to our phenomenal senses. All through our earth-life we are, as it were, hidden in a mask, which even our best friends can hardly penetrate, and which it is an immense relief to be able to break through in those rare moments when we can find a kindred spirit, who also unveils to us.

Great thoughts and great inventions are hidden, save to him who receives them. They are unborn children which, after awhile, take shape and manifest to the world. The thought of Rousseau, the dreamer, and his followers kindled the French revolution. The ideas of our fathers embodied America. A new motor, powerful exceedingly, is as yet unborn unto the world. From the slavery to dogma, from the slavery to their senses, individuals are being translated into newness of life, the power of

the resurrection life. In unexpected places we find people who thought they were all alone, and with great joy they find others thinking and feeling as they do. Such do not make plans or systems, but wait for directions and the illumination of the spirit. The fellowship that unites these souls is the drinking in of the same spirit; in this they have fellowship one with the other independent of sectarian barriers and their own shortcomings. This fellowship stands the test.

Corporations band together and are openly and avowedly selfish; and inasmuch as any religious organization partakes of a corporation spirit, it deteriorates to that extent; the Word is crushed, the spirit is hampered. A thought is a rallying point stronger than any corporation. It creates its own movements, and they are the right ones. The bases of all parties, of all creeds, are shattered to-day, and underlying all is the strange, powerful undercurrent of a diviner order, which is uniting in a living band those who have received the baptism of the spirit. External ceremonies are losing power, but a message of love from fervid souls to darkened souls, sometimes despairing souls, never does. Nations and communities are degraded by a process of spiritual suffocation; and imprisoned and concealed thought is more dangerous than openly expressed opinions. An Indian Adept thus writes: "Once the mysterious link of sympathy established between intelligent men,—the temporally isolated fragments of the universal soul, and the cosmic soul itself,—once this established, then only will those awakened sympathies serve to connect man with the energetic chain that binds together the material and the immaterial cosmos."

To-day the gates of the unseen, of the astral, have been widely opened; the angel of Revelations has descended with the key of the bottomless pit, the fathomless depths of the unseen. In our normal, natural life the celestial ever ultimates with joy and peace, but the phantoms of the astral reflected on our intellectual mind and senses sometimes sadly confuse us. The air has be-

come darkened by the smoke of the pit, a mist of materialistic spiritualism. What has been its effect? It has fanned the flames of unsatisfied desire, unquenchable greed, fierce revenge, already rampant in a disorganized and disorganizing society. "Their torment was as the torment of a scorpion when he biteth a man; their faces were as the faces of men, but they were long-haired, like women." Ever we attract what belongs to us from the unseen.

Rising before a lurid background of fire and smoke stands conspicuous the figure of a woman, young and beautiful. How she stood and pealed forth her majestic sentences, alternating the most startling truth with the coarsest ribaldry, and how those who surrounded her vied in emulating their leader. It was a wail of spirits in prison, seeing the shadow of divine truth, but unable to realize it. She demanded a new social order, in which all the rights of the individual should be associated, to form the harmonious organization of the people. She demanded perfect individual, social and sexual freedom, and advocated the latter, both in theory and practice. This was the rule of mortal mind and the personal senses, and in every way opposed to the divine freedom of spirit, which demands emancipation from their imperious dominion. It is not possible to have an harmonious organization, social or political, in which greed and lust for money or pleasure sway the darkened hour. Permanent community life has been found to be impossible, except on a religious basis. The so-called freedom of the senses is the direst slavery to the real man, and leads finally to external slavery—the spiritual fact ultimates in the external form. How many, deluded by these vapory shows of warmth and light, have wandered for years disconsolate and in darkness, clinging to shadows of flesh which continually deceive them, leaning on a treacherous staff which pierces their too confiding hand. It is the misrepresentation of truth which holds the world in error. If there was no good coin there could be no counterfeits. It is some years since these

demands were made;—are we any nearer a harmonious condition now than we were then? The mirage was there, but the cloud offered no water to our thirsty lips. It was not a building up, but a tearing down, and that process has gone on ever since. Those who think to create a new world from the shadows of material things and the personal senses will find themselves greatly mistaken; in them there is no element of permanency. Creation must begin from the spiritual center of being.

In that busy and restless city of the Lakes, where the proud words of Victoria Woodhull were spoken in a crowded convention, young lives have gone out in gloom, young hearts have been blighted, in the desperation that comes of a disappointed dream.

The media of the spirit world come with no direct message like the prophets of old. They are æolian harps played upon by breathings from the unseen. They speak of lives, conditions, and surroundings, sometimes those of near and dear ones, in a land far off, yet so near. There are voices that come to us sometimes in life's most desolate hours, sweet, calm and fragrant with the gales of heaven; but when driven by the winds of earthly desires to seek wilder gales of spirit force to waft us to our desired haven, we risk loss and shipwreck. Seership is distinct from mediumship: in the one case to the individual soul are given glimpses of spiritual realities, in the other the individual is held by an outside force which is called a control.

Our own spirits, while still held in the chains of the elements and a fleshly body, do sometimes assert their divine prerogative on a strong impulsion, and become for a time independent of time and space. As an illustration of this, listen to a homely idyll of New England life, related to me by a woman whose own hand apparently had drawn upon her the karma that had shadowed her whole life.

“My father had been elected trustee of a collegiate institution, and had invested largely in it. We had come from a distant part of the country into new and strange surroundings, and I

felt very lonely. One evening I sat at my window looking at the unfinished buildings of the new college, and all at once I thought I would go over and see the room that was to be my room. All was still. I went up stairs and entered the room; the open window looked upon a large neglected garden, full of blossoming apple trees. I sat down on a pile of lumber that was placed against the wall. I prayed God that He would send some one to love me, and my conscious thought was of some girl mate, though perhaps I drifted unconsciously in some other direction. The quiet and the warm, sweet air soothed me so that I fell asleep. All at once, awakening with a sort of shock, I was startled to see a young man standing before me. I saw him quite plainly in the moonlight, even to the peculiar cut of his waistcoat. He said, 'Sarah, I love you.' Dreadfully frightened, I rushed down stairs, regained my room and locked the door, but did not dare mention it to any one. The next day we were at the station to meet some friends, and there I saw the young man of the previous evening. We met face to face, but were neither of us able to say a word. We afterwards became fellow students and friends, till one day when we were alone he wrote on a slate, 'Sarah, I love you,' and it startled me so much that I rubbed it out and got up and left the room."

A strong attachment had subsisted between a lady, a friend of mine, a sensitive, and a gentlemen residing at some distance from the city where she lived. The course of true love had not run smooth, and their paths had diverged. One evening, coming into her deserted school-room in the early twilight, she saw him standing there, with a lamp in his hand, surrounded by a sort of blue tissue paper, that seemed smouldering away, and in a low voice he said: "It burns, it burns,—soon shall I be free!" and then he disappeared. Early next morning she started to see him; she arrived just in time. Looking up at her and laying his finger on his pulse, he said, "It fails, it fails,—soon I shall be free," then gently leaned over and died in her arms.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEGRADATION OF HERTHA.

THE astral light becomes with regard to mankind simply the effects of the causes produced by men in their sinful lives. She is the ever-loving, beneficent deity to all who stir her soul and her heart, instead of attracting to themselves her shadowy manifested essence. Humanity in its units can overpower and master its effects, but only by the holiness of their lives, and by producing good causes. (Secret Doctrine.)

To-day, individually and collectively, the world has gone through a great experience with the astral, on its way to the celestial, for there is no rest in the astral. And yet the astral has founded in the basin of the great Salt Lake the magnificent city and powerful Theocracy that has grown up there. Joseph Smith and his compeers were men who were governed and who governed others by the astral and intellectual forces. In them they took an organized form, while they permeated the rest of the world as a mist of sentiment. The adventurous Puritan spirit attired itself in eastern robes and essayed to introduce upon American soil the old Hebrew methods, the strong constraint of a law which Christ had abrogated. The Hebrew leaders gave land and bread to the people and provided for the poor. The almost unrivalled financial system of the Mormons was constructed carefully after the ancient methods. These men have solved simply many of the problems that vex modern civilization. And modern civilization, which is a little shaky itself, arrays itself against them. It is in vain that presidents and statesmen have drank champagne and eaten strawberries in the luxurious homes these men have created out of the desert—the imperium in imperio, the stern, uncompromising element of by-gone ages, was a ghost at every banquet.

Let us consider a little what was the manner of this uprising in

a doubting and scoffing century. And now for their treatment of the woman question. Woman is a revolutionary element in present-conditioned society. She disintegrates, she confuses. Modern civilization fails to interpret the riddle of this immortal sphinx. Her vulnerable point is her affections. These great organizers grappled with the problem in a way that showed a profound knowledge of human nature. This disturbing element was reached through her affections and held by her religious aspirations; and as the woman element could not compete with man's positive nature in external achievement she had to remain passive to whatever he asserted, and to the God that he adored, whose attributes were exclusively masculine. He demanded many women for his faithful followers, because he also had many wives, and they were taught that their chief object was to raise up children and worship the Lord in that manner. The Mormons had no place for the social and spiritual elements of woman's nature. They might only come into play as man permitted them and as it was deemed best that they should be allowed to do so. If woman did not fit the Procrustean bed of their ideas her limbs had to be cut off to make her fit it; and so they obtained a woman made to order, but not the real woman, for the ideal is the real. Their average woman was of just such a size, shape and pattern; but in modern civilization, where woman can either rise to the heights or go down to the deepest depths—she can run through the whole gamut of her experiences, and even at the very lowest revolution of the wheel has the power to rise.

Oh women, on whom dawns the light of the coming day, within yourselves is the power that will free you!—nothing external will or can help you. It is you who must help man, not he help you. Stand out of his shadow, into the sunlight of God. The ideal woman helps and blesses man. She does not look up to his greater intellectual and physical strength in helpless adoration. She renews and blesses his life with the divine benediction

of her own intuitive and spiritual nature. This was figured in the old mythology, for every time that Antæus touched the earth in the great combats of the gods he received strength.

These able men did not see this, for the astral does not rise higher than the intellectual,—and woman, who has an immense power of adaptation, adapted herself to conditions and took the place these men assigned to her. Has that benefited either herself or those whom she blindly worshiped?

Hertha was dethroned, and earth symbolizes woman. Could those men rest in the fair, fertile soil of Illinois? The earth could neither retain nor suffer them, for they lacked the element which would have bound them to the soil and to freedom, and in spite of that wonderful exodus to Great Salt Lake, have they reached permanency there? It is a pathetic experience—for the heart of Hertha yearns even for her misguided children. Man appeared, indeed, in the splendor of his attributes, but the glory of woman was shorn. Her love, which is her life, was at the caprice of her powerful lord, and when wealth came, or the power that commands wealth was there, there was the means for the gratification of those caprices which in the formulas of their religion were called the attributes of God, and of man as His representative on earth. The ordeal was indeed painful to the true woman soul. The ideal woman suffered crucifixion, but out of the depths comes a solemn lesson which all women must learn before the day of the Lord can dawn in perfect peace. It is this, that suffering is the result of transgression, overt or hidden. Was there nothing in the hearts of the women that responded to the imperious materialism of the men and even admired it? Where are the Mary Hutchinsons of the Salt Lake basin? Their bones are whitening in the desert—their souls are with God.

The time when the gospel of freedom could be received had not yet arrived, nor had the people who made a garden out of the wilderness arrived at a position in which they could be

spiritually free. They made spiritual limits to themselves, they put upon themselves the old yokes, and so they became Christ-killers. The absolute truth plants its foot firmly on earth and heaven. It is the New Jerusalom, coming down on the earth out of heaven. Where it comes woman is restored—the earth is free—the location is permanent—there is no scattering.

The occultists say that if there is a break in the magic circle that protects the operator, there can the dark powers find access. Has woman been thoroughly protected in the divine armor, or has her circle been imperfect? It is useless for her to stretch out her hand to man as a spiritual guide, for in doing so she passes beyond the limits of her own safety. If the position of women in the (so-called) civilized world to-day is untenable and almost unendurable, they make it so themselves. Salvation must come from the high mountains of absolute truth, demonstrated in our own being. This compels external conditions and creates them.

The Mormon organizers, who so skillfully trained and drafted woman to their ideas, did not know that in doing so they were making a breach in their own citadel of strength. They made a God to suit themselves, and they made woman to suit themselves, and they made a failure, both on God and woman; and Hertha (the earth) knows it, and refuses them a location.

The day of the purely intellectual and physical man is about run out. Hertha is calling for her own,—she is calling for the ideal, which is the real man. The real woman is calling to the real man; the earth (Hertha) is calling to heaven, nor will her cry be unanswered. And when he comes all astral semblances must fade away—their towers of Babel shall be but as the dream of a summer night.

The breach by which the Mormon citadel has been assaulted and entered has been the woman question—polygamy—the degradation of Hertha. This has been the point in their own imperium in imperio by which political tricksters have been able to approach them,—this has been the lever which has sapped

their solid foundations, and brought these lions of the Lord into the courts of justice to hear unpalatable things. No one, save woman, can teach the problems that belong to woman.

In the day of the Lord there will be perfect equilibrium between the representatives of the father ray and the mother ray. There will be no sense of separateness. Sweet content will fall like the dew of Hermon on those who have chosen God for their portion, and reflect their happiness on a united community.

CHAPTER X.

THE PERIOD OF TRANSITION.

EVERY class now is trying to dictate terms to every other class. Society is resolving itself into a conglomeration of opposite camps or factions. Man has assumed for ages the vested right of being the spiritual and temporal director of woman, and the consequence has been that the scheme of things has got badly confused. The third eye, which represents intuition, has been obliterated.

Hertha speaks. She says: "Children, you have builded pyramids and the Brooklyn bridge; you have invented wonderful things. I see fields of grain miles long without a home. I see railways and telegraphs rushing all over the world, and countless other wonderful things; but without me ye could have done nothing, and in all this have you yet found satisfaction? Ye are even now upon the point of evolving powers so great that none save my children who have my secret can utilize or master them. Who else shall be able to guide or control the leviathans of the Lord? Children, ye cannot go much farther safely alone—and, lo! the mighty Mother is here. Ye may despise her, as one of old said that ye should, and the king may even plant the tabernacles of his palaces in the holy mountain, yet shall he come to his end and none shall help him. He has put help far from him in despising the mighty motherhood."

Men say, let us have the most force possible, let us appeal to

the God of forces (material force), and when we are victorious the people themselves will applaud us, and each one will aspire to become a great one and lord it over his fellows. And men of war ride by on their strong horses; nevertheless they are but phantoms and abide not. But spirit abideth ever: spirit, limitless, knowing neither fear, time nor space, is unassailable; that which dieth not must remain victorious, and master of the field.

The records of the past have been briefly touched upon, and now in this transitional period earth and woman are in a process of re-formation—not reformation,—here depressing conditions far below the Christ level, there raising some slope, level and green, where the birds may sing and the flowers bloom.

Hertha says: “There are many voices that are calling to me with a deep, penetrating sound. I am in the mountains, in the deep, silent places, where the shadows fall on the smooth sward in the moonlight, where the rocks raise themselves in mighty pinnacles, where my watchers can call from afar. I am by the silent springs where the frogs chant their monotonous refrain, and the owls companion me. Yet is my heart beating at every breath because of the many woes that distract my children; but chief of all the illusions and distractions is the illusive Eros which disturbs and confuses, and as with an iron rake ploughs deep into the heart of every being who has not overcome self. So long as self-desire blinds the eyes of my children, so long does the illusive Eros torment and confuse them. But once having overcome the animal self, having overcome desire, and having found repose in the true and divine self which unites all my scattered ones, love becomes divine, is transfigured, no longer a torment and a curse, but an angel of peace and of blessedness. Children! your desires for individual separated happiness are a cruel dream of deception. There are no barriers in my kingdom. Eternal law assigns to each his portion, nor will one have to defend his portion from others, as a dog hides a bone, for it will be wholly his, a part of himself. My daughters have been

hidden, they have been veiled; and in the distractions of the present distracted time they also would have and hold the man, even to the taking of his life. And even as the animals so do my children contend and fight.—But listen, beloved. I hear the voice of a commotion, even I who sit in the silence, I and my watchers abiding in the untrodden rocks and in the boundless sweep of sand-strewed plains. The time will come when the real divine self shall rule: it shall break through the clouds as the sun breaking forth in his splendor. Then shall Eros the true, the bright-winged, bless the world, no longer seeking his Psyche in darkness, as in the days of darkness and confusion, but pure as the beams of rising day, with healing on his wings; and children shall be born, not according to the laws of animal generation, but even as the sons of God are manifested, mind-born children of the divine Father-Mother.”

The unequilibrated forces are getting more and more confused as the dark age nears its close. It is said in the most ancient records that the primal race was androgyne, symbolical of the entire and perfect oneness that will unite the dual being. From this condition and its laws, which can be but very dimly understood by us, there was a fall of divine beings into animal generation. (Secret Doctrine.) Men thus became as Gods, knowing good and evil, and having to work out their own salvation on to higher levels. The law of the beast of prey is the ruling influence on earth to-day. Man is born, struggles on for a few years, and then departs. The confusions of the epoch are in the air, and more or less oppress everybody.

As woman rises into the comprehension of her own higher self she will understand how her soul drinks in the rays of its divine spouse, spirit; then all things become subject to her, and she will also become the best beloved, as she is remade and reborn in the divine likeness, and will in the coming cycles realize a bliss far exceeding that of present confused and disordered conditions. Woman, who represents the inmost, has to reveal the

mystery of that which belongs to her own order; and she finds its laws written on the heart, which lights the whole being with a never-dying flame, symbolized by the ever-burning lamps of the ancient temples.

CHAPTER XI.

FORESHADOWINGS OF THE FUTURE.

THE transitional period in which we live is dark and troubled with the breath of cyclone and hurricane. Mother Earth is disturbed because her children are crying for bread and the toilers are in agitation. Everywhere the relations between man and man are becoming more unsettled, from a general want of faith and confidence. Hertha is asking for justice, and from the cry of Mother Earth there is no appeal. Conditions of in-harmony in families are becoming more and more trying. Households are often places of purgatory, where suffering souls antagonize. The air is charged with unspent forces, "ancestral voices, prophesying war." The hereditary respect for law in the Anglo-Saxon race is fast diminishing, because man's justice is too often a thing of barter and sale. The church has traditional respectability and social influence—but where is its spiritual power? Only where some heaven-endowed men and women make a spot of radiance and a home of sympathy; then as round some camp-fire in the wilderness people come to warm themselves. We can only assimilate that around us which corresponds to that which is within us. Modern Christianity is trying to hide its fears under a show of culture, but it lacks the utter confidence and heroic life inspired by Christ's teachings in the olden time. It deems them eccentric, unsafe, and unpopular. It is neither cold nor hot. But it is only the daring, strong, earnest belief, a belief founded on knowledge, that conquers heaven; and heaven is not a place, but a condition. Now is approaching the conflict of the power of the divine order with the materialism of man; hence the commotion.

The year 1881 reads the same backwards as forwards; it contains two nines, and nine is the number of judgment and labor. Siddartha says it is the dividing line between the past and the future and since that time the diffusion of new ideas, especially of those relating to the new order, has been very rapid. The Angel of the dawn, the bright and morning star, watches over the fever tossings of a restless world, and though the world is always on the watch for those who work for the conditions of the Lamb, the Lamb, though slain, shall yet rule the world.

Two signs, little noted in this day and generation, rose above the horizon at the same time as the brilliant star of the new American republic—pale and beautiful harbingers of new spiritual day. The date of the year of the foundation of the republic, 1776, was also the date of the founding the mission of San Francisco, by Father Junipero Lerra. The wide expanse of land between the Atlantic and Pacific was as unknown as Africa is to-day. What has filled up this vast desert in so brief a space with the evidences of man's industry and comfort but this idea: that homes were free to all. The flower and strength of many lands and many races has made this desert blossom. Let us look back for awhile and see how on these farthest shores the white man's foot first safely trod. The first settlement was made at the mother mission of Loreto. Before this six expeditions had been sent from New Spain to subjugate California, but they had all failed, though the last one was headed by Cortez. On our California no curse of the bloodshed and massacre of native races rests as it does on the dark record of Mexico and Peru. The indomitable natives, headed by their priests and medicine men, successfully repelled the invaders.

Down the coast, not far from the present town of Loreto, a sunny bay forms itself into a half moon, five leagues from point to point. A little band of priests and soldiers are landing on the shore, the chief being Father Ugarte, an ex-professor of

mathematics from the city of Mexico. They built their little dwellings in a semi-circle and in the center erected a temporary chapel. This was the advance guard of the conquerors of California. When all was in order the image of our Lady of Loreto, as patroness of the conquest, was brought from the ship and placed in the chapel. Such was the first successful attempt at the conquest of California,—the image of a woman, the simple faith of a man, a man of works as well as a man of prayer and faith. May we not be proud of such a conquest and such a history? No battle drum sounded the alarm, no flag was lowered, no blood was spilt, but from a quiet ship on a serene day came a chief, with no sword but that of the spirit, and the image of a lovely woman engarlanded with flowers. What other nation has had such a conquest and such a history? And Hertha smiled, for these men and their compeers ate of the wheat and the fruits which their own hands planted in soil unbroke before within the memory of man. The kindly land gave its increase and to its sunny shores to-day are flocking wanderers from every clime. Nowhere is earth adorned with a fresher garland of beauty. Mighty cañons are split through huge rocks, revealing their hidden secrets—metalliferous rocks are permeated with precious metals, marble, sulphur and refreshing mineral springs. Nature has prepared the place for a laboratory of new ideas and a new social order. Its history matches with its strange and singular beauty, its magnificent opulence, its wonderful fertility; and still, while from the wide corridors of some of the missions that still survive we watch the progress of American improvement, the eye rests lovingly on trees planted by those who gave their all of life and labor to California and whose memory still lives in the breath of the orange blossoms—the melancholy and sweetness of the palm—the tree of the desert, the tree of the solitary, communing more with the heavens than with the earth and lifting up into the blue air, far above our heads, its flowers and its fruits. Now the state of California,

then a Spanish province, is one of the most regal gems in the coronet of states of the great republic,—and Hertha watches over the fate of her best-beloved.

The slow, tranquil years glided by in the sunny missions of the Pacific Coast, while Washington, Jefferson and their compeers were laying the foundation of the great American republic. The torch of liberty lighted here passed over to Europe and created wars and revolutions, thence the beginning of a series of convulsions that has not yet terminated, but is only gathering its forces for another outbreak.

Another important event occurring at the same time was homely in its external appearance, simple in its details, and yet very important in its relations to the great scheme of things. Amidst the almost unbroken wilderness near where now stands the city of Albany, and which is part of the thickly settled state of New York, a small party of English emigrants wended their way to make a home. Among these was a fair-skinned, fair-haired woman in the prime of life; and it was remarkable to see how her companions sought in her earnest eyes and earnest speech direction and sustainment. Two men with grave yet cheerful countenances, to whom the fair-haired woman often referred, seemed prominent among the group; and of all the sons and daughters whom England has sent forth over the habitable globe none ever came to their adopted land with a stronger or sweeter spirit or a more devoted purpose. This woman had shared the hard and laborious life of one of England's sons of toil, and it is doubtful if she knew how to read or write; but the spirit of the Lord came upon her as upon Amos of old, who was neither a prophet nor a prophet's son, but a herdsman and a gatherer of Sycamore fruit; and the fate of the prophets in all times befell her, for on giving her message she was cast into prison, and it was while in prison that she received a commandment to come to America and also rules for the ordering of the society she should found there. And this was Ann Lee, Mother

Ann Lee, whose peculiar work and mission, coeval with the republic, is now only beginning to be understood. The Divine Motherhood blessed the fruitful soil, and industry reigned and contentment, and within their borders there was neither want nor poverty, for Hertha was satisfied and the land gave its increase; and in the ordering of the society and in their quiet households there was peace: for there was equilibrium between the representatives of the mother ray and the father ray, rulers and ruleresses, in all departments, from the highest to the lowest,—the balance of order and justice ever held even. Thence proceeded commercial faith and prosperity. To-day there is a wonderful significance in the symbol of this church, held up before the eyes of the world, as the incoming tide of corruption rolls with a thicker and darker flow through our streets; and as the unbalanced conditions that lead to it are becoming more prominent, baffling all wordy talk, and demanding the testimony of life and being. They said that their church was never established as a popular show to the inhabitants of the earth, to compass sea and land to make proselytes, but her people were required to embody their strength in one united capacity to conquer and subdue their own evils and to gain a substance of the true oil and light of life eternal.

It was also said that fleshly lust, fed by indulgence and gratification, will never suffer souls to enjoy harmony and union farther than the bonds of natural private families are concerned, and even they come short;—also that the time had come when a separation between flesh and spirit must take place; and to-day the doctrine that declares the supremacy of spirit and asserts the freedom of the soul from the dominion of the material senses, is being widely taught and disseminated.

Seers often appeared in their peaceful, secluded communities. To one of these, April 24, 1862, it was said that fires, pestilence, earthquakes and famines should prevail and that wind and rain should destroy rich, loaded fields of vegetation. It was declared

that troubles still heavier than those of the rebellion await the rulers and people of this country. The seer said: "I was commanded to turn my eyes to the north, and I saw the inhabitants walking to and fro, friendless, destitute and forlorn, gnawing their tongues with anguish of soul, while their bodies were famishing with hunger. I looked to find the Israel of God and beheld, as it were, wings gathering them together and hovering over them. In many an unfurnished shed, in barns and cottages of the poorest peasant shall the power, mercy and justice of God be displayed and His word loudly echo."

One of the latest Shaker Pronunciamentos was formulated by Elder W. F. Evans, of Mt. Lebanon, in September, 1888. A portion of it reads as follows:

"The land belongs to no one except in usufruct, each human being born, male or female, brings a deed from God and nature to an inheritance in the earth; each child so born is entitled to education by the state in manual labor, self-supporting schools, until of legal age, when its portion of land shall be given to it, with means of founding a family, in which sexual commerce shall be under exclusive female control, and be confined to the fact of conception, a rule of life confirmed by the law of nature as shown in the animal creation."

The testimony of the tranquil life and order, the commercial faith and industry of the Shaker communities in America, is the fruit of the seed sown by Mother Ann Lee in the wilderness, more than a century ago, and these wider thoughts of more recent date, looking out of the guarded pale of community life and reaching out towards the world's present distracted conditions, are MOTHER thoughts, truly.

CHAPTER XII.

IT is evident that the cyclic forces are culminating, for each day brings some new and unexpected event. That which is unexpected is continually happening. Within the memory of

some now living India slept under British rule, and America was little more thought of by those haughty Islanders than as a revolted colony. Now all this has changed; the thought of the world is going eastward, and in going east it goes by the farthest west; we face eastward from California's shores.

For generations aspiring young Englishmen went out to India to make name and fame; but even the very best type of English officers, such as Thackeray's Col. Newcome, did not assimilate with the native mind: the wondrous lore of that subject land was a sealed book to them. All that has changed. Men like Edwin Arnold and others, loving India and Indian people, have been able to comprehend them; but only the woman could penetrate its most shrouded mysteries, because she belongs to the inmost. She only could penetrate within the veil, and become the herald to the world of the immemorial lore of past generations—generations far beyond our historical record. Alone, misunderstood, calumniated, has Helena Blavatsky borne through dangers and privations manifold and terrible this priceless lore to our western world, to a civilization so full-ripe that it is almost rotten and ready to drop from the life tree. And as we have seen women going forth as heralds of new life from the sepulchre, so now we see her to-day, fully conscious of the situation, preparing an ark that shall ride the incoming angry waves. To-day, also, we see a sign which, though no larger than a small cloud on the horizon, has yet its own strange significance. Two high-caste Indian women come to our western shores unheralded and alone. One of them, a descendant of a noble family, married to a Hindu gentleman, came to Philadelphia to study medicine, and obtained her diploma and also an appointment as physician in the Kolipoor hospital, in Bombay. She died soon after her return. It was not work that sapped that fair young life, but the conflict of spiritual elements to which she had been incessantly subjected from the time when she resolved upon her course of action. Without countenance from the so-called

Christian churches, because she would not submit to baptism, and reviled by her own people for even entertaining so strange an idea as to go abroad to study medicine, sustained by her husband, she made a public statement of her position, which drew to her assistance from high official quarters and enabled her to complete her undertaking. But the revelation of the woman herself to the world made her whole life a mission. "I rely on God," said she, "and do not seek to know who are his individual messengers to me. Take any religion you please, and you will find that its author was a holy man; go to his followers and you will find holy men the exception." So when the way was made plain to her, and she was about to embark to face that new western life, with all its trials and conflicts, she says: "I take my Almighty Father for my staff, who will examine the path before he leads me further." And again: "I am surprised to hear that I should not do this thing because it has not been done by others." She arrived in Philadelphia wearing her native garb, which she never abandoned; and if she had no sympathy with modern Christianity, neither had she with the crude agnosticism of the West. At one time, when a fellow student expressed utter scepticism as to the existence of a Supreme Being, Anandabai asked the girl to withdraw with her, and when they had reached a chamber she placed the girl in a chair, and kneeling down by her entreated God to take pity on her and send her light. In a private conversation with her husband, Gopal Vinayak Joshee, in San Francisco, he said: "I do not sympathize with modern Christianity, but I do not speak against Christ and his teachings. Theosophy is an intellectual statement; Buddhism is a living religion. No theories, however correct, can form a vital flame. It will not be long before not only in India but elsewhere the Buddhist faith will be revived again in all its splendor and power. But it will be presented to you—it will reveal itself to you—in a new form: you will no longer regard it as a portion of heathen history merely; it will shine out to you

as a portion of revelation which has heretofore been concealed from you. It reveals man's life as the essential requisite for the perfection of his spirit, not forms, ceremonials or creeds. It teaches how sorrow may be overcome by the knowledge of a great joy within the soul—the sorrow of birth and also the sorrow of death."

Ramabai, Anandabai's kinswoman, became professor of Sanscrit in an English college. She writes: "The Shasters contain all the principles of a religious life, but they offer us no example of it. In Jesus I have the Word made flesh. But I do not belong to the Church of England or any other church. I told them so when they baptised me. I believe in the Bible, but I will believe it in my own way."

The longing of the ages is for what the Christ manifested in Jesus showed the world, Eternal Life, which includes both spiritual and temporal well-being. We recover the original form in which we were created, we rediscover it. Every true soul sends a thrill of its own joy or sorrow round the world; spiritual pioneers are they, to be known and honored in the hereafter, though their lives may have been under a cloud and their days lighted by no external sun of prosperity, but only by the beams of that sun which makes glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High, which is within us. We sense the subdued moaning which foretells the coming storm. The elements sympathize with human joy or suffering. The earth groans because of the sorrow of her children. Her cry ascends unto the eternal spaces—how shall it be answered! Hertha speaks: "Do ye, my children, wish to learn of my central, controlling force, my secret of secrets, how the magnetic currents flow through my veins and give light, heat, greenness and joy, from the warm sweep of Auster to the northern cold? But as yet in my regions equilibrium hath not come, and my children are distracted, because the great life-producing forces are not regulated nor evenly balanced, nor can they ever be until the

soul of the dual man—which is the regal and ruling force—is divinely polarized; and unless my children are lifted unto a higher life, which is also a prophecy of mine own, they suffer. To-day all is pulsating, and I myself am breathing deeply as if in preparation for great events. I hang on the bosom of the Infinite, the Life-Sustainer, yet I tremble, but the hour of my redemption is at hand. I am the beloved one, the giver, the sustainer, she who folds up the vestments of her children, and again brings them forth, joyful, cheerful and radiant. The returning one is clothed again by me, yet ever the aching heart, the throbbing head, the weary mind, until ye see the goal to which all travel, even I—for I, too, shall put on new, fresh garments when the great cycle is accomplished and my children are free. But divine wisdom shall become polar to love and their energy shall right all wrong conditions, and force shall no longer oppress but bless.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE event towards which all creation moves is the establishment of order, culminating in placing on the finished fabric of the earth, with its rich materials all ready to hand, the artistic and poetic dream of human conditions and surroundings, such as really belongs to the race at the culminating cycle of its development. The Alhambra, the palaces of the Caliph's English country homes, represent one side of this development, yet by their restricted developments create the sense of separateness, which they are designed to do, and the soul unsatisfied therein, unsatisfied with so partial an expression and such narrow limitations, mourns, and on leaving the narrow confines of separateness, as Rasselas leaves his happy valley, says:

“Yet, pull not down my palace towers that are so lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there, when I have purged my guilt.”

We see beautiful lives of high aim and lofty significance mingling with ordinary humanity like threads of gold in a common woof.

As a general rule, each one seeks his own, and desires to use his fellows only as means for the attainment of his own ends, the law of the beast of prey too often prevails as it did in the closing centuries of the Roman world.

The New Jerusalem, with its gates of pearl and shining rivers, is evolved from inspired human faculties to meet human needs. The measure of the starry gated city is the measure of a man, and when the great basic spiritual laws are lived up to and understood, they will bring the riches of the earth not to a few with a belittling sense of separateness, but as the heritage of the race.

We are greatly influenced by the race life, and when the current sets in with us we experience great relief. The knowledge of the laws of health by the subordination of the physical and intellectual to the spiritual will affect all intellectual systems. We see its dawn in the Kindergarten system,—the affectional and spiritual nature will receive as much care and culture as the intellectual. The possibilities of every individual will be brought to light. Men will no longer be classed as hands merely. The dull, voiceless Memnon of undeveloped lives will begin to speak as those morning rays fall on it and light up the superb ranges of faculties hitherto lying dormant. The world is strewn with the abortive wrecks of philanthropic endeavor, undermined by the prevailing race currents. We have to learn to stand alone with our own souls that we may gauge their possibilities and dive into the luminous and profound depths of their essential mysteries. Human weaknesses love to lean on one another, but the pillars of the temple of God have to stand firm, each bearing up its portion of the roof alone, and each adding strength to the whole, instead of weakness. The good, which is continually creating, is evolving the kingdom of heaven upon earth in individuals, isolated, unknown, widely scattered, having but little record by sea or shore, but only in the divine heart whose pulse-beats they feel within themselves. The organization of this kingdom on the man plane is impossible, for as the king-

dom is within us and created from us, there will its laws be revealed, and they will reveal both the true brotherhood and the harmony of the sexes. Those who think to create a new world from the shadows of the senses and material things will find themselves greatly mistaken. How many fond, deluding bowers of bliss are built up in this manner, and ever they cry to the weary pilgrim, "Lo, here is Christ," but in these shadows and reflections there is no element of permanency. The true creation begins from the spiritual center of being. The doctrine of the at-one-ment of the soul with divine life and love reveals the laws of spiritual and physical health and well-being. It has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.

Mazzini says: "Humanity is wandering in the void, seeking the new bond destined to link together in religious harmony all the individual beliefs, presentiments and activities now lost in the isolation of doubt. It invokes and foresees the coming of a vaster unity, destined to combine in holy harmony the two terms, tradition and conscience—a unity which, starting from the foot of the cross, shall gather together the various religions in one sole people of believers. All the political problems that occupy the nations can only be set at rest by the solution of this problem."

This consoling vision of the future and working towards it in our appointed path as well as we are able, is all there is worth living for. In this way we grasp the reality of being and come out of the illusive world, which is so sad and so shadowy. The false Christs are always saying that the kingdom of heaven is WITHOUT, in the material, in the illusive, in the sensual; we KNOW that the kingdom of heaven is WITHIN—in the spiritual real, from which its manifestation evolves from day to day in pure thoughts and loving deeds, and that which we foresee and practice humbly in our own little life will later be developed into concerted, harmonious action.

The musician sits alone in his chamber and evolves his har-

monies, but later they are chanted and sung by many voices and many instruments, and each one of these men and women had to begin by practicing alone. False Christs endeavor to build up in the material and make a show before the world of sense, and so they deceive others and themselves. Instead of coming to the center they are at some point of the circumference, from which it is impossible to see clearly. How many have been deceived by these magnetic personalities, speaking great, swelling words,—dreamers who defile the flesh. Oftimes do they even delude, for awhile, the little children of the kingdom.

The woman, weary and forlorn, has to flee away into the wilderness to give birth to the man child, (the new order, ever born in the wilderness) while the war of principalities and powers is going on in heavenly places—the churches. The opposing power cast down to the earth would overwhelm the woman by a flood of anarchy, to carry her away and destroy her, but mother earth ever mindful of her best-beloved, saves the woman and averts destruction. The war of principalities and powers has been going on in heavenly places among those who are externally the spiritual guides of the people. The priesthood has been ever opposed to the prophets in whatever guise they may have come, whether as Elijahs, George Foxes or the mystics of a later day.

The good, which is continually creating, is evolving everywhere individuals who are seeking the way, the ancient and narrow path. Rest can only come by confidence; and because our confidence has been so often betrayed we have lost confidence in organization, that which man's power, device or purposed plan creates. Not in this way at this time are heaven's best secrets granted to the race; the true order is evolved from the kingdom of heaven, which is within us. The true elements of the New Order are contained within the constitution of man's own nature, and they are now slumbering or wrongly directed. Every need, every desire, every aspiration will find its appropriate place and sphere of action, and from the dual man, made in the image and

likeness of God, will the divine mystery of government be revealed, and the arrangement of all branches of industry and of social life perfected. It has hitherto been impossible to evolve this divine ideal by the theory of a simply masculine God. The unmanifested, the boundless, can only be known to us by His emanations; and these in the darker and cruder ages have been misinterpreted and misrepresented. The book of Zohar says: "The agitation and upheaving, which is life and motion, is the manifestation of God. Many worlds perished before they came into existence, because the Sacred Ancient or the Ancient of Days had not assumed his form of opposite sexes, and the Master was not at his work, but since then nothing can be annihilated."

In the future the beauty and order of the perfected woman, the wisdom and strength of the perfected man (beings of whom it is difficult for us in our present darkened conditions to form any adequate conception) will meet upon an equal and harmonious platform and influence all the relations of life. Woman is ever the mother, the sustainer. Hertha (the earth) educates man, from thence he draws his life, his lessons of labor, his strength to endure. The strength and wisdom of the man is fed and nourished by the mother, and returns again to bless her. Man receives his physical and spiritual nourishment from woman, who represents the the inmost. He is the ripened fruit, bearing seed, giving the finish to art, philosophy, government and religion. The father ray and the mother ray shine forth in the manifested Word, which will initiate the new government.

The fifth monarchy men of Cromwell's time did not take in the factor necessary to complete what they very crudely and very dimly sensed. It is not possible to perform the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left cut. The world is waiting for the woman, but she has not yet appeared. In all departments of life success will follow man's efforts under divine leadership, aided by woman's inspiring influence, proceeding quietly and

powerfully from her formative soul. Love consolidates worlds, families, individuals. This will destroy the soul of evil, which has its deepest root and its darkest shadow in the cruel disturbances now existing in the basic laws of sex. This basic law is also the basic law of the kingdom, the pivot on which the world turns from darkness to light, or from light to darkness. In phenomenal existence it is the animating spirit of plants, animals and man. See how the Spring clothes with beauty trees, plants and flowers for their nuptials, see how the mating birds burnish up their feathers and sing their love songs, and youths and maidens rejoice in the springtime of their being. And yet, how in this whole phenomenal universe there is sorrow, while in the infinite depths of being, its profound and passionless calm, there is peace and power. Yet the day of redemption will come, and Hertha will clasp to her bosom her sorrowing children.

“I in them and thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one,” said one of old. One, in the universal unity, knowing that all separation is impossible and knowing, too, that a law, wiser and stronger than any human plan apportions our fate and our destiny. Why, then, weep and mourn and strive in the selfishness of personal craving? Why mar the universal harmony with the wail of petty and selfish egotism? Where thy treasure is there is thy heart. If the happiness of thy beloved is secure, safe and fixed in the universal love, why let the wail of thy uneasy soul disturb his peace? Rather join his soul in the glory of the universal unity, knowing that that which is thine must come to thee—nay, is forever thine.

Among the tombs in P  re la Chaise, in Paris, we find one with the simple inscription, “Thou knowest.” Here rests the mortal form of Adah Isaacs Menken, a child of genius, passion and sorrow, well known many years ago as a melodramatic actress. Among the fragments she left behind we find the following:

“Decked in jewels and lace I sit beneath the gas-light’s glare and quaff the purple wine,

But the minor keyed soul is standing naked and hungry on one of heaven's high hills of light ;
 Starving for one poor word—waiting for God to launch out some beacon on the boundless shore of this night.
 Waiting, starving, shivering, * * * *
 Still, I trim my white bosom with roses, for none shall see the thorns ;
 My silver sandalled feet keep impatient time to the music, because I cannot be calm ;
 I laugh at earth's passion fever of love, yet I know that God is near to the soul on the hill,
 And hears the ceaseless ebb and flow of a hopeless love through all my laughter."

How fragmentary is the expression of a human soul in one short life ! How strange and sorrowful the double life in which the higher self seems defeated and weeps burning tears over its defeat !

CHAPTER XIV.

WE ARE ever seeking a glimpse of the infinite harmony in phenomena and ever being disappointed. The sun of our earthly hopes, comfort and satisfaction goes down, and we seem left in darkness until to our unsealed vision appear the eternal stars of immortal truth. When positive light comes, negative error disappears and with this light will come first wisdom and love, then power, then system or order, and the world will be at peace because Christ will have risen again. The lacerations and sufferings of the race on its cross of agony will be a thing of the past.

The knowledge of the true principles of a righteous government have hardly reached man's comprehension in all its beauty and harmony. Had it been understood it would have manifested itself. It is man's most perfect and latest attainment, and its problem is not solved at present.

Look at the habitations of the bees, how perfect they are,—how orderly are their habits and government,—how perfect are the delicate octagons of their cells. It is instinctive automatic action and never varies. The bees of to-day build as did the bees of Hybla, but man's intelligence is amplified by an individual sense of power and growth. Man's horizon, while he is

bound in the chains of the elements, is limited by time and space; only as he recognizes that he as spirit is limitless and without bounds, does he know his own possibilities and his own power of control over matter, for all combinations of particled matter are decomposable. Spirit is the only real substance within the regions of unbounded existence, and therefore free and victorious when not influenced by the power of illusion. We are creators by virtue of thought. Every day the sculptor, the painter, the workman forms plastic matter according to his thought, and his love or desire rules his thought, for love is life—love consolidates the worlds which thought creates. Intellect alone cannot grasp the problem of creation, either in greater or in lesser forms; how the picture grows, how the statue grows, how the temple grows; “for out of thought’s interior sphere, these wonders rise in upper air.” When intellect is divinely cultivated it bows before love and wisdom and receives them as the cultivated field receives the rain. Love is continually creating,—God is Love. He manifests in us; in responding to His being, we become part of the Eternal Harmony and find perfect satisfaction. We know Him in knowing ourselves.

People sometimes turn from living in the senses to living in the spirit by what is called conversion, and they are blessed, even if they do not grasp the scientific truth in all its largeness. All that hold this inmost truth are the germ of the New Dispensation, in virtue of the laws of their being, and from the being proceeds the doing. I Am hath sent them. They come forth from Him and return to Him. They are a humble people known as violets are known, by their hidden fragrance. By loving God we understand ourselves and others; by loving our neighbors we understand and recognize God. It is a natural outgrowth without conflict and without schism. In this winter of our discontent we see only a few rare and scattered flowers, but some time meadow and hill-side shall be a carpet of blossoms, of which

these are only the first fruits. Eternal law, being accepted as the law of being, leads to the orderly development of all the human faculties, and the orderly development of all the human faculties leads to the perfected expression of social, political and religious human life. And then the representatives of the father ray and the mother ray become the pillars Jachin and Boaz, and support the divine structure of the New Dispensation; then will the world be blest with a true and righteous government, for until equilibrium is attained the scales can never be truly balanced. This is the restoration which is the theme of prophetic song, a time of peace, when no galley with oars or gallant warship shall pass up the place of broad rivers and streams, where the children of the kingdom dwell under the full manifestation of its glories; but the wayfarer will not miss his way, and there will be no more wanderers. Under its administration men and women will become new beings, manifesting the beauty and power of their exalted natures, and honoring those who in heavenly places have dispelled the power of the age of darkness. For the development of our hitherto uncomprehended faculties will place us in happy contact with superior natures and superior wisdom. The faculties and aspirations rightly directed are the only base on which a permanent and righteous government can be predicated. These faculties will be carefully educated by potent teachers endowed with power, love and wisdom. Under their teachings the wild, erratic ideas of power and self-assertion prevailing everywhere at present will be reduced to a system of order, reërranging and completely subverting their present mode of action.

CHAPTER XV.

THE German poet Goethe is the poet and prophet of the longings and desires of the transitional period. Faust has mastered all the sciences; he has arrived at the understanding of the natural forces and their application, and being hungry for

the spiritual, has given himself over to magic in a fever of discontent and unrest which is an inlet to the dark influences. This is a distinctive and perilous characteristic of our own day. Boundless Ophirs have been opened up, Californias, Australias; they travel to and fro; knowledge is increasing; but peace flies as far from the silk and purple of the rich as from the rags of the poor. The age is weary, so weary that suicide and insanity are constantly increasing; and in the poem Faust is about to drink the poison that is to end his existence.* All at once he hears the sound of the Easter bells that recall his childhood's old beliefs. He stays his purpose; but the effect is only transitory. Then the tempter comes and whispers to him of the joys of sense. He speaks of Margaret, and plans their meetings. Faust wins her, drinks with her the charmed cup and leaves her the poisonous dregs. Here is the whole of the transitional period in a nutshell. It has abandoned the old landmarks. The heart hungers for love, and the woman who loves becomes the prey of man's selfishness; woman in her turn ensnares and ruins; and the law of the beast of prey invades the sanctity of the most intimate earthly relations—they cease to be human.

Alas for mortality when the strongest of the powers has us in its grasp, the force which must either be subjected to the divine and made the savor of life unto life, or being seized upon by the powers of evil is made the savor of death unto death! The charm of the snake can only be broken by a divine counter-charm, and this must be done before woman can rise to her divinest position, and man and woman enter a paradisaical condition. In the furnace of this transitional period we can only walk unharmed when the Son of Man is by our side. The fire of divine love guards the access to the tree of life watched over by the Cherubim. An ancient Indian book says woman is an incarnate force, because man can subdue the elephant and the tiger and the natural world, but is himself subdued by woman. He comes into a more balanced condition, or a more unbalanced

one, as the case may be. The revelation of the feminine, of the woman, of the inmost, the unseen, is what is agitating the world to-day. The sign of the woman in the heavens has ever been the outcome or precursor of great events. She is now about to receive a new law while she passes through the transitional desert to the promised land.

Unprecedented prosperity and luxury in the American republic is bearing the same fruits as it bore in ancient Rome, the tendency to segregate a class of serfs from among citizens. Like the ancient Romans, we are raising marble and bronze statues to the founders of the republic. We are imagining that the constitution they framed is capable of endurance forever, but little vitality is left in the letter when the spirit has taken its flight. We are at ease in our possessions while the poor and misguided are lacking help and direction.

The external in nature corresponds to the masculine; the feminine corresponds with the interior. Man is the complement of that which proceeds from the interior. Man is born of woman, as the grain is born of the earth. If the mother side of the Elohim is not recognized by us to-day it is not because it is not revealed in every pulse-beat and symbol, but from our incapacity to apprehend it. Man is the ultimate fruit, containing the perfection of nature; woman is the cause of all perfection in man, underlying by silent, potent forces all manifestations of his beauty and deformity, his perfection and imperfection.

Raise thy head, Oh suffering humanity, for the time will come when the great laws of being will be understood and acted on in the kingdom of peace. Then will man be wholly human and not partly animal, as he is now. Then will terror be driven away and balm be poured into thy wounds; then will end thy pain, beauty will be given for ashes, and life immortal for death—even as Christ overcame so shall we.

For more than a thousand years Mother Mary has been held up before the eyes of the people. The sorrowing human soul

has for centuries sought refuge in her bosom. This idea has to be taken from the traditions of the past and revealed in the living present. The purely masculine traditions of the past cannot help woman—God alone can help her—and man can do nothing for his elevation or degradation without her. She degrades him to the chambers of death or raises him to light and life. She represents the inmost. It is her prerogative to eliminate the spirit of men's actions, as it is to eliminate their material bodies. He is neither a statesman nor an enlightened man who cannot be touched by woman's call for liberty, truth, justice and temperance. Many suppose that this call arises from a desire for personal advancement and to obtain liberty and security from oppression. It is true that this is one object of the agitation, but it will be accomplished in a different manner and through different means to what is expected. The ideal, which is the real woman, does not belong to Cæsar, but to God. Separate in interests and in aims, which is the case in all governments that are founded on force, all order save the despotic order that comes through force or fraud, and proclaims that peace reigns in Warsaw, is impossible, and all governments founded on force must sooner or later fall into chaotic conditions. Force is the supremely masculine element and will go to its utmost limits, almost to the destruction of the human race, if it were possible, ere man will invoke the mighty motherhood. Yet everywhere speaking in his own soul is the voice of the mother, if he will but listen to it.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHENCE have the best ideas of government had their rise? From the highest inspirations of man in some critical moment. Such was the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, but as time rolls on, with the progress of development fresh necessities arise and fresh inspiration is given. The water of a river gets turbid and muddy near

a large city where many people are congregated, and so we have to leave the haunts of men for the home of the beaver, and then up higher, leaving the hemlocks, to where the pines point straight to heaven,—the stream is muddy no longer, it is a leaping rill, fed from the dew and clouds of heaven.

When the simoom of war approaches, men flee to the mountains to seek safety till the wild terror passes by. In times of extreme necessity, when the birth or death of a civilization is in question, men are driven to the high places of elevated thought to drink in safety and inspiration from a clearer fountain. How can anyone tell how near such a time may be at hand? How are we prepared for it?

Great leaders, germinal centers of thought, appear as conspicuous flowers and fruit on the great life tree of the world, and their influence remains ages after their disappearance from the scene of action. Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, appeared, grew and became centers to myriads of minds, shining like steady, fixed stars, while the tides of humanity have gone on, ebbing and flowing through the sea of phenomenal existence. Nearly two thousand years ago the world tree flowered and bore a beauteous fruit. Its perfume has sweetened the air, its aroma has been a divine benediction, not only in individual lives which it has made brighter and better, but its subtle sweetness has given rise to new ideas and new forms of government.

Christ gave up self to God, and then gave God to the world, the hungry world which was starving for the bread of life; and the heart of humanity has gone after him ever since, in spite of the misrepresentations of his doctrine. The Christos consolatur, the consoling Christ! To-day there is a throbbing hope of some new light, some new hope breaking from the spheres beyond. In the burning plains of India the Hindu is waiting for Vishnu.

“Nine times hath Brahma’s wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o’er a prostrate world,
Nine times hath guilt through all her giant frame
Convulsive trembled as the mighty came, .

But heaven shall burst her starry gates again;
 He comes, dread Brahma, shakes the sunless sky
 With lightning speed and thunders from on high,
 Heaven's fiery horse beneath his warrior form
 Paws the light clouds, and flickers in the storm."

The Zuñi Indian on the plains of Mexico every morning turns his face to the east and calls for the return of his lost Montezuma. We are waiting for the life tree of the world to put forth another century blossom, to bear another wondrous fruit which shall be to other ages what Christ has been to us—a reëpearance of the glory of God in human form.

But have we not got also to draw nigh unto the infinite and ineffable tenderness of the divine Mother? Saith the Kabbala: "When the male is joined with the female they both constitute one complete body, and all the universe is in a state of happiness because all things receive blessing from their perfect body, and this is an Arcanum." It is impossible to treat the great question of sex from the material standpoint. Much has been written on this subject that, like exploded scientific theories, will be of no value to future generations.

In the marvellous pages of the "Secret Doctrine," Madame Blavatsky's latest work, will be found statements with regard to the history of our race millions of years back in the misty past. It is stated that 18,000,000 of years ago the race was androgynous, but that afterwards it was separated into opposite sexes. Since that time has swept across our planet the majestic and wonderful panorama of civilizations far exceeding our own, both in power, splendor and mastery over the forces of nature. In how many places do we see the landmarks of the past, which forgotten ages have have left behind, whose secret the science of the present day is struggling to decipher! In page 216, volume II, of the "Secret Doctrine" it says:

"The circle was separated from its diameter line, from the possession of the dual principle in one, the separation of the dual principle was made, presenting two opposites, whose des-

tiny it was to seek re-union with the original one principle." Page 415, volume II: "The Promethean myth is a prophecy indeed, but it does not relate to any of the cyclic Saviours who have appeared periodically in various countries and among various nations in their transitory condition of evolution. It points to the last of the mysteries of cyclic transformations, the series of which mankind, having passed through from the etheric to the solid physical state—from spiritual to psychological procreation—is now carried onward to the opposite arc of the cycle, toward that second phase of its primitive state when woman knew no man and human progeny was created, not begotten. That state will return to it and the world at large when the truths that underlie the vast problem of sex are discovered and appreciated, that light will lead on and up to the true spiritual intuition. Then the world will have a race of Buddhas and Christs, for the world will have discovered that individuals have it in their power to procreate Buddha-like children or demons. When that knowledge comes, all dogmatic religions, and with these the demons, will die out. Man will re-become the free Titan of old, but not before cyclic evolution has reestablished the broken harmony between the two natures, the terrestrial and the divine, after which man becomes impermeable to the lower titanic forces, invulnerable in his personality and immortal in his individuality, which cannot happen before every animal element is eliminated from his nature." (Secret Doctrine.)

The Kabbala says that the world was formed from the union of the crowned king and queen emanations from En-Soph, the Boundless One. It is also stated that souls are preëxistent and exist in what is called the world of emanations before being clothed in flesh. Our Lord in one place speaks of the glory which he had with the Father before the worlds were made. It is also stated that in this world of emanations souls are androgynous, that is, male and female in one, implying the closeness of the union. They are almost always separated in mortality, and

going through the trials and experiences attendant upon mortal life are sometimes unmated, sometimes wrongly mated. Some time the fitting elements may be restored to each other. The ancient tradition only records a prophecy of the heart, which must somewhere have its fulfilment.

The Kabbala also says that Adam and Eve (or the primitive races) were wrapped in that etherial substance which is not subject to want nor to sensual desires. They were the presence of God upon the earth. It is very important in these last days to consider the manifestation of the feminine in Deity and in Humanity; for as a man's god, so is he, and as a woman's god, so is she. The feminine is being more and more revealed. Isis is raising her veil, and the mystery of womanhood in the internal, and the freer manifestation of itself on the external, is one of the most marked signs of the times. Woman is feeling her way through a labyrinth in which she can only be guided by a divine thread.

What is our outlook to-day? Is it not the old story of the flesh lusting against the spirit? Is not the earth filled with violence, as it was in Noah's time, and from the same causes, unmitigated selfishness, riotous living, discordant unions? Is there any issue for us but in dire defeat and catastrophe, with the survival of the fittest—and may it not be time that we thought about building some ark that will ride the incoming angry waves? When earth was younger and stronger, she nourished a giant brood. The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all whom they chose. From these unions Titans sprung, mighty men, men, men of renown, warriors, wonderful inventors. The intellectual and the physical ruled the world.

In all these ages, as they sank deeper and deeper into materiality, woman walked the earth with a silent foot and with down-cast eyes, rarely illuminated by a prophetic gleam of far-off hope—burden-bearers, carriers of water, palace lilies, drudges of

the drudge, slaves of the peasant, and last of all the women of to-day, refusing to be mothers, in a dying-out era in which little faith is left on the earth. Sometimes we find woman a drudge, sometimes an article of sale and barter, sometimes a prophetess, then the syren of an orgie; an oasis is rarely seen where a descent of brighter influences seems to fleck the cloud with splendor. The maids and matrons of Rome's earlier day, when life was noble and simple, the beauty and culture of Greece, the grand spirituality of the Hebrew race,—always where light begins to break, woman stands side by side with man, as she did in Eden.

The Hebrew prophecies are full of grand and cheering visions of the New Dispensation: sad and mournful burdens of sorrow for failure, alternate with joyful anthems and triumphant pæans of final victory.

In the latter part of the prophecy of Ezekiel, he records his vision of a magnificent house, which appears to have been connected with a temple and yet separated from it. The house was spacious, conveniently constructed, of noble proportions, with halls, courts and galleries. The triumphal palm was the ornament and distinguishing feature of the decoration of its glorious chambers and stately porticoes, the palm everywhere, on windows, arch and gate, and even on the posts of the doors. It was orderly and beautiful. On the south were the dwellings of the priests having charge of the house, and on the north were the dwellings of the priests having charge of the altar. But in all this the seer saw no sign of human habitation, for it was the vision of things yet to be. After he had seen the house, he was shown the temple, with its stairs ever winding upward in spiral progression, emblematic of the connection of earth with the interior heavens. There was this difference between the temple and the house destined for human habitation though not yet inhabited, that the palm trees here alternated with the images of the cherubim, showing that this temple and inmost

sanctuary was inhabited by angelic beings while the house was not yet inhabited. The face of a man was toward the palm tree on the one side and the face of a young lion toward the palm tree on the other side. The inner temple had folding doors, destined to be thrown open to the widest possible extent. It had also galleries and fair prospects north, south, east and west; but, except the angel who measured and surveyed the temple, no human form was seen. Then the seer was brought to the gate of the temple that looked eastward, and the appearance of the vision that he had seen by the river Chebar passed before him: the many-eyed cherubim, the wheels instinct with life and fiery flame, emblematic of the eternal deific forces of life and motion, and the glory of the Lord filled the temple, and the earth shined with his glory, and it was said, "This is the law of the house upon the top of the mountain; the whole limit round about shall be most holy."

The seer was told that the eastern gate of the inner sanctuary should be opened on the Sabbath and the day of the new moon, but the gate of the outward sanctuary was to be kept closed. To those who were able to comprehend the inner truths the door was opened. Afterwards he was brought again to this eastern gate and he saw waters issue from under the threshold eastward, and those waters increased rapidly in volume, from a stream that would only wet the ankle to one above the knees, and then it became a mighty river that could not be passed over.

The angel then brought him to the brink of this mighty river and Ezekiel saw, as John did long after, trees on either side the river, very many trees on one side and on the other trees whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall their fruit perish, and it was said that the reason why these trees were fadeless was because they were fed by the water of life which issued out of the sanctuary where the heavenly splendors had shone. The Shekinah had filled the temple with life and opened the source of the waters of life to gladden the earth. Such was the vision of the

times of the restoration of all things spoken of by the prophets. Nearly the whole of the planet, with the exception of the polar regions, is now unveiled. The hitherto almost unknown half of the social sphere, divine womanhood, which is the inmost of divine manhood, is becoming unveiled. In the only comparatively recently unveiled western continent of America many ideas relating to this question have been prominently brought forward. Claims for rights are being urgently made; but this question is one of unfoldment and development.

Intuition is not self assertive—it knows, declares and interprets. The divine Fatherhood and Motherhood must be revealed in its primitive splendid spiritual creation in the image and likeness of God. Then the Brotherhood will be manifested before the world, freed from much of the disturbing element that exists at present. When that is accomplished woman will cease to be revolutionary, but the unrest of inharmonious elements will more or less disturb families and nations until that is accomplished.

From the mother's womb, from her bosom, are the elements of the future world created, and when motherhood becomes divine, instead of less than human, the angels will rejoice. Then the full-orbed sphere of humanity, equally balanced in both its hemispheres of opposite sexes, will sail harmoniously through the heavenly blue. The earth will sing with the morning stars and all the sons and daughters of God will chant the new bridal song. The fierce world struggles will at last be ended, and the great life tree will blossom from the very central stem, filling the earth with the fragrance of the heavens; and this last great flower will be called—HARMONY.

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