

THE STAR OF ENDOR

BY
EBEN COBB

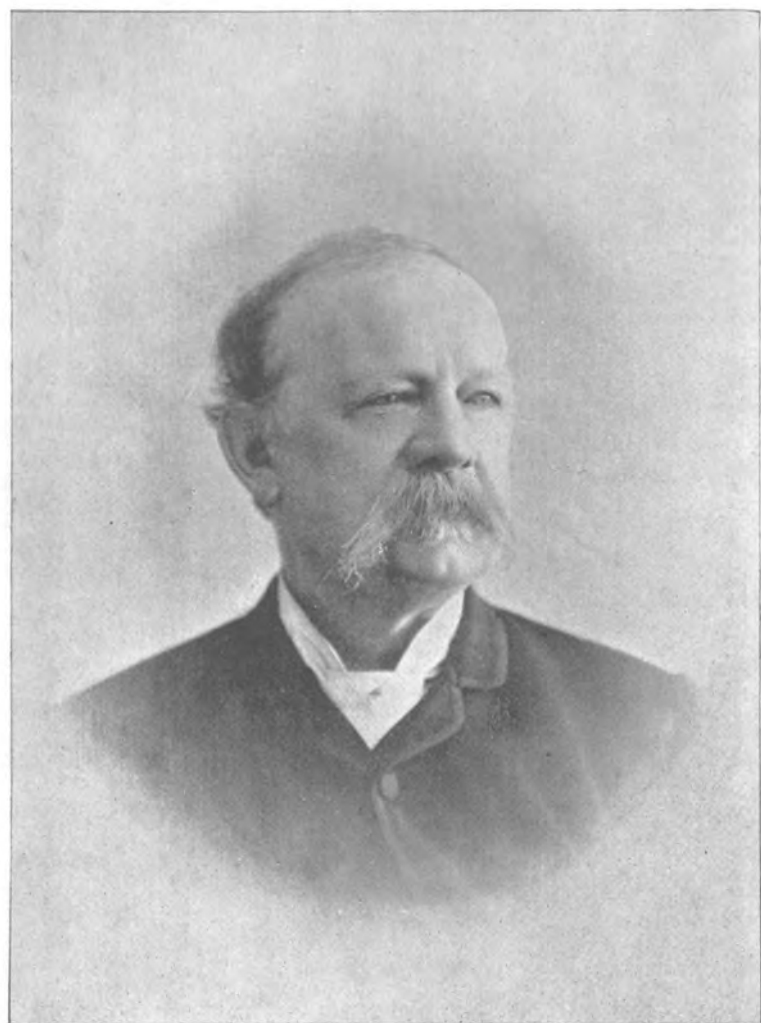
*"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

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Yours truly,
Eben Cobb.

INTRODUCTION.

A REMINISCENCE OF YEARS AGONE.

NEARLY half a century ago — midsummer — and the afternoon's closing hours.

I sat enshadowed by the "old fort," on the seaward side of Noddle's Island. The tide was well on the ebb, and a broad stretch of beach and flats made out to the margin of the yet retreating waters.

I was in that happy, ecstatic mood, so apt to be the humor of the youth, who, while yet a boy, revels in the glorious dream that the full measure of manhood's experience makes up the volume of his mind.

The hush that seemed to rest on bay and land alike was broken by the sound of footsteps, which bespoke the approach of some party from towards the ferry-landing; and I raised myself from my reclining position upon the grass, in order to make observation of the intruder.

It was a man; and my keen, infallible judgment at once pronounced that there was something strikingly wrong about the approaching *genus homo*. He was throwing his right arm about in a strange, lunatic

manner, and, as he came nearer, I distinctly heard him ejaculating sentences of incoherent muttering, at times seeming to address the clouds, and anon his witless, vacant talk appeared directed to the inanimate stones that o'erspread the beach about him. He seated himself upon a small boulder, directly beneath my position upon the bluff's brow above.

I now had a chance to scrutinize the new-comer more closely. He was not of the ordinary order of lunatics; that I quickly and firmly decided. Some misfortune had turned from a current of sane flowing a mind that might, under healthful environments, have worked in unison with sanity and high intelligence. I was not a radically bad boy, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied the bereft individual down beneath me, still babbling his random discourse upon the vacant air.

He removed his shoes and stockings, rolled up his loose pants above the knees, and, rising from his seat, he slowly waded far out into the soft ooze, until the stranded eel-grass hedged in his further progress. Now my pity gave way to fear and apprehension. "He is going to drown himself!" is the thought that came instinctively to my mind. I knew that demented people often seek to take their own lives, and I heroically determined that I would risk an encounter with the object of my solicitude, if necessary, rather than refrain from striving to debar him from the rash act of suicide. I relied greatly on my ability to run, in case he should, in a frenzy, turn upon me.

"*Say! Mister!*" I cried, as I hastily scrambled down the precipitous bluff, "there ain't no clams out there!"

How much that brief exclamation of mine divulged of the deep penetration of my mentality, and its masterly power of grasping the necessities of the occasion! I would not have the poor fellow think that I *knew* he was crack-brained. I pretended that I thought he was after clams. Heavens! how he started when he heard my voice! I had saved him. I *knew* it. How thankful I felt! and is it to be wondered at, that a thrill of gigantic pride suffused my whole being, conscious as I was at the moment, that my forethought, caution, and wise procedure had snatched a fellow-mortal from a watery grave?

Although I had brought him partially to his senses, like many a madman, there was a tricky shrewdness in his malady that strove to take on the garb of sanity. He yielded up the idea of self-destruction; but to have it appear that his excursion out into the slimy ooze had not been a bootless one, he commenced to poke about, and gather up all manner of little unmeaning dribbles from the devil's-tails, and other tide *débris*, that strewed the outer flats; and one by one he placed these dripping telltale nothings of his crafty subterfuge into the side pockets of his coat.

How vain it is, thought I, for a brain bereft of reason to try deception upon a mental power all awake to the inwardness of things, as is my own!

He returned to the boulder, and adjusted his stockings and shoes.

"I have been watching them. I wouldn't let anybody steal them while you were out in the eel-grass. Now, if you know the way, I would go right home and be good." I said this for two reasons. I did not wish him to think I lingered near to get a close study of his craze-marked features, and I also wanted to allay any tendency on his part to turn his distemper upon my person in any violent mode of manifestation. The last injunctory clause sprang spontaneously from my considerate heart.

The peculiar transformation that passed over his face I could not exactly understand. There was something in it of wonderment and an embryonic smile merged together, giving his features such an expression as I decided might naturally be the outcome of a mind in such a disordered state as was his.

He took from his pocket a silver twelve-and-a-half-cent piece, handed it to me and quietly departed. Never had a sane man bestowed upon me in so prodigal a manner, for so slight an obligation. "Alas!" I reflected, as I watched that receding form, "that I must attribute this seeming generosity to a mental inability to comprehend the act."

A few hours later, beneath my home-roof, I stood in the presence of my venerable sire.¹ I related to him the full particulars of my afternoon's experience upon

¹ The late Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D.D.

the beach. Conscious as I was of the mighty importance of my own sagacity and discretion, in connection with the occurrence, I necessarily dwelt at length upon those more pronounced details, wherein I had displayed that amazing amplitude of mind which must draw, even from a parent, the most enthusiastic outpouring of laudatory encomiums.

I closed the narration.

There was no mistaking the conglomeration of psychic manifestations that were playing upon my father's face. It was a congregation of all those quaint forces of mentality, which, when marshalled and placed in apt position, do their effective action with the explosion of a mere breath.

Slowly, but meaningly, his head was oscillating forward and back; and his eyes peered into mine with a queerish gaze, that turned the proud current of my veins into curdled abashment.

He spoke :

" My son, if, in after years, by hard and persistent study, labor, and experiment, you can so perfect yourself as to, in a measure, approach the insanity of the man you spoke with upon the beach this afternoon, how more than proud I shall be of you ! I met him as I left the ferry-boat, on my way home. He was waiting to cross over to Boston. He informed me that he had been seeking specimens for scientific study, and had met with fine success in his search. So *you* are the one who told him to go home and be good. Ha, ha !

he related the incident to me. It pleased him much. My boy, that man is LOUIS AGASSIZ!"

There was a profound hush in the chamber of my soul — and then shame stamped a thundering blow upon my memory that I can never forget.

Years, many years, have passed; I have loved, as well as respected him; I have been his pupil, and gladly have I called him master; I have heard the bells toll, and the word whispered, He is no more of earth. Panegyrics to his name, laden with commendation's most lofty pulse, have fallen upon my ears. I have looked where art, with studied grace, has striven to album in the stone a vestige of his greatness; but nowhere in all the wide arena of eloquence's domain, nor art's most ardent toil, does that great soul stand before my mental vision so like a god, as, on that long-ago afternoon, pouring out his unstudied inspiration before the very shrine at which he most worshipped, he stood hand in hand with the Infinite, — AGASSIZ IN THE MUD!

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THE STAR OF ENDOR.

CHAPTER I.

INITIATION AT THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

EVERY addition to one's store of knowledge gleaned along the pathway of unfolding life, should most assuredly add, in the end, to one's store of happiness. In its most simple form of presentment it might be stated, as a correct axiom, that the chief aim of conscious, reasoning life is JOY. And it may as truly be said, that as there are no two leaves of the forest identically alike in mould, so are there no two individuals of the human type whose intent of joy's fruition fits cleanly the same mould.

There is one line of endeavor, however, germane to humanity at large, — an earnest desire for the propulsion of present joys into the ever prospective future.

In proportion as experienced happiness is healthful, and in the line of what a universal conscientiousness would pronounce correct to virtue, does the universal whole strive for its continuance.

Some "sweets to the soul" come within that class of fruitage which the human may, by use and direction of powers inherent in the human organism, bring to direct bearing and ripeness while yet in the life mundane. There are other longed-for soul-delectables which may, or *may not*, be bestowed, for their bestowal or withhold-

ing cannot be wrought upon by any physical force-gift pertaining to the ardent wisher. Prominent, and perhaps the *most* prominent, among these last mentioned, is the coveted joy which man and woman have in all ages yearned for, — *an assurance of a continuation of conscious individual life after the change of earth called death*. This assurance given; the thing desired once a part of the mind's store of *absolute* knowledge, — the transient measure of life claimed by earth is hallowed by a light that else it could not have.

I cannot say that I ever suffered any anxiety of mind regarding the subject of existence beyond the grave so far as that state concerns the final attitude of the individual under control of Omniscient Power; but, *Is it a fact?* has ever been a question forcing itself upon me from boyhood's early days. I have searched and delved in every direction where the finger of human assurance has pointed out a way through the traditional records of the past; only to find, in every instance, that I must divorce myself from Reason, and rely entirely upon a misty abstraction of absolute nothingness, designated by as many terms of recognition as there were phases of creed to follow.

Yet was I in the mists of uncertainty when I caught a gleam of light which bore in a ray of positive assurance directly to my own individual being. Strange phenomena occurred in my presence, and my senses were made to take actual cognizance of a series of effects, the causes of which lay beyond any realm of earth-study I had yet travelled.

Associated with these phenomena was a manifestation of intelligence; and that Intelligence asserted its existence in another state other than of earth-life, but most pronouncedly affirmed it to be a continuation of the

latter. All this was wonderful and highly gratifying so far as it went; but yet, was there not some abnormal deformity in one part of my neurotic make-up that was playing pranks upon the more regular part of my being?

In order to set my mind at rest upon this, to me, most absorbing matter, I decided to seek those abroad who were attended by familiar spirits. Where I had even hinted at the marvellous things that occurred in my direct environments, that all-wise look that pretentious ignorance ever dons, when it would trample down the effrontery that seeks to break the shell of its crystallized conceit, would silence me. Not that anything of the august daunted, but pedantic swagger barred the door of my approach.

An incident occurred which accelerated my movements in the premeditated line of research. I had one friend whom I thought I could prevail upon to accompany me. I cautiously opened the subject to him.

"No, no!" was his reply, "it's all a stupendous rage of idiotic, babbling insanity. It's like trying to find the Kingdom of God *by digging in the mud.*" Was it the play of imagination which flashed before me, at that moment, the much-prized scene of long ago? and was it yet a further effect of that, as yet, undefined psychic function of the ego, that seized upon me with a grasp as tangible as the grip of life, while that never-forgotten voice, I heard so long ago upon the beach, spoke to my occult sense: "On, brother, and fear not. The truth shall make you free!"

I started upon my self-imposed mission. Two valuable suggestions I bore in remembrance, impressed upon my mind by my much-esteemed favorite Professor Edward L. Youmans. In treating on the pulsations of violet light he says, "If these results seem incredible, we

should remember that we are dealing with the resources of the INFINITE."¹ Again the same scientist, under heading of "Pure Air Diathermic," says, "By a modification of the apparatus far more delicate, and after *thousands* of experiments, Professor Tyndall found that dry air did exert a slight influence, deflecting the needle about one degree."

It was a struggle between the convictions regarding my own proficiency, and those stings of reminding weakness that I received in so pestering a manner from the oracles in whose presence I sat, — to have what claimed to be an Indian girl from the Happy Hunting Ground beyond, assume to stand between myself and a dictating intelligence above her, and in broken, at times almost unintelligible, utterance dash aside some deliverance of my own, wherein I had embodied all the majesty of erudition's yield, and spread out before the hosts translated explosion after explosion from that imposing arsenal of unimpeachable fixedness guaranteed to me by the lofty schools of earth. Splinter after splinter was clipped away from the stilts of my vanity, until I found myself so positioned, that: either must I relegate much that I had formerly held as truth, to the Cimmerian shades of ignorance, or follow the course I had known many an investigator to adopt, — give up the quest, rather than relinquish hold upon the own's darling self-opinions. I felt that the object of fact I was seeking to discover was of as great importance as was the information gained by my revered teacher, Professor Tyndall; and I sat before my source of information as patiently awaiting results, as did the one whose example I was so faithfully following. I had still better success than the eminent scientist. The index needle of my

¹ Class-Book of Chemistry, p. 138.

recorder was deflected entirely away from things mundane, and pointed to real, substantial geological strata not marked down in the class-books of Science's noble school.

I know there must have been a thrill of unusual joy start in the breast of Columbus, as his eye caught sight of the watched-for land. William Herschel must have felt a pulse of ecstatic pleasure when he "broke through the enclosure of the heavens," and for the first time, as it were, trod those vasty lands. But no more bliss could come to a human soul in one instalment than came to mine at that sublime moment when all doubt and uncertainty were swept away, and I was able to say, *I KNOW life goes beyond the grave!* Both Columbus and Herschel were pious men, and they both offered up thanks for the gift of joy that was theirs.

I felt strongly inclined to do the same thing. My rapture knew no bounds, it was ecstasy; and give thanks in some direction I must. That *I* was so fortunate as to be one of the human molecules that were brought into existence to ever make up a part of eternal¹ activity, was a thought that gave rise to a sense of awe such as I had never felt before.

One reflection gave me pause. I always had a perfect detestation of a blind, unreasoning enthusiast, and now in this rich moment of gratitude, I must be sure and strike the right channel of obligation.

The question first came to me: To *whom* or to *what* do I owe it that I am an individualized thing of life and consciousness? I may have been influenced somewhat by Ernst Haeckel, and had in my mind at that moment some vestige of his theory regarding the "*Plastidule*

¹ The word "Eternal" is used in this book in all cases in a relative sense, as *absolute* Eternity is something only to be grasped by the Infinite.

Soul," and the influence that arises from the sum-total of its vital properties; for my thoughts were first directed towards my earth mother. I knew, or at least I imagined I knew, that had it not been for her, I, as my own conscious self, could not have been. But I could not stop there. Emotion might pause at this stage of the procedure, and there bestow the votive gift of thanks; but Reason must go farther.

My mother had a mother, and that mother still a mother, and so back — back, until my mind could find no hold for analysis. I pondered long and deep, in unsatisfying perplexity of thought, upon the profound problem of lineal descent. There intellect could yield no solution. I could not *reason* out the goal I sought. And yet, I felt that somewhere along that mysterious travel of indented issue, in which maternity ever holds the highest rule, I must surely find the shrine I sought. Thus meditating, I sat in the quiet atmosphere of my private room, and, lulled into a semi-ideal state by the subduing influence of a mellow twilight, I released all mental effort, and yielded to the dreamy wooing of the hour.

CHAPTER II.

ENTRANCED. — FROM EARTH TO NEBULA.

I FELT a strange and never-before experienced sensation steal over me. An intoxicating thrill suffused my brain, and a light, zephyr-like electric breath filled my whole organism. I did not faint, nor had I any fear that an occurrence of such a nature would result from my unusual abnormal state. It appeared that I was losing consciousness; and I think there was a point of mental recession, where I was oblivious to existence; but it was momentary.

I seemed changed into a new being, and was impressed with the same light, buoyant nature that I had appeared to possess when, at times, I had dreamed of flying.

The *past* seemed to sweep out *before* me, and on I flew, until the fleeting visions that were marshalled up to my view, and fell one by one into the misty distance behind, were strangers to my memory, and were surely no part of my own life's associations. As I was hurled onward through this torrent of events, my eyes caught sight of a scene, the nature of which caused me strongly to will a stop. I found, to my joy, that the will-impulse worked with a favorable result. I came gradually to a pause. I found myself in a strange land, and in the midst of a strange people.

They gathered about me. Their harsh and unintelligible utterances were far more unhuman than the familiar tones of our domesticated animals, of the orders

below man. I watched them as they broke bones upon the rocks, with unclipped stones in their hands for hammers. Not a sign of an implement did I see that showed the least fashioning, or change from the state in which it had been found. No weapons had they but stones and broken branches of trees. I caught sight of them at the chase for game; and had I not, with my own eyes, beheld the acts, no history of prehistoric man, nor the exaggerated fiction of vivid imagination, would have impressed me with the true idea of the actual agility and swift-footedness of the *genus homo* that I saw there displayed. I was in the midst of primitive man, and some mysterious chain of genealogical attraction had drawn me to the spot.

Who has not experienced the vast difference between the anticipation and the realization, in connection with an event, the occurrence of which has been looked forward to with interest, and earnest desire of fulfilment? Once in presence of the reality, how many bright tints and grotesque adornments, which imagination has pictured, take instant flight!

It was so with me in this case. I had dreamed of how I would feast myself, could I be permitted to go back amid the scenes of the great prehistoric long-ago, and see man in his primeval state.

There I was, and it was *man* after all. I listened to them, and was convinced that they had no lingual articulation that could be called a spoken language. Their pantomime was complex, and excessively energetic, and appeared to be the manifestation of an inherent instinct. One group I saw were eating heartily of the luscious leaves of a plant which they had gathered. I judged from its pulpy appearance, that it must contain much of nutritious substance in its juice and fibre. No im-

print of the type had I seen in any specimen preserved in the album of the tertiary period.

The individuals about me were light of complexion, though not what could be called white; and, although there was some show of hair upon the breasts and arms of the males, I could see no evidence that the beings before me could be in any way allied to classes now known below the human. Their eyes were bright and expressive, and I saw among them none of that extremely savage nor ferocious cast which I should have expected to discover. I must confess that they looked more of the pure *animal* than do the members generally found in the civilized societies of to-day; and, on the other hand, one may see at every turn in this, our bright Christian age, men who look more like *devils*¹ than any I saw in that far-away primitive group.

One supreme thought came to my mind as I scrutinized their bright animal faces, and marked, with something of a connoisseur's eye, the "promise and potency" of their fairly shaped heads. The thought was this: "Give them, as they now stand, a goodly supply of teachers, stored with the acquired knowledge of the later period, who shall instruct them in all known truth, based upon positive knowledge, free from taint of that vile dogmatism that leads to degrading superstition, and what, in one hundred thousand years, would they become? *A race of gods upon the face of the earth!*"

I felt that my mission must be ended, and that I should be drawn back no further in the wild search for my dear progeniture. My eyes caught sight of an object that strengthened me in the opinion. A peculiar hoarse snort, of a deep guttural tone, caused me to look towards the shore or margin of what appeared to be an

¹ The reason of this will be told in a succeeding chapter

inlet of a large lake. There, to my surprise, I beheld an enormous dinotherium. The monster was resting upon the brink of the shore, his massive trunk was being swayed about upon the muddy water's edge, and at intervals he lowered his head and plunged the two strong tusks of the lower jaw into the thick, rooty bottom, as though he were starting up prey for his huge proboscis to seize upon. How familiar he looked! Nothing in my geological studies had more impressed itself upon my mind than the restored representatives of this monster of the Miocene period. *And MAN there with him too!* So it was. This conclusion forced itself upon my mind as I realized the two marked presentations of life before me: "the geologists must either place the human back farther in time than has yet been done, or give our gentle dinotherium footing on the earth up to a later date than has been their wont."

Why I felt sure that I should have occasion to go no farther along the roadway of the past, was, that I knew by the presence of the gigantic dinotherium, that man could not reach over the vast span — that dark gulf of long night in evolution's task — that stretches its awful span between the oldest of the tertiary, and the evening of the secondary, or Mesozoic age. Whatever might be the secret of man's introduction upon earth, I felt that my friend Darwin had not entirely mastered the problem.

Thinking that my movements were under control of my own will, I summoned it, in order to bring about a return from my wanderings. I discovered that in this direction it did not work at my bidding. Contrariwise: I was hurled *forward* again, over the field of the *past*. The tall tree-ferns of the carboniferous age, with their quaintly marked trunks topped with wide-spreading foliage of spray-like fronds, tempted me for an instant.

I know, as the scenes of this geological time faded from my view, like the dissolving presentment of the stereopticon, that I held in my mind a much more imposing remembrance of its flora than my text-books had ever figured. Its ferns were more immense in size, and their lofty towering dwarfed the criterion accepted by the geologist, in as full a degree as does that same type-limit over-sweep its stunted kindred, now representatives on earth.

On, on I flew ! I rested upon the rocky shore of the primeval ocean. Wild, drear, and desolate. The thick, murky atmosphere entirely excluded the direct light of the sun. A torrid, feverish heat stole in upon me from the dense environments, as though the embers of earth's fires still smouldered near its surface. The seething waves of the vast, solemn waters, beat out a sad dirge upon the barren Plutonic crust.

Alone ! no mortal — no, not a thing of life or consciousness save myself, in all this wilderness of waste, to sense its utter desolation. And yet, never in my life had I so deeply felt the presence of an Almighty Power. There was but one voice that sounded over that vast womb of potential might: it was the waves' majestic choir, as, with a rhythm like to the pulse of a great heart divine, they wore away, with their erosive touch, the flinty rock.

At my feet there was a small, straggly formation, that might have been the first faint embryo of a lichen, but I should place it below anything I had ever attempted to class under that head. It might have remained unnoticed by me, had not a surge, more forward than its fellows, moved the substance to a wavy motion with its obtruding tide. It was the only thing with organic life I saw. What a strange feeling came over me as I

gazed upon it! How like a kindred, a friend, a *brother*, it seemed, as I there stood by it amid the profound mystery of Nature's great labor throes! Aye, more than that. I was an intruder there, and held no part in earth's unfolding store. Like a poor prodigal, a suppliant for light, I stood before a throne upon which sat, clothed with a royal majesty, and proud exemplar in all that realm of fetal flood, the highest, noblest work of Infinite design on earth. Great Lichen! is it on thee that the Almighty's huge impingement now pours down its grandest force? 'Tis even so. Remember, man, the time has been when other gods than you held sway on earth. Curb your conceit.

I stooped to pick a portion of it from its cleavage upon the rock, for inspection. I could not lay hold upon it. It did not evade my grasp, but palpable as it seemed to sight, to my *touch* it was a thing of misty nothingness. I became earnest, and made one more decided essay to capture a growth, such as I knew had never been conceived of by the schools of science. I was well aware that many species of the later periods, such as the "*sensitive*" plant, presented features of marvellous interest, but never had I dreamed that the morning of creation developed so wonderful a phenomenon of the *genus flora* as the one before me. I made the determined pass for it, when lo! the very rock to which it clung proved to be as ethereal as the lightest gas. My hand plunged down amid the glistening crystalline formation, without the least perceptible resistance. What was more strange, as I held my arm down in the rocky riddle, submerged to the elbow, I could plainly see the immersed hand and forearm, as I moved the member about in the mysteriously yielding rock.

I felt of myself, and was convinced that I *was* myself

solid and real. Could it be that I was dreaming? The reasoning of Professor Draper came vividly to my mind: "Dreams never strike us with surprise, no matter what may be the extraordinary scenery they present; no matter how great the violation of truth and reality." I knew that there was a seeming violation of truth and reality in the operations I had just observed, and I noticed, likewise, that in my case that seeming violation did strike me *with an unbounded measure of surprise*. So here Professor Draper's philosophy would prove to me that I *was not* dreaming.

A better thought. I would approach the surf-laved shore and test the density of the surging waves; for I *heard* them, and their substance must be prehensible to my sense of touch. My will-determination was eager, as I directed my thoughts towards the physical movement necessary to pass, step by step, down the shelving slope that lined the beach. I lifted my foot for the first determined pace, when, to my still greater surprise, I found myself easily and most gracefully transported to the water's edge, without any muscular activity on my part whatever. Just as I reached there, a huge wave rolled in past me, enveloping me neck high in its — absolute, intangible immateriality. The breath of an infant would have made more impression on me than did that seething, surging billow; and I heard it lash and foam against the Taconic bulwark behind me, with a sound-force that was terrible in its tone.

I passed back to my previous position upon the crest of the ocean-wall, by aid of the same occult levitating power that had enabled me to leave it. I felt of my clothing to ascertain if the imperceptible tide had not, after all, *wet* my person. There was no moisture there; and another marvel was, — which may be a common

feature of mental hallucination, — my clothing was strange to me, and appeared more a part of my own personality than a fabrication of extraneous construction.

"Is this a dream?" I fairly cried aloud; at the same time struggling with will and nerve to arouse myself; yet conscious of entertaining a hope that my effort might prove futile in its results.

"*It is no dream,*" spoke a clear, rich voice by my side. There was that in the tone that was unfamiliar to me, in a philological sense; for, although the English was pure, there was a mellow betrayal of foreign accent unknown to my ears.

I turned towards the speaker, and saw by my side *a woman!* She was a trifle shorter in stature than myself, and her straight, comely form was gracefully draped in a garb such as I had seen Art bestow upon a "*Rebecca at the Well.*" Her hair was of the raven hue, and fell back from a face that bore in every feature the pure type of Israel's dreamy beauty.

I gazed, but spoke not. I was now more convinced than before that I dreamed, although my fair visitant told me no; and I felt that one word from me — one motion, even — might dispel the form which I imagined would prove even more incorporeal than the other semblances of solidity about me.

"No, child of earth, you wrong me in your thought. I tell you truly, you are *not* dreaming, neither am I a thing of airy nothingness, as you ween. Here, take my hand."

"I did not speak to that purport," I answered, with blank amazement, at the same time hesitating through shame to take the proffered hand.

"No; but you *thought* it," was her rejoinder, and a kind, forgiving smile of assurance lit up her face as she

reached the hand closer and took mine with a cordial grasp.

"I have been drawn to you," she continued, in a frank, unrestrained modulation of voice, "and I am here to give you all the aid in my power to bestow. Brother, in that we are all children of the Great Infinite, in my spheres of onward life-unfolding I oftentimes have caught the wave of an earnest earth-call, strong and clear. So direct did the thrill of remembrance come, that I knew I was myself the object of some earth-soul's meditation. The wave, too, was one that told of justness, and a true regard, born of a kindly heart. This, to me, is rare; and I hastened to learn who it might be so interested in my behalf. To my joy I found one, with head bowed low in reverie, thinking how best he could, to the strong purpose bent, set right my much-wronged name."

"Your name been wronged!" I uttered. "If aught of evil e'er had lodgment in thy breast, then virtue is a lie, and all of truth but gross and vile deception. Where did this calumny set foot? On planet Mars, I trow; for, sure, Earth could breed no soul of such a stamp debased, as thus to insult high heaven."

"I am of the earth," she said, smilingly; "and on earth is it that my name is still most direly cursed."

"Still cursed?" I repeated, wonder-struck at her speech.

"Millions of voices through the long, long ages, have been raised in loud acclaim against me. With hot and spiteful venom on their tongues, and maddened by the vengeful ire engendered in their souls, wildly has the cry been rung from land to land, 'DAMNED BE THE WITCH OF ENDOR!'"

"You"—

"I am the woman of Endor, and your friend. Thus far have I attended you upon your journey, but it is not yet complete. I shall take you to one who can yield you far more knowledge regarding the deep mystery of life than I am able to impart."

"Come, come," she spoke, seeming to throw a flood of magnetic will through the grasp she retained upon my hand.

We did not leave the earth; it appeared to leave us. I sensed no motion as of passing through space. But a few brief moments, and I seemed fixed in the very centre of the resplendent drama of the universe. I beheld the massive sphere of matter I had just been parted from recede until it was lost amid the countless stars that gemmed the sweeping skies on every hand. I say lost amid the stars, and it was truly so; for it seemed eternal night—not of darkness, but absence of sun. I had left the orb of clay whose diurnal revolution marked off morn and eve, and was held where no screen could possibly obscure the glare of my old familiar god of light.

"Where is the sun?" I eagerly asked, gazing into my attendant's face, which bore an aspect of marvellous distinctness, as though a mystic soul-light from within illuminated its fair features.

"Turn your eyes in any direction, and you will see hosts of them," was her reply.

"Yes, but my — *our* sun."

"All suns are the Infinite's, my brother; and a higher light than that shed by incandescent worlds, is the luminary that shall now guide our way. But question no further now. You will learn more as I lead you on."

A dimness came before my eyes. For the first time since I had been drawn out upon this strange adventure,

my nature-given faculties were plunged into utter oblivion.

I awoke. How bewildering to my senses seemed the surroundings! I was in a mist; but such a mist! It was no fog that I could brush aside with sure reliance of a break. No weak delusion of *my noble self's* invention, that a calmer moment should dispel. No fleecy rack of insanity's up-building, reared in a moment of ecstatic fire. No! I was the sacrifice; and there about me, a million lashes administered their keen infliction, bearing to my soul the thought, "*This is deserved!*" And why? Because, with an exalted sense, that came as a bestowal of a fresher birth, I *knew* that from such a flood of energy as beat about me, I received the legacy of my material cast. I was poised on a balance so refined in set, that even my slightest thought gave a marked changing in the scale.

The flood swept by me, and in its illimitable flow all hope of conquest died. "Never!" I cried, "can my poor atom mind this vast o'er-sweeping scheme of mighty thought,—this ocean filled, e'en to its veriest mite, with thunders of appalling force, — the cause, divine!"

"Does it seem wondrous to you?"

I turned, and the power that had so strangely worked upon me died away.

"You are perplexed," spoke the kind, magnetic voice of the woman of Endor.

"More than that — appalled!"

"And you translate that state of soul, defeat?"

"Yes; and yet — no."

"Why no?"

"Because I never, by the chiding of that something within me which ever says '*ask*,' willingly relinquish a grasp without some substance in my hand."

"Most glorious answer."

"But in this estate, the uttered dictum yields me no aid."

"Think you the Power, whate'er it be, can be All Wise, All Good, or Infinite in state, that in thy soul has placed that mandate *ask*, and yet denies response?"

"No! my whole being answers no!"

"Then rest in an unfaltering trust; and be assured that as you truly labor for the higher light, its glow shall surely come."

Another moment of bewilderment stole over me, and then a spell was wafted upon me that gave the impress of a zephyr, breathing from some yet higher sphere.

Another hand was placed in mine. I turned and saw a stranger form unfolding by my side. To say it seemed an angel of high Heaven would be a weak, unmeaning use of words, to give, in this presentment, any correct idea of my resplendent visitant. All I had ever loved to look upon, that marked the beauty and the grace of earth's most rare evolvment, was blended before me in one all-embracing mould. Not that alone, but the vast lore, that as a starry sheen adorns the front of proud Minerva, beamed upon that brow as though the wealth were culled from out the universal mine. I felt, — I cannot tell what newly-awakened sense it was that gave the thought so firm a cast of truth, — that I was in the presence of Love and pure Reason, nobly conjoined in Wisdom's high domain. This was a *woman*, too: with a soft, rich voice, she spoke: —

"Kindred of mine, child of the Infinite, I give you greeting! It was a most worthy search you started on, when, spurred by the dear love borne to an earthly mother, you sought along the track material for her genesis. Here would seem to be your goal, in this

vast sea of Nebula. Here matter appears to reign with a more potent sway than in a full-formed globe. Here, without a deeper knowledge than can come from transient glance, Chaos would most assuredly face the mind as ruler of the scene. Yet, is it so? Can you no farther make advances towards the prize you seek? Can this great zone of atom's toil, this seeming dire unrest, be something that is first and all in the grand warp and woof of life? Here, take my hand, and let your mind rest at a peaceful lull. — Tell me, what sense you now?"

"Another life; a new existence; an ingrafting of another self within myself, that gives my senses new activity and power. I feel debased and yet exalted. That which seems debasement is to my awakened sense but the dropping away of conceit's defilement, and the exaltation is the sweet ingrafting of a holy love, that seizes upon my soul with a grasp so tangible that it appears the only real, absolute, about us."

"Much praise for that deliverance, friend of mine! Most truly have you spoken. It is a holy love you sense, and that is what you are in the seeking of. You knew no love on earth more sacred than that sweet spring that flowed from out your mother's soul? Answer!"

"No, I did not."

"Now watch the working of your mind. You sensed the torrent, that like a play of stormy force swept about you just ago, when the good Maid of Endor led you here?"

"I did."

"Is it from that you seem to draw the draught of love you feel in this, your present state?"

"No, no; a voice within me tells that this furious

beat of substance, incorporeal, is *controlled* by some majestic Power, profound and awful in its depths, and yet holding me in its tide as a vast ocean holds a floating mote."

"How well the tablet of your mind, in this primeval school, takes in great Nature's truth! This substance that you sense about you, being so warmly wrought upon by swift impulsion, is the stuff that suns are made of; and their attendant worlds with all their store of forms, from the humblest moss to the most lofty of the human type, are here enmined in this expanse of Nebula. Without the soul it were but idle dross, and meet for naught but an unending sea of nothingness. Yet mark! The forms that from this labyrinth of stirring matter shall some time be evolved, are not the somethings we say is 'I.'"

"Then tell me, good oracle, how first came man!" burst from my lips.

"As well ask how came the first great Cause of all: and mark, as I say '*First*' we know, in this regard, there is no first; for, that admitted, the immensity of the background upon which you paint that *First* is more appalling than the figure you would portray."

"But I am!"

"And ever must be."

"And I had a *beginning*."

"Since you assert so sure, tell me directly what *you* are, and where you place that claimed first rise."

I felt a spell of mental weakness stealing over me as I caught the celestial fire of my companion's eyes.

"I may yet be instructed by you," she continued. "If so, it is well. To be humbled is to be blessed; proceed!"

What an attitude! How like the lightning's speed flashed through my mind all those elaborate forms of

speech that we poor mortals fix, like seals of holy writ, to our abortive search! Alas! vain technicalities; with front so god-like and imposing in youth's younger days of growth. How useless now! I was in a presence where thought was of a different cast from the moulds of earthly use.

"I have watched you through," spoke my attendant; "and waited for that dark sediment of conceit's defiling to become settled in your meditation. You, of the sphere below, mark lines decisive where the Infinite glides with the creative plan, through tints so finely blended that millions of years—as you count off the lapse—can hardly show a change of tinting. You ask, 'How first came man?' A better question were, 'How first came *Life*?' That settled, and all the vast complexities that make the Universal Whole are solved. Resolve *Life's* mystery, and you act the Infinite!"

I made one desperate struggle for a thought I held to my heart as truth most absolute. I was just on the point of speaking when my utterance was checked.

"I catch the whole reflection of your mind," spoke my beauteous tutor, and her voice was now more attuned to a tone of acquiescence. "True, you, as well as myself, were conceived in a material womb. But that womb did not create us. You would say, there we had our start, our origin, our first fresh usher on the sea of life. It were folly for me to urge one syllable to change the current of your judgment. It is a stamp of Earth upon your mould, that rests with kindly impress, as belief, until a higher growth, a broader view, shall throw upon your new awakened sight the long immensity through which the hand Almighty, from tint to tint, has wrought thy stature out, in pith of soul, as well as membered form. Our friend of Endor tells me you

hailed the lichen on the rock primeval, as kindred to yourself. That act was in the line of truth. The most lofty and far-searching minds of our realm see in a two-fold cast the law of human birth. Joined to the material nucleus is an ingraftation from the store of mind Divine, and every shade that marks a group distinct, gives evidence of Infinite decree. On from the lichen flows the Main of the Eternal's prophecy, and to its grand fulfilment, miscarriage cannot come. The mandate most sublime, that hath, as yet, been breathed upon a quickened germ, is this, 'Here doth the Everlasting fix the seal for *human* birth!' From that moment Heaven caught its first, faint dawn upon the lower soil.

"Now, my brother, hold this glorious truth in dear remembrance : — *matter*, whether of earthly orb in space, or its more sublimated state in realms empyrean, holds nothing gross within its essence against the human soul.

"One whom I often meet, and always with much joy, sang with his pen, when in his earthly life, —

"There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'¹

"This same immortal bard I have taken by the hand, and led along the mystic pathways that strike into the deeper mines of Nature. I have watched the wild ecstatic glowing of his eyes, and listened, enchanted, to

¹ Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, Act V., Scene 1.

his strain, as, poised upon some vantage ground of observation, his soul, intoxicated with the glory of the distant view, has poured its burden forth. On one occasion, thus he spoke : —

Boundless Causation ! marshalled might of
 Infinite control ! Dread mystery ; so vast
 And awful in thy illimitable sweep,
 That every burning orb, ay, all the countless
 Constellations of the vasty depths ;
 With all their store of bulk, habit, subtle
 Workmanship, and wondrous tone of form,
 Are to thy grit, but as a downy mist
 Held on solidity. And yet ; this mist
 Doth tend the scion graft, when by the hand
 Of the Omnipotent the bud's ensoiled ;
 And with its dewy swathing shield the germ,
 While yet the soul gets sinew for its flight.
 What fool was I, — in mean contorsion of
 The nobler sense, — to call this vesture — mud !
 Now, how I bless the vestal, earthly flesh !
 Sweet, tender nurse ; thou foster watch of love.
 The wanton pranks, and follies of my youth,
 You chided mildly ; and with yielding will
 Didst oft forgive the child's rebellious act.
 Then hallowed be thy name ! Thy gentle care
 Is freighted with Maternity Divine !
Here, is no forgiveness ! *Here*, the rigid blunt
 Of an unyielding mandate fronts the cause.
 Now is my soul encased in sterner stuff :
 The very grip of the Almighty's hold
 Is on me now. Turn as I may, 'tis well, —
 So that I keep the Law's most strict behest, —
 But budge, or from th' imperious mandate slip,

E'en but the fraction of a mite ; great Jove !
How quick doth Righteous Nature ply the lash.
Most true ; here's grand embodiment ; and soft,
As though celestial zephyrs touched the lyre,
Steals in the music of the eternal spheres.

But, as great Homer must his letters learn,
'Fore he can tread Parnassus' lofty height :
So must we hold the gamut scale of earth,
For 'tis the key to every chord we strike.

"Now, my brother, being thus far initiated, I will lead you still on."

"On !" I spoke in a subdued but earnest whisper, that appeared to echo back upon my quickened senses in a thousand tongues, from the profound depths about me : "Is not this the end ? Have I not reached the farthest bound of my wild search ? Where now, when even here, amid the deep impenetrable pulsion of Creation's toil, bewilderment and wild intoxication deluge the reason."

"Reason, once firmly deluged, brings dark oblivion to the soul," spoke the majestic being by my side ; and her eyes beamed upon me with a glow that spoke a language more potent than ever human lips had breathed upon my ears.

"I did not rightly express my thought," I replied ; feeling a momentary sense of shame, such as a child might experience before a gifted teacher, when, for the first time, it knows detection in resort to subterfuge.

"You *did*." The tone was soft and sweet as seraph's harp, but its imperative, absolute decisiveness, struck me mute. I know, had I been on earth at that moment, and had only one of earth's schools to deal with, I would have launched into a perfect avalanche of—

explosive ejaculations — to carry my point. But I stood before my then radiant teacher in humble pause. She continued, —

“Emotion is an attribute of the human soul, and all its utterances sweep in healthful rhythm with the soul’s high good, when the deliverances of a healthful mind. But that mind is sure diseased that proffers passion’s ardent fire, for truth’s pure light; and murders *Reason*, that wild *Zeal* may thrive.”

As she spoke those last words, I felt a sting of terror creep through my whole being, as though a horrid remembrance had stolen in upon me, and with a sacrilegious hand would tear me away from that spot of bliss, to one of infernal darkness. I looked earnestly upon my attendant, as by some unexplainable instinct I felt that in her rested my only hope of succor. To my utter dismay, I sensed, more than saw, with ordinary vision, that a mental pain, — yes, an anguish, — was strongly working upon her.

“Noble, blessed one!” I cried, “is my presence, or aught I have said, the cause of this suffering on your part?”

“Did you not look to me just ago for succor from a pang of terror?”

“I did.”

“Held as you are, at this time, in my soul’s guardianship, I well knew that the fleeting spasm of remembered horror would pass from me to you. I gave the infection, not yourself.”

“Blessed relief! I feared my presence was its cause,” I returned, greatly eased in mind.

“Your presence *was* the cause,” she calmly replied.

“Strange paradox!” I spoke wonderingly, at the same time looking with beseeching wishfulness for an explanation.

"Nature knows no paradox. What you have just witnessed, as well as experienced, was the outcome of the working of her unyielding law. The pang has passed now, and I will explain. Your soul's embodiment, in your now present state, is not the same with which you plod the realm of earth, but yet it bears with it the magnetism of things earthly. There is now between it and the form of flesh, that is at this time hushed in a lethargic rest in your far-away home mundane, a cord so strong, that though yourself be borne—to speak in figure—to the farthest verge of eternity's expanse,—cannot be severed while yet that angel force called *death* has made no sunder in the tie."

"Am I, then, only a spirit of myself?" I eagerly interrupted.

She smiled benignly, and gravely shook her head as she answered,—

"We know no spirits here, to the sense you hold in thought. We only recognize the *you*; the *I*. You are yourself, and will be so for evermore. Many, to their deep sorrow, have struggled to free themselves from that same self; but through the many centuries that I have studied the working of the Law, I have never found one single soul who has succeeded in outmastering Great Nature in this behest, '*Thou shalt ever be thyself!*' Now will I proceed. One cannot bound their ego, as by a rule, they measure their embodiment. That cord magnetic, of which I spoke, is a part of your own self, and along its trackway flows up to our present state a current of earthly cast. Strange and mysterious law! As we progress in our advanced spheres of existence, one by one do the clogs of remembrance, that by their presence in the mind give burden and unrest, loosen their hold and die away. Some impres-

sions of the lower life are so strongly stamped upon the mental page, that but the slightest wave of earth's magnetic flow draws memory towards them with yet a painful shade."

"Not for all the earth holds would I willingly have been the means"—

She held her hand admonishingly towards me, and proceeded,—

"Well do I know your kindly state. But listen farther. Of all the deep and lasting wounds, made on my very soul's most sentient part, was this that bled afresh as I delivered to you the words: '*and murders Reason that wild Zeal may thrive.*' So you see, my brother, my own words revived an act, and you were the passive instrument in again bringing its long-ago buried reality before me. But it is still for my growth, and likely never again shall I suffer for that dread recalling. Again take my hand, and hold your will in quiet rest."

I did as directed; but it was no idle curiosity that prompted me to make a firm resolve to learn, if possible, the nature of the earthly act that had so wrought upon her in its awakening.

"You need not importune. If at the proper time I think it well to inform you, so will I do."

I know those eyes must have read discomfiture in my mien, as their angelic owner bore me away in the sweep of her majestic power. She had read my mind speech as readily as though I had spoken by verbal utterance.

CHAPTER III.

FROM NEBULA TO THE ASTRAL SPHERES.

A MOMENTARY suspension, — a dreamy lull in the working of my senses, and I was again in full consciousness. But *what a consciousness!*

I *know* that I had no new faculty added to those that had been implanted in my psychic being at the genesis of my personality. But how intensified! I was not myself as I had known myself! I was a part of the great universe about me. I could not separate my individuality from my environments. Beauty on every hand. Melody and delicious concord was borne upon the thousands, ay, millions of scintillations that poured in from the vast ocean of life's expanse, there opened to my soul's perception. I did not *hold* my attendant's hand; I felt my grasp was bound by an attraction that retained me in a gentle vise, as a part of her very self.

"Is this the spirit world?" I asked, drawing nearer to her now more resplendent form, — quaint anomaly of speech, but true, — to seek shelter from the showering splendors that beat upon me.

The face of my celestial protectress was now more radiant than before, and lighted by a glow of soul-effulgence such as can only gain its sheen in lands supernal. No sculptor's chisel can trace it out; earth tints cannot paint it; nor mortal language give it portrayal: — like an azure sky, across whose crested brow Aurora ever spreads the glory of eternal morn, haloed the lustre of that zone of love.

"You ask me if this is the spirit world. Should I give answer in comport with your mortal strains of in-harmonious thought, I should answer, yes. But answer you I must from this higher mount of knowledge. I tell you, *no!* There is no spirit world marked down in the great Lexicon of Universal Truth. I exist, and so do you, my dear brother. This sphere is now my theatre of action. But as we of this plane look back over the current of our past endeavors, we see sphere upon sphere from earth's cradle up to us, and still sweeping on into the Everlasting. One great evolving, onward flow of life. One awful span of Infinite Control. One world, whose parts no finite soul can count, yet every finite soul therein a dweller. We are in the flow,—not of a solemn, shoreless ocean without boundary marks nor beacons of sure promise; but a pregnant tide with inlets on every hand, upon whose terraced slopes the ever-glorious growths bear fruitage of immortal sweets: dotted with fair islands, along whose meads and hills a breath Conceptive floats, that in its course leaves all of joy and peace. Ours is the allotted task to garner in;—the soul's unfathomed depths, the storehouse."

After a slight pause she continued,—

"We are none of us omnipotent. What power I have, that enables me thus to hold you in sentient relation to this realm of life, is fast yielding to the working of stern Law. I have one mental presentment yet to bestow. You started upon a worthy mission, and you now return to your natal soil, not with full knowledge, but with far more than you before held in store."

The Maid of Endor now drew near and took my other hand in hers. I knew the act was to aid my then

present guide in yielding strength necessary to sustain my presence there.

"The time has now come when you must be borne from here to your home of earth. Ever after this, when the impulse springs within your breast to thank some Power for life, and its unfolding attributes, seek first the nearest touch of the Deific hand. Once firmly holding that, then may your soul's high orisons pour out, and ever, to a truth, shall they be heard of thy dear Mother Infinite."

"Where is this shrine, whereunto so near doth come the gracious palm and ear of heaven's dear One Maternal?"

"Should I tell you, my good brother, that your heart was its abiding place, I should, as a teacher, tell you false. When Reason has proved the sacred ground, and Wisdom blessed it with her chastening touch, *then* may the Muses dip their pens in ink seraphic and clothe its praise in any garb they choose.

"One thing I have to ask of you," continued my instructress. "My much-loved sister of Endor tells me she has often visited you in your quiet moments of earth reflection, and at times she has heard you, after repeatedly questioning such intelligences as you judged, by the testing, to be worthy of credence, deliver yourself thus: 'Tell me you have no language with which to convey to me a correct or tangible idea of the environments of the life beyond. *Place me there*, and see if I would not be able to master some sense of expression, some figure of speech, out of all the vast resource of our prolific tongue, with which to impart to mortals a true conveyance of the objective presentations of the life beyond.' Is this so?"

I tremblingly answered, "Yes."

"She tells me you have struck your clinched hands together to emphasize your determined belief that you had the mental power so to deliver yourself, could the field of observation be once opened to you?"

I was forced to answer, "Yes."

"Now, you will, *in a slight measure*, be permitted to experience something of your present surroundings." I felt the two hands that held each of mine seemingly tighten in their hold.

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The spell ended!

As the mild deep beaming eyes of that fair goddess of Wisdom rested upon me with their searching look, I cowered down into the very inner recess of my own insignificance.

"If, when you return to earth, one asks you to describe the environments of this realm as you apprehended them, how will you make answer?"

"I shall tell them to patiently wait until it is their privilege to be estated there themselves," was my humble reply.

I realized that I was about to be borne away from that high pinnacle of psychological exaltation. Before leaving I was determined, if possible, to bear away some tangible *fact* that should be a benefit to me upon my return. In my then sublimated state, every iota of my whole life's experience seemed to be at the beck and call of memory's bidding. More than that; with electric swiftness, former life-acts, with all their circumstances, came up without the marshalling, and mingled their stamp with the rapidly changing, yet most emphatically real, presentations of Nature's law about me. In all that swift yet coherent kaleidoscope, I

remembered a grand lesson given by a great mind in the schools of earth: "To be able to tell why you *do not know* a thing, is a great gain towards true knowledge." I thought of the bard of Avon's tribute to the kindly flesh of earth, and then my thoughts flew to my own physical incasement, lying dormant in that far-off sphere. What an amazing reality of conviction flooded in upon me, as I, clothed upon as a substantial entity, gazed back upon a habiliment I must anon re-enter! Those hands, that I had been impressed, — by the dictates of that mighty rule "*Common Sense*," — did the feeling; those ears, the hearing; that nose, the smelling; that tongue, the tasting; and those eyes, the seeing: I now reviewed as checks and mere restrainers to these very gifts of sense, whose real potency inheres within the soul itself. Marvellously adapted to the life physical are those organic gifts, that, during the earthly sojourn, must — as a general rule — bring the soul's perception into active play. Here, then, was partly unriddled the perplexity of my situation. The mortal may talk wisely of an "*inner*" sense; but all of emotion, in its most exalted as well as its most degrading state; all of love as well as revenge; all of benevolence as well as vile meanness; everything that poetry can call its own; every phase and thing of art; all science, from atom to worlds in space, and from protoplasmic germ to man; — all of these, in the world physical, have birth in the radiant contact of *soul force with physical matter*. For one to say, "*I love a soul*," means nothing, as an independent, isolated statement. You have heard a sweet voice — which depends upon matter for its expression: tender eyes have looked lovingly upon you — and without that material eye the soul could not have looked; you have listened to words of

kindness — with material ears ; you have felt the warm grasp of true friendship, by use of a material hand.¹ Now, summing this all up, one, with seeming truth, may say, "It is the *soul* and not the form I love." But think deeply before you pledge, before high Heaven, that you are absolutely right. So all of revenge, appetite, and the manifestation of every form of passion, have their spring in the vibratory interacting of soul-force with earthly flesh, and cannot be conceived of apart from and independent of it.

This is but a brief summary of the reflections that flitted through my mind, as I stood in presence of an entirely new existence. I had not one single old landmark to guide me. Earth chemistry would have been as useless as would a blunted crowbar to remove a mote from out an infant's eye.

I found I was possessed of senses, the very existence of which I had labored hard to disprove, in my converse among the denizens of earth. Out from what was still my head radiated streams of sympathetic force that mingled their neural pulsations with the magnetic current that played about me. My individuality did not appear to be annihilated, and yet the self was transformed from an isolated psychic engine, possessed of inherent self-control, into an organic part of the surrounding choir of Nature. I was but a chord in the Grand Symphony that was being played about me by Infinite Directorship. Off, off, darted the scintillations from my enraptured brain, until they appeared to be caught up and woven into the very warp and woof of the great whole ; forming between my soul and all without, one *Universal Unity*.

¹ Bear in mind that the *pen* is but a material extension of the hand and voice.

One direct, concrete thought I strove to utilize, by placing it in such position with the familiar things of earth-life, that thereby I might understand something of its then mysterious workings; i.e., the nature of the Law's appliance that conceived and brought into palpable existence the mould and detail of those wondrous presentiments of architecture, and objects of art, in their sweetest as well as most lofty modes of conception. In what manner had *force* been applied towards forwarding that manifested outcome of skill and device?

High-arched walls, towering columns, and soaring domes, with all the appointments that an exalted Ideality might propose, were about me, and as real as the utmost reach of reality could pronounce; and yet, by the deliverance of some sense that I could not understand — although its naturalness spoke with purpose sure — I was impressed that the designing, constructing, and sustaining power, that blended into the *selfness* of the environments, scintillated through every fibre of their fabric, a living, thrilling Energy of Will-direction. And stranger yet, my whole being appeared to be ingulfed in the same ecstatic ebullition of excitant potency that fired the veriest atom of the things about me.

More yet, I grasped at that supreme opportunity for observation: the fact that the feelings I experienced in association with the luscious, the fragrant, the beautiful, and the grand — that may be summed up in the general term *enjoyment* — found waking and lodgement in my sensorial nature through a different channel of conveyance than that in which such influences are transmitted in the physical life of earth. Here I could only call to mind the hasty reflection, that as no positive earth-knowledge had ever solved the Herculean problem

of how external vibrations, impinging upon the sense-organs, become objects of consciousness, I held no sure criterion for judgment to yield me decision in my then present state. It was simply a change of *pose* in the realm of the ever mysterious.

The term "inert matter" could have no significance here; and the enigma I strove at best to gain answer to was: "By the operation of *whose* will-power is it, that the phenomena are produced, and by or through what means of association does the will, or force, lay hold of and manipulate the radiant matter of the astral spheres?"

I had hands, and I could feel, and I could experience the sense of touch; but the moment I tried to form a coherent continuity between the remembrance of that sense deliverance as exercised in the environments of earth life, and the psychic impressions received by deliverance of the touch-sense in my then sublimated condition, I could fix no definite line of contact for comparison. My intense straining for mastery of some language-symbols wherewith I might inwardly register the untabulated emotions at the time thronging my brain, threw me into a mental perplexity that was actual delirium.

All faded before me, and I felt as though swooning.

A restoring balm, bestowed by my wise attendant, quickened the light of my fading consciousness.

"In earth-life," she spoke, as her hand with gracious passes cleared my brow, "the ego seizes upon, fashions, and utilizes the matter of its environments through mechanical and chemical contact, brought about by exercise of prehension, the general medium of which, between the human psychic being, and the world without, is the human's hand. In this onward realm of life,

the will, moved by desire, goes directly into the store of Nature's forces; and is permitted to lay hold upon, and utilize, in proportion as the senses are unfolded and schooled in the workings of these advanced spheres of Infinite rule. Study well to place in their allotted plane of understanding the full store of senses bequeathed for your earth use, before you make essay to solve the nature of the deep complexities of these higher laws.

"I observed," continued my sublime instructress, as she removed her hand from my head, "that in your just past endeavor for solution, you were wondering whether it was the will of the denizens of these spheres of life, or the will of the Infinite, that brought the surrounding handiwork of art into existence. I make no answer to your query at this time; but one thought I will bestow. In the long — long past, Nature has developed an increase in beauty and complexity at every extended stride of advancement, and at the human's advent upon the scene they were caught up by the same on-flowing tide. Never forget, my brother, that you are in the sweep of Nature's course, and as a drop are a part of the mighty whole. Wisdom discards no truth after having proved its place in the Great Design; it cannot, for not the most infinitesimal discovery but forms a necessary part of the Universal structure. Then, as you store the temple of your soul with truth along the travel of an extended reach, — whose onward bound shall to the custom of this higher land be born, — the apprehension may in time dawn upon you, that in a true, but limited, sense, you and the Infinite are one; and that, by the same measure, your will is the will of the Almighty."

One last, desperate test. *Anatomy!* Could I but

dissect myself, and determine from this vantage-ground the make-up of what I should term my astral body, I might get some light to aid me in my later reflections. I reasoned, that as the flesh of earth is the medium through which the soul was brought into sentient contact with kindred souls, as well as with all objective phenomena, and in its chemical nature was fellow to the matter with which it came in contact, so, could I but discover my own organic cast, I might then get some slight clew towards solving the mighty enigma about me.

"Would you dissect yourself, and with the anatomist's cunning scalpel your way into the inner recesses of your soul's incasement?" asked my wise attendant.

"That was my thought," I frankly answered.

"Proceed with your dissection," came in rather ironical, yet genial tones, from my instructress.

But how *should* I proceed? Marshalled before me was the then repulsive memory of human shreds and tatters that I had viewed and handled upon the dissecting-table. But they were not of the substance of my then present body. I tried in vain to turn an introspective glance into the occult working of my acting functions, as I was there held in that birth of sense enthronement. As well with the microscope try to delve down into the Great First Cause of things.

"You forget, my brother, that the soul's transition yields you your subjects for examination and study in the earth-schools. When you find an organism on our side of life, that bears the stamp of death, or can by vivisection's cruel art be maimed, then can you extend the research now standing as your mind's desire. One thousand years, and near a half more of that same number, — as by the count of earth, — have I been working in

this onward life. I never have yet found a *dead* subject, nor have I been so presumptuous as to dream of coming to a knowledge of my own, or any other's, internal nature. It is a store so profound, that as well try to fathom the Infinite as sound its awful depths."

"But I surely have a *brain*! If you will loosen my hands, I feel that I can, even now, place them to my temples, as I have been wont to do in earth-life, and gain strength in my ponderings."

"Answer me one question. What *are* your brains that you *now* feel so sure of possessing?"

There was a long pause in that sublime region of transcendent illumination. My attendants let go their hold upon my hands; but it was not until the other disengaged ones were placed upon my shoulders.

"The nature of what takes the place of that fleeting mass of gray pulp, now resting in a quiescent state in the far-away attachment of my earthly suit, I have no means of knowing," I said in reply; "but I have ever, since reaching the age of understanding, maintained that between the mind and the outer world the brain stood as medium through which the report of objective phenomena entered, and in which all such deliverances were presented as ideas to the mind."

"The highest zone of the spheres yields no surer knowledge than this — proceed!"

I held my hands to my head, and earnestly continued. "I do not now think, — nor surmise, — I *know*, that out from here, at this moment, are going — to me, strange radiations; some of which grasp hold of, and blend in with, the beauteous wonders that are in the near environments. Others, of these mysterious undulations, take hands, as it were, with the loves and pleasures of this region of sublimity, and bring me in

rapport with multitudes of kindred spirits, whose every thought, and outcome of high endeavor, seems thus presented as a gift-bestowal to my inner self. Soul-Reciprocity is the nearest I can strike its chord with language I command. There are others of these outpourings that stream off into the vast immensity, and are lost, not in a domain of uncertainty, but, as near as I can express it with my poor earth-symbols, a realm of unknown, incomprehensible, absolute certainty. I cannot but feel that my mind, in some way, holds connection in the effect. How it is, I have no knowledge, no language, to explain; but I think, in my very soul, that a *brain*, of some nature, must be involved in the newly experienced phase of acting mentality."

"Can you, in this, your present stage of thought, with the most subtle dissection, separate soul from mentality?"

Another pause for decision. In that brief moment of hesitancy, all of metaphysical speculation, from Aristotle to Dugald Stewart, and the dogmatic assumptions of theology, in lightning speed, and as distinct as its sky-lit track, flashed through my wonderfully awakened senses. My answer was a decided "No."

"Then, if those radiations that you sense so palpably hold in their flow some essence of your mind, does it not follow that the soul, as well, joins in the flight?"

"Most true."

"Does this diminish, or exalt, your conception of the soul?"

"Vastly exalts it," I answered; and for the moment, giving way to the habit of flesh, I allowed the impulse of inquiry to frame for the asking, "What is the soul?" But no sooner had the inquisitive vibration

stirred my brain than I felt a deep pang of mortification at the allowing. How often I had discussed that question in my walks of earth-life, with a sure conviction that I sought in field legitimate. How self-condemned I stood before that now august presence,—and yet, I had not uttered one verbal word.

The tone was solemn, and I caught a slight inoculation of a long-ago revived, as my guardian thus delivered herself: "Would you, with one bound, become the Almighty? Would bliss grow the more thrift by o'erleaping all that gives it birth? Why does that shame so work within you now, at this mere subjective hint at your questioning? It is not that you are in my presence, that it comes, but that you are before the Ever Present. You do not long, nor even desire, to know the substance of your soul; nor has your mind a stomach that craves this knowledge for your thought's digestion. Were it so, in this your now exalted state, *pride*, and not *shame*, would join hand in the asking, and Wisdom would speed you to the seeking. No; it is a spurious thing, a base deception, this mockery of a soul, that man upon the plane of earth sets up for barter and exchange, and traffics in as though 'twere but the chattel of a huckster's craft, to be haggled for, and bought, and sold, and saved, in the chaffer stalls of creedal trade. No, child: you may enjoy measures of time through times of time, but you can never know eternity; nor does the mind yearn for such a knowing. You may delight in soul-joys throughout all life, but you can never know the substance of the soul; for it is kindred with Eternity, and essenced of the Soul Supreme."

"Then thus it stands," she continued, after a moment of cessation: "you find that here, as in the

sphere of earth, the *I*, the ego, is held to a guarding shield that must be the nucleus of the soul's activities. The soul *is not incased in it*; but by the working of Law, that no human power has as yet solved, it holds that same psychic kernel in its allotted place in Nature's Great Domain. The substance of shell you may call, for distinction's sake, Matter; but—as with the soul—we cannot think other than it is immortal in essence; and we know that in rank, amid the unknowable, it goes hand in hand with soul, on to the eternal destiny of life's unending course. More than that; this contact of soul with matter makes all there is of *life*. Soul, without matter, were an eternal sleep of dreamy nothingness. Matter, without soul, eternal, dismal death. Now, beloved child of earth, and brother of the spheres, have you found the shrine you seek? Within the mighty temple of the BRAIN it is, thy Mother Infinite comes nearest to thy call. Her throne is Conscientiousness; and the purer you keep the altar, in fuller measure will thy prayer be heard.

“Now,” she continued, in a somewhat more solemn tone, “may it be our grateful trust that upon your return to the scenes of mundane life, your striving will be to impart such light upon the shadowed vineyards of your lower soil, as it shall be our pleasure to direct?”

I felt a glow of pride at this request, such as a child might experience at sensing the repose of confidence upon itself by a much-loved teacher. My answer was bold; for I was determined to impress my noble solicitude with the resoluteness of my pledge.

“Most assuredly it may! I will do all in my power to convince my fellow-dwellers in the plane below, that those they call the dead can, and *do*, return to earth; that the gate has been swung ajar! I will impart to

them — yes, *prove* — the wonderful, the amazing revelations that have ” —

I stopped — no — I was *checked*! I could not proceed. A power as mild as the rose-laden zephyr of spring had its spell upon me with a grasp Cyclopean in its hold.

“No! no!! no!!! sincere but misjudging soul, not that, on our part's desire, is to be the substance of your labor's aim. Seek to prove nothing regarding the opening of the gate, nor waste one breath nor stroke of pen, when to our earnest wish inclined, in making argument for the simple *fact* of Endor's gift. From lordly palace to the humblest cot, into the midst of every home of earth, by virtue of our native force, this truth shall be ere long revealed. But the wonder and astoundment, — this reason-blasting stupor that stands agape, and lost in unreasoning surprise, cries Supernatural! Here turn the current of your labor's toil. You must know no wonderful, nor from out the universal store single a special object for thy soul's amazement. If thou wouldst have thy earnest purpose blend with our desire, then aid us only in pruning the darkened and weed-encumbered tillage of your lower realm, so that these soul-expanding truths may fall on fallow, sun-enlivened soil. Be faithful in this, and thy Heavenly Mother will sure bestow reward.”

The lustrous presence before me had now assumed an aspect of external presentment, such as I had not before witnessed during her kindly escort. I have no power of language to definitely express what I experienced in that seeming brief time, during which, holding my hands, she had addressed me. Her whole mien appeared to change and enchantingly alternate between the meditative sombre, and bright, joyous glow; such as one

experiences on an early June day, when the sporting clouds make fleeting shadows on the glory of young summer's bloom. In that brief time, although I listened to, and drank in, every syllable she uttered, by some strange waking of a sense-potency I will not strive to define, a vast panorama of concatenated events, interwoven with a web-work of attending historic attitudes of thought, was outlined to me so palpably, that its every detail was indelibly imprinted upon my memory.

"You describe some of the radiations from your brain as sweeping off into the far-away, and being lost in a realm of unknown, incomprehensible, absolute certainty. Once more will we awaken you to a nearer affinity with the life currents of this sphere. At the moment of our doing so, place your hands upon that region of your head out from which the different radiations of your mentioning flow, and let your palms repose on the points out from which the far-reaching pulses appear to make their start."

Again my attendants threw the ecstatic thrill upon me.

It closed.

"Mark well the position of your hands," spoke the serene goddess of Wisdom; "and recall it when you return to earth. And, more yet; give it your deepest study! Therein rests the light to lighten the universal world. Now, good sister of Endor, gently bear our brother back to his abode."

"Back!" How like a dreadful knell it sounded in my ears! "Oh, sweet angel Death," thought I; "had it been thy kindly hand that bore me towards these spheres, even to the threshold of the far-below beginning, I should not have heard that word repellant — *back!*"

Now the eager appetite for information lulled. I burned with a desire, born of the deepest gratitude, to pour out my heart's whole store of thanks to the angel presences before me. I gazed first into the joy-lit eyes of my majestic instructress. I tried to speak, but all language failed me. It has been said there are no tears in heaven; but from my eyes there flowed, at that moment, a flood that in its current bore a cataract of pent-up, yearning soul delivery.

Diamond drops, ay, richer far, supernal gems, catching the glow of heaven's pure light, glistened upon the cheeks of the fair being whom, with my tears, I so mutely addressed.

"Every word of your soul-speech we understand. As love is the current coin of this, our joyous realm, so bear our love with you. Here there is no farewell, so e'en for a time, adieu."

Dull mind of earth! Conceited man! *My voice*, I was determined should be heard. Perhaps there was no conceit, after all; but that I felt I must muster *some verbal utterance* in order to assure those, out to whom I would give my thanks, of my deep sincerity. I was determined that my deliverance should be brief, but most emphatic. "*In the name of the most high God!*" I strongly spoke, impulsively pressing the two hands that were held in mine.

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Horrors on horrors! dark despair, and the wild terror born of fright's most twinging scourge! Damnation's doomful pang could not more appall my soul, than did the rack of dire calamity that lashed about me. Heaven was instantly turned to wild chaos, and the very furies of the lowest hell held high revel in the wreck! What did it mean? What signify?

Was it, after all, but a flimsy dream; and this a hideous nightmare, a very devil's invention, to rake away the embers of joy that Vesta's mystic fires had kindled in my breast! I felt myself falling,—it was not through space, but a sudden transition of bliss into a dread and torturing dismay.

All seemed dark. Then came a glimmer of soft, beaming light. A few moments of anxious suspense, and then I could just discern my two attendants by me; and I realized that they were laboring at their grasp upon my hands to hold me in their control. Upon the face of my wise communicant there was a look of anguish, and the play of expression plainly showed the soul within was struggling to gain a calm repose, where havoc's trace was plainly visible.

At last it came. The throes of agony had passed, and I was again in mild and peaceful custody of my guides. The blissful atmosphere was around me, and heaven's calm stole in again upon my senses. Again was the reflective side of my nature alive. "Are there, then, catastrophes in Paradise," I asked, "more torturing to the soul than those that plague the lower life?"

"Yes, when a chord of inflection from the lower life transmits the scourge."

"What do you mean?" I asked, dumbfounded with blank amazement.

"Do you remember the experience in the nebula when I worded the expression, 'But that mind is sore diseased that proffers Passion's ardent fire for Truth's pure light, and murders Reason that wild Zeal may thrive'?"

"Every detail," I answered.

"Do you call clearly to mind my explanation of its cause?"

"Most clearly ; but what now, that you have said, even to the veriest syllable, could again bring so chas-tising a working of that law?"

"Nothing that *I* have uttered."

"But, dear mistress! *My* words were these, and only these: 'In the name of' " —

"*Hold!* Repeat them not again! I heard them, and from *you*, on this occasion, I must not hear them again. Nature yields her gifts to no *name*; she only recognizes purity of soul. When that pulls at the latch-string, lovingly she opes the door. Listen, and you may judge how closely allied are the words you have uttered with those expressed by me on the former occasion of our disquietment. Centuries upon centuries have passed away upon the orb of earth since I was a denizen of that plane of life. My home was in the land of the Pyramids, and there did I enter the gate called death. A furious mob of Christian monks, led by a Christian saint, assaulted me in the open street near my much-loved home. My clothing was torn from me, tatter by tatter, by the hands of that maddened herd. My naked body was then rudely dragged through the portals of a Christian church, and I was hurled to the stone floor, at the foot of a Christian altar. Half-fainting with pain and terror, I saw the murderous club of Peter the Reader swing above my head; and from his brutish lips, as the club descended upon its deadly mission, came these words: '*In the name of the most high God!*'

"The blow fell upon my head, and all that was left there before that *Holy Altar*, upon which they could wreak their vengeance, was my poor mangled flesh. This loving sister of Endor, and my father, were there to take me by the hand, and bear me away from the soul-

sickening scene. Of all physical acts, the remembrance of which wakes an unholy pulse within my breast, that last utterance sensed by my earthly ears, coupled with its dread surroundings, adheres most tenaciously in memory's store with an unwholesome savor. Peter the Reader, I long ago forgave, and with my own hands and kindly words have I encouraged him on out of the depths of darkness into which the deeds of earth-life had plunged him. But the Almighty Law still holds us to its immutable working. Never again may my memory be called upon thus to suffer."

That being of radiant splendor began slowly to fade away, and as she did so, with her hands she waved a graceful adieu.

"Hypatia?" I spoke with an earnest, inquiring tone.

"Yes; Hypatia,¹ daughter of Theon."

¹ "Hypatia was a most beautiful, virtuous, and learned lady of antiquity. She was the daughter of Theon, who governed the Platonic school at Alexandria, the place of her birth and education, in the latter part of the fourth century. Socrates tells us that Hypatia arrived at such a pitch of learning as very far to exceed all the philosophers of her time. But our notions of Hypatia will be prodigiously heightened when we consider her succeeding her father, as she actually did, in the government of the Alexandrian school: teaching out of the chair where Ammonius, Hierocles, and many great and celebrated philosophers had taught, and this at a time, too, when men of immense learning abounded both in Alexandria and other parts of the Roman empire. She was killed about A. D. 415. All her works were lost" (burned by order of ecclesiastical decree). (*Biographical Dict.*: Stephen Jones, editor, London, 1799.)

"Every day before her door stood a long train of chariots; her lecture-room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria. The philosophical discourses of Hypatia rivalled the incomprehensible sermons of St. Cyril. It was not to be borne, that a heathen sorceress should thus divide such a metropolis with a prelate. It was Hypatia, with free thought and the noble influence of Nature's grandest truths, or St. Cyril, with bigotry, and the baneful influence of dogmatic rule. Which should it be? The might of muscle — and not of reason — decided it. As Hypatia came forth from her academy she was assaulted by

She was gone !

A dreamy stupor ; unconsciousness. Then again I saw the lovely Maid of Endor by my side. She took my hands and placed them carefully, as if with a studied movement, upon my head. One look of gentle regard, a warm pressure of her palms upon the back of my positioned hands, and — I slowly opened my eyes, as from a dreamy sleep.

Cyril's mob, — an Alexandrian mob of many monks. Amid the fearful yelling of those bare-legged and black-cowled fiends she is dragged from her chariot, and in the public street stripped naked. In her mortal terror she was hauled into an adjacent church, and in that sacred edifice killed by the club of Peter the Reader. They outraged the naked corpse, dismembered it, and, incredible to be said, finished their infernal crime by scraping the flesh from the bones with oyster-shells, and casting the remnants into the fire.

"Thus in the year 414 of our era, the leaden mace of bigotry had struck and shivered the exquisitely tempered steel of Greek philosophy. Cyril's acts passed unquestioned. There was to be no more liberty of thought throughout the Roman world." (DRAPER: *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.*)

CHAPTER IV.

HYPATIA'S CODE APPLIED.

I SAY, a dreamy sleep; but *what* dreams! What transcendent glories! What an opening up of the longed-for unexplored, — the far-off fields of infinite implantment, whose possible existence my vain self-arbitration had, with egotistic umpirage, pronounced impossible!

I was in my humble study, and the moon was flooding down her light upon the scene of verdant nature without. My hands were in the same position upon my head, as left by the mystic attendant of my trance. Not only were they there, but they were actually *held in place* by a gentle attraction that was entirely extraneous to any exercise of will-power on my part. I remembered the injunction of good Hypatia, and studied well their position and location before making attempt to remove them. As corresponding with the mental polar-points marked and known by their respective nominal designations in the studies of Dr. Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, and their earnest as well as learned followers, I found that my palms rested on the organs generally marked "Sublimity." The other parts of my hands came in contact with the organs of "Ideality," "Spirituality," and "Hope;" while my finger-ends met and interlocked upon the organs of "Reverence" (or "Submission") and "Benevolence."

I do not claim the distinction of a practical phrenolo-

gist, nor have I any apologies to make for the liberty that may be taken in making some changes pertaining to the current specified nature of the psychic organs to be examined. I but follow the bent of my "*impressions*," and if they lead me astray I hold satisfaction in the unctuous thought that I am not the first human who has missed the mark of truth when in earnest search for it. Let one fact be observed, however, — that our present examination extends its field of inquiry and considers the organs under review as adapted to an advanced sphere of activity as well as the plane of earth. The organs that have been named, as well as a few others, will be taken in order as they are presented by Hypatia's instructions, and their agreement scanned with the more advanced definitions of earth schools.

"IDEALITY. — Perception and admiration of the beautiful and perfect; good taste and refinement; purity of feeling; sense of elegance; imagination. Adapted to the beautiful in Nature and Art.¹" Nothing here that the most critical of the celestial spheres would expunge or alter. But in order that the way may be clear when the organ of "Sublimity" is before us for consideration, a few members of its definition will here be taken and examined in connection with the scope of Ideality's power. We transpose from Sublimity's class, "Vast," "Wild," "Romantic," and "Stupendous."

As these are all abstractions of such an elastic nature, including even the term Sublimity itself, may it not be that some of the more restricted vibrations of impressiveness — if we may be allowed so to express it — may impinge themselves upon the receptive senso-

¹ These classifications are taken from those of O. S. and L. W. Fowler, and are a fair presentation of what is generally accepted in their school as authority.

rium of Ideality? We incline to that belief. That in their higher range of soul-awakening these same psychic symbols may, and do, blend their influence with the workings of the organ marked "Sublimity," there is ample proof; but it does not follow that they stand as statements of that organ's primal function; nor does it apportion to two distinct organs the same office. There may be a strong bond of sympathy between the two poles; a generous interblending of fruits in store, and, at the same time, a wide divergence of prime functional duty. Take, for instance, the thought symbol, "vast," as being of very great extent, very spacious or large — as a vast ocean, a vast abyss, a vast mountain, or even the vast sky, with its material *thing*-adornments. These refer simply to *extension* and *situation* of objects in space, and may be so detailed by accessories — even to the moons, planets, suns, and comets of the arching sweep — as to form a continuity of the beautiful, that Ideality, even with all there is of *vastness* in the picture, may readily digest by and of itself.

But when we add a higher meaning, and say that *vast* means very great in *force*, *mighty with power*, it stands in a different light, and may be so viewed as to entirely draw it away from Ideality, and give it to Sublimity, under a new guise of the latter organ.

Shakespeare makes Hamlet say, "I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space." In a psychic sense it might easily be so. Professor Faraday tells us that the chemical force contained in a drop of water, if transformed into heat and light, would be sufficient to illuminate the heavens. Another noted scientist of equal authority, in discoursing upon the microscopic protoplasmic germ, says, by way of illustration, "If the entire hull of the 'Great Eastern' be

cleared, and filled with closely arranged mechanical complication, as fine as the works of the most delicately constructed lady's watch, the immense structure in the huge ship's hull would not equal in complexity and proportion the vast and wonderful fabric of the protoplasmic germ. It is evident, as *vast* is a relative, and not an absolute, term, that things and circumstances are vast, just in proportion as an advanced understanding can apprehend the brooding *power* and *might* displayed in the subject observed. In the two illustrations last given, although there is not the roar of the cataract, nor the thundering peal of heaven's artillery, associated with the phenomena, yet there is a vastness of force, and a display of infinite might, that may well awaken, in the mind educated up to a full realization of the truths, an emotion not only of the vast, but the truly *awful*.

How grandly Lionel S. Beale, F. R. S., expresses the working of this sentiment in the soul, when, in speaking of the great gulf in Nature between the simplest living particle, and the highest and most complex form of non-living matter, he says, "There is a separation which cannot be bridged over; a hiatus which becomes enlarged and more *vast* as knowledge increases."

Here Ideality could have but little or no play, nor could Sublimity be fully understood to be here awakened without some slight revision. We shall get some light, maybe, when that psychic pole is examined.

"VENERATION. DEVOTION, ADORATION, of a Supreme Being. Reverence for religion and things sacred; disposition to pray, worship, and observe religious rites. Adapted to the existence of a God, and the pleasures and benefits experienced by man in worshipping Him.

PERVERTED, it produces idolatry, superstition, reverence for authority, bigotry, religious intolerance, etc."

All the remark necessary upon the above is, that were the "*Perverted*" placed as the *results* of the enumerated proclivities given, as legitimate to the organ under question, their presentment, under this statement, would come much nearer the truth. No deeper throe of dark misjudgment has ever heaved its soul-debasing tide amid the soil of human growth than this same chaotic jangle of Truth's fair verse.

Let us examine the point marked very appropriately "Self-esteem," i.e., estimate of the self by the self. What is the ego? Not the clothes alone, that the physical individual wears; nor the fleshly form enclosed within the dress; nor yet all of its beauty of contour; nor yet a static soul stature within; but the *I* embraces all of *experience* up to this very moment of reckoning, with the whole accumulation of knowledge accompanying said experience; joined to the mode of the "I's" bearing among the universal kindred "I's" with whom he or she mingles. Self-esteem in excess, and unbalanced, makes one bow backwards, and give the "myself" a dozen bends in this direction, to one forward inclination towards any objective worth. Joined with excessive "Approbativeness," "Destructiveness," and "Combativeness," the ego, in his own estimation, becomes the I AM; and, has he the power, he will force this *physical* impression, at least upon all who are unfortunate enough to be under the sway of his tyrannical rule. Notable examples of this type are Alexander the Great, Nero, and Constantine the Great. Alexander issued orders, letters, decrees, etc., styling himself Alexander, son of God. (Jupiter Ammon. — Gibbon's Rome.) Were the record of inward conceit an open page, there

would be found a host of Alexanders occupying high places in all spheres of earth-life at the present time.

Narrow specialists in the different schools of scientific thought, as well as in schools theological, are prone to magnify their own pet idols of worshipful investigation, and pronounce them the *most important* of all Nature's conceptions. So, within one special school will arise various subdivisions with distinct promotions; and one set of classifications in great Nature's field of operation are dubbed "High," "Noble," and "Pure," while others are relegated to the region of low, base, carnal, animal, etc. Yet such students will generally be found upon the side that is strong in its asseverations of the *absolute unity* throughout all Nature.

In no line of thought has this tendency of the mind to exalt in one direction, and undervalue in another, been so marked as in the averaged dissertations upon the manifested functions of the human soul, as it finds itself clothed upon with flesh in the mundane sphere. Let it not be understood that this habit is here imputed to the thoughtful phreno-scientist. On the contrary, many of the most learned writers and teachers of that study are pronounced in their declaration that every function of mind that comes within their line of investigation holds equal degree of worth in the economy of Infinite Design. It is more apt to be those who have no knowledge of the science of soul polar-forces who cause the direful mischief.

Let us now throw off the clothing of flesh, and, standing with the noble Hypatia, note the working of this gift of soul marked self-esteem. How astounding to the mind is the thought, as for the first time it comes pouring upon the consciousness! No question arises now, "Is there a God?" The ego is made to *know*

that within his or her own being there is an element, the nature of which is kindred with the flood of Infinite energy in which the individual soul exists. It has nothing in common with Hope, nor with Spirituality, Ideality, nor Sublimity; but it has a very close affiliation with the polar-point generally called Veneration; and happy the individual in whom the two are well poised, and well guarded by Conscientiousness and a healthful intellect.

The prime, distinct, and absolute office of the organ Self-esteem is to ever impress upon the ego the existence of an Infinite spark within, that individualizes the ego to itself. Were it blotted out from the soul's brain,¹ the soul so bereft might seek to prove the Infinite by aid of reason, but it could have no sense of being, of itself, in any way *allied* to the Infinite. It is the spark within the human that is ever spurring on towards the high and noble. It is the God within the man that, rightly cultivated, makes the *man a god*, and fruited with the richness of a tender care it gives to woman's mien a *majesty divine*.

Perverted and debauched by conceit, it is ever crying out, "I am the Lord *your* God!" and "Thus saith the Lord *your* God!"

Holding the hand of Hypatia and listening to its utterances it speaks: "I am to myself my own Saviour, and I stand before my own Conscientiousness as before the throne of the Almighty Judge."

Actuated, no doubt, by a desire to serve the ever-clamoring claims of theology, many phreno-scientists have sought to decide upon some organ of the human

¹ Although an organ may be weakly developed, it is nevertheless there in place, and the experiences in the life-courses to come will awake into activity what in this life appear to lie dormant and ineffectual.

brain to which can be attributed the special function of impressing upon the ego the fact of the existence of an indwelling *soul*. No one possessed of the slightest shade of independent reasoning ever murmurs to the Infinite, "You have left me in ignorance of life." Every organ of the human's brain constantly asserts the existence of, and co-operation with, a vitalizing germ of Infinite implantment, which is the very pith and marrow of the ego's being.

It is the interaction between that arch of cerebral wonders, — laden with the impress of their psycho-electric contact with the outer cosmos, — and the Divine leaven within, that wakes into the arena of life that mighty product, MIND. One may strive to hold in imagination some idea of the Infinite, apart from matter; but the mental feat is *absolutely impossible*. Force, in any aspect of observation, can only be conceived of as in some way associated with matter or substance. To simply say, "God is spirit," is but a weak presentation of the Mightiest of the Mighty. The puerile sentimentality that, with pretentious sophistry, would so maim the All in All as to lay iconoclastic hands upon the "Cosmic Dust," stands self-debased before the One Divine.

Throughout the universe it is this interaction between soul and environments that develops that potential state out from which CHARACTER is evolved. Now, when it is asserted that the organ of Self-esteem ever impresses the ego with the existence of a bestowment of the Infinite within, more, much more, is implied than the mere inward sojourning of a latent psychic spark. At this brain pole is installed an ever-speaking intuition that tells of an indwelling bequeathment of the Almighty's Self. The psychic impression that radiates upon it

from without voices to the ego, "The Infinite and myself are of the same essence;" its inner prompting is, "I am the custodian of my own soul;" and to that child of the Ever Present in whose being a full realization of this high proclaim has been fully unfolded, comes HONOR, the loftiest achievement that *character* can score.

A hasty judgment might decide that this last-claimed function of Self-esteem was of the same nature as the office ascribed to Veneration, i.e., a recognition of the *parentage* of the Infinite; but it is not so. Blot out Veneration and give Self-esteem full and unchecked impulse, and we have seen the result. Instead of breathing the holy impress "My Parent above," the ego so dismembered dreams, "*I am the Infinite.*"

Having a clear understanding of Self-esteem, we are now better prepared to examine that much-abused and illy-defined organ variously marked "Submission," "Reverence," and "Veneration." As Self-esteem has to do entirely with the Infinite *within*, had the soul no other organ that by its own inherent essence took cognizance of the Infinite *without*, then well might every human being upon the earth go about crying, "I am the Lord your God," for they would be so created that their very nature would *compel* them so to do. What Self-esteem is to the ego, Veneration is to the non-ego, or, in other words, as Self-esteem is ever reminding the soul of an indwelling throb of Infinite presence, so Veneration is ever reminding the soul that every individual that enters into the scope of its association has within itself the same meed of Divine bestowal.

It is not alone to life energies of its own type, that a true, healthful Veneration bows in respectful recognition. To it, in its prime estate, the humble violet

speaks the Almighty in language as audible as does the swaying forest; and as knowledge expands the intellect in the sphere of Reason, Veneration bows to the atom, as readily as to the universes of the surrounding heavens. It is the function of this organ to impress upon the *child* of Nature the ever presence of a *Supreme Parent*. It is true that Self-esteem acts in connection with this legitimate working of Veneration. Were Self-esteem entirely blotted out, the ego could have no conception of the *parentage* existing in Nature towards itself, from the reason that it could have no inward realization of an inhering germ-shoot of the Supreme Progenitor. In this case, — a situation in which no human being can be instated (we speak of sane states), — Veneration would know the power ever impinging its presence as an Absolute *Master*, but would be bereft of the joy-yielding intuition that bespeaks the PARENTAL tie. As Self-esteem, unguarded and in excess, bends backwards and gives the "Myself" a dozen inclinations to one forward, so Veneration, in excess and unguarded, bends forward with so weak and willing a yielding to objective presentments, that, taking no healthy cognizance of the God within, it holds no measure that shall test the God without. With poorly developed intellect, such an individual is but the servile, cringing plaything of Bigotry's dark schemes. A lofty Veneration, coupled with wisdom, born of knowledge, recognizes the Infinite in every detail of the vast environments within reach of the senses, either by aid of telescope or microscope; but a distorted, misdirected Veneration crawls in vain amid the wreck and ashes of creedal cant for the object of its prayers. Proud and arrogant Self-esteem, what abominable crimes have you committed in the name of the Most High! and poor,

weak, affrighted Veneration, to what depths of infamy and degradation have you dragged the human soul!

“SPIRITUALITY — FAITH, PRESCIENCE, the ‘LIGHT WITHIN;’ TRUST in prophetic guidings; interior perception of the TRUTH; what is Best; what is about to transpire. Adapted to man’s (the human’s) prophetic gift, and a future life; perception and feeling of the SPIRITUAL. PERVERSION — superstition, witchcraft, and, with Cautiousness large, fear of ghosts.”

This very definition gives evidence of a still hazy conception of the true function of this organ. Let us scan the members given above, piece by piece.

“FAITH.” — The prime definition of faith is “Belief, the assent of the mind or understanding to the truth of what is declared by another, resting on his or her authority and veracity without other evidence” (Webster). Then, so far as this organ is thus affected, it is one of faith, but no more so than are a lazy set of “Intellectuals” which lounge on Faith, rather than rouse up for the acquisition of KNOWLEDGE.

“PRESCIENCE” (having a knowledge of events before they take place). — All well so far as it goes; but be it remembered that this knowledge *must*, in some way, *be transmitted* to the apprehension of the organ.

“THE LIGHT WITHIN.” — True, when there *is* real LIGHT there; but may not the same be said of many other organs in the human brain?

“TRUST in prophetic GUIDINGS.” — Query, does it necessarily follow that because a “guiding” is “prophetic,” it is healthful? Had not Reason better test the prophet? There is lying obsession as well as truthful inspiration. Devils may croak, as well as angels warn; and a rap at the soul’s door from damnation’s

side may sound with more alluring beckon to some than the soft whisper of a heaven-sent love.

"INTERIOR perception of TRUTH; what is Best; what is about to transpire, etc. Adapted to man's prophetic gift and a future life."

All perceptions of *truth* are subjective or interior, and there are probably no organs that are so sure to guide to truth as those which are embraced in the class called the "Reasoning Faculties." A lie may work itself through the organ under consideration with much more ease than it could pass unscathed through the ordeal of calm, reflective analysis, brought upon it by the faculty generally designated "Human Nature."

"WHAT is BEST" is too abstract an idea to even approach in this connection.

"What is about to transpire." — Very good; but it does not follow that it is a special virtue of this organ to *tell what is about to transpire*, any more than it is a *special* function of the ear to report to consciousness what is about to transpire, from having *heard* a pronounced declaration of preconceived intent.

"Adapted to man's prophetic gift," stands good; but better say, instead of "and a future life," that the organ in question enables the human to hold intercourse with denizens of life-spheres still beyond. For, be it remembered, between the many spheres of life beyond the grave, this same organ is thus fulfilling the duty imposed upon it by Deific edict. It is true that by virtue of this organ the individual is ever enabled to gain a *sure knowledge* of a continuation of life beyond the plane of present occupancy. In our field of research we know no "future life," so far as the adaptations of the organs of the human soul are concerned, except what "Hope" is ever whispering to the listening ear.

“PERCEPTION and FEELING of the SPIRITUAL.” — Undoubtedly this stands as a collateral scientific truth, if we definitely understand what “*the spiritual*” really is.

Spirituality, as well as religion, — terms often interchangeable in sense, — are so chameleon-sided in common usage, that only a vague idea can be entertained regarding their true specific virtue, by observing them, as at present, so prodigally, as well as pretentiously, thrown into the volume of earth speech.

As Evolution, with Titan toil, has lifted the tide of human endeavor higher, and still higher, above the reptilian hold of Dogma's stunting grip; as Science has opened out to the human brain a fuller and yet more glorious knowledge of the One Supreme; and as the freed soul, now glad in its emancipation from the chains of bigotry, has, within the illuminated brain, waked with lofty and righteous striving the dormant soul-tones of its organ's score; at every onward step along the hard-fought way, ecclesiastical cunning has seized upon the splendid triumphs, and, in mockery of truth, exclaimed: “Behold the wonders religion has achieved!”

Intermingled with this arrogant and mendacious mode of action on the part of theology, has been borne along the sister form of speech, Spirituality.

It must be remembered that the organs under consideration are being examined, not with reference to this earth-life merely, but to *all* life, in the field of whose activity the human soul may be called upon to take its nature-ordained part. The brain-function now being studied has the same direct tendency of action in the head of the hereafter's most exalted seraph, as in the lowliest plodder of earth.

There is, aside from all of dogma and creedal tenets, in religion, and aside from all the Protean variableness of the term Spirituality, a profound sense of soulful feeling awakened in the breast, at mention of these two emblems of intellection. As the chaff is carefully sifted away from the wheat, we may find that Nature will yet leave us our old familiar loves, not only unimpaired, but showing with a brighter lustre from the cleansing away of their encumbering *débris*.

It will be our earnest endeavor to tread cautiously amid the sacred chambers of this "holy of holies;" for here is that rich storehouse, out from whose ineffable yield have been rendered those throbs of ardent feeling and holy resolve, that, hand in hand with Mother Infinite, have ever trended the human soul nearer her throne of love! We must be critical, too, for hereby rests all the weight and value that an humble sincerity has the temerity to dream attaches to the heart-work of this entire book.

One definition of the word Spirit in Webster is, "An apparition or ghost;" and as the returning and communicating visitants from the spheres beyond are universally designated, in this age, as "Spirits," the general mind is prone to associate this distinctive appellation, as in some way relational to "spirituality." Such is not necessarily the case; indeed, there is not the slightest continuity between the two terms. It was through confounding the *physical* sense of "spirit" with the pure *ethical* sense of "spirituality," that led our — in-this-region-bewildered — phreno-scientist to affix the latter term to the organ under examination.

The soul can only be a thinking thing of life by being in constant radiant friction with environments external to itself. Fools will stand and wrangle where

gods are hushed with awe. For a long time upon the earth-plane will the war go on between the spiritual (universal spiritualism) on the one side, and the material (universal materialism) on the other. But there is a more advanced school in whose harmonious chambers this silly strife is hushed. There is yet an organ, holding high station in the human soul, whose strong proclaim leads to this blissful peace.

In the Academy of Hypatia it is well known that the individual, while yet being rocked in the cradle of earth by the hand of Mother Infinite, is, in a scientific sense, a seeming *triune* presentation; i. e., consisting of soul and *two* bodies; the more sublimated body of the two being the one destined to be fellow to the soul when its sojourn on earth — as of earth enclothed¹ — shall have been ended. The other garment, called flesh, is a swathing specially adapted to the needs of direct earth life.

Let it be distinctly understood that it is assumed throughout this work, that there is not an atom in the flesh of the body physical, which is not just as *pure* and *sacred*, in the eye of Infinite ordaining, as any *radiant molecule* in the body astral.² No more baneful misconception was ever foisted upon a credulous and ignorant humanity, than the idea that, in an ethical sense, the *physical* body was by nature unspiritual, and the *astral* incasement, the *truly spiritual*.

If the ambiguous word "Spirituality" means any-

¹ New light upon this subject proves that what is generally called "death" by no means ends, for a time, the dwelling of many newly embodied souls in the magnetic atmosphere of Mother Earth.

² This being an accepted term by which to symbolize this intermediate physio-ethereal incasement of the soul, it will be adopted throughout this book as a better one than that generally used, — i. e., "spirit body," — and in most cases will be used instead of the latter.

thing definite, its glossarial exposition can be reduced down to the clearly understood statement: *Conscientious, Reverential, Benevolent, Reasoning, and truly Loving*, — GOODNESS OF INTENT! It has to do with the united action of the "Moral," "Intuitive," "Reflective," and "Perfective" organs of sense, and cannot with scientific propriety be appointed, as a distinctive name, to any *one* member of the cerebral group.

Half a century ago a thoughtful phreno-scientist wrote as follows, treating upon the same organ: "Among the subjects which have given rise to attacks against phrenology, and which have afforded scope for the humor of its adversaries, we know of none that seem to offer themselves so readily, or to stand so fully exposed, as the organ which by Dr. Spurzheim was entitled 'Marvellousness,' and to which Mr. Combe prefers to affix the name of 'Wonder.'¹ . . . We find in such persons as have this organ in a full degree, an instinctive tendency to believe in mysterious intimations; they believe that in instances of coming danger the mind is sometimes overshadowed by a vague consciousness of approaching evil, which they cannot explain, but find it impossible to resist. If they possess a good intellect they will reject all absurd stories of ghosts and witches, and also all omens relating to the trivial occurrences of every-day life, and they will be able to satirize a belief of this nature with more effect than could be produced by those in whom the organ is deficient; but they are disposed to attach great power of independent action to the sentient principle,

¹ The organ now called Spirituality has been successively named, "Supernaturality," "Marvellousness," "Wonder," "Credulity," and "Spirituality." If these nominal endeavors are scanned as a whole, it will be apparent to any candid mind that the investigators were all seeking in one and the same direction.

and they usually find themselves unable to reject as utterly false the numerous instances which are narrated amongst all nations, where individuals are said to have received involuntary intimations of the death of far-distant friends at the precise moment when their dissolution occurred. If the conversation is led to this point, they will, in nine cases out of ten, relate some similar circumstance which has occurred within their own experience or the experience of their friends, although, if afterwards pressed to avow their firm belief in such agencies, they will immediately call in the pride of intellect to their aid, and thus quash the feeling for which they are unable to account, and of which they are consequently ashamed. At this point they will probably yield their assent when some matter-of-fact person complacently settles the question, and stops all further inquiries, by pronouncing that it was '*merely a coincident*,' although they feel at the moment no more satisfaction at this mode of solving the mystery than did the eager schoolboy, who, when inquiring the nature of an eclipse, received from his self-satisfied instructor the philosophical reply that it was '*merely a phenomenon*.'"

The same writer says: "On Mr. Combe's visit to the Richmond Lunatic Asylum, Dublin, 20th of April, 1829, he met with a patient in whom this organ, along with Hope and Ideality, were very fully developed, and presented an appearance of derangement. The following is a statement of the symptoms, etc.:—

"Christopher Edmundson: clerk to a merchant; aged forty-seven; twelve years ill; unmarried; monomania, religious. Fancies himself Jesus Christ, and attempted to walk on the sea, and fast forty days. *Imagines now that his body is inhabited by the spirit of another person*

[these Italics are ours]. Was a clerk and a Methodist, and gave up his employment to go about preaching and working miracles."

Here follows another case, in which Wonder (Spirituality), Destructiveness, and Self-esteem were very large, while Veneration and Benevolence were deficient:—

"Thomas Fogharty: a marine and tailor; aged thirty-nine; ten years ill; monomania, with the singular delusion of his being the Almighty. Says he had no beginning, and is never to die; that he can bestow immortality on whom he chooses; is very irascible, *and threatens those who oppose him with hell, fire, and brimstone.*¹ [Our Italics.] In these cases we see the tendency to believe in extraordinary or deranged powers of spiritual existence."²

This quotation, as a whole, gives the clearest idea of the manifestations of this organ the writer has had the good fortune to meet, and it is the more valuable from having been written prior to any movement towards reviving the gift of the Woman of Endor. The two cases of monomania spoken of were very likely those of obsession.

It is no more than just to give credit to E. Z. F. Wickes of New York for saying, under this organ, "Very Large — you entertain a very intimate communion with the spirit world: are endowed with a very sensitive clairvoyant nature."

In a work of recent publication³ we read under the

¹ Let this case be borne in mind when we come to examine the character of the Jewish Jehovah.

² Professor M. B. Sampson, in *American Phrenological Journal* of April 1, 1839, Philadelphia.

³ *Heads and Faces: How to Study Them.* Fowler, Wells Co., New York.

heading of "Spirituality, or Marvellousness," the following: "Man has in all ages shown a strong conviction with reference to the existence of supernatural beings; he has always entertained instinctive ideas that there were powers at work in the air, or coming from a remote sphere, with missions of good or bad purpose. . . . Its function [Spirituality], as already shown, is to inspire belief in the strange or marvellous."

We would ask these able expounders of this noble science to reflect upon the purport of the foregoing quotation. Is it the part of wisdom to assume that in the great Master-Plan of Profound Nature, recognition is made, and a primordial provision instituted, for insuring the mere *belief* of the *strange* or the *marvellous*? Surely no creedal cunning could have bribed this unsavory affront to Reason into the otherwise clear flow of our respected author's deliverances.

What is this "*Wonder*" that has so tenaciously held its grip upon this sphinx of phreno-scientific investigation through the long, long years?

"**WONDER:** That sensation which is excited by novelty or the presentation to the sight or mind of something new, unusual, strange, great, extraordinary, and not well understood; surprise, astonishment, admiration, amazement" (Webster's definition).

So! so! Here come trooping up the whole Perceptive group, and the Reasonings, rank and file, headed by regal Causality, and with eager press join in the Intuitives, fronted by majestic Sublimity, all claiming part in Wonder's store.

Then, thus it rests. In the study of this mysterious member of the cerebral group, so much of the strange, extraordinary, great, surprising, as well as astounding, has been observed in its legitimate working, that in

despair of formulating a correct, concise statement of its functional purpose in Nature's design, the observer has transferred the mental state induced within the region of his own psychic nature, to the pestering inducer, and relieved the perplexity of his mind by crying "*Wonder!*"

Now, in the presence of wise Hypatia, let us mark the workings of this psychic organ that has been more or less of a riddle to the unaided scholar of earth. In the glow of that higher light one feels, going out from this soul point of sense apprehension, a broad, universal *Soul Reciprocity*. It is the storehouse of true altruistic love. It is the genuine affectional pole of the human soul. Not only is it the ear that catches the thought vibrations of the fellow human, but the very mouth by use of which, when attuned to its mystic utterance, soul may converse with soul. That the mind may the more easily grasp the underlying law operating here, it would be well ever to hold in thought the lesson given by Hypatia, that wherever the mind goes, there also is present a psychic electric emanation of the ego's soul-essence; that the embodiment no more incases the individualized soul, than does a drop of water bound in the Infinite. So, not in the language of metaphysics, nor of emotion, but in the light of scientific fact, it is not merely mind impressing mind, but the soul substance of one individual impinging upon the soul substance of another, — true apprehensive soul-reciprocity. One must be careful, in experimenting in this realm of investigation, not to confound revived cerebral impressions, or, in other words, circumstances and objects from memory's store, with the locality actual where these circumstances and objects first came under the person's observation. In illustration: you have visited the

Tower of London. You are at home in your snug American abode, and you sit and, as it is said, *run over* all the scenes of interest you witnessed and enjoyed at your several visits to that place of marvellous entertainment. Now do not suppose for a moment that, according to this law, your mind must, at the time of your so reviving those scenes, nor your soul-aura either, necessarily be in the *Tower of London*. Not at all. You are only enjoying yourself in the library of your own soul's storehouse of registered experiences. But, let a dear, psychically sensitive friend of yours, who you have reason to believe is at the *Tower of London* at the moment of your calling him or her to mind, really be there, by chance in a quiet, passive, psychic mood, and you direct your concentrated thought-attention upon that friend, then will there go out a mysterious scintillation such as has, as Professor Sampson stated fifty years ago, been known to react and impress itself upon its mark, in all nations and in all ages.

Self-esteem gives to the ego the unfaltering trust that there is a spark of the Infinite within the self; *Veneration*, the same regarding the things without; but, strange as it may seem at first thought, these organs can give no fundamental conception, as an Infinitely stamped attribute, to one human soul, of the equally certain indwelling, in other humans, of a soul-essence of the same sentient stamp as that ego's own soul-essence. It is all in vain that the one-sided *Rationalist* cries out, "Reason will do it!" It will do no such thing. Reason, unaided by the gift of *Soul Reciprocity*, may dilate upon "*Life*," and talk fluently of the "*Science of Man*," and even "*Mind*," but without the torch of *Love's* true altruistic flame, held in the hand of that divine goddess *Soul Reciprocity*, it can never delve

down into the deep mine of universal *Love*, — the *Heart* of kindred souls. *Soul Reciprocity* (Spirituality), then, has, as its functional office, the duty of impressing us of our relations one to another as brothers and sisters under one great universal parentage. History, as well as existing manifestations, prove conclusively that there are humans on earth so constituted in their psychomental make-up, that, although they see other forms physical moving about in their environments, similar to their own, *firmly believe* that there is really but *one all-knowing ego* on earth, or in the eternal universe, — “*Myself*.” In this regard *Dogmatic Sectarianism* on the one hand, and *Bigoted Sciolism* on the other, may unite in one concrete self, and sound the tocsin, “*I am the GREAT I AM!*” Veneration, in this case, may be fairly developed, but, with *Approbativeness* large, it is checked from its legitimate channel, and drawn into the vortex of self-worship.

It is at this psychic portal that disincarnated persons seek to enter into communication with those still of earth. At the sensitive tympanum of this receptive organ have ever been whispered — whenever the mediumistic gift has been of sufficient dominance — those spirit deliverances which have been so often confounded with inspiration, intuition, and an inhering, individual gift at prophecy. Though outside the bound of this work's intent, it may be here remarked that the scope of the gift of *Soul Reciprocity* does not end here. Veneration reveres the universal whole as the manifestation of the ever-present Infinite. It has no office in the realm of Love. It will be shown, in another part of this work, that all pure human love holds its court in the glorious organ, *Soul Reciprocity* (Spirituality). So not only the universal loves of brotherhood and

sisterhood, as well as the immediate circle of the domestic ties, but that ofttimes pure and heaven-ordained affection towards bosom soul-pets *below* the human, here finds its nature-endowed shrine. The select, ultra-conceited divine, who prates so majestically about the "special immortality of the saints," and the *saints* only, would feel a pulse of holy wrath did he only know that, in spite of his pious cant, many a true and noble woman of his fold would experience more joy at being informed by him that she might (which is Infinite law) meet her pet *dog* or *cat* upon the "yonder shore," than would she at announcement that a dozen heathen souls had sought salvation in his dogma's plight; and they would but obey their higher nature by being so moved upon.

With what lofty tones this organ speaks through Shakespeare in the following words:—

"What power is it, which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eyes?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things,¹
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
Who weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been, cannot be."²

¹ Things formed by nature for each other.

² All's Well that Ends Well. Act I. Scene 3.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUATION OF HYPATIA'S CODE.

"**SUBLIMITY.** PERCEPTION, and appreciation of the VAST, ILLIMITABLE, ENDLESS, OMNIPOTENT, and INFINITE: gives a passion for the wild, romantic, boundless, endless, infinite, eternal, and stupendous."

REMARKS. — Vast, Wild, Romantic, and Stupendous have been spoken of in connection with *Ideality*. Illimitable, Endless, Infinite, and Boundless are all synonymous with Eternal, in their extreme definition, and come under the sway of "*Hope*;" but in a somewhat limited, though sublime sense, they remain with the organ *Sublimity*. Many thinkers argue that a conception of Eternity cannot be attributed to the action of the organ "*Hope*," because the feeling (the word) is often expressed by those in whom the organ of Hope is exceedingly small; and quotations from different poets, in whom the gift is said to be deficient, are given to substantiate the ground taken. Such critics should remember that the rhetorical figure "*Eternity*" is just as common a piece of poetic furniture as "*Beautiful Snow*" and "*Lovely Spring*," and may be lavishly used by a writer who has little "*Hope*," and, in many cases, less "*Sublimity*."

We have "*Omnipotent*" left. We must now enter the school of Hypatia, and ascertain if, in that advanced plane, any organ of the human brain is recognized, whereupon Infinite Energy is ever impinging a sense of the Almighty's Omnipotence. We find there is. Be-

hold! its location occupies the most commanding situation of any organ upon the soul's brain. Were we to station a pilot, a keen and able watch, at a post of duty, to direct the course of our oftentimes frail bark of life, we would be sure to select the same spot for installment as has been ordained by Deific fiat. It is that dual organ marked "*Causality*." It is enthroned in close relation to its kin brothers of Reason, and sits as umpire of the soul's conduct.

This last statement may be thought to conflict with the office of Conscientiousness; but it is not so. The latter organ does not reason, nor is it the psychic member that judges, or decides, the acts the person is to perform. *Causality* does this in all cases. Where violent passion or emotion, on what is called the "impulse of the moment," overreaches reflection, and commits an unpremeditated act, the result is the same regarding the *rightness* or the *wrongness* of the act. *Benevolence*, *Self-esteem*, and other organs, as the case may be, make their deliverances to *Causality* and its board. There the verdict in the case is rendered. If "*wrong*" is reported, Conscientiousness punishes; if "*good*" is the report from *Causality*, then does the soul receive a gift of pleasure. To *Causality* comes the Infinite in its omnipotence, and in the sacred temple of the human conscience does the Almighty sit as Judge; not to judge of what our actions shall be, but to mete out award according as *Causality* reports to Conscientiousness the human's acts; and as *justice* is the foundation of all permanent good, it is this phase of Deific character that is here installed.

Any extended examination of the psychic pole, Conscientiousness, may appear a digression at this point;

still at no place in our contemplated work can a brief analysis of its primal action be better introduced. As we progress, the reader will see the necessity of this slight halt for reflection.

Theologians and metaphysicians have written volume after volume upon that Protean mental phenomenon called "*Conscience*." The fact of its being a special function, and having a fixed pole-centre in the soul's brain, is in no way admitted by the so-called "Great Reasoners;" and so, ever groping in the dark, the result of their labors has only made confusion more confounded.

We are told on one hand that conscience is nothing, as an entity, that can be trusted. That it is the result of an aggregation of what the mind is educated to *believe* is right or wrong. From the huge drift of misleading matter that is now being borne along the tide of earth thought, let us hold to view the following deliverance: "Conscience is the most changing of rules; conscience in the strong is presumptuous; in the timid, weak, and unhappy, wavering; in the undecided, an obedient organ of the sentiments that sway us — more misleading than reason and nature."¹

One has only to look at this quoted text, from the "reason" side of "nature," to be convinced how utterly out of tune its purport is with the sequence of Nature's rule.

In this deliverance are brought together detached actions of thought, hinting at psychic results, that in their varied expressions must include a full participation of nearly the whole gamut of the human brain-score; and all summed up under the heading "*Conscience*," when that noble soul-member has but little or

¹ Matthew Arnold.

nothing to do in the stated matter. Here the term *Conscience* is used as synonymous with *Character* or *Disposition*.

When candid thinkers and writers will learn that neither superstitious nor wilful ignorance; abject cringing to the haughty and presumptuous dictates of a lordly hierarchy, the blind estate in which a conceited sciolism holds its reason-stunted votaries, nor the lofty attitude of the demigods of sciolistic and ecclesiastic reign, have anything directly to do with the rich spring of conscientious reflection in the human soul, the world will advance in a fairer light than is now, in some quarters, flickering across the way.

Conscience can only work as handmaid to the goddess Reason, and what bears down with inky shade before the portal through which Knowledge should shed its healthful glow, must throw a stunting veil over the chancel wherein Conscience holds her royal seat.

No, it is the creeds, the dogmas, and the sophistries of the schools, on the one hand, and the weak, timid imbecility of sentimental subserviency on the other, that prove so false and unreliable. The course of universal conscience is, and ever has been, upward. Wherever, in the march of a free civilization, the goddess Science has waved her sceptre higher and still higher above the bondaged fold of bigotry's enslavement, Conscience has ever been her strong support; bestowing her meed of reward for every victory attained.

There are two subjective states of self-consciousness which, in a great part, have their rise in the pronouncements of Conscientiousness: *Pride*, with its rewards of pleasure; and *Shame*, with its regrets and repentances.

No shame can come to a human soul upon usher to

the astral life, if a realm of activity be found entirely at variance with what has been held as "*beliefs*," — even though the fact of the onward existence itself has been doubted, — if that same soul has freely and candidly sought, with exercise of the full strength of talents bestowed, in all channels for light, that have been opened up to his or her mental perception. The greater the surprise, the greater the joy! — ever the impress of emotion that Nature's higher revelations bear to the breast of Reason.

But to the purblind disciples of creed-bound arrogance, who have prated their narrow, hedged-in dogmas, as of the All Wise One's speech, what terrible debasement of soul comes of the whip of Conscience in that estate where —

"There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence."

Herein rests the working of that marvellous inlet of Infinite arbitration to the human soul. When standing in the audit chamber of the astral court, it is not the accumulations of a misdirected conscience that an awakened understanding forces the mind to cast aside; but the vigil Conscientiousness prompts the liberated and reason-aroused understanding to break away from the clogs of error that prejudice and stupidity have allowed to invest the brain.¹

Sublimity takes cognizance of nothing that does not directly pertain to the manifestations of Nature as dis-

¹ In the latter part of this work will be found another marked departure from the office generally supposed to pertain to the functional working of Conscience, which, to some minds, may present itself as a violent shock to inherited belief.

played in the working of her so-called laws, and coming immediately within the apprehension — as phenomena — of said organ. What is generally called *imagination* is a deceptive thing, at best. We may talk of systems of suns beyond those revealed by the most powerful telescope, but Sublimity finds all it can digest by feasting upon what it can, with a surety, lay hands upon.

Professor William Crookes, in discoursing upon "*Radiant Matter*," tells us of the 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (one quadrillion) molecules contained in a glass bulb about five inches in diameter, and of their trooping through an infinitesimal hole in the glass, made by an electric spark, at the rate of *three hundred trillions* per second. He then remarks: "I have done the sum, but figures, when they mount so high, cease to have any meaning; and such calculations are as futile as trying to count the drops in the ocean."

How often has Richard A. Proctor been heard to exclaim, after filling his blackboard with just such an array of figures, pertaining to the starry realms within sight of the unaided eye: "Here are the figures! I have done the sum; but the mind of man has no powers to grasp these immense magnitudes! They outstride even imagination, and can only impress one with the vastness of the material universe."

Here, then, we have an example of the vastness-of-the-vast in two directions, and how natural it is to the mind, for the sake of relief, to cry out, "*The Eternal!*" But pause a moment. Although *Sublimity* may attend Reason in these two vast fields of reckoning, and drink in at every step all there is of the sublime and grand, as well as vast; after all, what is it in these two cases that forces the soul to utter forth "*Eternity*," — the ravishment of *Sublimity* or the exaltation of *Intellect*?

It is here claimed that the latter yields the impulse. The declaration will assert itself in the form of "*Eternity must be!*" and not "*Eternity is!*" It is not the deliverance of *Intuition* in these two cases, but the pronouncement of *Reason*.

We still have "*Sublimity*" left. It now remains to be seen whether this mental state is the primal function of the organ in question, or only an emotion incident to its legitimate working. There is a symbol of mental attitude still left, that, in its deep significance, overleaps *Sublimity*, and that is AWE. The sublime leads up to and holds the soul enthralled before the *awful*.

We now give, as near as language can express it, the functional office of this organ as it manifests itself in the free and exalted region of Hypatia's studies. It is the psychic pole in the human brain of "UNIVERSAL UNITY." It impresses upon the soul the sublime fact that it is a part and parcel of the *Great Universal Whole*, — both soul-essence and embodiment. Absolute kindred to every pulse wherein beats the throb of Nature's august Power. 'Tis truly mightiest among the mighty, and yet it can speak to the soul in an *Æolian* whisper. Under its influence one stands in awe before the templed wonders of the Infinite. It is not an organ of the intellect; it is more. It digests all that Intellect achieves, and adds to it the meed of Intuitive Inspiration. It goes beyond Intellect down into the soul of things, and finds kindred and truth where cold calculation dare not tread. It is not so much for absolute utility as for joy; and yet, it may be that serene and lofty happiness is Utility's highest aim. It enjoys all of Reason, and joins with it the unctuous balm of holy meditation; and if there is an organ of the human soul that prompts to soulful *worship*, here is its seat.

Its shrine of worship is the Universe, and the objects of its worship shall be counted when Eternities cease to flow. It is to Soul-Reciprocity what Ideality is to *Form, Color, and Music*; it exalts Love into the lofty and joy-bestowing attitude of Universal Altruism, that embraces in its fold all of Causation's mint. It is here that the voice of the Infinite is ever proclaiming, "*Thou art a Microcosm!*" It is here that Minerva sits enthroned. One may have knowledge and a certain degree of genius, but where the nurture of this Talent is withheld, Wisdom cannot abide. Its influence in the advanced spheres brings that "*at-one-ment*" so often told of upon the earth-plane. This is the sacred shrine where the Materialist and Spiritualist will meet in that noble Unity that becomes the highest members of Evolution's brood. It is the seat of *Intuition*, and by the direct act of vigorous intuitive impulsion may become *Self-inspired*.

Here is that mysterious region — the field of Soul-Reciprocity; Universal Unity, and kindred organs — about which have clustered, through long ages, the vagaries, as well as the obscure and loosely-jointed facts, of "*OCCULTISM*."

Ere many decades "Positive Science" will be forced to admit — as a universally recognized truth — that *Nature* is calmly working with her majestic tread along the line that has been, and is, called by one class of united thought (Theology¹) the "*supernatural*;" and by another (sociolism) "*idiotic superstition*."

No affirmation can Science make at this epoch of

¹ True it is that in the dictionary one will find many kinds of "Theology." In this work the term Theology stands as a figure of that huge volume of expressed mental travel, which bases its "*Authority*" upon the creedal root — the *Jewish Jehovah*. All other definitions come legitimately under the head of *Science*.

Reason's reign, holding a more sacred stamp of veracious pith, than that during the whole record of the human's experience upon earth, individuals have appeared to the sensuous apprehension of the yet mundane dwellers, who are clothed upon with an embodiment, not of the chemical compound of *earthly flesh*.

So much for the *truth*; but what a vast ocean of *error* and *deception* have sprung from this pure rill of Nature's revelation.

Its dark chambers, and "*cabinets*" of plot, forgery, and trick; its idols of hush and *unrevelment*, have done nearly as much, in certain quarters, to mislead their confiding devotees as has the paradoxical apotheosis of Jewish and Christian mythology.

Here is the *fact*. Given by Nature a peculiar psychic adaptability for the obtaining of such results, some humans have been, and are, the instruments (mediums) through the utilization of whose psychic, as well as physical, organism, wonderful, even astounding, phenomena have occurred.

That mediumship which has to do with intercourse between individual human souls by virtue of Soul-Reciprocity, is not alluded to here. It is the working of external Nature's psycho-physical forces directly upon, and in unison with, the human's individual brain forces. It might be called the *sensitiveness to materiality*. It is the potent means that is utilized by disincarnated power to produce such effects as the opening and slamming of doors, ringing of bells, moving of furniture, and the thousand and one occurrences which have transpired in every age of the earth's history, and which have generally been attributed to the instrumentality of "*ghosts*."

A brief examination of the underlying "*Law*" that acts as the efficient cause in producing the varied

phenomena occurring in this region of Nature's seeming marvellous disclosures, may lead to a slight *cue*, for aid to our worthy "*Psychic Researchers*," who may wander blindly — as they often have — along this perplexing route.

The hint bestowed, and we leave this branch of psychic, as well as physico-mental, investigation to the above-mentioned seekers for truth, trusting they may realize that just here is a nucleus in the field of scientific study, out from which flows a mighty main, the details of whose tide can only be expressed by volumes of concisely worded pages.

Professor Benjamin Martin says: "All true Science involves both the knowledge of *Nature* and the knowledge of *Man*." The question would be pertinent here: Can Science in any way separate Man from Nature?

This conceit of the human mind, that tends to disengage itself from the scheme of Universal Causation, and assume a position of absolute extraneous pose of observation towards the Almighty's front, is the direct cause of more bewilderment in the realm of earnest endeavor for the gleanings of psychic truth, than any malformation that has cramped the expanding aspirations of the human soul.

The vain *Child* dreams that what *it* cannot understand, the *Parent* cannot accomplish.

Before we proceed, one other psychic brain-organ must be slightly changed in its distinctive term of recognition. It is the one marked, —

"CALCULATION: Cognizance of numbers; ability to reckon figures *in the head*; mental arithmetic. Adapted to the relation of numbers." (Fowler.)

Correct, so far as the schools of direct earth instruction are concerned, but hardly adequate to express the

primal impress of the Infinites here ordaining. Every attribute pertaining to the fundamental insignia of each distinct cerebral organ should be bestowed in such figures of finite language, as can, in the light of Reason, as well as Reverence, be applied to the Infinite.

Can the human conceive of the Omnipotent as in a position that requires *calculation*, on the part of Deific Power, before the act of procedure can ensue?

One might, at first impulse, respond, "*Yes!*" But, after reflecting that in this regard he was gauging the Infinite by the limited measure of his own mode of procedure, by aid of continual influxes of that same Almighty essence, he would, in modest retraction, emphatically answer, "*No!*"

There is one trait of Deific character that is not tabulated, as an emphatic attribute, in any of the recorded definitions of the phreno-scientists. That *thow* is "*CONSTANCY*." It is entirely distinct from the self-will of "*Firmness*," and goes far beyond the scope of "*Continuity*." It is that voice that is ever speaking to the finite: *My Laws* are Constant and Immutable; and here shalt thou come for the final, uncontrovertible test. So has the human of earth, by sway of Intuition, been forced to adopt a definite mode of symbolization, in answer to the arbitrary requirements of this tongue of the Infinite, that admit of no prevarication nor metaphysical quibbling. These symbols are the numerical signs, 1, 2, 3, etc.

In Hypatia's present realm of instalment these earth symbols have no place, and yet this grand basic organ works there with a potency that transcends its initial power within the sphere of mundane life. There it is only known as *Absolute Constancy*, and yields a final seal to the continual inflowing of the Infinite's advanced

bestowments. It has no office in the Ethical world ; but there is not a pulse of atomic energy, from the proto-plastic germ to the loftiest complication in the climax glory of the zones beyond, but are alike controlled and fashioned by its ever-present ruling. It is Creation's director, and is *infallible* in finite and Infinite alike.

The Reasoning faculties "*calculate*" regarding all phenomena attending the soul's environments ; it is the office of the organ Constancy to *prove* these calculations and assumptions of Reason.

Through this portal flow those Deific emanations that at times produce almost instantaneously what Sir Charles might think "Nature" would require months or years to accomplish.

Through all transmutation and seeming decay, the electric impulsions from this vigil of the Infinite's Code of Rule are ever directing to correct proportions of re-adjustment.

Here, then, Psychic Researcher, look sharp, and reflect. In the field of radiant material energy that yet mantles this home sphere of earth, what wonders — to your unaccustomed senses — may be wrought by efficient action of Universal Unity, with the organ Constancy pouring its creative currents in from one direction, while Soul-Reciprocity yields her balm of heart bestowment from the throne of love, and the united forces all guided by the controlling Over-Soul.

Although the organ of Universal Unity is truly one of emotion, the nature of its emotional deliverances must depend entirely upon the status of the Intellectual faculties. Awe, in its exalted sense, arises not wholly from observing the vast and majestic, but from a contemplation *of*, and affiliation *with*, the same. Awe recognizes external Power coupled with Creative

Infinite Intelligence, when the self's intelligence is sufficiently schooled to allow of its comprehension. The more grand and sublime the at-one-time presented scene for apprehension, the broader the flow of soul-force from without, that is, as a kindred energy, at the time, poured into the ego's soul. Here, then, is the secret of the vast temples, and grand and imposing ceremonials that have in all ages been reared and appointed for *worship*. We hold that man cannot be divorced from Nature; but it is safe to say that the greater part of mankind, in times past as well as now, have knelt, and do kneel, in worship to the works of Nature *through man* — man-built temples with all their sense-bewildering paraphernalia — rather than before the artless truth of Nature's God, as manifested in the temple of the Universe.

Emotion, unaided by an active and healthy Reason, may be as unreliable as a baseless dream; oftentimes giving holy credence to things as false and baneful as a perjurer's oath. The grander the soul-gift, when once intoxicated, the more pitiable the trip; this noble organ once drunk with the stulting wine of sacerdotal infatuation, as oft and oft again it is, how sad, how terrible the state! Over this deformity "sweet Religion" weeps, while creedal ghouls feast on the foul debasement.

Perhaps a bolder and at the same time more gratuitous offering to this glorious soul-organ was never given than the following from an address delivered by the President of the British Association at Dublin: "If the eye of the scientific explorer seem dim, he must look steadfastly and with *hope*¹ into the misty vision,

¹ Although the word "hope" is correctly used here, so far as etymology is concerned, it must not be confounded with that "hope" which is attached to the prime working of the brain organ so marked. It is evident that it can express nothing more here than an assured expectancy, which had its rise in the intuitive "*sympathetic trust*" that follows, born of the joint action of *Universal Unity* and *Causality*.

until the very clouds wreathe themselves into definite forms. If his ear seems dull he must listen patiently, and with sympathetic trust, to the *intricate whisperings of Nature*, — the goddess of a hundred voices, — until here and there he can pick out a few simple notes to which *his own powers can respond.*" (The Italics are ours.)

See how this organ speaks in the brain of that great and altruistic man John Tyndall. Speaking of "Creation," he says, "When I look with strenuous gaze into the whole problem as far as my capacities allow, overwhelming wonder is the predominant feeling. This wonder has come to me from the ages, *just as my understanding*, and it has *an equal right to satisfaction*. There are men, and by no means the minority, who, however wealthy in regard to facts, can never rise into the region of principles. They are formed to plod meritoriously on the lower levels of thought, unpossessed of those pinions necessary to reach the heights. They cannot realize the mental act — *the act of inspiration, it might well be called* — by which a man of genius, after long pondering and proving, reaches a theoretical conception which unravels and illuminates the tangles of centuries of observation and experiment."¹

On swells the eternal anthem! chord kissed
 By chord leaps to the choired strain, till sun,
 And earth, aye, every atom that doth make
 Their ponderous bulk — voiced by a thrill of soul —
 Blend with the song sublime. In the immense, —
 The sweeping zones of heaven's high-seated throngs;
 Where the Almighty's hand hath richer tuned
 The scale, the echoed harmony is caught,
 And borne aloft — still Up! until 'tis lost
 In the vast hush — of the Unknown!

¹ Tyndall's article on "*Virchow and Evolution.*"

“HOPE.” — It must be borne in mind, the object sought for thus far, in this examination, has been to arrive at some positive conception of the fixed, functional natures of the mind-poles under consideration. It is here assumed — not stated dogmatically as a proven fact — that in the nebulous womb, out from which was delivered the teeming world, a Great Over-ruling Thought Power mingled with the forces then at play. It is further assumed that that Thought Power has impregnated, and will continue to impregnate throughout all time to come, every form of Life with its presence and nature, *to a limited degree*. If we have no absolute authority for asserting that the *Human* is the highest outcome in form and soul-gift, that will result from this long labor of Mind upon Matter, we are so positioned, as humans, that we cannot think otherwise than that it *must be so*. Thus constituted by nature, we are *forced* by intuitive promptings, to believe that we are the climax in the scale of soul-endowed organic development. Then in a higher degree must the presence and nature of the Over-ruling Thought Power be implanted in the human being, than in any life-individuals below man. Here the question — and a profound question, too — is, What is it that so marvellously inheres in this psychic organ, as a stamp of the Almighty’s hand, that is expressed by the symbol “*Hope*”? The names given to organs do not constitute the organs, but only, so far as scientific investigation has permitted, illustrate somewhat the nature of their working. This organ was in active operation in the human brain long before man had an oral language, and it spoke with as strong an emphasis to *his* soul, as it speaks to the average mortal *to-day* — and, we ween, much stronger. It works in the brain of the astral

human in the farthest advanced spheres beyond the grave of earth, with as eager a potency as upon this lower plane.

Truly speaking, aside from all of "*wish*," "*desire*," "*trust*," "*confidence*," and "*expectation*," there is not an organ in the Reasoning range but what, catching the aid of Causality, most emphatically *hopes*. In fact, Hope is an attribute of the whole of Life itself, and is an outgrowth of that earnest desire of humanity at large for the propulsion of present joys into the prospective future. Then may it not be that the organ under question is an *assurance to Hope*, rather than a spring in which that same mental activity has rise? What one attribute of Infinite Mind, above all others, have we thus far failed to tabulate as a specific organic function, that, above all others, the human soul *must* be possessed of, to insure a perfect bliss. This: — *The never-ending; the always-to-exist*. Blot this organ called "*Hope*" entirely out from the human brain, and life would be an existence of dread and dark foreboding. If it were possible (as an illustration) for a human, with a fair share of well-cultivated intellect — for, strange to say, hope grows with intelligence — to be made to *know*, as a piece of *absolute knowledge*, that in one million, or even five million, years, he would be annihilated, wiped *in toto* out of existence; that knowledge would darken and embitter every waking moment of his thus restricted life-course. It would continue to assert, more and more, the dominance of rule, until the very revel he sought to drown the dread would add but to the curse. It is impossible for the human to place himself in the position of one thus, in imagination, dismembered; for the *Assurance to hope* is ever gleaming in its light, however tightly we try to close the eyes against it.

The language of this organ in Hypatia's realm is known as "SELF-ETERNAL." It is, in the sense of grandeur, the highest organ in the human brain. It is a torch held in the hand of Mother Infinite, to ever light the child along the way of life. Its glow broadens as the soul expands with knowledge, and in the higher spheres it becomes so effulgent that, blending its rays with the scintillations of *Universal Unity*, it impresses the soul with the absolute *Certainty* of the ever-presence of the One Divine.

In its light, many of earth life, intoxicated by its glare, and unmindful of their duty to their Reason's store, yield to high and insane expectancy without presenting to this bright luminary any offering for assurance, except the products of their own unreasoning *Conceit*. They are truly led astray by *Hope*. But is it that they had *too much Hope*, or *too little Common-sense*?

There is one thought which might seem perplexing, that we will briefly notice. "If this organ is continually impressing the ego, by fiat of the Almighty, that the same ego is *Self-eternal*, why this ever-anxious *longing to know* if there is a life beyond the grave?

Notice that there are *two* distinct thought conceptions expressed here: *Eternal*, and *Life beyond the grave* of earth. The organ of *Hope*, so called, is one of continual *Assurance*, and that is all. It is not an organ of Reason, nor Emotion, nor has it anything to do particularly with religion and morality. It does not *prove* Eternity, for Eternity cannot be *proved* to the finite mind. It is a law of the action of the human soul, that it shall ever be asking and seeking, and there is no Intuition nor Assurance so strongly marked as to make their impressions amount to *absolute knowledge*. Life beyond the grave is something that Reason, as well as the affectional

nature, is ever asking, and the human soul, with all its store of loved memories, *longs for a sure knowledge of it*. Now let us recall Hypatia's teaching, and we remember that for every phase of knowledge that the soul really, anxiously *longs for*, a way is open for its attainment. The soul never *longs* to know if it is *eternal*, nor does it long to know anything of Eternity, nor, on the other side of the immortal shores, does the individual ever *question* the continuance of life. But the Grave! Death! and — *look out, man!* you thought we were going to say *annihilation!* No, by the bright star of Hope! no sane man can ever bring himself to such a pitch of psychic degradation — as we shall soon more clearly prove. It is only *doubt*, — sometimes *very dense*, to be sure, — and it is the main object of this work to show why this *doubt* has so long held reign, contrary to the direct provisions of a Loving Infinite Design for its removal.

It is said that "man is fearfully and wonderfully made;" and another trite saying is, "We never miss the water till the spring runs dry." Unite these, and ponder upon that wonderful outcome of Fecund Nature, the Psychic Human Body. How seemingly self-sustaining one feels when the Everlasting Spring flows with healthful rhythm through the well-attuned octaves of the soul-brain! Let the hand be withdrawn that guides the vital stream, and *what*, mortal, — *art thou?*

CHAPTER VI.

SCIENCE AND SCIOLISM.

WEBSTER defines the word "science": "In a general sense, knowledge, or certain knowledge; the comprehension or understanding of truth or facts by the mind."

That able scientist, Professor Simon Newcomb, says: "Science concerns itself only with phenomena and the relations which connect them, and does not take account of any questions which do not, in some way, admit of being brought to the test of observation. The only universe it knows is that made known by the telescope, the microscope, *and other appliances of observation.*" (Our Italics.)

Remark.—What a peculiar smile must play upon the radiant faces of Hypatia and her good sister of Endor, should they be by and mark the broad scope of these last words of Brother Newcomb!

Again, the same keen astronomer says: "One essential maxim of science is, that the man of science, as such, has no preconceived theories to support, but simply goes to Nature to find out and interpret what she has to say according to her exact meaning. What he may *wish* to be true, has no bearing at all upon the question of what really *is* true."¹

Charles T. Haviland, in an article headed "*The Results of Abstractions in Science,*" published in the *Popu-*

¹ In an address entitled *The Course of Nature.*

lar Science Monthly, October, 1879, boldly says: "The term science does not, like the name of a religious sect, denote the belief in a set, dogmatic formula, nor the acceptance of a certain class of ideas. There is no orthodoxy nor heterodoxy in science. On the contrary, the term science connotes the knowledge of the occurrences of certain phenomena in a certain definite order, and the term scientist denotes one who is versed in these facts, and who, from his knowledge of the parts, is capable of making more or less probable guesses (hypotheses) as to the occurrence of these phenomena in the future, or in the unexplored portions of the past. The attribution of more than this to the term science is not warranted. To say that *true* science teaches one thing, and *false* science another, is wrong. *Science teaches nothing*; it is itself knowledge rendered more exact."

Many thanks, good and noble men of scientific thought! You leave the field clean for us to tread, on our way of inquiry. Something from your side of earth's mind-realm, ever joining hands with theology, and with as rank a malignancy, has ever been ready to lay harsh hands upon the fair maid of Endor, and, while plying derision's most cutting lash, joined in the cry, "*Damned be the witch!*"

What is it, sweet goddess Science, that passes for you, and yet is none of you? This counterfeit detraction, that, in thy borrowed garb, struts to the gibe and beck of clamorous fools.

Who is this strutting braggart, that with wild
Verbosity inflicts his ribaldry
Within the very breast of honest thought?
Who treads, with heartless hoof, upon the rose,

And scorns the incense of the lily's prayer ;
Who, with uproarious shout, doth desecrate
The sweet serenity that potent Wisdom
Yields the humble devotee of Truth ;
Who, tearing away the sacred bandage
From the brow of Justice, installs thereon
The crazy-lensed desecry of Prejudice ;
And, with the fury of a Hate, purges
His gross defilement where the trusting soul
Of Love has garnered up its harvesting ;
Who, with the veriest forgery of
Unfeigned speech, doth weave a mazy labyrinth
Of brazen adjectives around the hocus
Knave, and so bedeck a living lie with
Hyperbole, that it shall wear the outward
Seeming garb of stately eminence ; while,
With vanity's pretentious web, himself
Enclosing within a shell of his own
Fancy's hatch, he doth, in vain persuasion,
Esteem himself an Autocrat supreme.

“SCIOLIST [L. *sciolus*, a diminutive form of *scio*, to know]. One who knows little, or who knows many things superficially ; a smatterer.” (Webster.) We now have him before us, and his face shall not be forgotten. But one thing must be remarked : no man to the earth born, can attain perfection while sojourning here below. We hold that a man may be both *scientist* and *sciolist* at one and the same time. About the full-fledged sciolist we have nothing to say : he is not even worth a line of room here. But there are humans peerless and exalted in one direction, and often in many broad fields of scientific investigation, and in their legitimate channels of research do high honor to science ;

while in other fields, whose mazy distances they have not explored, they claim a knowledge they never have obtained. By this claiming they play the *sciolist*.

John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., late of New York, but now pursuing his studies in the broad realm of Astral life, says, on page 415 of his masterly work, "HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY," in connection with the subject "*Inverse Vision*" (which is but another name for Clairvoyance):—

"Physiology, though full of teleological illustrations, that is, examples of the use of means for the accomplishment of an end, has none more worthy of our consideration than this of inverse vision. Men in every part of the world, even among nations the most abject and barbarous, have an abiding faith, not only in a spirit that animates us, but also in its immortality. Of these there are multitudes who have been shut out from all communion with civilized countries, who have never been enlightened by revelation, and who are mentally incapable of reasoning out for themselves arguments in support of these great truths. Can there be, in a philosophical view, anything more interesting than the manner in which these defects have been provided for, by implanting in the very organization of every man the means of constantly admonishing him of these facts; of recalling them with an unexpected vividness before him, even after they have become so faint as to almost die out? Let him be as debased and benighted a savage as he may, shut out from all communion with races whom Providence has placed in happier circumstances, he has still the same organization, and is liable to the same physiological incidents, as ourselves. Like us, he sees in his visions the fading forms of landscapes which are, perhaps, connected with some of his most grateful

recollections; and what other conclusions can he possibly derive from these unreal [better have said *real*] pictures than that they are the foreshadowings of another land beyond that in which his lot is cast? *Like us*, he is visited, at intervals, by the resemblances of those whom he has loved or hated while they were alive; nor can he ever be so brutalized as not to discern in such manifestations suggestions which to him are incontrovertible proofs of the existence and immortality of the soul. *Even in the most refined social conditions we are never able to shake off the impression of these occurrences, and are perpetually drawing from them the same conclusions as did our uncivilized ancestors.*" (Our Italics.) Here is a magnificent manifestation of inspired and impressed *Soul Reciprocity*.

On page 543 of the same work, under the heading, "*Tendency to Crime*," we find the following: "Moreover, superficial education makes the mind a ready receptacle for every kind of imposture, and has been the cause of the rapid spread of many modern delusions, such as Spiritualism," etc. See how school fear and "intellectual pride" here make a learned man a bitter sciolist, and even flatly contradict the very soul and spirit of the first piece of real scientific inspiration.

We now have before us a book with this title-page: "AN ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF, by *Viscount Amberly*." A glorious man he was, and is, and one of England's most proficient scholars. What a story of the soul's experience does the brief opening of this work reveal! Here are the opening words of the author's inscription: "With all reverence and all affection, to the memory of the ever-lamented wife, whose hearty interest in this book was, during many years of preparatory toil, my best support. . . ." Let it be borne

in mind that the brow of this dearly beloved wife, his earnest co-laborer, was kissed by death before he had finished the work. Of his own departure the opening words of the "*Address to the Reader*" tells: "Ere the pages now given to the public had left the press, the hand that had written them was cold; the heart of which few could know the loving depths, had ceased to beat; the far-ranging mind was forever still; *the fervent spirit was at rest.*" (These are our Italics, and will soon be referred to.)

Now we will turn away over to the very last leaf but one of the book — a work of 726 pages — upon which the gifted mind had spent his whole mature life of study and reflection. After having critically examined every known religious belief, we hear the Viscount, grief-stricken as he was, — and he has not offered a single criticism upon the "*belief*" he speaks of, nor does he even mention it in the whole work except in this one instance, — break out with the following words: "What mere intellectual conviction of a future state can vie with the consoling certainty offered by the Spiritualistic belief, that those whom we have lost on earth still hover around us in our daily course, sometimes even appearing to us in bodily form, and converse with us in human speech! No mere *Hope* of meeting them again can for a moment equal the delight of *seeing* their well-known shapes, and *hearing* their familiar tones. Hence the Spiritualist has undoubtedly a source of comfort in his faith which more rational creeds can offer nothing to supply. But [an after-thought] who that does not share it can envy them so baseless a conviction, so illusory a joy?"

Turn just one leaf, and read the last, closing thought of this man who *pretends* to believe that he can see

nothing but the dark, blank wall of annihilation before him: "For the disappearance of a single life is but a ripple on the ocean of humanity, and humanity feels it not. Hence they will meet their end sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,

'Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

In our own country, listen to one who has large *Soul Reciprocity* and *Universal Unity*, but a somewhat overmastering intellectual convocation. Of the same school as Amberly, he finds no proof thus far of a continuation of individual human life after its period on earth, by study of objective tested facts thus far presented. For this attitude of mind no one but a conceited adherent to dogmatic dicta would deem it the part of justice to accuse him of unreason. *But*, when he stands by the side of a pallid corse, a soulless casket within a casket, whose every particle Nature is tearing asunder with ruthless hand, to mould again for other uses, and about him are gathered those who, like himself, yearn towards the mysterious something *gone*, and not the clayey tenement now voiceless in their midst, mark how intense the struggle between the intellect, and that dewy impress of the Self-Eternal's sweet *Assurance*, that, like a ceaseless love, makes conquest sure, by soft but ardent plea. At the funeral of a dearly beloved friend, a woman, he spoke with tearful pathos of "those hands now at rest from their labors," and of "the eternal seal of peace" being placed upon "that placid brow." On a later occasion of a similar nature his soul, touched by the living light of inspiration's fire, delivered itself thus: "Only flowers should be laid upon the tomb: . . . in life's last pillow there should

be no thorns. Some hearts are like a waveless pool, satisfied to hold the image of a wondrous star, but hers was full of motion, life and form. . . . A little while ago a babe was found: one that had been abandoned by the mother, left as a legacy to chance or fate. The warm heart of Mary Fiske, *now cold in death* [our Italics] was touched. She took the waif, held it lovingly to her breast, and made the child her own. We pray thee, Mother Nature, that thou wilt take this woman, and hold her as tenderly in thy arms as she held and pressed against her generous throbbing heart the abandoned babe. We seek no more."¹

What a jangle of words and sense is here! What is meant by "feverish spirit *at rest*," . . . "soothed by an *unfaltering trust*," and "Lie down to *pleasant dreams*," on the part of Viscount Amberly? and what does our last quoted man of eloquent tongue and generous heart mean by "hands *at rest*;" "*peace* on that placid brow"? And what, oh, what *did* he hold in mind, as impulse to the uttered thought, when he so gloriously prayed to "*Mother Nature*"?

What have all these soulful expressions of Soul Reciprocity, Universal Unity, and the ever-voiced Assurance of that same Mother Nature, to do with *rot* and the eternal expungement of the invincible slayer *Death*? Puff out the flame; then hide the useless candlestick beneath the ground. Talk not of *rest* to that! for there the worms shall make high revel, a very banquet feast, and their wild gorge will last so long as one small shred shall lurk to yield them meat. The worms will only rest when that soul-shorn form you have placed so sacredly away, with all of its "folded hands," its "oft-kissed lips," its "once bright eyes," and its "placid

¹ Robert G. Ingersoll, at the funeral of Mary Fiske, in New York, February 6, 1889.

brow," shall have passed, as mementos for the soul's remembrance, into the never-to-be-revived region of absolute nothingness. Talk not of "*rest*" and "*peace*" and "*trust*" in this connection: these are the assurances of *Hope*, and pledged to her attendant sisters, fair paracletes of Life. They have no abiding place amid the foul and dismal wreckage that within the charnel-house bides the dread havoc Corruption's hand shall make.

Oh, for the love of Truth, don't bring your "Dead Sea fruit," that loathsome nightshade growth, that lurks about the murky pools of Lethe's tide, and with the grace and skill of rhetoric hold it before the stricken heart as blossom fresh with heaven's own dew. It yields no scent, and leaves but a dull pang behind.

"*Hamlet*. I pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? Pah!"

[*Throws down the skull.*]

Enter HOPE disguised.

Hope. Now, once again from off the ground lift up
This thing, that breeds repulsion to thy sense;
With cunning art make of those orbless cells —
Where once the love-light of a soul peered forth —
Flora's receptacle for bright-hued flowers;
Then word, with worshipful and tender tone
As soft you lay the mouldy relic on
A violet bed, — "in life's last pillow there
Should be no thorns." I pry'thee, good Hamlet,
What sayest thou?

Hamlet. PAH!"

But, after all, Viscount Amberly meant what he said, and, at the same time, with his haughty intellect he did not realize the fact of his own soul's truthfulness. Listen to him: "But, who that does not share it can ever envy them so baseless a conviction, so illusory a joy?" My dear brother Amberly, *where* comes in the "baseless" and "illusory" in this case? If you had given one one-hundredth part the attention to the investigation of the Spiritualistic phenomena that you did to any one of the many "*Religions*" that you analyzed, you might have been brought into the ranks of its believers, by exercise of that mental integrity which you deny its sincere advocates. Now, supposing you had been convinced, by a patient and critical "*Analysis*," that "those whom we have lost on earth still hover around us in our daily course," and up to the very time of your death, even to the last faint throb of earth's expiring sense, you had firmly believed that your loved and loving wife stood, like a vigil watcher by your side, to guide your new-born spirit to a higher life, how could this soul-sustaining joy ever become to you *an illusion*? Surely it *never could* from your attitude of reasoning. If that last, low pulsation throbbed you into annihilation's dark and *dreamless* death, your soul could never receive the lie to the gracious "TRUST" that so sweetly soothed life's troubled moments. Here is the thought that perplexed the mind of Viscount Amberly, paradoxical and almost incomprehensible as it may seem: when, just one page further on, after speaking so lovingly of the Spiritualist's solace, he speaks of those just to die as lying down with an *unfaltering trust*, that strange poise of mental attitude was this: "Awake again I feel within my own soul's core *I shall!*" But, whether it

will be to find that I am *totally annihilated*, or to the more blissful discovery that my angel wife will still be my companion, puzzles my heart and brain sorely."

So in that beautiful piece of word-painting, spread, at first, with such artistic hand upon the grim skeleton of blank despair, the heart of Ingersoll grows warm. Emotion, pure and true to Mother Nature's sway, forgets the "*logic*" of the case, and Soul Reciprocity, caught in the light of Hope's assuring beams, bears off the palm. Will Robert Ingersoll so traduce all that is grand and noble in the human soul as to affirm that his prayer to Mother Nature, that she would "*hold Mary Fiske lovingly in her arms*," was born of else than the ingleaming of a "wondrous star," whose trail celestial lit the radiant way to Onward Realms? In this estate he plays the better part to ope the doors, and let the light stay in.

CHAPTER VII.

WISDOM AND CREDULITY.

AS with scientific and sciolistic thought, so is it with the members which head this chapter; they are often found woefully commingled in one individual group of cerebral forces.

It is a sad sight,—one far too often presented to the ken of public view,—that terrible stumble of the acknowledged strong, to a weak decrepitude of state, by the side of which the healthy dotage of old age looms up Goliath-like in strength. There are mortals, ripe in the study of some special branch; with minds in tune with one grand chord of Nature's lyre, within the gamut of whose brain lingers inaptness towards some more occult, and seeming spectre-laden, bent of search.

The stellar measures of the sky's deep vault they figure with deft and accurate precision; and amid the complex and subtle commingling of chemic forces, none more profound. High in the college chair they sit, and at their beck thousands respond "Amen!" By their judicial utterance is coursed the dignity of court, and majesty of law. But, lack-a-day! place them before the shrine where Nature deals, with a most cautious hand, fair Endor's truths, lo! tip and reel they go, intoxicate and wild of sense, yielding to the control of wonder and amazement a will that heretofore has held its grasp on rigid scrutiny. *Sans* reason now,

and drunk with self's inflating fume, they give a ready sanction to each marvel met; and with most abominable platitudes strive to clothe the form of vile deception with a habit of shining grace.

How quick the trickster scents their demented track. Now are they the easy prey for every plotting mountebank; the juggler's enriching prize; and quick the charlatan insnares their weak, lamentable conceit.

From either side of life's great change called death
Throng the besieging hosts; who, true to Law,
Seek out a vacuum left void of sense.
None so high, none so low, in earthly scene
Of social thrift, but they may trip upon
This pitfall of righteous construction.
A sure calamity shall come to those, —
Seeking for pearly truths within this range, —
Whose lazy, shilly-shally brains rouse not
To Reason's call; but, laggard in the search
For Higher Light, beg for incessant bursts
Of stunning prodigy, dreaming that their
Bestaggered souls will find enlightenment
In the stupefying glut that gorges on
Amazement, and holds its vapid diet
On virtue of vicarious treachery.

Soon comes upon the scene the ready harpies of report,—ever vigilant on such a track as this,—and with pens apt to the wielding of distortion's notes, they garble up the rank, delusive ooze, engendered by this graft of knave with fool, and cast it to the hungry souls of earth as confirmation strong for Endor's shame.

A finger-board of guiding thought once trusted,
Shall sway a multitude towards the wrong,

If but an ill-timed wind becraze its *pose* :
While artful Prejudice, — that profits by
The misdirection, — shy lurks in ambush
To hold the faulty index towards the erring point.
In this perambulation, how better
To the soul, that it shall light the taper
Kind nature has, with bounteous giving,
Rendered unto its templed psychic store ;
And by its trusty glow, with cautious tread,
Seek slow, but sure, the way immaculate
That leads to life's immortal bound.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUTHORITY.

ONE grand result that it is the mission of this revealed Power of Light to accomplish, is the utter purging of that haughty growth of vain mundane conceit, "Authority."

It is the prerogative of Wisdom in power, to be modest and susceptible of attitude, as well as decisive in pronouncement. Revealment is ever before the wise, and the Might of the truly great, bows with reverence before the ever unknown.

Along all avenues of mental travel, beyond the apprehended, stretches the yet to be explored. It is at this midway point of mental vision that the Ecclesiastic and Sciolistic Infallibles stand, and with profound and solemn utterance, proffer all that can be known beyond the creed-sealed portal of Nature's outlying realms. Over a century ago, Dr. Adams, of Oxford University, England, delivered the following jewel of thought: "Power may compel, interest may bribe, pleasure may persuade; but *Reason* only can *oblige*. This is the only Authority which rational beings can own, and to which they owe obedience."

If, in this far-reaching symbol of languaged thought, there is engendered an essence of such supreme worth, that to it must the human bow in meek submission, then is it the part of Reason to analyze itself and seek to know the august Power. Every organ of the human brain must here be summoned to yield in testimony.

Evolution takes along in its expansion the finite faculties, — that, in an ever-limited degree, can mark its work, — as well as the vast environments out upon which said faculties are ever scintillating their electric prehensility for kindred grasp of recognition (Universal Unity). Throughout the known time of the human's existence on earth, up to the present hour, their mind endeavors, with attending results, have been borne along the tide of mental striving, forming one continued bequeathment from Age unto Age, of acquired experience. This ever-recurring legacy of experience is continually being refined in the crucible of knowledge, and the potency of that crucible's power must be in fixed ratio with the amount of Truth possessed by the inheritors.

But what is TRUTH?

Answer. — The verdict of the highest and most conscientious explorations of the universal human brain, *i. e.*, those mental endeavors which give report of continued striving in any line of research, wherein every organ of the human brain has been taxed to its utmost power, to yield attainment in the ardent quest.

Neither Truth nor Conscience can be absolute in the finite soul, and only as the psychic tide shall bear it on in the Astral spheres, can the fuller richness of either be fully appreciated by the finite mind.

Both Theology and Sciolism, with presumptuous vanity, claim an *absolute conscious*, and a *plenary revelation*, thereby forestalling the Infinite, and enthroning themselves in lieu of the All Wise One's reign. Let but a modest doubter probe with lawful questioning the hive of ecclesiastical encombment, and lo! the virus stings of dire anathemas swarm the troubled nest. So Sciolism, with ostentatious pedantry, cries

"Fool!" to every one who jars the statued posture of its sealed-up brains.

The insatiate passion for *authority* has impelled these two schools of thought to cry down, with roaring proclamations of "*Heresy!!*" any endeavor, on the part of REASON, to lift their unrighteous blockade from before two of the most precious fountains of Divine Truth.

The fact of fundamental psychic Character-marks, specially located in the human brain, has ever been the thing accursed by the mass of — so-called — men of science: while the fact of intelligent, individual, spirit-return to, and communication with, earth, after the change called death, has, on the other hand, ever been the "*abomination*" of Theology.

Strange as it may appear, yet it is true, that, antagonistic as have been these two forces in the arena of mental strife, the causes which have led them each to attempt this wilful expungement are identically the same. In both cases the voice they strive to hush *tells too much!* They reveal the fact that, interwoven with the thread-work of Natural causes, there is a scheme of registration in constant operation, indexed to mark the true estate which each individual holds in the vast empire of universal psychic growth. That Nature ever has control of these betraying vouchers, and that no bribery of gold, nor proffer of fame's emolument, can sway the unerring hand that guards the tally, is what most sorely perplexes, as well as mortifies, those arrogant ones of life, who would hold the rank of gods on credentials worthless to the issue.

When a person, gifted with a tact at collating results, levies upon the modest work of others, and, by ingratiating himself with the generosity and free-deliverance of their thoughts, purloins the treasures of their deep

explorations; and with automatic accuracy blazons them forth as the product of his own psychic delving; finally, spurred on by a gigantic opinion of Self, dubs himself "*Scientist*," shouting "*We are We!*" he hardly likes to have phreno-science step in and prove, point-blank, that he lacks all the essentials that Nature bestows upon one delegated to probe the mystic region of her forces sway. No! by all the — derisive adjectives at command; "that self-betraying glass *must be shattered!*"

When a member of the human species has arrogated to himself the appellation, "a called of God," and through the insidious workings of an inordinate vanity has really grown to believe that his budget of tenets, and himself as well, are under the special observation and direct personal indorsement of the One Omnipotent, in whose mighty palm are held the unnumbered universes that float in Eternity's expanse, how lacerating and havocking the tear upon the stately eminence of his petted self-laudation, to hear the soft tone of a messenger from the shores Elysian pronounce his creedal dogmas false to Truth, and he himself a guilty outcast from Heaven's high bliss. By all the powers of Church, that voice *must be hushed!* As in the year 1475, the then Bishop of London in a convocation of his clergy said, "If we do not destroy this dangerous invention (*printing*) it will one day destroy us;"¹ so Theology has ever said, "If we do not destroy this intercourse with high heaven, it will one day destroy us."

Note the following "*call*," actuated by a sincere motive, no doubt, for the gathering of a special conclave whose aim shall be the deciding, by means of "*scientific methods*," if there is actually a reality

¹ Middleton's Letters from Rome.

of truth in the million upon million mouthed asseverations, prompted by as cool and competent brains as have been on earth evolved, — that “*Communication between earth-life and the after-existence is a proven fact.*”

Here is the initial member of the address, fresh in this very hour of earth's advancement: “The signers wish to enlist as members, *first*, ministers of all denominations, *because of the intimate connection of any truth discovered with theology.*”

This call is surely unscientific. Science cautions all who approach her shrine to cast away all preconceived ideas, or opinions, as to what Nature *must* reveal. These sectarian judges impose upon Nature the obligation that her revelations shall harmonize with the majestic requirements of creedal Theology. Here must inevitably arise a conflict of *Authority*. Theology on one side, and the *Infinite* on the other.

In this terrific combat between the adamantine infallibility of Ecclesiastical rigor, and the quiet, unostentatious working of Omnipotence, three notable results usually follow — we say “usually,” because occasionally there is a noble exception. 1st, The clerical investigator leaves the presence of Endor in so heated a fever of tempestuous disgust at the utter unscripturalness of every lisp of “ignorant twaddle sputtered forth,” that he only deigns to report, “There’s nothing in it but silly delusion!” 2d, He is convinced that disincarnated intelligences *do* communicate, *but*, as their deliverances run in hard friction with his plenary theological Authority, the visitants are peremptorily, and loudly too, pronounced “*devils.*” 3d, Here is a sadder development of situation and final concession than is embodied in the two previous cases. The

Christian denominational minister makes his visit to Endor's portal. He listens patiently. Like the indefatigable Tyndall, he sits, and still he sits. He wavers; he believes; he *knows*! and he will not, in the manly candor of soul, so belie his respect for holy Truth as to meanly seek refuge in the heaven-insulting subterfuge, "Naught but evil spirits!"

What will he do? If he opens the glorious scrolls of revelations that have been poured into his ear from "Beyond the Way," he must discard most of the "Revelation" upon which his Creed's Authority reposes. To do this he is a heretic; this means expulsion,—and more; ostracism from his long-loved fold. What a painful contention between a high sense of honor's duty, and creedal self-interest. *Stop!* there is a sort of soul-exonerating course presents itself. He declares there is "*some modicum of truth* mixed up with the vast amount of uncertainty to be encountered," and betakes himself to the more non-committal phases of physical phenomena, a greater portion of which may be naught but well-devised tricks of mundane contrivance.¹ In this field he dreams he can rest upon investigation until long after the crack of doom;

¹ We cannot pass here without hinting that those who work by strictly scientific methods will find that many a genuine medium may be a genuine trickster, and as like sometimes draws like, and as even Dogmatic Religion itself sends its necromancers to the other side by hosts, it may not be wondered at that the crafty medium, aided by a willing conjurer as a "control," will still, for a while, play to the inclining of their nature's bent. The sin is the same, whether the scheme be concocted upon this side, or the other, or conjointly by parties upon both. There is no particular angle of inclination upon which an unrighteous invention must slide, in order to draw disapprobation from the Infinite; and as the theological atmosphere of earth becomes purer, so in proportion will the sky of these astral observations become more luminous. The Thaumaturgist, remember, holds a pride in *his authority* as well as the Theologian, and only astral's higher light can show them both the clearer way.

and so he might, were it not for the fact—as has invariably been the case since Galileo's time—that the Ecclesiastics have been forced to adopt the achievements of science, for the reason that they could not stand shamefaced apart from the great thinking, reasoning, and *knowing* mass about them. Their usual mode of procedure at the stage of compulsive resignation is to announce "WE INDORSE!"

Even here, a cool, unpassionate mind will note the working of a Divine Law operating in the line of ultimate salvation.

As dogmatic Theology and Sciolism have, unitedly in influence, impressed the *mark* of their creedal tenets upon the general embryotic brain; it must necessarily follow that many, who, through the wholesome working of an illuminated Soul-Reciprocity, come into the field of astral communication, bear with them a psychic constitution strongly imbued with bigotry's inoculation. So the ranks of "Modern Spiritualism" teem with mediums who have their special "Controls," "Guides," and "Influences," before whose delivered gospel the whole outside world is called upon to bow as to Omniscient Authority.

True to a Law—to be here presented—many of these inflowing astral "codes" are as much at variance as are the thousands of irreconcilable "beliefs" that through the ages have held their sway on earth.

"Matter and Force, unitedly, rise higher, and still higher, from the lowest plane of elementary chemical combination, until the sphere is reached in whose subtle transformations are included Will, Free-Will, and Reason. The law of 'like producing like' runs through all vital phenomena, even to the minutest details. There are certain limits and exceptions to this law;

otherwise differentiations of tissue, organs, and functions, could not take place in embryonic development; but the limits and exceptions are themselves subject to a law even more wonderful than the law of like producing like itself, viz., the law of Evolution. In the universe, evolution of one part must ever be at the expense of some other part."¹

The newly initiated should not be too harshly arraigned, if, in the flush of amazement and delight, they seize upon the first instalments, through the mediumship of Endor's gift, as utterance from the Throne Imperial. By law of inheritance they hold in mind the conviction—stamped there by ages of emphatic transmission—that once a lisp from "the risen ones," "the saints gone before," perfection and unimpeachable Authority must essence the report.

Soul-Reciprocity opens the gateway to a vast, outlying region of Universal Unity; but Reason must go hand in hand with the gracious opener in every direction, when Affection would, for a time, leave its soulful ties, and roam off in quest of broad and expanding truth.

Here, then, rests the Divine Law that will allow no creedal conclave to formulate a code whose scope shall cover the imposing volume bestowed by astral's throng. Its *assurance* comes, as the gentle rain of heaven, upon all alike; and like a quiet blessing, breeds no strife. Its *proclamations of philosophy* must be tested by those rigid rules that have ever gauged the records of fair Wisdom's temple; and although, upon both sides the Eternal river—by law of like producing like—some clauses of the dawning heraldry may be couched in partial measures; the verdict of the Universal Brain—

¹ Professor Joseph LeConte; in Lecture on Comparative Physiology.

by law of Evolution's fiat — will be the doctrine of its full bestowment. Thus is the Law fulfilled in this sphere of Evolution's sway; Error must be eroded, that Truth's formation may the higher pile.

In contrast to these truth-blighting attitudes, view the noble station assumed by Science. *It* courts criticism in every direction, and offers its dearest prizes — as its most gifted scholars emphatically avow — to those who will prove a higher truth, which shall, by reason of its forced adoption, advance, or even entirely expunge, a present position of conscientiously maintained, authoritative fact.

Reason and Truth go hand in hand, and are the immediate inflow of the pulsating Mind Energy that continually laves its tide upon the human brain. Endor's light has forever relegated the "*supernatural*" to the domain of Error's sphere, and *her* glorious torch reveals every object of the finite mind's observing in the radiant atmosphere of Nature's glow. Nature and the All-Truth are one; then, as we cautiously proceed along the pathway of our coming investigation, let us reverently bow to, and acknowledge, but one Authority — THE INFINITE.

Whist! ye of earth, who in enermind garb,
Play tyrant to the vassals of your realm;
You budge your fellows in the fallow sward,
As though the rich preferment of the soil
Made a high bidding to your haughty claim.
Egypt's huge Colossus, prostrate, and rent,
Conceals its face beneath the desert sand.
Imperious Alexander, in hoary
Babylon rousing amid high revelry
Fell victim to the cup of Hercules;

And lofty Cæsar, in the pomp and flush
Of royal sway, — on glory's very dome
Enthroned; was vanquished by ambition's stroke.
So totter, all along the march of Fate,
The huge constructions that vain pomp erects;
Whose substance is the fleeting, tinselled glare,
That in the glamour of their transient reign,
Flashes from off their gilded signs of power.
Subsoiled beneath the flowering verdure of
Great Nature's yield, — that growth which draws its
quick

From out the Everlasting Sun of Truth, —
Are sepulchred in one pent, mould'ring waste,
The myriad forms of vanity's device
That Cunning's ingenuity has shaped,
With which to deck its tricked authority,
Mitre and crown, sceptre and robe, with their
Attending aids of skill-craft, and deceit,
Are doomed to that expungement which a Might
Of Heaven's ordaining *will Oblige*; the rule
Of Reason! attribute thrice-grandest of
The Great I Am!

CHAPTER IX.

INTRODUCTION TO AN ANALYSIS OF THE JEWISH
JEHOVAH.

THOSE persons who have sat by a Medium for familiar spirits, actuated by a motive of lofty scientific impulse, have been borne into realms of exalted soul-purification such as no other means now before the world has the power to bestow. The disincarnated being, thus unshackled from the locks and fetters of this lower life, — one in whom the deeds of wrong on earth are cancelled by good acts in heaven, — exists where no material substance can dungeon out its environments; no creedal grip can choke its utterance, and no ponderous pile of ecclesiastical lore stay its flight. Every organ that serves a special function to its attuned mind, vibrates in harmony with the Highest Good. It does not stop alone to reason; it does not question whether there be right or wrong; it is neither heretic nor saint; it is caught up by full action of Universal Unity in the ever onward flowing Tide of Infinite Creative Energy. The broad arch above it is the arcade of Eternity, and its mission, as well as its God, is spanned by that same measure of awful Immensity.

Love and Wisdom. Of such a nature now stands the familiar spirit Hypatia, and it is her psychic statue we shall keep before us, as in kindly, but scientific mode, we examine the character of the Jehovah of the Jews, and God of Christian Theology. We are placed in a position similar to that in which Professor Draper

found himself when, at the opening of one of his discourses, he introduced the subject of the "Human Heart." He says: "No function of the animal mechanism illustrates more strikingly the doctrine, that we must rely on physical agents for physiological explanations, than that which we have now to consider; i. e., the circulation of the blood.

"We surrender some of the most beautiful recollections of classical mythology, and some of the most cherished popular illusions of our own times. The heart, which in the higher classes of life is the central organ of impulse to the circulation, is to be degraded into a mere engine. We have to speak of its valves, its cords, its pipes. In the old times this organ was looked upon as the seat of the thoughts and the passions; it was the centre of all good and evil, purity and uncleanness, devotion and love. In the modern system, the *brain* has succeeded to the functions which were once imputed to it. The heart, then, is no longer an altar on which flames are burning; no longer the seat of the passions and the throne of love. It is a machine, *but what kind of a machine?*"

We will now transpose and utilize the great master's thoughts to serve our present need.

No ideal formation of human construction illustrates more strikingly the doctrine, that we must rely on psychic agents for psychological explanation, than that which we have now to consider; i. e., a "Personified Representation of Deity."

We surrender some of the most beautiful, as well as baneful, recollections of classic mythology, and some of the most cherished popular illusions of our own times. The apotheosis, which in the most popular classes of life is the central organ of theological impulse and

religious circulation, is to be degraded into a mere man-made psychic-engine. We have to speak of its traits, its loves, its hates, its deeds, its wrath, its revenge, and its jealousy. In the old time, this complex psychic creation was looked upon as the seat of Deific power. In the modern system its existence has been relegated to the human *brain*, from which it sprung; and in what measure it is the centre of good and evil, purity and uncleanness, devotion and love, depends entirely upon the ethical status of the individual psychic members contributing to its mass. It is a psychic machine, *but what kind of a psychic machine?*

We are going to examine for the purpose of finding that very thing out. Let not the sciolist nor the theological dogmatist hold back from joining in this fair and truly scientific search, in order that the character of thousands upon thousands of as pure and loving wives, daughters, and sisters, as the earth holds to-day may be vindicated. You are both constantly borrowing, or, rather, *stealing*, from the very fountains of truth you are each seeking to defile.

In an address entitled "*Advance of Modern Medicine*," delivered in the Manchester Royal School of Medicine, in 1870, by S. M. Bradley, F. R. C. S., he says, on page thirteen of the pamphlet of said discourse: "In regard to the physiology of the brain, much is still unknown. The specious vagaries of Gall and Spurzheim are, indeed, thoroughly exploded, and all the physiological legs knocked from under phrenology." This same F. R. C. S., who thus with such euphonic accent breathes forth his cherished thought, says along on page twenty-three of the same discourse: "The truly qualified physician needs a mind of a comprehensive and somewhat rare nature. To keen *Faculties of Perception*

he must unite *Reasoning Powers* of the highest order." One would be likely to wonder at first what F. R. C. S. might signify in this connection; but after uniting the above two statements, the apt word "*farce*" must come intuitively to mind. Knocking the poor legs clean out from under phrenology, and then stealing its rarest gems to grace his most vital period!

So we see the so-called religious Reverend D. D. to-day pound the Woman of Endor until they think every bone, ay, every shred of cord and muscle in her poor legs, are minced as fine as did the minions of St. Cyril tear in their mad rage the limbs of good Hypatia. Then they mount their pulpits, and with lips schooled to the fruitage of that same sweet Endor's yield, they laud the glory of their pillaged light as though it shone from out the dying embers of their own altar fires.

CHAPTER X.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION OF JEHOVAH.

EVER since the bold hand of Critical Investigation was armed for a determined warfare against Error, there has been one congeries of thought, intrenched behind an immense bulwark of mythology and tradition, that has fought its advance at every step. This strongly organized body is generally termed *Theology*. There is, however, one other fixed mind-association that presents a mental color so often blending its workings with the hue of theology, that the two, so far as a correct history of the human activities of this world is concerned, are controvertible terms. This last referred to is *Religion*. It is true, many of our kindly disposed reasoners are willing to see a vast difference between sweet impulses of the human soul, when directed by pure, altruistic motives (religion), and the deliverances of a narrow and bigoted egoism (theology). A commendable effort this, to wrest from the grasp of Intolerance, Persecution, and Dogmatism, a power which has always been their strong ally in conquest for "God's sake," and station it as a symbol, pure and simple, for correct human action according to the universal code, "*Do not as you would not be done by.*"

Theology, in its broad sense, has to do directly with individual governing Power, which is assumed to direct man with absolute authority, as to the doctrine he is to believe, and the duties — or certain duties — he is to perform. The laws and requirements of this Power

are claimed to have been made known to man by direct, special revelation, through a few chosen ones of earth's people, as well as by direct approach of the concrete individuality of the Power itself. These revelations, when once delivered, became the property of the *Ecclesiastics*, who revise, amplify, or reject, as they may be inclined, and they are ever pronounced *canonical*. But the labor of the theologian does not end here. So garbled and incoherent, contradictory and absolutely false to fact, are many of these so-called revelations, that commentaries and explanations without end are required to bring the "*correct meaning of the Word*" to the comprehension of the unlearned masses. Every effect produced upon a human mind by the expounding of these same canonical doctrines, either in causing the individual to march forth in battle-array, armed to the teeth with steel and bludgeon, or to work out a deed of holy good, is a religious effect; and let the external result be what it may, —

" One generous cup of oil or wine ;
One tear-drop shed at Mercy's shrine ; "

or, —

" Then here's to thy heart, thou cursed minion of
Satan ;
For Christ do I smite thee, thou heretic worm ! "

in either case, the result is one of *religion*.

Theology has been, and is in a great measure to-day, the *esoteric*, of which Religion is the *exoteric*. Theology has occupied the "Holy Fathers." Religion has moved the masses.

It was a purely religious impulse that drew the Roman Emperor Constantine to the creed of the Chris-

tians, for he heard a promise there, for the fulfilment of which his soul longed. The Pagan Church was deaf to his cry. It had no remission to offer so impious a wretch. Its denial of baptism and initiation was a purely theological act. It had nothing in its canon to meet the case for purification. So when he stood before the Christian shrine with the blood of a murderer staining, not only his hands, but deluging his soul in a flood of guilt that would have expelled any Pagan devil from his rule,¹ he heard the soothing promise, "The blood of Jesus the Christ will wash those deep damnation stains away." This efficacy of Christ's blood is not in the realm of religion, truly speaking, but theology. The transactions of the Council of Nicæa, summoned by Constantine, were of a theological nature. That august body decided, by a majority vote, that the Father and the Son were one, and since that time the decision has been a part of the furniture of the school of Christian theology.

The *enforcement* of the decision by the civil and military power at the hand of Constantine was an act of religion, an outcome of the spirit of the ecclesiastic sect. *How* the acceptance of this dogma was enforced by Constantine, Theodosius,² and others in power at that epoch, need not be recapitulated here: it was a bloody age, and the results of the persecution were fully equal to the barbarity of the time.

The Christian's God said unto Joshua, "See, I have given into thy hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor, . . . and all that are therein

¹ Some of Constantine's victims were: his wife's father, his sister's husband, his wife, his former friend, another sister's husband, and his own son.

² Theodosius had murdered in the circus of Thessalonica, A. D. 390, 7,000 persons.

shall be accursed to the Lord. . . . And Joshua utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, every child and every old person, with the edge of the sword." ¹ This was done for the glory of the one ever-ruling God. - The study of the spirit of this act comes within the realm of theology: its direct application partakes of the nature of effective religion.

When Michael Servetus, one of the most gifted scholars of his age, stood bound to a post, with the wood piled beneath and around him, the burning of which was to end his mortal career, he stood there as one "cursed of God," — a heretic. In the light of his scientific knowledge he *could* not — not, *would* not — believe that the Father and the Son were one and the same, notwithstanding the Council of Nicæa had so decreed. John Calvin, and other doctors of divinity who stood around him to witness his torture, resting upon the authority of theology, ordered him burned; and on the 27th of October, 1553, Michael Servetus was burned to a crisp. The act of torture, and murder, was a purely *religious* one on the part of John Calvin. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," is a command of the Christian's God, and a consideration of its virtue, and manner of adoption, is a matter for theology to decide.

On the 30th of June, 1695, sick and haggard from the effects of a cruel imprisonment, terror-stricken at the awful fate that awaited them, five women, Sarah Good, Elizabeth Howe, Susanna Martin, Sarah Wilds, and Rebecca Nurse, stood trembling in a cart, on the summit of Gallows Hill, in Salem. The beam was above them, and the fatal ropes were around their

¹ Josh. vi. 1. Rahab, a harlot, was spared by direct request of Jehovah.

necks. They were witches, and in the name of good William and Mary, and the Most High God, they were hanged. It was an act of godly religion on the part of Cotton Mather and "*the honored court*;" and when the Rev. Mr. Noyes remarked, on that memorable occasion, as he turned away from the scene, "What a sad sight it is to see those firebrands of Hell hanging there!" he was moved to the utterance by the deep *religious* working of his soul.

"There shall not be found among you any one that consulteth with familiar spirits; for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord."¹

As these are the direct words of the Christian's God, as well as the God of the Jews, and having, as they do, an important bearing upon the main intent of this work, it may be well to give them a brief examination in a sincere, scientific spirit. There is one thing to be borne in mind here, and an important matter it is, too: that the *fact* of consulting with familiar spirits is no part of theology, nor religion, nor has it anything to do with revelation, any more than does a common loaf of bread, a goat, a bullock, or the now intact stones in the wall of Jerusalem. The fact is purely *historic*, so far as its mention in the Jewish Bible is concerned. The most exacting ecclesiastic disputes not that Saul saw the spirit of Samuel in the presence of the Woman of Endor, nor that the woman *had a familiar spirit*, called, in modern times, "guide of the medium." But the fact that the Jewish God distinctly stated to Israel that those who had familiar spirits were *an abomination to him*, is a matter theological; for he must have been moved to that expression of feeling by the subjective workings of his own nature. Let us see what phase of disposition the utterance manifested.

¹ Deut. xviii. 10-12.

If there is one zone where, more than in any other, the unbridled imagination of man plays high fantastic tricks, it is in that peculiar realm of speculation which has to do directly with the nature and attributes, and even the genesis, of the great Infinite Governing Power of Universal Nature treated as an individual. Here one absolutely knows nothing. There are no data from which to draw inferences or form hypotheses, that can more than glance at the veriest horizon of that Vastest of the Vast, that the vain finite soul would strive to measure with its sense's eye. Over that line, beyond which scientific wisdom cannot peer, the enthusiast may run rampant, and pour out his effusions as long as pen and paper may last. He need fear no logical opponent: he can have none.

With the God that the Jews have bequeathed to the Christian world, it is different. Here the Deific product is second to the finite thought; therefore we have an imaginary concrete person, manifesting his own individual self in the same type of presentment as Nature has bestowed upon his originators. Not Shakespeare, nor Sir Walter Scott, nor Charles Dickens, has left a character to live in the mind as real existences of the past, more faithfully guarded and drawn, than did the Jews delineate their tribal God. All honor and respect to you, stern, rigid Jews of that far-back time, when weird and solemn Sinai looked down upon a land where want and hardship was the ruling fate! Your policy was strong, even to severity, but in its telling you were frank and bold. No cant nor vile hypocrisy is mingled with the voice you gave your typed Jehovah. That, on the side of cruelty, his nature is much overdrawn, is well known by every learned Jew. It was an age when to boast of mighty deeds of slaughter and

revenge was ambition's highest aim ; and this advanced life should pause, as it goes back and stands directly before Beth-horon,¹ and not too severely censure its extravagance of report, when reflection will furnish, in our own time, hasty, exaggerated narrations, which, considering our advancement, are equally unwarranted. Were it not that this ancient cast has been torn from its sarcophagus by un-Jewish and sacrilegious hands, and paraded before an inquiring humanity as a thing of present life and worth, we would be the last to lay a hold upon this tomb-shroud of antiquity, save with the kindest touch.

Jehovah mingled with his people to their joy, as well as to their sorrow. On many occasions he held direct oral intercourse with them, and in a number of instances allowed their better judgment to turn him from proposed action, that in a moment of hasty unreflection and anger he had determined to prosecute.² The familiarity evinced by Balaam, when he said to Balak, "Stand here by the burnt-offering while I meet the Lord yonder,"³ whom he did go and meet and converse with at that time, shows the anthropomorphic nature of that same Lord. He shows a most æsthetic taste in his detailed direction to Moses regarding the construction and decoration of the altar upon which incense was to be burnt.⁴

In order to judge of how truly animal in nature were those whose ideal of the delicious was ingrafted into this theological epitome, let us take the ninth verse of the first chapter of Leviticus, purporting to be a direct order from Jehovah to Moses : "But his inwards [the

¹ Josh. x. 11-13.

² Num. xxiii. 15, 16.

³ Exod. xxxii. 11-14, and Gen. xviii. 24-32.

⁴ Exod. xxx.

bullock's] and his legs shall be washed in water; and the priest shall burn all on the altar to be a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a *sweet savor* unto the Lord."

He directly dictated many elaborate formulas to Moses, for the compounding of ointments, incense, anointing oils, and perfumes. One receipt is given here as it was delivered by the Holy Pharmacologist, as it will be referred to as helping to illustrate the true character of its inventor(s). It is a perfume, and runs thus: "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum, these sweet spices with pure frankincense; of each shall there be a like weight, after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy;" i.e., without adulteration.¹

It will be interesting to the archæologist to observe that the Jewish theologians, at that period, conceived the idea of the "*patent-right*." Through the mouth-piece of their Deific conception, they make it a grave offence to compound this Jehovahistic perfume, and any one found infringing on the right "shall even be cut off from his people."²

In connection with the pronounced line of investigation being pursued, only the emphatic words of the God himself will be chosen as determining his true incentives to action.

"Ye shall make you no idols nor graven images, neither rear up a standing image of stone in your land, and bow down to it; for *I* am the Lord your God."³ "For thou shalt worship no other god; for the Lord, whose name [nature] is JEALOUS, is a jealous God."⁴ Here is truly a startling announcement for a God to

¹ Exod. xxx. 34, 35.

² Lev. xxvi. 15.

³ Exod. xxx. 37, 38.

⁴ Exod. xxxiv. 14.

make, but his whole career proves the truthfulness of the proclamation: herein was he an *honest* God.

There are two points to be noticed here: first, "*I am the Lord your [the Jews'] God;*" and second, "*I shall be jealous if you worship any other god.*" Active jealousy on the part of any individual, be it God or man, implies an object, equal in importance to the one affected, as a cause for the arousal of this soul-harassing pang. The Hebrew Divinity well knew there were other nations and tribes about him who had gods of whom he might well be suspicious, regarding the acquirement of fame. Undoubtedly he knew of Ahura-Mazda, the supreme God of gods of the Parsee worshippers; and he may have listened to the following prayer, as it fell from the lips of a devotee to the shrine of that noble conception of a Deity: "*I believe in Thee as the holy God Ahura-Mazda, thou living Wise One; because I behold Thee to be the primeval cause of life in the creation. That which I shall ask of Thee tell me right, O thou living God! Who was, in the beginning, the father and creator of truth? who made the way for the sun and stars? who causes the moon to increase and wane,—if not Thou?*"¹

Before commenting upon the next *commandment* of the Jewish God that will come up for consideration, it will be in place to correctly understand the Parsee worship. Most Christian writers, through entire ignorance of facts, or actuated by a motive springing from the same trait of character we are now analyzing in their God, jealousy, have spoken and written of the "*Fire-Worshippers*" as though they were a people who had

¹ From the Gāthās, the oldest and most important of the Parsee Scriptures. Viscount Amberley's translation, after the German of the eminent Zend scholar, Dr. Haug.

no higher idea of a Divine power than could be obtained by mumbling unmeaning incantations about the blaze of their sacred fires. The impression left by their descriptions of the Parsee forms of devotion would be akin to that received by witnessing the ceremony of the "three witches" in "Macbeth." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Parsees had one Supreme, overruling God, and a by no means insignificant theology. The sun was to them an object of adoration, as well as the moon and stars, as the prayer that has been given shows; but they were not God. Fire also was worshipped as one of the most pronounced manifestations of God on earth. Here is one of their invocations to it: "Happy is the man to whom thou comest in power, O Fire, son of Ahura-Mazda. . . . Mayest thou come to us helpfully to the greatest of transactions. O Fire, son of Ahura-Mazda, we approach thee with a good spirit and with good purity." ¹

Now we will examine a peculiar command from Jehovah to his people.

"If there be found among you, within one of thy gates which the Lord thy God giveth thee, a man or woman which hath gone and served other gods and worshipped them, either the *sun*, or the *moon*, or any of the hosts of heaven (stars) which I have not commanded, . . . then shalt thou bring forth that man or that woman, and shalt stone them with stones till they die." ²

It is accurate history that the Persians were anciently a powerful nation, and that their religion greatly influenced, and mingled with, that of the Jews, who were held by them in actual subjection. The jealous Jehovah

¹ From same source as prayer last given.

² Deut. xvii. 2-5.

knew this ; and well might he fear the luring temptation that his neighbor Divinity, Ahura-Mazda, was likely to be in the ranks of his people.

So when even a woman — sick at heart with the disgusting stench, and the loathsome sight of flesh and entrails seething and cinderating amid the foul emitance of the sacrificial fire, her pure Soul-Reciprocity and universal Unity fed only by the witnessing of blood and butchery — is drawn by Heaven-bestowed intuition to kneel in unison with the devout Parsee before the mild and spirit-resting moon, or the glorious star-gems of the crystal vault, as manifestations bespeaking the majesty of the One Great Eternal, she is to be stoned with stones until she be dead.

Our archæologists and philologists would be shocked, as well as surprised, to find something like the following in the Gāthās of the Zend-Avesta, as a command of the Persian's God.

“If there be found among you within the gates which Ahura-Mazda, thy God, giveth thee, a man or a woman which hath gone and served other gods, and worshipped them, — either burnt oxen, rams, bullocks, lambs, kids, and goats, or the burning legs and entrails thereof, or arks of shittim wood, gold, or silver, or things bespattered with blood, which I have not commanded them, — thou shalt bring forth that man or that woman, and they shall be stoned with stones until they be dead.”

To the credit of the Parsee God, nothing of the kind has thus far been found to sully his fair name ; though should there be, a righteous judgment would declare the mandate of the Persian's God had the greatest measure of Deific regard in its spirit.

It is plain to be seen that the great burden of the

God of the Jews' heart was, that they were most emphatically to understand the oft-repeated enunciation, "*I only am the Lord YOUR God, and to none other shalt thou bow ;*" and as jealousy is his marked trait of character, most jealously did he watch all avenues through which a knowledge of any rival god could come to his people. He placed before all such inlets curses and penalties as dire as the most diabolical fiends of the Roman Inquisition ever had the temerity to inflict upon their victim-heretics.

What had Jehovah to fear from those who had familiar spirits? He had more to fear from them than from any other class of those then, to him, detested "*abominations.*" He saw in them the same manifestation of power that has affrighted almost every minister of his dark and narrow theology, from his own time down to this present hour: an inherent psychic element pertaining to their personality, through which revelations could, and *would*, flow unfettered by the galling fetters of a hierarchy whose dogmatic claims are based upon a foundation as crazy as the whimsy fabrication of an idiot's dream.

By the working of the same law that opens the glad mouth of spring, distils the gentle dew upon the rose, and sets its seal of ripeness on the harvest store, a fountain was opened through those mediums' lips that had its rise upon the shores of Truth Eternal. May Jehovah not have heard upon its gentle ripple an utterance low but clear, that told of a vast Power, a Mighty Sweep of Infinite Control, that was to his own reign as is the weak flickering of a burning rush to the resplendent gleam of Heaven's great torch? Ay, Jealousy, well mayest thou damn fair Endor's power! and fit it is, that down through all the ages of thy rule, thy slaves in

craft should, from beneath their hooded heads, mutter with heated breath, "*Cursed be the witch!*"

In the Jewish Jehovah we find a tribal tutelary creation, which shows its originators to have been a class whose ruling majority were governed by a dominant Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation, Acquisitiveness, Destructiveness, and Combaticiveness. Justice, Love, nor Mercy have any abiding place in the brain of such a character. Not a single instance can be found where this tribal conception manifested the least concern for the conversion of the "*heathen*" outside Israel's domain. All the inhabitants of Jericho bit the dust; all the inhabitants of Ai were utterly wiped out (Josh. vi. 1-25); every soul of Makkedah was made way with (Josh. x. 28). For fear that some may think that the assertion that the quality of Mercy was lacking is unjust, we turn to the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy, and see what Jehovah's "*Reward of Obedience*" was: for the chapter is so headed. First and second verses: "When the Lord thy God shall bring thee into the land whither thou goest to possess it, and has cast out many nations before thee, — the Hittites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, seven nations greater and mightier than thou; and when the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee, thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them: thou shalt make no covenant with them, *nor shew mercy unto them.*" Not one ray of Universal Unity, nor Altruism, is to be discovered in this worst of all mythological characters.

Here, then, is the true revealed nature of that association of primitive theological thought, that for self-protection worded the (intended) everlasting curse upon

the most sublime gift vouched by the Wise and Loving Infinite to the yearning child of Earth: a *sure, positive knowledge* of the extension of conscious, individual life *beyond the grave*. As we leave the Jewish Scriptures, we notice they end, not with "Hope," but their very last utterance is "*a curse*." Now seek we fairer fields.

Ye sages of the immortal spheres, —
Great souls, that in the lofty state beyond
Bathe your wise spirits in the Eternal tide, —
Bend with forgiving mien toward the Past.
Where wild infatuation, spurred by lust,
Trampled with riot march the heritage
Of Truth; and blinded passion, ignorant
Of Heaven's high Canon, blurred with defilement
Its holy page: yet there, since Time had scant
Unfolded to Old Israel's hosts, the view
That horizons this later age, lenient,
And with consideration mild, adjudge!
But oh! this now, this richest of all times,
Whereunto hath been poured the cataract,
The very deluge of Omnipotent
Revelment: where from the mighty stars,
The deep-mined records of the albed earth;
Aye, from the vast Profound where Reverence
Doth strive to locate the Almighty One, —
That here, at such a regal spread, — a board
Where august Wisdom and warm-hearted Love
Vie in their striving for correct array, —
Should sit at banquet those who archly serve
Dead-sea pollution, as the bread of life;
Who cull the sear and sapless wiltings, that
Strew the hedge of retrogression's track,

And, with mock sincerity, tender the
Juiceless relics as of luscious worth.

If from

Thy zone, high chancellors of light, some stroke
Of smiting shame thou wilt impinge, that shall
With potent graft stir their dearth souls with germs
Towards righteousness ; sincere Religion will
Her gratitude-engendered thanks bestow
On thee !

CHAPTER XI.

THE INFINITE WITHIN, SEPARATED FROM THE GOD-
CONCEPTION WITHOUT.

LEAVING for a while a hush upon the lips of Endor's historic woman, what absolute facts present themselves that give to the ever-inquiring soul an answer to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

All through the ages one figure has held a prominent place in the Christian's mind as an earnest, at least, of immortality. That figure is their Resurrected Jesus, the Christ. Take this from their theology, and you leave it cold and barren indeed. To the devout Christian all seems plain: armed with *Faith*, not many of them care to examine whether that faith rests on the solid substance of a proven fact, or on the shadow of a void belief. Paul says: "If the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised. And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."¹ The average Christian holds it thus: "If Jesus, our Christ, arose not, then are not our dead raised, and our faith is vain."

The sincere critic is prone to question somewhat as follows: "If it be proved that Jesus, the Christ, did rise, and he be God (of Deific nature), what proof is it to man that he himself shall be raised, he being mortal, therefore subject to death, a law that would not hold upon Christ, the God?"

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 16, 17.

This view of the matter has been an incentive in the minds of many of the leading liberal thinkers of the day to make statements which may be summed up in the following: "Prove the statement, as an historical truth, that Jesus, the Christ, appeared after his crucifixion, — without destroying it by ascribing to him the nature of Deity, — and the fact of immortality, or life beyond the grave, is established." It will be our endeavor to follow this last deliverance of thought in a candid, historic manner, and see to what final results it will lead.

Let it be borne in mind that in the *theological* sense of the term (and that is all we have to do with it here), the *Divinity* of Jesus, the Messiah, was all derived from the God of the Jews, the Jehovah whose character we have been examining; and it should be a joy to the thousands who have woven about the man of Nazareth so many heart-tributes of sweet and holy remembrance, that the beloved idol of their soul can be removed from so contaminating an association. Be it remembered, also, that there is a vast difference between the gracious gifts of Poesy, coupled with the mellow touches of Virtue's tender pencil; and the hard, rigid tenets of dogma's Christian Theology: the one holds to the unyielding reins of rule, and the deep mutterings of Sinai's thunder have been echoing along its track from the time of Constantine to the present hour; the other draws from every source where it may glean some bright jewel of thought or deed, with which to deck the person of the "One Beloved."

This is a point of such vital interest that it needs more than a passing notice. A correct understanding of the relation that the internal, intuitive workings of the organs of Soul-Reciprocity, Universal Unity, Hope,

Ideality, Benevolence, and Veneration, in union with the intellectual faculties, and all under the guardianship of a healthy Conscientiousness, bear to the dogmatic formula of a special theological creed, is necessary in order to enable the candid investigator to steer clear of the wily snares that Religion is ever spreading to trip and catch the unwary, as well as the unthinking. This field of thought opens up a scope so vast that volumes might be written, and yet the subject would not be exhausted. As our concern is mainly with Christian theology, the few examples, out of thousands available, will be taken from that source. Let the position be correctly stated. The figure set up by the union of many individual mentalities in an early stage of theological conception — such as the Jewish Jehovah — may or may not represent a type of inherent goodness. Its nature will depend upon the dominant characteristics of the collective parties aiding and sanctioning the conception. The God of the Jews has told us himself of his pronounced character. It does not follow, however, that there may not have been many among those who aided in forming, and yielded recognition to, this same creation of Terror and Jealousy, who, in moments of *self-exaltation*, were truly moved to soul-expressions which were the genuine outcome of a brain moved by Infinite control. It could not, in the *nature* of things, be otherwise. It has been truly said that there are many humans whose *hearts* are better than their creeds. Use the word "Brains" instead of "Hearts," and it is a positive scientific fact that it ever must be so until creeds shall have become things of the past.

A Few Illustrations. — In the midst of a narration of gigantic wonders, and deeds of murder and rapine, by

verbal command of Jehovah, we find the prophet Elijah, in the depths of a cave on Mount Horeb, delivering himself thus: "And after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire *a still small voice.*"¹

How naturally the innocent and unsophisticated devotee takes to this little *seeming* gem of thought found here by a hungry Soul-Reciprocity, like a living spring in the midst of an arid waste. And how well, too, does a poverty-stricken Theology know its immense value to ecclesiastical craft and guile. So often has this one expression of Elijah's been reiterated, as intended by him, to give expression to that *inward* admonishing, as well as *assurance*, that the Infinite Parent is ever whispering to his children, that all the sweetness which pertains to the idea of this "inward voice" is made synonymous with the Jewish and Christian's theological God.

Trickery most vile! Elijah says nothing about a "still small voice" *within*. This Deity had talked with him orally many times before; and in this case we find him, a moment later, drawn to the entrance of the cave, to where the voice from *without* attracted him, holding further converse with that same mighty conversationalist. Here is a case where Intuition catches at a shadow of a truth, and fills it out into a tangible substance with material from the soul's own storehouse. Even the candid and over-generous Viscount Amberley, after laying bare the incongruity of the Jewish Scriptures, says: "In spite of all these drawbacks, that there are some better elements in the Hebrew ideal, I do not deny. The poetical description of God as a 'still small voice' is both eloquent and spiritual."

¹ 1 Kings xix. 12.

Had our critic analyzed the text and its surroundings, and not relied, in this case, on the inherited definition, he would have found that his bestowal of "poetic," "eloquent," and "spiritual" were entirely gratuitous, and that the Divine voice *within* the soul had no play in the scene, and was as foreign to it as it ever had been where Jehovah was the direct character in act. He would have noticed that Elijah was in a cave, and that, as a fact pertaining to the law of acoustics, the voice of a person speaking to him from *without* must, in its vibratory transmission into the hollow, hushed reverberation of the sound-deadening labyrinth of rock, impress the tympanic cavity, or drum of the ear, with a muted, mellow tone. Instead of poetry or sentiment being displayed here, there is only this manifested: a marvellously accurate adherence to strictly scientific acoustic results by the Elijah writer. Had Viscount Amberley gone out of the cave with Elijah, to get nearer the *origin* of the voice, he might have heard that same *voice*, one moment later, *without* the cave, talking in strong objective tones to Elijah thus: "And Jehu, the son of Nimshi, shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel; and Elisha, the son of Shaphat of Abel-Meholah, shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room. And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay, and he that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay."

A still small voice, indeed! In vain shall poesy strive to rob thee of thy championed fame. "Draw thy sword, Jehu! on to the slaughter! and you, Elisha, the last escaping smite to death! Jehovah's voice yet thunders on the earth!"

Without doubt the nineteenth Psalm is the most, or one of the most, beautiful pieces of poetry, as well as

one of the truest to scientific wisdom, of any composition in the Old Testament. It commences thus: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth forth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

What a magnificent display of the working of Universal Unity and a full development of kindred resources! This truly reaches the realm of Sublimity. Let the reader compare this invocation of the Psalmist with the Parsee's invocation on page 136, and, from a standpoint of pure candor, judge if the Power that moved the Jewish Psalmist to soul-utterance was not the same that yielded the rich inspiration to the lofty breathing of the Parsee worshipper. They both are striving to grasp the Infinite through Universal Unity, and their enrapt Intuition soars off in adoration of the sun and the glories of the sweeping heavens. What, in the name of Truth, Justice, and Holy Love, has this outpouring to do with Israel's Jehovah? Nothing! More than that, its whole sentiment is doubly *cursed* by that jealous *one of many* Gods.

"Who says he is *one of many*?"

He says so himself!

"If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is thy own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let

us go and serve *other Gods*, which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers; *namely*, the Gods of the people which are around about you, nigh unto thee, or far off from thee, from the one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth; thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him. But thou shalt surely kill him (or the wife of thy bosom, or thy mother); and thy hand shall be first upon them to put them to death, and afterwards all the people. And thou shalt stone them with stones until they die, because they have sought to thrust thee away from the Lord *thy* God.”¹

The Psalmist's Lord of High Heaven, as well as the object of the Parsee's adoration, is to this monster creation as Prince of Devils to the God of Love.

In the Epistle of James, first chapter, seventeenth verse, we read: —

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” Here is a comprehensive deliverance in which Universal Unity and Reverence give the glow of inspiration to a finely developed and cultivated intellectual organic possession. Although it is sublimely heretic to the repenting, jealous, wrath-bearing, and vacillating apotheosis of the Jews and dogmatic Christians, it blends grandly up towards the Infinite, in unison with the lofty conception of the Parsee worshipper.

To illustrate another phase of this subject, turn to the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, and listen to the “Song of Moses,” as Infinite Majesty, pouring through his soul-inspired brain, speaks from his mouth: “Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O

¹ Deut. xiii. 6-10.

earth, the words of my mouth: my doctrine shall drop as the rain, and my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." This language is truly sublime, as coming from a true worshipper of the *works* of the Infinite, and no more beautiful assemblage of thought symbols can be found in the Bible from which they are taken, nor in any other book. And oh, for the sake of a long-suffering humanity, for the honor of One whose "doctrine" has so moved the world to bloody deeds and bitter persecution, for the soul's glory of all the Christian teachers now working in our own land, we wish, Moses, that the spirit which inspired those utterances had been of your Jehovah! But it was not. Your own personality was for the moment aroused, and forgetting the majority rule, you gave your poetic soul free scope in the realm of Universal Unity and Nature Love. Fortunate for the collective Jewish Jehovah, that his biographers, at times, threw over his dark nature the rich poesy of their own intuitive inspiration.

One, in thought, naturally goes from this beautiful expression of Divine Love to the speech of the gentle Portia; and the impression will steal in, that Shakespeare had this deliverance in his mind when he put these immortal words in her mouth: —

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
*It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. . . .*
It is an attribute of God himself,
And earthly power doth then show lik'st God's
When mercy seasons justice."

The initiation of this may have been from Moses, but the grand consummation flowed into the Bard of

Avon's soul from that eternal height where Mercy ever reigns. Had he glanced along in the *very same chapter* of "Holy Writ," that opens so lovingly, he might have read what would tend to paralyze all power of expressing such lofty sentiments at his closing. Under the influence of this same enchanting "Song of Moses" we run the eye along, and, at the twenty-first verse, we commence to meet the religio-theology of the Jew's Divinity: "They have moved me to jealousy with that which is not God; they have provoked me to anger with their vanities; and I will move them to jealousy with those which are not a people; I will provoke them to anger with a foolish nation. For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundation of the mountains. I will heap mischiefs upon them; I will spend mine arrows upon them. They shall be devoured with burning heat, and with bitter destruction. I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them with the poison of serpents of the dust. The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin, the suckling also, with the man of gray hairs."

And now, with bated breath, we ask, what *have* this people done, that their God should so "distil down his speech upon them like dew and rain upon the tender herbs"? Because "Jeshurun¹ waxed fat and kicked, . . . and sacrificed to devils,² and to gods they knew not" (15th-17th verse, same chapter).

¹ Jeshurun is a symbolical name for Israel, and signifies "to be blessed." (Smith's Hist. of Bible.)

² Not having a shrewd commentator at hand, one is at a loss to know how it is that Jehovah is so ready to acknowledge a plurality of devils, he knowing, as is generally taught, but one. May it not be, as is generally the case nowadays, that in an extreme fit of rage and jealousy he called those *devils* who were equally as *good as himself*?

Cain, if in the human heart there is a store
Of pity's coin, full meed of it is thine;
And with a generous hand thy brothers all,
Moved by compassion's touch, should glad bestow.
Strange lot! that in the young, primeval time,
Ere yet the teemful womb was fitly moved,
That from the new and unpolluted earth, —
Out from whose bosom came the flush of flowers,
With odorous breath and forms of beauteous mould,—
The sap for thy maternal stem was drawn.
The lofty trees, whose towering tops before
Thy awe-struck gaze, the blue arch seemed to kiss,
Nursed on thy kindred's breast, and the soft lay
Their branches sang, soothed thy lone life,
Alas! that from the warm and pregnant soil
Of parent Earth, wherefrom the better part
Of thine own self did come, thy honest toil
Was with a bounteous yield repaid! How came it, —
Thou first-born that knew the gentle love-light
Of a mother's eye, — with adoration
Swelling in thy heart, erect with noble pride,
And bearing in thy arms earth's richest store, —
Fit tribute to the majesty of heaven, —
Thy offering was repulsed? It was thy grandsire's
Act; and by that act he waked within thy breast
A lurking thirst that came of his transmitting.
Blood! sanguinary gore "thy God doth claim!"
Ay, Cain, most truly wast thou cursed; but 'twas
That fatal taint whose foul, infectious tide,
Was poured into thy father's veins ere yet
Thy mother lived, that cast the blight. Oh, had
The zephyrs of fair Eden's store more of
Their breathings lent to cap Creation's aim,
Far better, Cain, for thee! And yet, 'twas well.

From thy dear mother thou didst share a gift
Of woman's love ; else, when before the work
Of thy untutored wrath, you stood a fratricide,
No pang repentant could have touched thy soul.
Thou wouldst have smeared thy guilty hands with
blood,

Bespattered all the loveliness about
With its dark stains, and, like an angered God,
With vengeance and a curse upon your tongue,
Run howling through Paradise !

From this barbarous God-conception of a barbarous
age we here divorce the character whose history we are
now critically to examine ; and it will be an earnest
endeavor to treat with the most guarded respect the
noble Jew whose memoried person has been to millions
a beacon towards which Hope has struggled in times of
sorrow and distress.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PERSONALITY OF JESUS, THE NAZARENE.

“IN the order of experience, historical and biographical truth is discovered by stripping off layer after layer of exaggeration, and going back to statements of contemporaries. As a rule, figures are *reduced*, not enlarged, by criticism. The influence of admiration is recognized as distorting and falsifying, while exalting. The process of legend-making begins immediately, goes on rapidly, and must be liberally allowed for by the seeker after truth.”¹ These are golden words, and their purport will be our guide in the following examination. Mr. Frothingham does not say that *in all cases* is the figure reduced by criticism. Every rule, as a general statement, must have its exceptions, and in the present case it may be that the man Jesus will be truly *exalted*, and not reduced, by applying to his written record the process prescribed by the above quoted extract. With the Jewish Jehovah, and Jesus of Nazareth, the result of disembaumment may be entirely different. The shrouds and wrappings critically removed from the God of Israel, leaves naught but Israel to view, and the misty fabrication of their Deific myth melts to thin air. Carefully remove the labyrinth of marvels that have been woven about the mythical Jesus, and we may find a *man*, — a man in soul, made after

¹ Mr. Frothingham, in *The Cradle of the Christ*.

the image of his Mother Infinite, and divine in that there is some divinity in every human being.

Before we treat in their due order the myths and marvels that are clustered about the One of Nazareth, it would not be out of place to form, even from imagination if we have no other source, some idea of what manner of man he was regarding his external personality. Turning to the "Song of Solomon" we find, as a heading to the fifth chapter, the following: "*A Description of Christ.*"

There is no doubt that the subject-titles placed at the head of the eight chapters, into which this ancient "Love-tale" has been separated, are as absolute a piece of theological fraud as ever that august body perpetrated upon its pliant devotees. The character and incidents connected with this sensuous love-story have nothing more to do with the wise One of Nazareth, or his school, than has "Ganem and the Fair Fetnah" in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments;" nor can a living scholar prove to the contrary. We are earnest in relegating this heart-fevered portrayal of an absent swain to its proper sphere, for the *exaltation* of Jesus, not his detraction. It illy fits the nobleness of character we shall endeavor to verify inherent in the Nazarene.

"A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

How much "nobler in the mind" to keep this picture in view as we proceed with our present inquiry!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MESSIAHSHIP.

IN setting aside all the paraphernalia of myth and wonderment which an enthusiastic admiration, coupled with a jealous desire to equal, if not to out-rival, the avatars of other nations, has clothed upon Jesus the Nazarene, we do it not to make any special effort to controvert the idea of his divinity. The desire is to find him with all the divinity Nature has bestowed upon him, and disengage from it the deteriorating extravagances that have been borrowed from a common stock, and accessible to all who are disposed to adopt their use.

With regard to the Messianic character of Jesus, little need be said here. We have no desire to discuss points of doctrine, nor play too glib a part as an exegete. Jesus may truly, in one sense, have thought himself a Messiah, but it is evident he was not the Messiah the Jews were expecting. The term is one of secular import, — its meaning being "*The Anointed One*," — and it was applied to Jewish priests and kings of Israel. At consecration they were anointed with a special concoction, a formula for which was given by Jehovah directly to Moses.¹

Whatever interpretation Christian theology may have

¹ If the reader would be pleased to know the ingredients of the compound, the formula may be found in Exod. xxx. 22-24.

ingrafted upon the root, "*Messiah*," has nothing to do with its application to the Jews. The word is distinctly their property, and the one looked for by them was to be — as all had been before that time — a temporal, as well as spiritual, ruler.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS, THE CHRIST.

IMMACULATE Conceptions were so currently received among the ancients, that wherever we turn we find accounts of them innumerable.

Olympus was crowded with incarnations. Crishna, the highest avatar of India, was born of a chaste virgin, who on account of her purity was selected to become the "Mother of God." Buddha (550 years before Christ), the Hindoo Saviour, was virgin-born, and the name of his mother was Mary. The incarnation of Buddha was brought about by the descent of the "Holy Ghost" upon the virgin Maya, or Mary. The Siamese had a virgin-born God and Saviour called Codom. This beautiful young virgin, while prostrated in prayer in a dense forest, was impregnated by sunbeams. The Chinese have their Fo-hi. He was virgin-born, and at conception his mother was surrounded by a beautiful rainbow. Fo-hi is said to have been born 3468 years before Christ. Ages before the time of Jesus of Nazareth, Egypt had Saviours born of virgins. Horus, who had the epithet of "*Saviour*," was born of the virgin Isis. Zoroaster (550 B. C.), the law-giver of the Persians, was born in innocence; the conception of his virgin mother was the result of a "*ray of Divine Reason*." As soon as he was born, the glory from his body enlightened the whole room.

The Star of Bethlehem. — Matthew makes the wise

men from the East say, "For we have seen *his* star in the East, and have come to worship him." So the birth of Buddha was announced in the heavens by a brilliant star seen rising in the horizon. Early Rabbinic tradition claims that a splendid star shone at the time of the birth of Moses, and was seen by the Magi of Egypt, who immediately informed the king. Also when Abraham was born, his "star in the East" outshone all others in the heavens. A brilliant star, which eclipsed all others, was to be seen at the birth of the Cæsars. Luke says, "And suddenly there was with the angel [the angel that appeared to the shepherds] a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God in song." So, when the virgin Devaki bore Crishna, "The spirits, and the nymphs of heaven, danced and sang with joy." The same demonstrations of celestial delight were given at the birth of Buddha.

These cases presented are but a few of the many of this supernatural mode of procreation that stand pre-eminently out in the pages of ancient history. We have no concern with any except the one directly under our notice, i.e., the Immaculate Conception of the Jewish Philosopher and Reformer of Nazareth. All the special Divine interference that is claimed by the theological world as having any influence in this conception — outside the working of Infinite Law — was at the hands of the Jewish Jehovah.

That the Jewish Jehovah *has overshadowed* many a pure type of Nature's most holy design, during those sublime moments when naught but the sweetest and most lovable of objective presentments should breathe their impress within that font where the All-Wise has climaxed Creation's grand design, is true, and pity — most terrible pity — 'tis, 'tis true, — as will be reiterated

in the latter part of this work, even at risk of being accused of "repeating one's self."

Of all dogmas that have infected the current of human life, none are tainted with a more libellous tongue to high heaven than that of special, direct, *persona*-Divine impregnation. It is a doctrine that mocks true virtue, and sets the seal of unholiness upon the sacred issue of the Almighty's own ordaining. It is an insult to the universal mother, so infamous, that no term of reprobation is too severe with which to stigmatize its unhallowed propagators. From it is germed that tender of credal cant that has been valued to an oath of cloistered chastity, only that, in the end, the proffered rule might win the unlawful prize. That the vast labor of Omnipotent Evolution, flowing on through the Eternities, should so miscarry in the last Great Travail as to leave a fatal breach in Nature's mighty plan, and for the grafting of a germ the Infinite can claim His own, He must, from the far boundaries of unending space, where myriad universes claim their wonted care, gather Him—like a shrunken Omnipresence—into the statue of a finite mould, to act the finite part. It is a thought so sacrilegious that tender Piety turns from it with tear-wet eyes, and seeks a solace with her Mother Infinite.

And then, this very cheat, this most ungracious wile, to steal away the signet of a righteous love and place it on a credal fabrication, is that one—worst of all its kin—from which a generous judgment would divorce the Nazarene.

Woman! whom from a rib this God divorced
Did make. Woman! who in the early hours
Of life's new morn—e'en 'fore she knew Minerva's

Gentle call — this self-same God did banish
From his sight. Aye, fairest among the fair
Of Eden's flowers, blasted and crushed before
The instinct of thy daughter-heart — if such
A germination as was thine could give
It thrift — could syllable a daughter's love,
How, through the roll of long and tedious years,
Has Eve been watching for a brighter day.
Hark! by the willow's deep and shady brook,
Zion's fair children sing; their harps attuned
To sorrow, and the low music of their
Sad refrain, blends with the willow's weeping.
Hast thou a heart, O Womankind, and still
Can lend an ear to those poor infant cries;
Who with their eager arms entwined about
The mothers' necks, tasting the last sweet kiss
Of mother love, felt the assassin's steel?
And those same mothers, too, share the mad curse;
Their virgin daughters and the gray-haired sires;
All, — one fell sacrifice to riot fate;
Smitten in rage and wild infernal wrath;
By — *who?* Woman, most mortifying shame
Come to thy breast; abashment of so deep
And keen a tone, that in its loud reproach
Thy conscience shall up to thy speaking cheeks
The tell-tale red intrude with tide so strong,
That guilt itself shall blush to view thy state;
If yet this monster dread you harbor more,
To let, within that sacred templed womb,
Hallowed by Nature's holiest meed of care,
This dark, intruding stamp steal in to blast
With its polluting touch, and presence dread,
The issue of thy love. Unbolt the chain
That holds thy fettered soul to man's device;

A mimic god of shreds and patches formed ;
Wherein is mummied all of pride, conceit,
And brazen arrogance, thy *master* holds.
Look up! and trust thy Mother Infinite ;
In place of Horror, let her Grace flow in ;
And like a benediction, rest upon
The germ receptive, that its full-blown soul
May add its glory to the peopled earth.
The winds may howl, and lordling man harangue ;
Mothers, with thee rest the mild eloquence,
Whose voice, out-working through Creation's speech,
Shall a sick world redeem.

CHAPTER XV.

MIRACLES.

WITH regard to the miracles recorded in the Four Gospels of the New Testament, but little need be said here. Their record, as marvels, is in the same line of endeavor with the miracles that scores of other religions of antiquity have bestowed upon their adopted Christs. One thing is sure: if any one will take the trouble to open the pages of the vast fund of historic lore now available, he or she will find that centuries before Jesus nursed upon his mother's breast, the then known world was flooded with accounts of the most marvellous prodigies and wonders that it is possible for the human mind to invent. Christianity can point to no miracle in its "Word" that is not more than matched by those which preceded its time.¹

But it is not only the avatars that must be shorn of their miracle adornment, in order to disclose their real essence, but the very gods themselves, moved by jealousy, vied with one another on special occasions, in astounding their people by a manifestation of their mighty power. Can it be supposed that the Jehovahistic miracle-inventors would allow their God to be outdone by their neighbor's Divinity? By no means.

As the Jewish Jehovah is the source from which Jesus drew (according to theology) his Deific power-

¹ Professor Max Müller says in *The Science of Religion*: "The Buddhist legends teem with miracles attributed to Buddha and his disciples, which in wonderfulness certainly surpass those of any other religion."

or nature, it may be instructive to analyze one or two of the Parent's miracles, as their ridiculousness may add to our thankfulness in ridding the noble One of Nazareth of so unwholesome a relationship.

Take the miracle of the quails.¹ The Israelites complained to their Lord, shortly after their exodus from Egypt, because they had no flesh to eat. Their complaints wrought Jehovah up to a high fit of madness; and, as a quieting panacea for his severe spasm of Divine colic, he kindled a fire among his people, "that consumed them that were in the uttermost parts of the camp." The people cried unto Moses, and begged him to intercede in their behalf; for, if the fire of the Lord was allowed to go on at that fearful rate, there would be no children of Israel left. Moses, by the persuasive influence of his own *higher nature*, induced this Jehovah to quench the fire. Then Moses and the Israelites that had escaped the fiery wrath had a prolonged consultation with their Divinity, and the result of it was that he promised to furnish flesh enough to last them *one whole month*. But even this grant was given grudgingly, and in a spirit far from that in which the average heathens bestow their gifts. Jehovah supplemented his promise with the following remark: "But even a whole month shall you eat it, until it come out at your nostrils, and it be loathsome unto you." Moses and Jehovah have still further oral intercourse, for the patriarch can hardly himself believe that his Lord can in any possible way get meat enough together by the morrow, to feed six hundred thousand footmen, besides the women and children of the camp. But Jehovah was as good as his word; that is, so far as procuring the flesh was concerned: and this was the way of its coming: —

¹ Num. xi. 1-31.

(31st verse :) "And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, around about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth." (32d verse :) "And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails; and he that gathered least gathered ten homers,¹ and they spread them all abroad for themselves around about the camp." (33d verse :) "And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague."

What a sublime piece of Deific duplicity is here! To what of his poor, heart-sick flock he had spared from the death-dealing flames of his Almighty wrath, he had promised flesh enough to satisfy their utmost desire for one month. The gigantic miracle is put into operation; and in the end, after gathering in the fruits of their Lord's munificent bestowal, his people have the first bit of the coveted luxury between their teeth. What now! their God, even just at that sweet moment of delicious anticipation, is again awakened to wrath, and he smites them "*with a very great plague.*" For what? Echo answers, "*What?*" How benefited the quails the hungry Israelites? and again Echo returns a mournful "*How?*"

But we have not, as yet, unfolded the most stupendous phase of this marvel of the quails. They were spread all around about the camp upon the face of the

¹ Josephus states the value of a *homer* at 86-696 gallons. The Rabbins make it 44.696 gallons = 5½ bushels. We are in duty bound to take the Rabbinical scale in our reckoning.

earth in every direction, for the distance of *thirty miles*:¹ a solid stratum two feet thick.² The herculean feat of gathering up that vast ocean of wrangling, dying quails, whose outer boundary made a circuit of more than a hundred and eighty-six miles, and covering every inch of the ground within to the depth of two feet (the camp direct excepted), and piling them up in distinct piles of fifty-five or more bushels to each heap, with the idea that they were to keep free from taint, to be used as occasion should prompt for one month, — is a problem of such magnitude, that even metaphysics staggers beneath its august proportions. Here we have a miracle prefaced and supplemented with acts on the part of the worker, such as would blast the reputation of the lowest of Egypt's gods. We turn from the charnel-house of Kibroth-hattaavah³ with holy abhorrence, and take with joy a long breath of Heaven's pure air.

The miracle of the "loaves and fishes," with which the traditional son of this same Jehovah fed a vast multitude, is told to a better purpose. It is an improvement on the Father's, from which the main idea was probably drawn. But it must be remembered that the Gospel narrator wrote at a much later day; and it is a law of theological evolution, that the moral character of a nation's God grows with the nation. So the miracles performed by the Anointed One Elisha — an account of which is given in Second Kings, chapter iv., increas-

¹ "An ordinary day's journey among the Jews was thirty miles." (Smith's Dict. of the Bible.)

² A Hebrew cubit is equal to one foot. (Smith's Dict.)

³ Literal meaning: "the graves of lust." Let it be remembered that the *lust* here referred to, on the epitaph of Jehovah's sanguinary vengeance, has no reference to *carnal desire*; but an instinctive longing of appetite for the delicious fruits of the God of Nature's green and teeming earth.

ing the widow's oil, conferring a son where age and barrenness forbade, raising the dead to life, and feeding the one hundred hungry men with twenty loaves of barley, and *having much left*, as was the case with the bread Jesus is accredited with having so marvellously amplified—had much more of humanity in them than those done by this God, and were fully equal to any ascribed to Jesus.

The last act of Jehovahistic interference with the laws of nature, which will be noticed in this connection, is the case recorded in the twentieth chapter of Second Kings. Hezekiah was sick unto death, and the prophet Isaiah came to him and bore the following message: "Thus saith the Lord: Set thy house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Hezekiah wept sore, and prayed to the Lord, asking him to remember how good and faithful his servant had been. Jehovah heard the prayer, and was so moved that he *changed his purpose*. So again Isaiah brought word from Jehovah that Hezekiah had the promise of fifteen years more of life. It is "*reasonable to suppose*" (an expression used mostly by theologians) that Hezekiah had the affair of Kibroth-hattaavah in his mind, for it is evident he hardly felt like taking Jehovah at his word on so important a matter as the one then in hand. He asked Isaiah, "What shall be the sign that the Lord will heal me?" As a sign or pledge of good faith, the Lord agreed to cause the shadow upon the sun-dial to go forward or backward ten degrees. Hezekiah answered, "It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees; nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees!" as though the Deity had laid a little trap for him, thinking that the natural decision would be the forward movement, thereby calling for not enough exer-

tion on the part of Jehovah to secure the contract. But "Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord, and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz."

Most Bible critics refer to the case of the sun's standing still in its seeming course, to allow Joshua light whereby he might be able to finish slaughtering the Amorites,¹ as one of the most sublime achievements of Jehovahistic power; but the marvel performed for Joshua was a mere bagatelle compared to what was done for Hezekiah. So long as the blue sweep above was supposed to be a crystalline arch but a few miles above the observers' heads, and the sun, moon, and planets worked by Jehovah after the manner of a modern theatrical stage-carpenter's skill, it was not thought to be a matter of such vast concern for the Celestial Manager to so manipulate the connections that the little sun-disk could be hurried forward, stopped for a short time, or, as in the present instance, pulled back a trifle. The case is entirely different now that the telescope has cracked away that crystalline arch, scattered the Jehovahistic clock-work of that former pent-up heaven, and revealed its mighty wonders to the human mind. Seriously, taking this statement as a literal fact, which it is meant to stand for in the Bible record, and in the light of modern astronomical science, let us see what the result, in the universe of things, would be, if an Almighty Force were so bestowed as to cause the shadow upon the index-plate of a sun-dial to *move backward ten degrees*. First, the earth must instantly stop in its diurnal revolution, and, second, the earth must as quickly begin to revolve in an opposite direction, i. e., from east to west. As the motions, as well as masses, of the planetary bodies are things of definite and posi-

¹ Josh. x. 13.

tively determined scientific knowledge, the exact consequences that would result to any one of these bodies, were its motion suddenly arrested, can easily be predicted. Were the earth's motion through its orbit (about eighteen miles per second) instantly checked, "it would generate a heat equal to the combustion of fourteen globes of anthracite coal as large as the earth."¹ On its axis at the equator the earth dashes along at the speed of one thousand miles an hour. This motion Jehovah must have instantly checked, and, by as quickly reversing Great Nature's engine, have at the moment thrown the ponderous bulk of earth flying in the contrary direction, — *if* enough of it withstood the first shock to be reversed, which *most assuredly would not be the case*. Had Hezekiah known what the world knows to-day of *Infinite Law*, he would not have rested so easy under the promise of *his* God. Had such a thing literally happened as the sun-dial feat, Hezekiah, with all else of life upon the exploded earth, would then and there have most gloriously contributed to a new nebula of cosmic dust.

And now, in a common-sense attitude of impartial truthfulness, what a triune impression Candor forces upon the mind at this juncture, — a feeling of unstinted forgiveness towards those marvel-writers of old, for the wild romance they wove into the fabric of their primitive secular theology; a feeling of increasing thankfulness that we are seeing the good and wise Man of Nazareth grow more and more in nobleness of stature as we disengage him from this network of myths; and a sense of bewildering amazement that there are those in the midst of enlightened civilization at this very day who hold up these relics of a dark and distant age as

¹ E. L. Youmans, on Significance of Joule's Law.

though their dust-begrimed cerements held fit place in the glory of the Eternal's ever-expanding Light.

Hugged in the lowering dark, that hangs its gloom
Like a foul blemish on fair Nature's form,
With stealthful drawl, hobbles the spectral host :
Their watchword is "Retardment," and the owl,
With doleful hoot, marshals their sullen ranks.
They bear the damp and deadening fungus
Of rot's extinguishment ; they resurrect the
Feculence of death's dissolution, and,
Where the hands of shame and conscience-stricken
Falsity have piled concealment's sodding
On Corruption's corse, with spleen Satanic
They tear afresh the grave for ghoulish prey.
Bow, hooded heads ! Mortification
And sombre-visaged Woe, slow lead the way
To where your god sits shrouded in his
Dismal reign ; Erebus, son of the Night.
Drag to the rueful, melancholy dirge,
That doomed Deception wails, — the lustless waggle
Of your lagging tread.

Soon will thy goal be won.
Empired, with rule supreme, amid the void
Of empty Nothingness, thy prayer shall send
A tendril towards the shrine of Reason's light.
Now flies Aurora at the earnest call,
And swift-winged Joy, bright harbinger of Love,
Will spread the rosy canopy of Truth
Above thy head. How thrift the lazy marrow
Of thy palsied brain will spring ecstatic
To the pure, exhilarating measure
Sung by the choristers Minerva leads,
And thy glad soul pour out its thankfulness
That thou art Free !

CHAPTER XVI.

CASTING OUT EVIL SPIRITS.

THE act of casting out unclean or evil spirits, as being performed by persons having some (seeming) mysterious power inhering in their own complex self-hood, enabling them to successfully accomplish the above result, must not be placed in the same category with those marvels which transcend all known or reasonably conceivable laws of nature called miracles. Any discussion of the question, "Can there be such a thing as a miracle?" or, plainer still, "Can there be such a thing as a *supernatural* occurrence in the operation of Infinite Law?" has no place here. No party of critics were ever heard to wrangle over the recorded statement that little Jack's bean-stalk grew up miles high in the air without anything to entwine itself upon. It is a Simon Pure *myth*, and is so recognized: in this light are miracles now being understood, and in this phase of reality their record does actually exist.

Perhaps no subject connected with the present investigation is so intricately interwoven, in all historic accounts and criticisms of the past, with the marvellous and the so-called miraculous, as the claimed act of "*casting out devils*," or that procedure on the part of one individual which causes, or induces, an obsessing spirit to relinquish its control, or hold, upon another individual. As embodied soul-return to earth, after the change called death, is here assumed as a proven scien-

tific fact, no time will be taken to cavil on that point. Further, it is emphatically claimed that the Woman of Endor represents thousands upon thousands of humans who, on the earth-plane at this very day, have her peculiar psychic nature, through the instrumentality of which these same returning disincarnated individuals can come in communication with earth's people; and so far as the working of this law of nature is concerned, it has been known to all ages of the world.

One other psychic gift that many individuals in every age of known history have been possessed of, is the power to cure certain diseases by the "laying-on of hands," and by even proximity of personal aura without individual contact. Here is a point that needs to be fully understood. Casting out devils and casting out (eradicating) the demon disease, with many clans and classes of people have meant one and the same thing. From the rearing of Egypt's grand pyramids, in every nation, and in every age, there have been, and are now, those gifted with a psycho-magnetic force, which enables the person thus endowed to relieve, and in many cases absolutely cure, or "drive out," the "*devil*" disease. Another potency pertaining to this same inheritance from Nature, is the ability of those who possess it in a marked degree to cause, by use of a concentrated will-action, an obsessing astral individual to relinquish its control of a mortal medium. But mark how this law works on the other hand. A pure, lovable, astral soul may be the familiar spirit, or attendant, of a medium equally as correct to virtue as the controlling spirit. Let that medium sit in the presence of a party of coarse, vulgar-minded persons, whose thoughts send out emanations of conceit, ridicule, and lustful cogitations, and in many cases the angel visitor

is, by this very presence *cast out*, for the time being, from the individual *possessed*. But one never meets in any written record an account of the *casting out of angels*, although it is admitted as a truism that "we may entertain angels unawares." The fact is, as the world goes, there are more who have the devilish gift to disgust out angels, than the godly gift to cast out devils.

Webster's Dictionary tells us that "exorcism, the expulsion of evil spirits from persons, or places, was common among the Jews." Josephus informs us that "King Solomon was gifted with the power to cast out devils who had taken possession of the body of mortals." Dr. Conyers Middleton, principal librarian of the University at Cambridge, says, "It is remarkable that all the Christian Fathers, who lay so great stress on the particular gift of casting out devils, allow the same power both to the Jews and the Gentiles, as well *before* as *after* our Saviour's coming."¹

Do not let a legitimate possibility be lost sight of in the maze of its exaggeration. It were possible that a strong wind might force one, or even five or six quails, to the shore of the sea, and in some manner land them maimed near the Israelites' camp; but that millions of them should be piled up, as told in the "Numbers" account, makes one think that the narrator had imbibed too freely of the Paschal strong drink at the time of writing. So with casting out devils. Take the Galatians' story of the man with an unclean spirit,² which the Gospel exaggerators magnify into a legion of two thousand, and with a master-stroke of the super-marvellous, ingeniously materialize an improbable herd of two

¹ Free Inquiry, Vol. I. 1752. (Bible Myths.)

² Mark, chapter vii.

thousand swine to receive the expelled two thousand spirits. Here the very likely fact that Jesus relieved not only one, but many cases of obsession, is distorted into a ridiculous piece of nonsensical extravagance, as false to the known science of spirit control as would it be to logic to affirm that the *part* is greater than the *whole*.

Evidently the Nazarene had a glorious measure of the healing talent, and most benevolently did he bestow it; but when — no doubt to equal the Grecian god Esculapius — this same gift is so magnified as to enable its possessor to restore to actual, breathing, active life, a body that has laid in the tomb four days, and in which putrefaction has commenced its disintegrating effects, as in the case of Jesus and the dead Lazarus, we must infer that the narrator, if not with Paschal strong drink, is intoxicated with an intense desire to dress his God up in as glowing wonders as have the other deity constructors about him.¹

That Jesus possessed this potent psychic bestowal at the hands of Nature in a high degree, may well be admitted; and it is to his honor that even in this field, where science now finds so much of the legitimate and clearly accounted for, — the gross fungus of distorted narration should be cleared away from all association with an Infinite ordained quality of soul.

¹ The Grecian god Esculapius was an accredited performer of miracles equal to any on record in the line of wonderment. He could not only cure the most malignant forms of disease by touch, but on many occasions raised the dead to life. (Bell's Pantheon.) Esculapius was worshipped centuries before the time of Jesus the Christ. (Bible Myths.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EUCHARIST.

WE are now drawing near with cautious steps and sandalled feet to the scenes, a true understanding of which we shall be the better able to obtain by the mode of procedure now being observed, — the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. We say with sandalled feet, and how deeply do we feel the need of a softened tread upon this hallowed ground, — the Eucharist! That antagonist, who, armed to the teeth with bitter denunciations and acrimonious rant, bolts like a heartless gladiator, into the arena of the soul's most cherished loves, and breaks, with ruthless blows, affection's fondest idols, wounds — sorely wounds — but nothing more. Until some hand can bestow a bread of loftier grace, a wine of vintage more divine, hold to your Eucharist; for in its solemn hush thousands, that else had fallen, have found a saving balm. This may appear to be a mere emotional utterance, and an advice to cling to error that good may come. Not at all. It is a purely scientific statement. In no other act of Christian form-worship are its adherents brought into that passive, susceptible state, for the reception of influence bestowed by friends from the astral spheres, as at this soul-quieting ceremony. The bread and the wine may, like any central object of observation adopted to harmonize a circle and debar disturbing influences, answer an innocent purpose until a higher light shall render its presence

useless. It is here that the agnostic fails to convince the sincere partaker of the sacramental cup that there is not *some mysterious strength to the soul* gained by mingling in the quiet companionship of the Communion. All through the evolving ages has Soul-Reciprocity been striving to claim its own, although at times, as in the Christian Church, its influence has been almost entirely overcome by cold and rigid formality. Centuries before the Christian era, the Eucharist was instituted as the true holy of holies amid the worshippers of all nations. Here were enshrined those *Mysteries* which must not be unbosomed to the uninitiated. In how many of them the near approach of departed souls, and intelligent intercourse with the same, formed the grand substance of the mystic joy, will only be known when the Maid of Endor shall be more earnestly sought. Hypatia had her Eucharist, and at it the initiate was led to the open portals of the yonder life. In her works Hypatia ventured even so much as to tell the tidings to the world. Her *books*, as well as her body, were BURNT to ashes.

The Egyptians annually celebrated the resurrection of their god and saviour Osiris by eating the sacred cake or wafer after it had been consecrated by the priest and become veritable flesh of his flesh.¹ The worshippers brought bread and wine to the temples as offerings.² The author of "Bible Myths and their Parallels in other Religions," treating of the Eucharist, says: "It is in the ancient religion of Persia — the religion of Mithra, the Mediator, the Redeemer and Saviour — that we find the nearest resemblance to the sacrament of the Christians, and from which it was evidently borrowed.

¹ Bonwick's Egyptian Belief.

² See Progress of Religious Ideas, vol. i. (Bible Myths).

Those who were initiated into the mysteries of Mithra, or became *members*, took the sacrament of bread and wine.¹ The ancient *Greeks* also had their "*Mysteries*," wherein they celebrated their Lord's Supper. The Rev. Robert Taylor, speaking of this, says, "The Eleusinian Mysteries, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, was the most august of all the Pagan ceremonies, celebrated, more especially, by the Athenians, every fifth year, in honor of Ceres, the goddess of corn, who, in allegorical language, *had given us her flesh to eat*; as *Bacchus*, the god of wine—or the grape—in like sense, *had given us his blood to drink*." Prodicus (a Greek sophist of the fifth century B.C.) says that the ancients worshipped *bread* as Demeter (Ceres), and *wine* as Dionysos (Bacchus); therefore, when they ate the bread and drank the wine, after it had been consecrated, they were doing as the Romanists claim to do at the present day, i.e., eating the flesh and drinking the blood of their god.² The mystical wine and bread were used during the Mysteries of *Adonis*, the Lord and Saviour. In fact, the communion of bread and wine was used in the worship of nearly every important deity.³ Mosheim, an ecclesiastical historian, celebrated authority, admits that "The Christians of the second century gave to their Sacrament the name of "*Mystery*" so as to be upon an equal footing with the dignity of the heathen, who long before had so titled their Lord's Supper.

These seemingly over-particular details are given to show, by positive proof, that the "*Blood*" idea con-

¹ See King's Gnostics and their Remains, p. 25; and Higgins' Apocalypse, vol. ii. pp. 58, 59.

² Cousin: Lectures in Modern Philosophy. See also Dunlap's Spirit History, p. 217.

³ See Isis Unveiled, vol. ii. p. 513.

nected with the Eucharist is no special appointment of the Christians' "Last Supper," but that it is a phase of sacred adornment universally in vogue centuries before the time of the writing of the New Testament Gospels. The necessity of *understanding* this matter will be made more apparent as we proceed.

We will now give those memorable words which the Gospel narrators put into the mouth of Jesus at the last Paschal feast, held with his trusted friends, of which history gives any account. Matthew makes Jesus say, of the bread, "Take, eat; this is my body;" and of the wine, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."¹ Mark makes him say, of the bread, "Take, eat, this is my body," and of the wine, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many"² Nothing said of remission of sins. Luke makes Jesus say, of the bread, "This is my body which is given for you; *this do in remembrance of me,*" i.e., — hold to the observance of the occasion. Of the wine, "This cup is the new testament in my blood which *is shed for you.*"³

The later writer of the "Gospel according to St. John" had so much *original* matter to crowd into this section of the Gospel text, that he expunged all mention of the Eucharist from his contributions.

As there is a vast difference between the words given to Jesus by Matthew and Mark and those stated by the writer of "Luke," it is evident that the Luke writer, knowing well the universal ground-work at the bottom of the occasion in hand, was, as a true historian, determined that his account should be in harmony with the general nature of the — at his time — historic Eucharist.

¹ Matt. xxvi. 26-28.

² Mark xiv. 24.

³ Luke xxii. 19, 20.

The whole gist of his picturing holds the mind to the intimate interchange of love and friendship and remembrance between *those present* at the feast.

Holding in view an earnest endeavor to *exalt* Jesus, this imputation of pagan symbolic plagiarism to him, on the part of the editors of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, should be most strenuously repudiated. Better far give the ambitious biographers credit for doing what history proves has been done in all ages, i.e., bestowing upon their God every grace and garb of ceremony known to obtain in the Deific lore of rival neighbors, whose adoption may be in comport with the era of their writing.

Enjoy your gatherings, at the observance of the friendly Communion. Sip your wine tenderly, if you choose, in remembrance of the good man Jesus; 'tis a custom that the sweet goddess Friendship has installed wherever Remembrance seeks to know its own, or cherished Loves yearn for a close embrace;

But, as with ardent hold, in that sweet hour,
You raise affection's chalice to your lips,
Let the remembrance that your soul gives out,
Be like the radiance of a gleaming star;
That, studded in a zone of kindred lights,
Seeks not to dim, but glorify, the scene.
Hast thou e'er known a soul that to thy heart
Was held, as orb to orb in heavenly space;—
A tie that in its hold made all of life
A sky of mild serenity, and filled
The joyous moments with delight, such as
Can only find its birth in holy love!
And was it death that shut that orb away
In an eclipse so deep, that every morn

Seems but a darker night ; and Faith and Hope
In vain their torches hold to light the way !
Then here, bless'd worshipper, within the soft
And wooing atmosphere of this glad place, —
Where star can ray to star, and zone to zone, —
Blend the warm greeting of thy breast's desire.
Here, as the ruby vintage reds your lips,
Breathe forth that name, and with a trustful gaze,
Look up with such a smile upon thy face
That in its beaming will a beacon prove,
To draw thy Loves to thee !

Herein doth lie
That mystery, that in the solving shall
Into thy very being pour a flood
Of heavenly light from spheres beyond the grave.
Make it a banquet-feast of soulful joy :
Call to the friends agone to join the board ;
And, oh, how soon will their dear presence be
To you a certainty ! Only do this,
And there is *one* beyond this veil of tears,
Whose voice was ever harmonied to love,
That will his blessings shed upon the act, —
'Tis Jesus, the Nazarene !

CHAPTER XVIII.

HISTORICAL WITNESSES TO BE ADMITTED AT THE TRIAL
AND CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS, THE CHRIST.

IF there is any known record extant, which, divested of all its glamour of myth, contains absolutely *all* that we can know historically of the trial of Jesus, and its results, it is the different accounts given in the Synoptical Gospels.¹ We say *different*, because the details of events reported as transpiring on the occasion under consideration, by the three writers of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, antagonize most glaringly in many points. But we will lay aside all attempt at playing the too eager critic, and admit, fully and candidly, that Jesus was tried and sentenced under Pontius Pilate; and further, that underlying all exaggeration engendered by the myth rivalry of the times, there is in the three Synoptical "New Testament" books, a true synchronous statement of facts relating to the events now engaging our attention. It must be explained why we discard the Fourth Gospel. It is from the fact that its testimony is not valid. It contradicts the other three in almost every particular concerning the occurrences, the true finale of which we are striving to disclose. Even the character of the humble Nazarene is entirely lost sight of in the Fourth Gospel. A nature more at

¹ The first three Gospels—Matthew, Mark, and Luke—are called "Synoptical," because they contain narratives of events similar in their circumstances, and are capable of being placed side by side, so as to allow of critical comparison and examination.

variance with what the other three Gospel writers have placed before us, as an exemplar for righteous pattern, could hardly be conceived, than the hero of the Fourth Gospel, as pictured by its imaginative compiler.

How truly does Viscount Amberley say, in his "Analysis of Religious Beliefs," speaking of this same Gospel: "The events recorded are different; the order of the events is different; the conversations of Jesus are different; his sermons are different; his opinions are different; the theories of the writer about him are different. Were it not for the name, and a few leading incidents, we should be compelled to say that the subject of the biography himself is different."¹

"It is impossible to pass from the Synoptical Gospels," says Canon Westcott, "to the Fourth, without feeling that the transition involves the passage from one world of thought to another." Dr. William Bentley, a tutor of Harvard College, and the first minister to accept Unitarianism in Salem, Mass., in the year 1792, in notes on John ii. 13-19, had the boldness of conviction to say: "This writer has the fewest clear thoughts of any man. Here he has arrived at a definition. It is hard to reconcile ourselves to such language. It cannot be expressive enough for the foundation of any doctrine. It resembles John's style. But it has involved as many errors as it probably corrected."²

All we have space or necessity to examine is what bears directly upon our subject, — the trial and crucifixion. The account of the trial, as given by the writer of the John Gospel, is confusedly written, and illy harmonizes in any of its parts with the other three.

¹ Page 277, D. M. Bennett's edition, N.Y.

² Bentley's "Papers and Doctrinal Notes," in possession of the Worcester Antiquarian Society.

The John writer most emphatically makes the trial and crucifixion come on the day of the Passover feast. Matthew, Mark, and Luke are as emphatic that the same occurred *the day after* the Passover. This astounding discrepancy in the Gospel scheme has caused the theological school more perplexity than any other canonical blunder in the Christian's New Testament. The writer has consulted commentary after commentary in order to be able to present, in this connection, the best invented ecclesiastical outlet from this scriptural puzzle, but after scanning above a score of entirely different attempts, between not any two of which is there the least show of continuity, and all so weak and shallow that it is judged no interest would accrue by admitting any of them here.

Were the learned professors to study the case in a truly histro-scientific line of procedure, in order to end all anxious striving for reconciliation where none is possible, they would write it down thus: The John writer was so busy in thinking of other matters to weave into his own version, that he was careless in following correctly the already extant documents he was surreptitiously copying. What were these "*other matters*" that so engrossed his mind as to make him heedless of what seemed to him of minor importance? One was his insatiate passion for working in, at every possible chance, that ridiculous, weakening, as well as falsifying reiteration, that this, that, and the other thing should be done that "*the Scriptures might be fulfilled!*"

With a thorough remembrance of the Jewish Scriptures in his mind, and likely the writings themselves at hand, he swept on in a realm of imagination entirely distinct from the writers of the Synoptic books, only

adhering, as it were, to the *plot* of their record, upon which he elaborated his own original imaginings; weaving in these detached gleanings from ancient lore, and remarking in every case, as though the utterance gave the effusion of his own brain the seal of Divine acceptance, "*that the Scripture might be fulfilled.*"

It is not our province in the present work to enter into any general analysis of Scripture, neither regarding doctrine nor purport of individual texts; but a little criticism must be introduced here bearing upon the St. John account of the crucifixion. The reader will see the *absolute necessity* of it as we proceed.

The thirtieth verse of the nineteenth chapter of John reads as follows: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar he said, It is finished; and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost." We now call attention to the thirty-third verse: "But when they [the soldiers] came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs." The thirty-fourth verse: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." Thirty-fifth verse: "And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe."¹ Thirty-sixth verse: "For these things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken." Thirty-seventh verse: "And again another Scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced."

With regard to the Scriptural reference here to the

¹ There is not a more ridiculous verse between the lids of the Bible than this. Before any intelligent jury impanelled in the civilized world, such a deliverance, from a witness who rested his unbecoming asseverations upon an entire unknown party, would stamp the testifier at once, as a — very incompetent informant.

anti-bone-breaking mandate, it will be observed that it is a matter of direct prohibition. Something special was *not to be done*. What was it?

Turn to the twelfth chapter of Exodus, forty-sixth verse; or ninth chapter of Numbers (O. T.), twelfth verse; and there will be found a simple but emphatic direction from Jehovah to the children of Israel, as to how they are to prepare, handle, and eat the roasted lamb which was to be served as a part of the *feast* of the passover. Why Jehovah did not wish them to break these bones he never told, and perhaps the world is just as well off for its ignorance on this point. But one thing *is sure*; no greater insult could be offered to even a not over-degraded criminal, than to in any way link their memory with the mythical deeds of the Jehovahistic Passover. What then shall be our course towards one who would even hint at a connection between that dark page of ages long outgrown, and the bright, open volume of a soul inspired by the light of Infinite illumination?

What was this Passover that is so feasted about, and the gross appurtenances of which this anonymous trickster audaciously hinges with the supposed death-struggles of the Noble One of Nazareth?

Fair Egypt slept. Brim with unbridled wrath
The Jewish God, like an avenging blast,
Swept o'er her slumbering land. The sad-eyed
Sphinx,

Not since its birth, has vigiled such another
Horrid watch; nor Memnon's stony ears
Caught such a wild and shrieking peal of woe.
On that ill-fated night, stung with a venom hate,
Into the heart of every home stole this

Unholy slayer, — save where the magic
Smear of blood, placed by his own directing,
Spoke the *pass over* to the storm of death, —
And smote them down. The nursling babe cooing
Its lullaby: fresh youth resting for strength
To aid a widowed parent at the morn:
Prime, manly state, dreaming in peaceful sleep
Of a dear sister's love; decrepit age,
That in the restless time of midnight hour
Muttered, — half peering to the mystic shore, —
An orison of trust to twelve-starred Isis:
Those tender flowers that, of thine own fair type
Thou virgin Goddess, made the lotus bloom
Of Egypt's sunny realm, — yes, even they,
With rosy cheek, and heart that knew no wrong,
With all their pure and holy wealth of soul, —
Where'er the bane of the first-born might rest, —
Were smitten by that unrelenting stroke.
O thou majestic Osiris; God of
The templed Nile! Thy lettered relics tell
No tale with such a ring of deep damnation
In its strain, as this. And to thy credit,
Thou had'st no heart for such ungodly work.
It is a deed that blots the page of sin,
And makes the breast of crime's most reckless
Devotee, burn green with jealousy.

But the most marvellous piece of prophetic fulfilment that shines in the firmament of theological wonders is "without doubt" (a purely theological term) that embraced in the sole reason why the John narrator marshalled, in his reminiscential imagination, a soldier with a spear in his hand, and had the side of the already supposed dead Jesus pierced, "that the Scripture might

be fulfilled which saith: They shall look on him whom they pierced." We refer to the tenth verse of the twelfth chapter of Zechariah, and there we read what Jehovah, or the God of the Jews, is telling his own people regarding *himself*: "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication; and they shall look upon *me* whom they have pierced," *and no one else*. The changing of the "*me*" to "*him*" by the John writer was a shrewd but very naughty trick.

No comments are necessary here on our part, for the candid Christian commentators of later times are obliged to admit that John was unlucky in his strained application of this text; for the idea that the Christian's God could be pierced in the sense of wounding with a material weapon, as a sword, or a spear, would be absurd; and they also admit that the above quotation would better have been translated, "*me* whom they have *insulted*."

Then, lame and insignificant as the parallel is, it appears that the writer of John had that immortal, universe-arousing thrust given to the side of Jesus simply from the fact that he remembered the scrap of Scripture regarding the insulted God of the Jews being "*looked upon*."

We seem to hear the reader ask, "Why take all this trouble to examine into the record of John's sayings if you have discarded him as a competent witness?" For *this* — to show that with him we get entirely rid of BLOOD!! and we wished — so important is the point — to show on how flimsy a foundation even the discarded Gospel narrator based its fact or necessity.

We shall have worked for naught in this examination if we are obliged to leave even the *nail-holes* in the

hands and feet of the Crucified One. One moment's attention to this feature of the John writer's story, and we shall be prepared to attend the crucifixion.

As John is the only one who has anything to say about the spear-wound, so he is the only one who says anything about the nail-holes in the hands and feet of Jesus after the crucifixion. It is a little surprising that so many Bible apologists will, with all sincerity, refer to the thirty-ninth and forty-third verses, inclusive, of the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, as sustaining the John account given in the twentieth chapter of his Gospel. Read Luke's account, and you have a statement, that, as a student seeking for historic facts, one must admire. We give it here, as it will be a valuable adjunct in the closing argument. "And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold *my hands* and *my feet*, that it is I, myself; *handle me*, and see; for a spirit hath *not flesh* and *bones*, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them *his hands* and *his feet*. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them."

Here is a person who stands before those supposing him dead. They are affrighted, and think it is a spirit that has appeared in their midst. He wishes to prove to them that he is veritable flesh and blood and bone, like unto themselves. How natural to have them examine his sandalled feet and unmantled hands, to prove,

as Luke makes him say, by subjecting them to being *handled*, that it is "*I, myself*." To give them further proof he eats fish and honeycomb, not taking it to his mouth with *swollen and lacerated hands*. Such an assumption in this connection would violate all rules of fair deduction from stated premises.

Even as astute a critic as the author of "Bible Myths and their Parallels in other Religions," falls into the same error of inherited assumption. On page 229 of his work, speaking of the Luke narrator's account, he says:—

"Jesus, then, to show that he was *not* a spirit, showed *the wounds* [the Italics are ours] in his hands and feet." Had our eagle-eyed examiner been looking at his copy, instead of allowing tradition to guide his pen, he would not have been led into this misleading assertion. Nothing is said, by the Luke writer, about *wounds* nor *nail-holes*, nor is there the most distant hint that they existed in connection with his described interview.

It may be said that although the writer of John cannot really be admitted as a responsible witness at the trial and crucifixion, he may be allowed to know something about Jesus *after* the crucifixion. The first thing to be looked into is the animus of a person's efforts, in the field we are exploring; whether it be to give, as near as was possible, a correct statement of facts in a purely historic sense, or, on the other hand, merely to bolster up some favorite set of creedal dogmas. If they prove of the nature of the first statement, they are wholesome food for consideration: if of the latter-mentioned class, they invariably will be found mixed with, if not wholly manufactured out of, material too flimsy to bear even a gentle touch of criticism. Luke's narration is of the first type; John's is of the latter.

Open to the twentieth chapter of John, and scan the thirtieth and thirty-first verses. Here they are: "And many other signs *truly*¹ did Jesus in the presence of his disciples which are not written in this book:" thirty-first, "But these are written that *ye might believe* [not *know*] that Jesus is the Christ, the son of God, and that *believing* [not *knowing*] ye might have life through his name." Here the earnest endeavor is to *foist a dogma* on the strength of mere *belief*. And now, if there be need of further proof of this extravagant Scripture inventor's unreliability, the reading of the last verse of his Gospel will furnish it. It is here presented: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written *every one of them*, I suppose that *even the whole world itself could not contain the books that should be written*. Amen."

It is well known that at the time of Irenæus² (A.D. 179), to whom all unbiassed scholars give the editorship of the Fourth Gospel, there was serious questioning regarding the resurrection of Jesus, and it devolved upon Irenæus to invent a more startling demonstration than his three more candid and conscientious predecessors had woven into their accounts of that event. So he introduces into the play of his ideal drama an actor whom he calls Thomas, and brings Jesus upon the stage specially to be interviewed by this same Thomas eight days after he had made his

¹ One is here reminded of the same suspicious writer's persistance in making affirmation of his own veracity, as though, somehow or other, he felt that he might not himself *be believed in*.

² "The authorship of the Fourth Gospel has been the subject of much learned and anxious controversy among theologians. The earliest and only very important external testimony we have is that of *Irenæus* (A.D. 179), (W. R. GREG: *The Creed of Christendom*).

appearance to his disciples. So strange an event, had it occurred, *could not* have been omitted by all the other three compilers. And what an unseemly story it is! This was a case where *personal identity* was in question. The attitude of Thomas was this: *You tell me our Lord Jesus has made his appearance to you, and that you recognized his personality; his face, with all its play of noble soul power, such as never earth knew before; his benign and Christly bearing, that knew no twin of type. No, that One grand and God-endowed shall be as nothing to me, even should he come into my presence, if I cannot [horrid act] run my finger into the nail-holes in his hands, and thrust my hand into the gaping wound in his side.*"

Woman, this piece of barbarous jugglery may do for the gross, unreflecting drivel of your *man superiors*, but not to you would we dare impute this more than brutish procedure, as a confirmation of your own heart-love's identity!

We have but a few words to say regarding the source from which the John writer is acknowledged to have drawn his material for the *pierced hands and feet*.¹ In the twenty-second Psalm, sixteenth verse, David is represented as saying, in a mournful wail to his God, — "For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me: *they pierced my hands and my feet.*" Now there is no doubt that the reed was already loaded to write, as a supplement to the Thomas scene of probing the wounds of Jesus, thus: "That the scripture might be fulfilled which saith, "They pierced my hands and my feet;" *but!* as the ingenious forger

¹ Some Bible scholars advance the idea that the wounds in the hands, spoken of in Zech. xiii. 6, have, in some mysterious way, a connection with the wounds in the hands of the crucified Jesus. Upon this we have no comment to offer.

referred to his Jewish record to make sure of his coveted simile, his eye caught sight of the following confounding statement, only two periods before the sanctioning prize he was on the point of using. Fourteenth verse, same Psalm: "I am poured out like water, and *all my bones are out of joint.*" This was in terrible conflict with the subject of bones, as he had treated them after the paschal lamb type, and so this "*that it might be fulfilled*" was dropped. He utilized the idea of the being "*poured out like water,*"¹ however, as well as the pierced hands and feet, but he did not direct attention to the dangerous ground from which he gathered them.

To those who accept the substantiating clauses that are so profusely scattered through the Fourth Gospel, as proof of holy sanction, we would apply the same rule derived from another source. You so accept that the scripture might be fulfilled wherein it is said, —

"Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise."²

And that another scripture might be fulfilled which saith, —

"In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text;
Hiding its grossness with fair ornament?"³

¹ It has puzzled scientific theology to account for that unphysiological incident of the coming out of water from the side of Jesus when the John narrator inflicted that spear thrust in his side. As the wound in the side was drawn from Zechariah, so did that mysterious flow of water undoubtedly have its rise in this somewhat obscure spring found in the fourteenth verse of the twenty-second Psalm.

² Shakspeare, *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act V., Scene 2.

³ *Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Scene 2.

With an earnest desire to be fully informed with regard to the opinions of the most learned theologians regarding the John account of the crucifixion, and to learn *their* views and mode of *explaining* this same account, the writer sought among other sources such enlightenment as might be found in the work entitled: "A Popular Commentary on the New Testament, by English and American scholars of various evangelical denominations. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., 1840."

What is the result of our search for what the fair and comprehensive commentary has to say regarding the last scene of the John drama upon Calvary? Verse thirty: "When Jesus therefore received the vinegar he said, It is finished; and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost." Yes, but, reverend gentlemen, it is not for this that we came here; to find that just where we wanted your bent of thought you stop its flow. One is somewhat astounded, for the moment; but after the first shock of repulsed anticipation has subsided, there steals in upon the mind a wave impression that the very absence of what was looked for is a most marked assurance of growth upon the part of your God-ordained reason. The reader may wonder what it is that is so peculiar just at this point in the commentary. Why, *here it stops!* In all other cases where one refers to it, not one single verse, of the least significance, in any chapter, but what is touched upon. But here are *twelve* full verses, as tough Scripture-nuts as are to be found in the whole canonical basket, entirely expunged from the exhaustive commentary, and these are the glorious words one reads: "We forbear to enter further upon the physical causes of the death thus recorded. It is impossible not to feel that the speculations which

have been indulged in on this subject have done more to shock Christian feeling than to satisfy a legitimate spirit of inquiry."

So we think, and now we will join hands with our good friends of the above quoted work, and expel this offensive recorder from the court.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE subject of the Crucifixion of Jesus stands before us in a slightly different attitude from the previously examined phases of Scripture mention in connection with him. That Jesus *was* or *was not* crucified, has no particular bearing upon his nature or essence of being; — whether of Divine or mortal type. The soul-debasing, heaven-insulting doctrine of Vicarious Atonement, has no place in our field of thought. The ages before the time of Jesus were deluged with the blood of their heathenish sacrifices, insane with the thought that deeds of dark and hellish wrong could be washed away by murder's *cleansing* (?) gore. Let the coward mumper, who fears to stand trial at the bar of his own conscience, for a while lull himself with the idiotic panacea that a deadly thrust in some one's side, other than his own, shall cancel his damnation before the Throne of Grace; we feel no call to tarnish the memory of the glorious Soul of Nazareth by association with a dogma so defaming to a Just Almighty Power.

So prolific are the pages of ancient history, — before the time of Jesus, — with accounts of "Christs crucified," that it would be but a waste of space to present them here. Let us pause for a few moments, and cautiously look over the situation. We have time, for —

JESUS IS NOW BEING LED TO CALVARY!

and before that solemn march, that has been the theme

of emotion's most earnest expression for the long centuries past, has reached its destination, we would prepare ourselves to understand aright the actual finale of that Act of history's Sacred Page.

Even here we cannot rest easy without assuring the reader that Jesus is not "laboring up the steep side of Calvary," bearing his heavy cross upon his back. *Calvary was no hill at all*,¹ and the only man that imposed the task of bearing the cross upon Jesus, was the writer of the John Gospel. We have nothing to do with him now, and therefore can believe that Matthew, Mark, and Luke tell something of a reliable historic fact, when, with such correct unison, they affirm that one Simon bore the cross of Jesus from the hall of trial to Golgotha, the place of skulls, where the crucifixion took place. Pilate meant not that any such humiliation as that should be imposed upon one out towards whom his soul had gone in sympathy.

Jesus was convicted by the Sanhedrim, and afterwards placed before the bar of the civil tribunal. Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judæa at the time. The character of Pilate has been severely criticised by some writers, and many things to his disparagement are perhaps truthfully said. We have nothing more to do with his disposition, than is developed by our three historic witnesses; only to remark, that the most corrupt and profligate ruler may have a spasm of tender regard for the fate of one under his authority, especially — as in this case — where that one is brought before him on a charge which he most emphatically declares contains

¹ CALVARY, a word occurring in the A. V. only in Luke *xxiii.* 33, and there arising from the translators having literally adopted the word *calvaria*, i.e., a bare skull. The popular expression "Mount Calvary" is not warranted by any statement in the accounts of the place of our Lord's crucifixion. — DR. SMITH'S *Dict. of the Bible*.

nothing worthy his official notice.¹ Jesus was accused by the Jews, and it was the Jews who had him secured and brought to trial. Pilate had no sympathy with this people, nor their religion, and it is more than likely that a *real sympathy* was aroused in his breast for the noble, frank, and *fascinating* prisoner that was brought before him. Whatever he may have been constrained to do as *Procurator* might be easily undone as the not over-scrupulous *Pontius Pilate*.

"And he [Pilate] said unto them a third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him. I will therefore chastise him and let him go."²

Now as the Jews, even the chief priests, still cried out for the death of the best man of their kin, Pilate must *seem*, at least, to accede to their clamorous demand. Strange sight! A Roman heathen pleading for the life of the "Christian's God" at the very hands of the people he is claimed to have come to save! We have every reason to believe that this same Pontius Pilate did so manipulate his official opportunities as to *really save the life of the Nazarene*.

"And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required."³ Yes, but the sequel of the case as plainly

¹ "And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers, and the people, said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me as one that perverteth the people, and behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man, touching those things whereof ye accuse him." (Luke xxiii. 13, 14.)

² Luke xxiii. 22.

³ Luke xxiii. 24. Much controversy has taken place regarding the question: "Who were really the parties upon whose hands rested the death of Jesus, the Christ?" As the question of his *death* has nothing to do with our inquiry, the question of *who caused it* certainly cannot have. But let what will be said, so far as the testimony goes, which we are following, it was the *Jews*, and not the Romans, who cried out, "*Crucify him! Crucify him!*"

shows the nature of Pilate's determined procedure, as does the analysis of any complicated transaction presented in the pages of history. He was not the man to sue three times of a maddened mob for the life of one of their own kind, and yield the final stroke, when the accusation was such that moved him to no desire for official action; and the accused, looming up amid the yelping rabble about him most truly like a God. No, when there sat

PILATE BEFORE JESUS;

Whose august front like a Colossus stood,
With its proud mildness, and its might of love,
Casting about a flood of mystic power,
That with a spell of marvellous potency
Dumbed the tempestuous raging of the
Howling throng to the high Roman's ears;
Thus to himself the conquered Roman spake:
"How now, you belching herd! yet do you cry
For doom, when thrice I ask release? By Jove!
This rests upon my conscience like a threat, —
While in that conscience stands a double plea, —
The stronger bending towards the side of grace.
And well does Pilate know fit cause he has
To husband in some measure from that bend.
Herein can rest no wrong, nor thought of crime,
Where with Apollo's grace, and Vesta's mien,
Are blent the mould of Mars! With far more po-
tence, —
Aye, a thousand times, than the loud clamor
Of these maddened Jews, strikes to my captured
breast
The winning fire-light of those strange-orbed eyes.
'Twould burn the rancor of grim Plato out,

And set a holy prayer upon his tongue.
The cast that guilt puts forth to beg reprieve
Tells like the Everlasting's voice to fate;
And sleep, that conscience seeks, to direst pain
Oft grows, when lullabied by dark revenge:
This presence bears the very stamp of truth,
And open-faced as day, forgiveness sheds.
Thus doth it rest: — In this foul business will
I lie to Rage; and keep my plight with Peace.
Great Cæsar from the lofty heights would scowl,
Aye, and the very gods thunder their wrath,
Should I this man condemn, and from my heart
Speak him to death. Stains of incrimined blot
Clog on my hands too thick to heft their bulk
With such an act as this. Better by far
Here give a purging to my guilty soul.
And by an act compunctioned by the right,
Make gracious pardon for a host of wrongs.
So shall it be! This man dies not beneath
My uttered rule, and in my heart I pray,
Armed Hercules may guard him on his way.

“And one of the malefactors which were *hanged*,
railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself.”¹
This quotation is not introduced to draw attention to
the saying of the malefactor, but to observe in it a
statement of an historic detail of great interest just at
this point of procedure; i.e., the *penal attitude* of the
malefactor.

We prefer to follow Luke rather than Matthew or
Mark; not that there is any vital difference between
them regarding the points at issue in this connection,
but from the fact that the Luke account is fullest in

¹ Luke xxiii. 39.

that quality of material which bears upon its face the stamp of *accurate traditional report*. The Christian Theological school admits that Luke is the most trustworthy of the four Evangelists.

There is no evidence of the existence of the Gospel of Matthew, until about the year 173 A.D. It was at this time first ascribed to Matthew by Apollinaris, Bishop of Hieropolis. "The Gospel according to Luke" is believed to come next in order of time, and to have been written some fifteen or twenty years after that of Matthew.¹ In proof of the statement regarding the Luke author's honesty, see how he treated the Matthew narrator, as he referred to his (Matthew's) notes, so as to insure continuity of statement. Luke's editor started, evidently, to copy the whole of Matthew's gigantic, universal commotion at the time of the crucifixion.² He transcribed: "And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst;" so far all went comfortably easy; but as his eye ran along and took in the prodigious exaggeration of wild, super-infinite marvel, he dropped his reed in disgust, and would go no farther. This display of honesty, on the part of the Luke compiler, draws one towards him as the more reliable testator. The quotation previously quoted from Luke xxiii. 39, is the only clause occurring in the testimony of the three more reliable Gospels that makes the slightest allusion to the *mode* of crucifixion adopted at the drama of Calvary. What is gratifying is that it occurs in Luke's account, as it gives better promise upon investigation. Two forms of appliance were in use by the Romans for the execution of those who were to suffer death for criminal acts. One was

¹ See "The Bible of To-day" under "Matthew" and "Luke."

² Matt. xxvii. 45-54.

an upright post driven into the ground, and the other — more generally used — was the upright post, as above, with the addition of a cross-piece upon the top giving it the form of a capital T. To this the culprit was *bound with cords*, and left under the watch of guards until death ensued. In cases where a *more severe punishment* was desired, the condemned one was *nailed or spiked* to the cross. Without going any further in the line of inquiry we should be perfectly willing to leave this point with the writer of Luke and all fair-minded critics. *Which* mode of crucifixion would Pilate have been most likely to have imposed upon Jesus, one from whom he had striven so hard to avert even the sentence, — the milder or the more cruel form?

We have other sources than Luke, from which to draw enlightenment. The Talmud, a historical book of Jewish tradition, speaks of Jesus as "*the hanged one*" and not as the crucified one. Constantine put on his labarum (sacred banner) a figure of "*The Hung;*" and in early times the Christians were called the "*Worshippers of the Hung.*" In order to be candid, and present both aspects of this all-important question, the writer has looked over the evidence upon the nailed-to-the-cross side, and can find nothing more positive than what will now be given. That all due weight may be bestowed upon the power of theological unfoldment presented, we will give not only the name and work quoted, but all the different scholastic qualifications of the learned author. We open the work entitled "*A Dictionary of the Bible,*" edited by William Smith, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and editor of the Dictionaries of "*Greek and Roman Antiquities,*" "*Biography and Mythology,*" and "*Geography.*"

Under the subject "*Cross*" he says: "*It is a ques-*

tion whether tying or binding to the cross was the more common method. That our Lord was *nailed*, according to prophecy, is certain (John xx. 25, 27, etc.; Zech. xii. 10; Ps. xxii. 16). It is extremely probable that both methods were used at once." What are we to understand by this: "both methods were used at once," prefaced by that purely theological term "*extremely probable*"? Is it not that if the historian were upbraided by one, as well versed as himself in the premises, he might answer: "You will observe that I left Christ so that you can conceive of him *bound* or *nailed*, as you choose"?

This should be scanned. We give all credit to our author for broad learning, and historic ability. Whenever he is free from the shackles of theology, we may be directed by him with the full assurance that a master guides us. But how humiliating to the spirit it must be, to occupy a position, where, as an historian, one must play the hypocrite, in order to favor a ridiculous dogma; and shut back what an erudite pen would wish to utter! He does not say our Lord was "*nailed*" according to *history*; nor according to proven analogical data; nor yet, according to what *I*, as a scholar of history, *think*; but, according to "*prophecy*," which, in this connection, where we are looking for facts, means *just nothing at all*. However, let us look at this prolific field to which we are referred once more. So frustrated, evidently, was our *savant*, when he penned the lines we have quoted, by the embarrassing conflict going on in his mind between candor and duplicity, that it did not occur to him that the John writer, who came after Jesus, and — *writes of*, — not *foretells*, his life, could utter no prophecies bearing upon occurrences pertaining to the crucifixion. No, most

reverend sir, John was an historian like yourself, and he drew his proof from the same *prophecies* (?) to which you direct our attention.

To be sure on this point, we may be excused if we introduce these two *scriptural proofs* once more. First, Zech. xii. 10. The God of the Jews says directly to them: "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication, and they shall look upon ME [not a Christ that may come after me] whom they have pierced." We have noticed this before, and only introduce it here to show that nowhere in this quotation, nor in the context, is there the slightest allusion to nail-holes or a crucifixion. Lastly, Ps. xxii. 16. What do we find here? A chapter headed, "David's Prayer in Distress;" and it is a bewailment of the most abject misery. From the first verse down to the one to which our attention is directed, there is no thought nor allusion even hinted, except one continued complaint by David to his God, who David thinks has forsaken him. 16th verse: "For dogs have compassed me; the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me; they pierced MY [not Christ's nor anybody else's] hands and my feet." 17th verse: "I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me."

Solar Physics presents some features of immense magnitude for the mind of man to grapple, and the problem, "Are the stars of the heavens infinite in extension?" places one on the verge of the awful unknowable; but the emotions awakened in the inquirer's soul are infantile in presence of these themes, compared to the sublime thrill of unspeakable impressiveness that is roused, when one stands in the presence of Theology, and listens to the gigantic testimony it elicits from

such *absolute nothingness of data* as is presented in the case above.

It is with pleasure that we now turn to the chapter in Dr. Smith's History under the heading of "Crucifixion." Speaking of the guards placed over the bodies of those crucified, he says: "This was necessary from the lingering character of the death, which sometimes did not supervene, even for *three days*, and was at last the result of gradual benumbing and starvation. But for this guard, the person might have been taken down and recovered, as was actually done in the case of a friend of Josephus. . . . But the unusual rapidity of our Lord's death was due to the depth of his previous agonies, or may be accounted for simply from peculiarities of constitution."

The historical facts mentioned here are of great benefit to us at this point of search. The diagnosis of the constitutional state of Jesus at the time he was upon the cross is entirely gratuitous, and we are left to form our own opinions, as we judge for ourselves the circumstances attending the case.

To the candid, unprejudiced mind, it must seem that the emotional emphasis that is bestowed upon the so-called "*Passion*" of Jesus, detracts from, rather than extols, his true character. There is no doubt, in fact it is *plainly evident*, that the narrative of the "Agony," and the "sweat like drops of blood," are plainly imaginative effusions, elaborated by the Gospel compilers, — sincerely, no doubt, from their plane of judgment, — for the purpose of clothing his last hours with a cast of effeminate prostration. His disciples are reported as sound asleep when the agony and turmoil of spirit were upon him; and the question would naturally arise, How did the biographers know of an

event which no human eye witnessed? Superstitious theology may account for it. Honest reason cannot.¹

One cannot but admire the tone of spirit which runs through the actions of the historic Jesus as manifested at the apprehension and trial. It is the *man* that we are dealing with; not the wavering figure of a more than girlish irresolution, that a downy sentimentality has etherialized to foist upon the world as the representative characteristic of the Reformer of Judæa.

Blended with that atmosphere of mysterious awe which an inherited disposition has intertwined about the every act and circumstance connected with the name of Jesus, is a complement of holy fear, which marks as sacrilege any endeavor, even if done with tenderest hand, to lift for a moment the consecrated veil that hangs before the shrine. This temperament, on the part of the devotee, is Theology's most steadfast hold. The mystic trappings of superstitious growth once cast aside, the timid eye encouraged to the view, and no longer can the unmeaning jangle of a crafty guess pass current for truth's pure coin. In place of sophistry, Reason must lead the way, and "Thus saith the God of Israel" must yield to "Thus saith the God of truth."

No man lives that has not a spark of the Infinite planted within his soul. No woman breathes upon the face of this green earth within whose breast does not burn a light of fire Divine, born of her Mother infinite. So, as we now draw this chapter to a close, we shall enter, in an unstudied mode, the walks of that far-off

¹ It will not do to say here that the very thing being advocated in this work, "*spirit return and communication*," would account for all this. The Gospels nowhere claim to be dictated by returning intelligences. On the contrary, the claim is, as John's author so emphatically asserts, "And he that *saw it* bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true." Why? Answer: Because he *saw it*.

life, as though the whole transaction were a scene of yesterday in our very midst; trusting to that innate impulse of the mind, which gives sanction to the thought, that simple and familiar speech in search *for* truth, is more acceptable to high Heaven than lofty tones of pious cant to *hide* it.

There were two men, deeply averse to the crucifixion of Jesus, who had it in their power to prevent it if they chose. Those two individuals were Pontius Pilate, and Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the Council. The question is, Did they allow the act to reach its consummation? Everything shows to the contrary. There is not one whit of evidence to prove that Jesus did die upon the cross. He was, no doubt, tied to it, and he may have swooned, and had the appearance of one as dead. Dr. Smith tells us that a friend of Josephus was taken from the cross and resuscitated. What was to prevent a man of Pilate's nature, and peculiar possession of opportunity, bringing about the same result in the case of the sentenced Nazarene, especially when he had a pleader at his ear as prominent as Joseph the Councillor? *He* would pledge himself to see that the rescued favorite should be prevailed upon to forbear mingling, in the future, too prominently in public discourse.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RESURRECTION.

FAR too pregnant is the legendary lore, prior to the time of Jesus, with reports of resurrected Saviours, for their full number to be mentioned in these pages. A few will be given with a view of showing that in disconnecting the Resurrection of the Nazarene from all that pertains to the marvellous or so-called supernatural, we are only removing another myth-wrapping that had bandaged the many avatars before his time, and therefore can be no special belonging of the individual man Jesus.

It is claimed that Crishna, the crucified Saviour of the Hindoos, rose from the dead, and ascended bodily into heaven. At that time a great light enveloped the earth, and illuminated the whole expanse of heaven.

Zoroaster, the Persian's Christ, ascended to heaven at the end of his career upon earth.

Buddha was taken bodily up to the celestial regions, when his mission on earth was completed, and the marks on the rocks of a high mountain are shown as the last impressions of his footsteps upon earth.

"The Egyptian Saviour, Osiris, was buried and rose from the dead *on the third day after*, and ascended into heaven. His birth, death, burial, resurrection, and ascension embrace the leading points of Egyptian theology." "It is astonishing to find," remarks Mr. Bonwick, in his "Egyptian Belief," "that, at least five

thousand years ago, men trusted an Osiris as the risen Saviour, and confidently hoped to rise, as he arose, from the grave."

The author of "Bible Myths," speaking of the "Descent into Hell," says: "The reason why Christ Jesus has been made to descend into hell, is because it is a part of the universal mythos, even the *three days duration*;" and he presents us with no less than a full dozen virgin-born Gods and Saviours, who have — according to their different Gospel authorities — been crucified, and descended into hell.

We now turn to the word "Resurrection" in Webster's Dictionary; and definition first reads as follows: "Arising again; the resumption of vigor." We need go no farther.

Those who stood afar off, one by one left the sad scene, and sorrowfully sought their homes. None were left but the centurion and his soldier-guards. Joseph now draws nigh, and stands anxiously before the cross. The cords are loosened, and the warm and unmarred body of Jesus, *after being held only three hours in the binding*, is hastily borne to the vacant tomb near by. What physician but would say, without a moment's doubt, "I could bring about a *resumption of vigor in that man*; I KNOW it!" And so could Joseph the Councillor.

We must now dismiss our Gospel witnesses. It is evident that no more certain point can be gleaned from the whole Gospel record, as a purely traditional deliverance, — aside from all exaggeration and environment with the habiliments of myth, — than that Jesus was seen for a long time after the supposed death upon the cross, alive and well; and, at intervals, mingling with and instructing his friends. But if we seek to

harmonize the detailed accounts of what occurred immediately subsequent to the crucifixion, as given in the Synoptic Gospels, we are impressed at once, from their absolute conflict of statement, that the traditional matter available for use was in an uncertain and misty state. The most emphatic statement, void of all marvel,—one that would appear to embody the essence of what the chronicler would wish to be understood as conveying a record of the current page of memory,—is as follows, as from the very lips of Jesus himself.

“Behold my hands and my feet that it is I, myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And Jesus asked, Have ye any meat? And they [his disciples] gave him a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb; and he took it and did eat before them.”¹ Jesus was a man among men, and it is evident that the idea of transforming him into a God was no act or thought of those who lived and associated with him, and enjoyed the blessings of his love and wisdom. Matthew, acknowledged the first chronicler, makes no mention of the “resurrection,” simply from the fact that it was no part of the furniture of the then prevalent tradition. He was a remarkably honest writer, considering the gross superstition of his time; and, to his credit, he left Jesus, as any sensible man would, to pass from earth-life, according to the rules of Nature’s majestic Law.

Luke, who came a little later, at a period when excessive adoration clamored for the full bestowal of all the marvels adhering to Deific exaltation, added the time-worn myth of the “Ascension.”

¹ Luke xxiv. 39, 42, 43.

To show the advance that had taken place in the expanding thought regarding the resort to the extreme portrayal of Deific power in connection with the occurrence under consideration, note the difference between the astounding spectacular display managed by Jehovah at the going up of Elijah, and the modest consideration with which the same mythological appointment is presented by the Luke recorder.

In 2d Kings, chapter ii., verse 11, we read: "And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder: and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

Says Luke: "He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Mark simply adds: ". . . and sat on the right hand of God." A beautiful expression, and one in which no honest Bible critic (able to perform that masterly feat of placing himself in the age and position of the one he criticises) can see any spirit manifested to too severely push the myth utilized as a fact of literal character.

There we see, as it were, at the very close of a Gospel, legitimate regarding its position in the strata of theological formations, the giving way of that hideous genera of Mytho-Monsters of the past to the genial rays of incoming Reason.

There have been numerous attempts since that day to breed a race of hybrids from the few surviving individuals of this former type, but in all cases the result has been the transient germination of a nondescript monstrosity that has passed issueless and barren into the vortex of universal contempt and condemnation.

We cannot close this chapter without making refer-

ence to the fact that our reliable Luke writer was the author of the "*Acts of the Apostles*." ¹

This fact is of marked interest to us just at this last parting from our New Testament field of examination, for there is a plain unvarnished statement in the third verse of the very first chapter of that book which we will here present. "To whom [the apostles] also he [Jesus] showed himself alive after his passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen by them *forty days*, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." Notwithstanding many extravagances, as a matter of course, woven into the narrative in after chapters, here at the opening the writer unburdened himself of this purely traditional and historic fact that Jesus was seen *alive*, and held direct oral intercourse with his trusted friends, for an extended time after the supposed crucifixion. It is hardly a fair critical inference to pronounce that the Luke writer meant here to have it understood that the numerical statement of "*forty days*" was to be received as indicating the *exact* limit of time that Jesus was known to be in the earth-life after the "Passion." The number "*forty*" runs through the entire Bible in connection with days and years, to denote, not an absolute period, but an expression to symbol an extended term, the general conception of which could be formed by the affix "days" or "years." It is not unlikely, in this case, that what the Luke writer here states by habit of association as forty days, may really have been *a limited number of months or even years*. In Cruden's Concordance, under the head

¹ "*Acts of the Apostles*, a second treatise by the author of the Gospel traditionally known as Luke. The identity of the writer of both books is strongly shown by their similarity in style and idiom and the usage of particular words and compound forms." (Smith's Dict. of Bible.)

of "Forty," may be found fifty-six cases of its occurrence in the Old and New Testaments. Israel walked forty years in the wilderness; Jesus fasted forty days; and how natural, for want of definite datum, to conscientiously say "he was seen forty days," as a designation of

THE RETIREMENT.

The rage that fires a mob is quick in heat,
And thrift it comes to death. Not like a heart's
Deep wrong, that clings with brawny grasp upon
Its trespasser, is the mad riot's sway.
'Tis but a raving clown, that for a time
Blusters with furious din, and quick anon,
Moody, and spent in spleen, eats its own wrath.
Served was the Paschal feast: with generous flow
The festive wine was drained, and every tongue
That scarce an echo's length ago had cried
To crucify, now wagged in jovial speech.
Israel was glad on such an eve as this,
And in her heart all harbored rancor slept.

He stood on Galilee, and gathered there
In holy awe, with hearts o'erfull with joy,
Were his disciples. Yet did the life-blood
Of earth's yielding store flow in his ruddy veins,
And from his lips the same mild accents fell:
"Go, teach as I have told, and this believe,
I shall be with you yet, and from my speech
Counsel you still shall have."

Two mantled forms
Part slowly from the group, their sandalled feet
Pacing with moderate steps towards Bethany.
The one of towering cast, a very type

Of Jove himself, was Joseph, the Councillor.
The other of the twain, whose humble mien
And bearing of sweet grace, told in their mould
The type of soul that nearest comes to God,
Was Jesus, the Nazarene !

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SOUL'S NIGHT.

IT was a lovely spot. The wild and picturesque surroundings were softened off into the azure distance, blending their mellow verdure with the misty hill-tops of the far-away. Within the sacred enclosure grand old trees waved their gracious boughs above the slumbering dead, and touched by the summer breeze yielded a low refrain harmonious with the influence of the scene. The thick, flowering shrubs seemed alive with flitting birds, and their melody made a strange blending with the mournful dirge sung by the melancholy pines. There was no discord there, for Nature waked the strain. The sombre chords courted the heaving mounds, and swept a low, sad requiem above the graves. The bright, elastic thrill that was so cheerily throated by those sweet choristers of the air, told in its heart-enlivening tone, of trust, and immortality. I was making my way slowly along from stone to stone, deeply absorbed in ruminating upon the quaint epitaphs I scanned, when my ear caught a new measure that was added to the symphony already being choired about me. Strange it was, this added refrain seemed the sweetest, and most divinely musical, of any stop yet touched;—and yet, it was the most piteous, anguished, wail of woe I ever heard.

Making a tender footfall upon the grassy turf I cautiously approached the ardent pleader. A woman

draped in the night-shade hue of grief, was prostrated upon a new-made grave; her arms were thrown forward and tightly clasped to the heaving sod, as though she held in that strong embrace the heart that lay cold and pulseless below. Her face was hid from my sight, for she was passionately kissing the inanimate earth, and never shall I forget the depth of affliction's bitter smart betrayed, as between her kisses she sobbed, "My dear, dear, blessed boy!"

What a temptation! Would I? Yes; for one should never falter when Holy Science beckons the way.

"What causes you this pain of mind, my good woman?" I asked, in a kind and guarded tone.

She looked up and bent a pair of large dark eyes upon me, with an inquiring gaze, as though to assure herself that I was not speaking in mockery of her grief.

"Oh, my boy! my darling boy is here!" and again her thin, pale face was rested on the sod.

"Look up a moment, poor, sad soul; have faith. Jesus arose."

Again her face was lifted, and her tearful eyes were bent inquiringly upon me. Her lips parted, and, with a flood of meaning in her words, she said, —

"Jesus was God; and belonged not to the earth, earthy."

"He had a mother, and that mother went to the sepulchre the same as you have come."

"Yes, yes! *but the stone was rolled away!*"

"Good woman, suppose when you came here to-day, you had found this grave opened, and the darling body gone."

"Oh!" almost shrieked the affrighted mother; "the very thought is dreadful! *They do not steal bodies from here, do they?*"

This woman was just where Mary, the mother of Jesus, went, and it is where the fable of a bodily resurrection and ascension leaves every mourner; and not until an Endor's lips can cheer the anxious soul, can it be drawn from that dark and gloomy yearning towards the tomb.

The mother who stood before me, in terror of the moment's thought, ran in her mind to the same goal where every mind has gone from the time of Jesus to the present hour, when it is discovered that the Resurrectionist has tampered with the sacred dust, — the "*dissecting table!*"

It is but a hollow, unmeaning mockery of sense, to say that because a God of Power Omnipotent has shunned the law called death, mortals *must* be immortal. And just as false to reason is the presumptive tenet that because, by the mysterious working of some strange and all-unexplained operation of Nature's forces, *one* human body, while yet alive with all the glow of earthly substance in his frame, was drawn away from earth and lifted up to the sky, that other mortal souls shall follow on, while yet *their* bodies linger in the earth.

What friend of the humble Nazarene would have been so thoughtless as to have gone to the tomb of Joseph with tributes of tears and flowers, after the *Jesus alive* had been seen, and felt, eaten with, and listened to again, after the dread supposed crucifixion? They bestowed their tributes and their love where they *KNEW the loved one was*.

So will the human's tears flow, and graves be wet with sorrow's tide, until the denizens of earth

Shall hear from 'cross the misty vale,
An answer to the longing wail, —

That cry, that from the heart incessant springs,
When grief with wounding hand sweeps o'er its strings:
Passioned and wild, with burning fever in the breath;
That earnest, prayerful, pleading, — after death, —

“Where have my loved ones gone?”

Until some hand shall touch the lyre
And syllable the soul's desire;

Give with soft tone a message from that land,

Where fancy paints the realm of Eden's strand;

Until some loving heart shall clear an answer give,

And tell in tones of glad assurance, “*Still we live!*”

Earth's child will be forlorn.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SOUL'S MORNING.

NOW stepping aside from the dust and mire of soul-bespotting creed, and banishing the snarl of Sciolism to the dark, shadowy realm, where ignorance holds its court, let us refresh ourselves with a view from the "Sacred Mount," upon which this glorious liberation rests us.

We are surely in the presence of a most "Holy Trinity:" The Woman of Endor, Angel of Soul-Reciprocity; Jesus, the Inspired One; and Hypatia, Goddess of Universal Unity.

In the WOMAN OF ENDOR we have that gateway through which, by Infinite design, the Loves of "times, times, and again," can hold sweet intercourse; and Soul-Reciprocity between the farthest verge of high-sweeping heaven and the dwellers of earth be made a full assurance to the grief-weighted heart.

Herein doth rest the highest gift of Love
The Almighty's hand hath on His child bestowed.
Love; that in its flow drinks to its virgin tide
A draught from every spring the soul enfolds.
Love; without which joy could be no more; and
Reason, shorn of this fair attendant, would
Become enfrosted as the Arctic pole.
Rise, sacred star, thou gleam from Endor's sky:
Peer brightly through the dark and lowering clouds,
That all along thy course through Error's night

Have hid thy radiant face. Sweet angel orb!
What tear-wet eyes, by Luna's taper led,
Have peered beyond her shrine of silver light, —
Off, through heaven's starry host into the void, —
The vast Immensity; and with a gaze,
By anguish made intense, watched for thy light.
'Tis past! See in yon horizon the racks
Of clouds dismembered, like a vanquished throng,
Fly to oblivion. And with a grace
Sealed by the hand of Mother Infinite,
Endor, now unobscured, pours down her light
From the eternal throne.

JESUS, THE INSPIRED ONE. The Divine gift bestowed upon the Nazarene was of that phase which requires a physical organization of the most finely attuned neurotic force, coupled with a psychic combination, full and strong in its organic range; whose every tone will vibrate to the key of virtue's loftiest chord; free from vain conceit, and as a willing servant, — as he declared he was, — ready to breathe forth such truths as higher instated minds might sweep across the harp-cords of his brain. Such a man, and such a medium, was Jesus, son of the Infinite.

In **HYPATIA** is that rare blending of development, in its threefold richness, that but few of the children of earth are blessed with. Mediumship, through Soul-Reciprocity, Impressible Inspiration, and a more than generous share of Universal Unity, attended by a powerful Intellectual range.

A being formed, and by Creation planned,
To be a harbinger of light. A torch,
Held in Causation's hand to guide the steps

Of student thought down to the deepest mine
Of Life's great mystery. They charge thy school
Was mystic; and it was, to laggard brains,
Whose lazy state of sacerdotal sloth
Could scarce be stirred; save when some wakening
 peal,

Rung in the praise of thy most noble speech,
Struck rousing to their truth-abhorring ears.
Earth holds no chiselled pile, thy name to serve;
Nor lifts the turf above thy dust's repose.
But where thy eyes so oft did roam, — urged on
By the expanding soul, — until thy feet,
With daring of a goddess born, trod proudly
O'er the Milky Way, and, with greeting warm,
Kissed the glad Pleiads: there, mid the splendor
Of that starry ground, seek fair Hypatia.
Not in its depths a thing inurned; but thrift
With life and joy; and swift as comet's flight
Making her range amid the constellations
Of high heaven, outpouring, in her royal course,
Bright rays of wisdom to the clustered souls,
That grace the Everlasting Spheres.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOVE TO THE RELIGIO-THEOLOGICAL GOD.

HEAR, O Israel! The Lord *our* God is *one* Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord *thy* God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And he will give to thee great and goodly cities which thou buildedst not, and houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees which thou plantedst not.¹ Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name. Ye shall not go after *other* gods of the people which are around about you (for the Lord *thy* God is a *jealous* God among you), lest the anger of the *Lord your* God be kindled against thee, and destroy thee from off the face of the earth."²

The religion of Theology is summed up in the following from Webster's Dictionary: "Religion, as distinct from virtue or morality, consists in the performance of the duties we owe directly to God from a principle of obedience to divine command, or from love to God and his law."

What a sad reflection, to cast the mind back over the past centuries, and consider the thousands, — yes, millions upon millions of mothers, who, at that sacred time when every pulse of strong emotion working in her soul

¹ These enumerated *incentives for love*, were not to be consummated by Jehovahistic miracle-power; but by *gains of plunder* from the industrious people who were "around about" the jealous God's fold.

² Deut. (O. T.) chapter vi., verses 4, 5, 10, 11, 13-15.

must stamp its impress on the plastic germ, already quickened for immortal life, — to realize that the holiest striving of their love has been for naught. But so it has. Worse, far worse! Her reason hushed by dread command; a dull and prosy exegete her only guide; she stretches out her hands in vain to grasp the loving hold of Mother Infinite.

Poor soul! how by the uncertain guide of dogma's lead she muses, and in the mist and strange obscurity of the unexplainable, wonders how it is that virtue and sincere goodness of intent come not in the direct line of "love to God." And so she has to face the effigy of the Jewish Jehovah, and in struggling to love it, as she is told it is her *religious duty* to do, she fevers and malforms the fecundated brain within, that else had been in harmony with Heaven.

It is refreshing to find at this day a man who, as a scientist, unites with his cogitations and deductions that high attribute, *wisdom*. Such an one is C. V. Riley, Ph. D., United States Entomologist. In an address upon "THE CAUSES OF VARIATION," under the subdivision, "Emotion of Mother as affecting Offspring," this scholar says: "The ancients practically recognized the influence of the imagination of the mother on the offspring, and belief in it is still very prevalent among women themselves of all classes. Women alone are able to feel or speak in this matter from experience, and the almost universal belief in the influence, among those who have any experience at all, should make us hesitate to discard it too summarily. From facts within my own personal knowledge I have long believed in this influence, and the more I have been able to collect reliable data bearing upon it, the more confirmed have I become in the conclusion that the emotional experiences

of the mother affect the issue in a varying degree, according to the intensity of the emotion."

We have before us one of those sweet and holy works which theology has ever delighted to place in the hands of its votaries, — more especially woman, as it is upon her devotion that the whole theological structure rests to-day, — not only that the perusal might draw her own mind into the light of true religious reflection, but to ingraft, through her, upon the tender bud of fœtal growth, an impregnation that in after-life should place upon that brow the *crime-stained mark* of its Jehovah God.¹

The work bears the following euphonious title: "*Sighs from Hell: or, The Groans of a Damned Soul*," written by "I am thine, to serve in the Lord Jesus, John Bunyan," in the year 1675.

From among the many incentives given in the book to bestow one's love directly to God, the following is taken. Speaking of the glory and majesty of God's power, on page 37 of this most valuable work, he says: "That thou mightest be tormented to purpose, the mighty God of Heaven will lay as great wrath and vengeance upon thee as ever he can by the might of his *glorious* [the Italics are ours] power. As I said before, thou shalt have his wrath; not by drops, but by whole showers, shall it come thunder, thunder upon thy body and soul, so fast and so thick, that thou shalt be tormented out of measure." (Page 39, — the same subject continued:) "When thou hast been in hell so many thousand years as there are stars in the firmament, or drops in the sea, or sands on the seashore, yet thou hast to lye

¹ The reader was told on page 19 of this work that a reason would be given why it was that so many of modern creedal birth bore more the mark of *devils* than did any members of the far-back races. The fact is here accounted for.

there forever, with none but a company of damned reprobates, howling, roaring, and cursing, — ever burning, — with an innumerable company of devils to keep company with thee." "'Tis true" (page 73, same work), "I spake enough before to break thine heart asunder. But, '*besides all this*,'¹ there lye and swim in flame forever: these words, '*besides all this*,' are terrible words indeed. I will give you the scope of them in a similitude. Set case:² You should take a man, and tye him to a stake, and with red-hot pincers pinch off his flesh by little pieces for two or three years together, and at last, when the poor *man* cries out for ease and help [it will be noticed here that *woman* is not thought of in this connection], the tormentors answer, 'Nay. But, *besides all this*, you must be handled worse. We will serve you thus these twenty years together, and after that we will fill your mangled body full of scalding lead, or run you through with a red-hot spit:' would not this be lamentable? Yet it is but a flea-biting to the sorrows of those that go to Hell; for if a man were served so, there would be, ere it were long, an end of him. But he that goes to Hell shall suffer ten thousand worse torments than these, and yet shall never be quite dead under them. There they shall be ever whining, pining, weeping, mourning, ever tormented without ease, and yet never dissolved into nothing. If the biggest devil in Hell might pull thee all to pieces, and rend thee small as dust, and dissolve thee into nothing, thou wouldst count this a mercy. But here thou mayest lye and fry, scorch and broil, and burn forever. . . . May not thy Father, thy Mother, thy Brother, thy Sister, or thy Friend, appear with

¹ A text which Mr. Bunyan has culled from the commencement of the twenty-sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Luke.

² In illustration.

gladness against thee at that terrible day, saying, Oh, thou silly wretch! How rightly hath God met with thee!"

Another evangelical authority says: "What a dreadful and overwhelming thought it is to suppose that any of that honored household should be divided asunder at the last day! Give all diligence, then, my worthy friends, to make your calling and election sure. Devote yourselves to the God of your predecessors [the Jewish Jehovah], trust in the same Saviour [the mythological Avatar of theology], tread in the same paths of holiness, and pursue the same glory."

What a jangle of emotion and cold; calculating belittlement of Divinity is here! No wretch of human stamp, with the record of crime's most revolting acts held to his score, can symbol the character here given to the Infinite Parentage. It out-vilifies villainy itself, and, in this regard, leaves human language nothing with which to depict Religion's God.

Oh, what a lie to heaven to say that woman — *the Mother!* — can, from the depths of her heart, look out into the stretch, where anxious longing strives to catch just one soft tone, —

"That shall roll

Through the hushed temple of the soul,"

with a feeling of reliant love towards this incarnation of Horror and Revenge, compounded of the same elements that form the *Holy Love* that thus

"Seeks some *sure* knowledge of its own."

She does not, and it is a scientific fact, she *cannot*. Love is concord of organic vibration. Love has to do with the *brain* as well as the soul, for it is upon the

octaves of the soul's brain that the soul plays its music. If a wrangle of sentiments that are all out of harmony with love, thump and pull upon the strings with blundering and destructive maul, and, like a plunderer, lay waste and devastation in their wake, then, if the distracted soul seeks from this direful discord to foster love, soft mellow grief is turned to wild despair, and that deep, solemn wave of sorrow's cast, that will at times rest on the human breast, is changed into a hideous nightmare, that makes all of agony, even insanity itself, a blessed relief.

Woman, thanks to thy dear Mother Infinite, you have never, since the breath creative first swept across the brow of thy primordial kind, invented, schemed, and foisted upon the growing world a damnable theology, nor a damning God.¹ The astral messengers of Truth bless you for it, and in the light of this most glorious bent of your soul's inclining, — the fact that you have avoided all attempts at Infinite creating, and ever striven, as best you could, to own and recognize THE INFINITE, — on you will rest the mightiest part of that most noble work, *the world's redemption!*

Then receive your own Hypatia! Let her be your patron saintess. Listen to her and her kind, and you need have no fear of ever becoming a serf to idol adora-

¹ Should the reader think this language strong, as well as unjust, in this connection, we simply refer to page 92 of the same work from which we took the "set case," and copy the words of the much-loved author of "Pilgrim's Progress." Speaking of the *genial* atmosphere of the furnace of Hell, he says: "But look to yourselves, for here will be *Damnation* upon *Damnation*. *Damned* for thy own sins, and *Damned* for being a partaker with others in their sins, and *Damned* for being guilty of the *Damnation* of others."

If six *Damnations* grow
In three lines of theology.
For using this word so,
We sure need no apology.

tion. She will turn your worship first into your own soul's temple, that from this "Kingdom of God" it may gaze upon the vast range of Infinite unfoldment without. Should you, in ecstasy of gratitude, kneel to her, and call *her* "The Great," she will mildly chide you, and holding the torch of Wisdom still higher to light the way, like a loving sister, guide you on to still loftier spheres of bliss.

She will lead the rosy-cheeked darling back to you. She will place it again beside your breast, that your heart may be filled with joy, and not draped in the dark and gloom of longing's doubt.

Oh, cast off this black, and surround not the form
With dull symbols of woe that but sadden the soul.
Seek not the last glim'ring of Faith's light to warm
With the twin shade of darkness so cheerless and dole.

If linger you must, yet with doubting and fear,
Where heaves 'neath the willow the embosoming sod; —
If your eyes see beyond not the sable-draped bier,
Then below, read the lessons unfolded by God.

See life after life springing up out of death,
Still fairer in form and in hue at each birth;
All, bathed in the flood of Omnipotence' breath,
Fresh glories reveal in the footsteps of dearth.

'Tis back to the dust, but its own you return:
It gave, and reclaims, — such is Nature's behest;
But a hand, though unseen, with sweet clover and fern,
And rich-tinted florets, the lone spot has dressed.

Fair Spring over meadow and grave throws alike
Her mantle of beauty with bounteous hand;
The sun gilds them both with the same mellow light,
By the same balmy zephyrs are both of them fanned.

"But the spirit! ah, where are its loves we have known,
Once enshrined in the clay now so cold in the tomb?
To what mystic land in its course has it flown?
This, — this is it, leaves us in sorrow and gloom."

So fleeting the solace you've drank from His cup?
Is belief all a shadow, your faith but a dream?
Do you fear now to trust, or confiding look up?
Are your fond hopes all foundered in Lethe's dark stream?

Are the beauties you've sung of that realm far away, —
Those scenes you have pictured so cheering and bright, —
That bourn, that far rivals this earth's fairest day, —
To be emblomed alone by the vesture of night?

No! List to the bidding: e'en now you may hear
The kind angels whispering joy for your breast.
Their home is beyond, yet how wonderful near
They seem as they lavish their soul-giving rest!

More lustrous their pathway than Luna's fair smiles,
And they float 'mid the incense of flowering bloom;
Sweeter warblers enchant their Elysian isles
Than ever sang requiem over the tomb.

Your sorrow is theirs; when desponding you weep,
Regret o'erclouds many a radiant brow;
Outstretched are their arms, a kind watching they keep,
And they greet you from over the stream even now.

Then cast off this black! and if tears yet will run,
Let the warm pearly drops be as dews that are given
To revive drooping life, and then, kissed by the sun,
All laden with fragrance, are drawn back to heaven.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THAT MAN OF STRAW.

ONE hears a great deal at this present time,—an epoch when all spheres of mundane thought are in a transition state; and such a momentous transition as the mental world has never known before,—about that traditional “Man of Straw.”

Let one present such an example as has just been quoted from the “Sighs from Hell,” and there are thousands of advanced thinkers and liberal reasoners, honest in the manifestation of their judgment, who at once cry out, “Nonsense! *That* idea has been exploded, and the hell-fire and eternal torment business is done away with. You are setting up a ‘*a man of straw*,’ and then with vain glory amusing *yourself*, at least, by knocking it down again.”

Are you so *sure*, after all, that in that “man of straw” there is not *now* a hard core left, which, if you kick *too* hard, might seriously injure the toe-joint of your sophistry? You who speak thus are strong allies of those who are struggling to hold this dangerous core in the treacherous semi-obscurity now pertaining to it.

As positive scientists we have gone back in the geology of Religion, and presented a fossil, taken from the stratum formed in the theological age of 1675, and the specimen is from the Bunyanitic group. This peculiar dictum had a wide range at that time, and was to be found fully developed throughout the whole area

of the Christian world. It is proven by our best masters of physical geology, that there have been none of those sudden catastrophes in Nature, as was once supposed to be the case, but, on the contrary, the changes in the *flora* and *fauna* (animals and plants belonging to any age) have been gradually modified by successive improvement, from the low in development to the still higher, by the mysterious working of the Infinite Law called Evolution.

Such searchers as Sir Charles Lyell and Alonzo Gray tell us that the "testimony of the rocks" shows that orders of reptiles introduced in the later palæozoic period went through millions of years of development, arrived at enormous proportions, began gradually to dwindle away, and through hundreds of thousands of years did this reducing process continue before the reptilian reign was usurped by the higher orders of the Tertiary's animal life.

This Saurian of Theology, a pure type of which we have presented, still exists; and although "encroachment of environment," "natural selection," and "struggle for existence," have somewhat modified its external structure, in some localities, still the inherited germ of the old Religio-Theologic reptile is in our midst to-day. The age of its enormous presentation may have passed, but there is enough of the type still left to make it a monster whose contact is sure to breed rank infection.

Types of extinct animals are not said to be exploded. They existed as *realities*, had their day, and their remains are now things for scientific examination.

So Mythology is a study that comes strictly in the line of scientific investigation. A Mythological character is a pure petrification of a Theological creation. And until it has passed from the accepted *religious* side

to the acknowledged *Mythological* side, it is in no way extinct. You cannot *explode* a fictitious personality of Theology's inventing.

They will not be annihilated. All that can be done is to relegate them to the position which, by law of Evolution, they ever are sure to find, i.e., the cabinet of poetic symbols. Apollo breathes in music still; Hercules yet wields his club; Mars is the god of war; Neptune has not been banished from the sea; yet sweet Venus and the Cupid boy wait in the courts of Love; Pluto in Hades — but here let us stop. Poor Pluto! Soon thy occupation will be gone, and thy abode transformed into a very heaven. Let but once that Character, whose early record fits so well the "*set case*" of John Bunyan, become the property of Mythology — as sure it must — the poet will have a figure, by the side of which Pluto will be transformed into the grace and beauty of a Muse.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOVE TO THE PERSON OF THE INFINITE.

SINCE we have in our presented Trinity two personalities that stand as types of two great motive powers, whose united action is working for the higher and still higher uplifting of humanity, we shall inscribe what we have to say upon the subject particularly to WOMAN; and we shall take the highest manifestation — which is pure *Mother Love* — as our guide. We now, at the very opening, make this emphatic avowal, from the standpoint of proven, positive science, that it does not lie in the power of a finite individual to individualize the Infinite.

A narrow mind, untrained in the school of Hypatia, one who never allows the thoughts to stray “far as the solar walks or Milky Way,” may entertain the idea that his or her imagination holds a very correct conception of the absolute personality of the Ever-Present Power, whose mighty will moves with unceasing flow Creation’s Illimitable Tide. No attempt at ridicule, nor strain at sarcasm, is intended, when we sincerely aver that the *looking-glass* presents to this class of “Individual Deity” comprehenders the embodiment of the Infinite they hold in their mind. The result of an attempt to reduce the abstraction down to a literal, concrete presentation, does not necessarily have its rise in an unwholesome self-conceit. Far from it. Many a modest, self-sacrificing woman, who esteems herself

as one of the most lowly amid the children of earth, dreams that somehow the *belief* she entertains regarding her love to the *Person* of the Great Almighty One, is firmly based upon knowledge. *But it is not*; and, further, there is nothing in the highest workings of Intuition — pure Universal Unity — aided by the most exalted force of all the fellow functions of the human soul, that takes the understanding in that direction. Directly opposite is the case. Regarding bulk, there is no absolutely *large* nor absolutely *small* in Nature. Nothing that the mind can conceive of as large, but there is still a greater beyond; nothing so small (remember the atoms in “Radiant Energy”), but there is something still smaller. You may sweep the telescope across the broad heavens above, and, pausing at times to scan some special group or system of those far-off suns, you gaze, and still you gaze, until wonderment grows into sublime amazement. The Milky Way, that seeming cloud of soft serenity, is sundered into millions upon millions of orbs, as real and substantial in their mass as the huge Titan of the vaulted deep that lights and heats the planet Earth. And off — far off, beyond the farthest shore of that vast boundary line, where faint imagination staggers in its gait, still come flickering in the tell-tale rays of suns, denizens, as it were, of yet another Eternity beyond. *But*, in all this immensity of the immense, the sensitive speculum of the telescope reveals not the *personality* of the Infinite. Nor does the microscopist nor the chemist find it in their more subtle fields of labor.

Not one step in any of these directions, but what the observer — if that observer be a wise student — will see Infinite Power revealed, and as the steps multiply, so does the glory of Infinite Power expand.

Speaking of the "*Reality of the Absolute*," Herbert Spencer truly says: "To clothe this sentiment in language, is itself an incarnation. For when we speak of a Force, a Power, or a Deific Spirit, an all-pervading Essence of the Absolute; or of the reality beyond phenomena — these are but symbols of the Supreme — not the SUPREME itself."

The true *majesty* of a thing, in the field of universal creation, lies not in the vastness of its bulk, but in the concentration of complex and interacting parts, culled from the universal whole, and held by that mysterious something called "*life*," as its own special endowment. In this search the telescope is useless.

Listen to a man, than whom the world has never produced a better in his special line of thought, Lionel S. Beale, F.R.S. In his valuable book "*How to Work with the Microscope*," he says: "I am told that non-living matter, which never manifested phenomena exhibited by every particle of living matter, passes by imperceptible gradations into this last; and, as far as I can ascertain, the assertion is a mere dictum without the slightest foundation. It seems to me that the gulf which separates the simplest *living monad*¹ from man [the human] is as nothing compared to that which intervenes between the simplest living particle and the highest and most complex form of non-living matter. Instead of a gradation, there is an abrupt line, a separation, which cannot be bridged over, a hiatus which becomes enlarged and *more vast* as knowledge increases, a distance immeasurable, *Infinite!*"

In the light of this reasoning of a competent master mind, a bit of living protoplasm of microscopic size reveals more of the *immeasurable vastness* of the

¹ One of the most minute granules of protoplasm.

Infinite, than the whole of the non-living matter that makes up the ponderous body of a revolving world. Follow up from the protoplasmic germ in the unfolding sequence of Evolution's flow, and we find that the human is the highest estate to which that flow has reached. Therefore, then, it is true that the *human* is the highest in order of any outcome of Infinite energy. *known to the human*, and it is not in the power of the human to conceive of any other special production of Infinite design as a genera than itself; nor can it clothe any other likeness upon its attempted incarnation of Deific Power. Mytho-theology may create its gods and its demons, and Poetry sing of the white-winged angels, but, where they are not fabrications of empty nothingness, they will be found, upon close inspection, to be absolutely *human*, however high they may have mounted in goodness and in knowledge.

Of the genus *Human* there are two distinct classes, — *Man* and *Woman*; and woman is the highest in organization of the two. Her physical organism is far more complex and wonderful than that of man, and her psychic gifts are just as marvellous and hold in store as full a measure of potential power as do those of her male companion. Therefore Woman is the noblest work of the Infinite, and comes more directly in unison with Infinite *Personality* than any other type of objective presentment the human mind is capable of marshalling as a subjective thought.

This is no place to present arguments, and spin long theories bearing upon the relative capacities of Woman and Man regarding their Nature-bestowed scope of mentality. We have only this to say. It may be admitted that man appears to be gifted by Nature with a greater degree of *muscle* force than does woman, and

in all ages he has used it, to a greater or less extent, in preserving inviolate his own *self-assumed* pre-eminence. It has also been utilized as a *weighty* argument to impress upon the female the fact of her own inferiority. The crashing thud that the club of Peter the Reader made when it fell upon the head of the wise Hypatia, still, with a dread echo, lingers in some quarters at the present day.

If any report delivered to earth's dwellers by supermundane intelligence can be entertained, there is a full assurance through the lips of thousands of Endor's kind, that in the astral or spirit life the muscle power pertaining to the astral body is born of *true spirit grace*. Let all wise men sit down and ruminate. What weapons have you in your armory with which to contend against an astral host of women, when the victory shall depend upon the exercise of such a force as this.

Lord Lytton Bulwer well understood this law, through intercourse with the same class of informants just spoken of. In his "Coming Race," a work intended, by allegory, to represent the relation the astral world bears to that of earth, regarding its social state, he makes woman more powerful than man. The beautiful and majestic Zee was a teacher in the "College of Sages," and far superior to her wise father. He says, "There was something in her voice and eye, gentle as both were that *compelled* my obedience." That mysterious "*Vril*" power which Lord Lytton had no language to describe, he makes more potent in the person of the female than in the male.

There are two functional polar activities of the soul brain which must now be briefly noticed, that have not, as yet, been mentioned in this book. They are marked,

and most correctly too, "Parental Love" and "Friendship." What a strange mangling of "common sense," to say nothing of the degradation of the noble term, science, to see "Mother Love" formulated as an *instinct*, and "Friendship" tabulated as an attitude of mentality awakened in the human soul by an entirely different process from that which gives birth to maternal love for child! We have no word to say against the symbol of thought, "*instinct*," but if mother-love be instinct, then is all love, all enthusiastic devotion, all strong-binding soul affinity, whether manifested by mother, poet, artist, scientist, or humanitarian, instinct; for every one of these soul-manifestations has its poles distinctly bestowed by the same Intelligence that places within reach of the senses the objects for the human's solicitous study, care, and enjoyment.

These two organs, "Parental Love" and "Friendship," are marked by the phreno-scientist "Domestic" organs. This may be appropriate enough for this earth sphere, but when we ask Hypatia the nature of their fruitage upon her side of life, we find that their influence broadens out into a radiation that is hardly defined by the term *domestic*, as that word is generally applied in this lower plane.

If love is a power, it is propelling. It drives and urges to action. It is an elevating, as well as deeply instructive study to the scientist, to mark how Nature has hedged that mysterious something we, with such seeming familiarity, call the *soul*, with spurs and checks so that it shall some time be whipped into line of grace whether it will or no. It is out through, and in unison with, the organs of *Soul Reciprocity*, and *Universal Unity*, that those of *Parental Love* and *Friendship* pour

their sweetest flood of strength; and as are the two first-named organs in the right direction understood and nurtured, in like degree will the two latter become pliant to the touch of Nature-born love: whether it spring from the holy well of affection *within* the soul of the self, or come as a soothing baptism from the spirit font without.

Robbed of the emotional tributes which poesy ever prompts the pen or lip to bestow when they treat within this realm of thought, it is a purely scientific fact that the psychic region of the brain, of which the organ Soul Reciprocity (*Spirituality*) is the centre, is in close vibratory sympathy with that force-giving cluster in the posterior part of the brain named the "Affectional," or "Domestic" group. As to present a statement as scientific is one thing, and prove it to be so, another, one example will here be given in substantiation of the above assumption.

We watch the mother of any clime; no matter if her brow be destined for the sovereign's diadem, or she dwell in the modest retirement of the humble cot, it is always the same. She holds the rosy-cheeked pledge of her maternity before her. The light of its little soul-lit eyes is drunk in by the eager appetite of her own feasting orbs. She is intoxicated with the ecstasy of bliss. The little thing has learned to utter forth one word, and only one, the first forerunner of a greater joy in store. "Mam-ma" comes bubbling from the cherub lips, and the wee dimpled hands flutter in an eager transport of delight. *Now what?* Does the mother throw the whole force of her welling love into that guarded but spasmodic grasp, and, bearing the cherished type of the *Infinite* behind her head, press its dear form against the organ of Parental Love? Never!

Direct to that portal of the heart, Soul-Reciprocity, as though a hand stretched out from that same fount guided the act, she bears the babe. She presses, and still holds it close to the region of the same organ, with oft-repeated plunges of fervor's ecstasy, as though she drank in her joy from out the very soul's core of her child. *And so she does!*

Never, beneath cathedral's dome, or fane's more humble roof; never, before cancelled altar, with lips pressed hard upon a gilded cross; never where from the Canoned Word, a vested actor, who by rote read off the play of holiness, and pointed with uninspired hand into the misty dimness of the dark unknown; hast thou been so near thy God in truth and love, ay in the fond embrace of thy Mother Infinite, as in this attitude sublime! Before it, pretentious rites and stately pomp of creed, with all the jewelled trappings and the relic store that bedeck religion's pageantry, are but as dross. These are but must, that moulder in the press: the vintage of your wine, angels attend in Paradise.

THE TEST.

MORNING. Bright and cheerful without. Aurora's breath is laden with a gift of odor yielded up by the tribute offerings of her fair devotees, the flowers. How still within! There sits the mother like a statue of mute distress, carved by the hand of woe. A hush, that savors of the grave, rests on the scene. When that sharp pain, that, with its anguished heat, has parched the fountain of your tears, shall lull anon, —

Then, O glad relief,
Your eyes can weep those sad, sad drops of grief.
Baby is dead!

The summer flowers are gone. The grass has grown green upon that little grave and changed its emerald to the russet touch of autumn. Somehow the green lingered longer on that tiny mound than on the older turf-piles about it. Was it because, when the evening cups were scant of dew, these fountlets of a sorrowing heart yielded their warm moisture to yet prolong the hue? Ay; even so.

Now, mother, watch yourself! Why is it that you make your oft pilgrimages to that silent, soulless grave? Why is it, that when you *think* you are all alone, you open that sacred drawer and *worship* at its shrine. What! You say you *do not* worship there. 'Tis false! and you belie the goodness of your mother-heart to say it is not so! No vestal devotee, with all the fervor that pure devotion ever induced from out the human soul, kneeled in a more holy sanctuary than that same dear retreat of yours. Those pretty shoes that you kiss and kiss, and hug with such repeated rapture to your breast, *are not mere relics!* that plait of hair down into whose ideal depths you peer with dreamy, wondering eyes, as though you *had an eye*, a gift of sight, that somehow ought, amid its golden strands, discover the spirit of the treasure gone.

You murmur "*Baby!*" and stilling every nerve, lest the shadow of a sound might pass your ear without deliverance, you pause expectant, as though, out from the glistening curl upon your palm, you ought to hear the soft response, "*Mamma.*"

The drawer is closed, and on a watchful tiptoe the worshipper hies her away from the holy of holies. She is fearful lest some *man*, clothed with the uniform of divinity, may catch her at her unsanctified mysticism, and, with authority sublime, bid her seek safety and

comfort in the "*Word*." She has heard that "*Word*" for years. She has it bound, with gold clasps locking its lids together, upon her table; and so far as it can give that *one thing* that now her soul most craves, its lids may forever remain unopened. *If she*, the universal mother, *felt* in her soul, not simply held the formal *belief*, that the absolute Individual Spirit of the Father, or Mother Infinite, was enclosed within that Book or indwelt in any other so-called sacred thing pertaining to the paraphernalia of creedal usage, she would hug it to her breast, deluge it with kisses, and bedull the lustre of its golden settings with her briny tears.

Does she? No. And why not? Because there are times when the soul will, even if it be by the working of hereditary law and the still constant accretion of theology's dross, blinded, and dim of sight, rouse from its stupor, and catch the rays of Heaven's Eternal Sun of Truth. At such a time, that stupendous moment, when *nothing* can stand between the child and the Parent, the child is guided by Soul-Reciprocity, and by order of *her Divinity* she kisses the shoe that baby wore.

As she bestows her love offering thus, her soul-speech can be no more truly expressed than is it in the words that came flowing out with true inspiration from the soul of Mary E. Lee.

"The dead! the much-loved dead!
 Who doth not yearn to know
 The secret of their dwelling-place,
 And to what land they go?
 What heart but asks, with ceaseless tone,
 For some *sure knowledge* of its own?

 Grief cannot call them back;
 And yet with frequent tear,
 We question of the spirit gone,
 And list with throbbing ear

For some low answer that may roll
Through the hushed temple of the soul.

Ye are not *dead* to us ;

But as bright stars unseen,

We hold that ye are ever near,

Though death intrudes between

Like some thin cloud, that veils from sight

The countless spangles of the night."¹

This is not delusion. This is not the empty coinage of an ardent wish whose strong expectancy is only raised by Mother Nature that the child shall feel the bitter pang of blank refusal. No, God is Love, and were it not that the mother has, through all the ages, been drawn *away* from Infinite Love, and forced, by unwittingly yielding to man-psychology, to seek amid the chimerical darkness of man-made theology, a man-made God, — she had been far happier on earth to-day.

Those shoes and that hair still hold a psychic magnetism that really does form a connecting bond between the mother and the child, and it only wants a recognition and development of Soul-Reciprocity for this mother to *know* that when she holds the hair, and murmurs "*Baby*," little spirit lips, coral with the red of heaven's bestowing, shall respond close by her ear.

It is wonderful to see a seeming weak and tender shoot which a buried seed has sent forth, lift and push away a stone that bars its egress into the world of light and action. Often it is that the weight of the stone is so great in proportion to the apparent possible strength of the germ-shoot, that no known law of physics can account for the source of the germ-force displayed. So it is with the organ of Soul-reciprocity (Spirituality).

¹ These lines are taken from "The Poets of America," a work published in 1841, and were written full half a century ago. The English language does not know three richer soul-verses than are they.

Weighed down and crushed by harsh ridicule, born of ignorance and pride; cursed by religion, and placed under ban of its direful wrath: warped and distorted by a vain endeavor to feast — by command of dogmatic dictation — upon what it has no power to sense, — the *person* of a God; what wonder that scarce one struggling spray can from under this stunting mass touch the pure light of heaven?

When custom, and the cold forms of heartless creed, shall yield the rule to Wisdom's sway, then shall the crushed tendril growths of mediumistic gift be trellised to their nature's bent, and every mother's ear shall, in an age to come, be clairaudent to spirit voices from the yonder shore.

How soft!

On sorrow's ear,

That late hath lost the tone

Of chords Eolian and clear,

Once chimed in strains responsive to our own:

Whose hushed and absent cadence leaves us sad and lone:

Floats in the vespersed breath, like Eden's balm distilled at eve,

An incense chant, bestowed to nurture hope in hearts that grieve,

To have the brooding melancholy silence riven,

By a low madrigal attuned in heaven: —

How the glad heart, catching the choir,

Joins with the concord given

In tones of prayer —

How soft!

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEDUCTION FROM THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

WHEN, in the course of natural events, all human-devised representatives of Deity take their Nature-allotted place in the realm of acknowledged Mythology, it follows inevitably that all outgrowths of subordinate Deific natures must meet the fate of their principals. So it ever has been, and so it ever will be. Not by any special decree of man, but by fiat of that Almighty Power, whose mandate immutable and eternal is: *Truth shall prevail*.

But the avatar is more tenacious in his hold upon the human sympathy than is the anthropomorphic source from which he is derived. The reason for this is very obvious. The human's soul-brain is so organized and attuned that its love-impulse must have some real, tangible personality like unto itself, whereunto recognition can blend with association. In accordance with this Infinite-ordained demand of the finite love nature, the Creator has bestowed the gifts Soul-Reciprocity and Universal Unity with the Affectional group in the posterior part of the brain, as strong adjuncts of force and amplification — and, so far as these functions are concerned, special direction.

Universal Unity, catching its inspired thrill from those glorious organs that constitute the "*noble brow*," may *worship* and *adore*; but it is Soul-Reciprocity, — fed by its sister affectional poles, — that is the fountain of the human's love, and the *highest* and *truest* human

LOVE can only go out to a sentient, individualized, embodied soul, that, as an *individual*, can manifest and return affection for affection.

Benevolence, kindness, charity, sympathy, amiability, and forgiveness may all go out from an altruistic soul towards the fellow human, and these terms may all be admitted under one definition of "Love;" but the emotion now directly under consideration has its seat nearer the very heart of the soul than do these other enumerated attributes. It is the cord that, when too harshly touched and seemingly severed, brings anguish, grief, and mute despair; takes away the rose-tint of joy, and leaves in its place the pallid hue of death.

What is it a cruel, soulless, senseless craft has with unkind, unsympathetic, uncharitable, and unforgiving will, foisted upon the minds of its trusting adherents to add to grief a thousand pangs of fear and dark distrust? That revengeful DREAD of Jewish invention! The Jews have their Moses, and he, as their avatar, seeks to conciliate their wrathful Jehovah towards his brethren. The Christians have their Jesus, and he is a like avatar with them. With the Woman of Endor hushed, and the gate "toward the Golden Light" held fast in lock by the strained grasp of jealous Sectarianism, the person of Jesus has presented the only trellis of kindly support, up which the searching soul could climb to find its sundered loves. More than this. It is only through the intercession of this same Hope-hold that the devout suppliant has any assurance of *ever* meeting the departed treasures of the breast. Then in a theologic-religious sense — and that is the only sense in which we use the term *religion* — it is the absolute *fear*, and *not the love*, of their theological God, that draws the devout Christian to Jesus.

He bore the likeness of the human type, and there is a feeling, which grows strong through emotion, that somehow *He* may intercede and *save* us and ours.

This word "SAVE," in the sense of rescuing a human from eternal perdition and Infinite-ordained, unending damnation, is a profanation so vile, a dogma so terrible in disproportion, that —

"Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear it."

This tendency of the mind, going out in eager radiations of love-energy from the polar centre Soul-Reciprocity, to entwine about a graspable reality that it can draw near to its own apprehension, is well illustrated by Viscount Amberley in his "*Analysis of Religious Belief*." It was not exactly for the purpose we are to apply it, however, that the viscount introduced in his work what we now present from its pages. Under heading of "*Concrete Objects of Christian Worship*," he says: "Christ occupies a larger place, both in authorized Christian worship and in the Christian imagination, than does his Father. The creed, no doubt, treats them both with equal reverence as persons in a single God; but to understand what is truly *felt* and *believed* by the people, we must look, not to the letter of their creed, but to their actual, and above all, their unconscious, practice. Doing this we find, first, an entire absence of any special festival in honor of the Father. . . . Keightley, in his 'History of England,' expresses himself shocked by the far larger share of the offerings of the pious received at Canterbury by the altar of Thomas à Becket than was received by the

altars of the Virgin and of the Son. The proportion is as follows: In one year St. Thomas received £832, 12s. 3d.; the Virgin £63, 5s. 6d.; Christ only £3, 2s. 6d. Next year the martyr had £954, 6s. 3d.; Mary had £4, 1s. 8d.; and Christ nothing at all. This relation is perfectly natural. Thomas à Becket was the *local* saint. He stood nearer to the people, and was more intelligible to their minds, than the Virgin Mary; and the latter, again, was more intelligible to them than Jesus the Christ, whose mystic attributes she did not share."

We now venture the affirmation, that might it have been that a fair daughter of the martyred Thomas had, after his death, met her end for the glory of the Gospel, and been permitted, as a Saintess, to have an altar at Canterbury, neither Jesus, Mary, nor St. Thomas would have received a single shilling. The tributes would have all been bestowed at the altar of the still later and more heart-affiliating young seraph of trust.

"Then must I give up my Jesus! the one I have so loved to think my only guide, the very anchor of my hope!"

Nothing of *Life* and *Soul* that a human being has been drawn to by action of Soul-Reciprocity *can* be *given up*. It is the law that Love shall abide, even though all things and forms of earthly cast shall, in the transmutation of Time's great day of doom, be to a radiant energy again transformed. No, fear not that the hand of Mother Infinite will ever snatch away your loves. Remember the Star of Endor is now casting down her heart-reviving rays, and her gleaming scintil-

lations are wooing from out the fallow breast a floweret growth, beauteous with tints of joy. Along this illumined pathway walk with Hypatia. She will show you the ever-longed-for land. She will place you in the midst of those whom fond regard would bid you seek.

Hypatia says: "NOW CHOOSE! Sorrowing Heart, seek THINE OWN!"

It is likely that multitudes of dogmatic bigots, who on earth have taught a creedal error, espoused a cause condemned of heaven, and loudly rallied to a god that heaven knew not, — it must be true, that such will for a while, upon the astral shore, linger in the night of their own creedal darkness. Then,

How to the prick and gall of Pride's arraigned
Conceit, must tick the doleful moments on,
When every stroke tells off a fearful charge
For reparation. When face to face, as
To the Almighty's audit chamber rung,
Error, confounded, stands before itself;
And from itself takes condemnation's doom.
As has it stalked imperious in its sway,
So shall the rack on which 'tis cast give pain.
Where now your coin of blood, that by its grace
Should shove your impious soul through heaven's
strong gate,
Full to the brim with wrong! That counterfeit
Of pure atonement, that, with bigot hand,
You threw to suppliant pleaders as the mint
Of God's ordaining stamp. How now the shame, —
The mortifying throes, that nest of pangs, —
That conscience germinates from brooding guilt?
Thronging about, their visages inwrought

With scorn's inflicting stare, and fingers poised
 In point direct at thee — thy dupes cry out: —
 You it was that cast the base retardment
 On our souls, and, with rites accursed of Truth,
 Hedged us to perdition.

Yet to the flood
 Stands pardon's gracious store, and, as you win,
 So shall acquittal come. Angels forgive —
 But not the Infinite. Should He but yield
 One mark of His vast score, Chaos would rule,
 And Nature be no more.

But none are lost; —
 Not one. Then to thy task: purge out the foul;
 And in thy breast shall spring the saving pure,
 That, of its own inhering virtue's strength,
 Shall bring Redemption's grace.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIBERAL RELIGION AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

SCIENCE, and what is called Liberal Religion, are at this epoch of the world's history floating about the border-land of a higher revelation of Radiant Energy. In the schools of scientific investigation, one meets but little of what has engaged its masters for the years past in the field of more palpable physical and chemical phenomena. Their votaries are, unaware of the fact in some directions, mingling physical force with psychic energy; and time, time and again, they reach that mysterious confine where Radiant Energy takes on the character of Intelligent Infinite Energy—a point beyond which their intellectual pride (?) [*sciolistic bigotry*] forbids their peering. Standing upon this lofty attainment, the uppermost of all, bewildered in the maze that an enraptured Universal Unity still spreads out before him, in lieu of some more daring vent for the pent-up emotions of his brain, too often seeks relief in the glorious cry of "LIBERTY." Catching up this soul-satisfying explosive with enthusiastic emphasis, the exultant throng resign themselves to a more familiar descent from the perilous altitude attained, only to repeat the same feat of temerity in some other direction. On this exalted summit was poised the nature-fired brain of President Spottiswoode, when it gave out the following testimonial to Infinite Greatness: "If, then, at a moment when the scientific explorer finds himself placed

upon a pinnacle from which he is called upon to take a perspective survey of the range of science, and to tell us what he can see from his vantage-ground; if, at such a moment, after straining his gaze to the very verge of the horizon, and after describing the most distant of well-defined objects, he should give utterance also to some of the subjective impressions which he is conscious of receiving from regions beyond; if he should depict possibilities which seem opening to his view; if he should explain why he thinks this a mere blind alley, and that an open path, — then the fault and the loss would be alike ours, if we refused to listen calmly, and temperately to form our judgment on what we hear.”¹

This is all well in the ecstasy of entrancement; but how sadly out of tune with the sentiment is the usual mode of procedure on the part of those who claim the name of scientists! It makes a vast difference to most of them, whether the high altitude attained rears its lofty peak up into the misty realms of physical, conserving energy; or lifts its daring crest amid the correlated forces of the psychic universe.

Let one mount to the latter position, and venture utterance of “impressions which he is conscious of receiving from beyond;” and “*temperate*,” indeed, is the “calm judgment” meted out to him by *unscientific* tongue and pen. Not the most besotted devotee of Bacchus could be more intemperate in maudlin abuse than are these piqued ones, at this trespass upon ground where their most cherished dogmas forbid approach.

But *remember*, science has no part in this. *It* has no dogmas, knows no creed, nor can there be found in its armament that craven weapon, — ridicule. The-

¹ From Address before the British Association by William Spottiswoode, M.A., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L.

ology and Sciolism may malign : Science can only deal with lofty truth.

'Tis pity that so oft betimes, the gauger
Of the self o'ershoots the mark, and plays the
Traitor to his honor's trust : subscribing
To the will of Law his dearest action,
And then, anon, ordaining that *his* will
Shall be the law. Sitting astride the shaft
His erstwhile genius has, with candid toil,
Probed in the surface of great Nature's mine,
He rests in senile majesty, and jealous
Of lusty youth, proclaims his passage-way
The only path toward the precious ore.
Poor soul ! little he weens, enstated in
The blinding guise of self-sufficiency,
That far beneath his upper-lying dip,
Delvers, with gleaming lights upon their heads,
Are opening lodes whose fruitful wealth of yield
Turns his estate to bankrupt worthlessness.
How many cling to this lethargic spell,
Till willing hands in Astral's onward spheres
Rouse them from the mortifying stupor !

Go sit patiently, with ears carefully poised for the hearing, the mind anxious to take in and digest the deliverances put forth, and what does the searcher for advanced truth glean from the pronouncements of "Liberal Religious Thought" ?

Its assumed advocates, as a rule, are most excellent, good men, — as are hosts of priests and ministers of the rigid Orthodox cult, — and under the direct influence of their noble brain impulsions are capable of, and do perform, much, very much, that is truly great, in the line of high education and altruistic goodness.

But, it is the *Religion* that we are now after, as of creedal Christianity: a something having a distinct and special virtue of its own, that marks it a true ego of recognizable personality, and not a disjointed conglomeration of striving aspirations reaching out for some holding-place, where the eye of Reason can see not even the shadow of a straw at which to grasp. It is a virtue, to be sure, that they have had the hardihood, amid the influence of Dogma's imperious sway, to cast off its blighting bondage, and stand out gazing for the Higher Light. And here they do, most of them, stand at the present time.

Listen to their acknowledged leaders and expounders, when they are gathered in general convention. Like the seekers for scientific truth, they climb up, step upon step, the golden stairway of Radiant Psychic Energy, until their hands *almost* grasp the palm of sweet Hypatia: when lo! with soulful gesticulation the arms are extended; the mouth, full to the brim with pure but subdued inspiration, is fixed for one determined outburst of eloquence, and "LIBERTY" reverberates through the electrified atmosphere of the temple.

One loud, ringing applause from the delighted multitude, and the scene closes only to be again repeated when a similar occasion shall occur.

This may be the natural attitude that a freshly emancipated soul would assume, when for the first time it fully realizes that the hooded dark of the monkish creed-cell has been escaped. But escape is not always sure elevation. Two important factors enter into a righteous freedom: disdain of shackles, and a self-ennobling striving for a higher state. Aimless liberty soon finds a new servility: it turns upon itself, and devours the prize it glorifies.

How sick is the soul that in sadness is weeping,
Encouched where the watcher her vigil is keeping;
The thrill of the lute-string is hushed as the night,
And the glory of springtime enchants not the sight.

Now sorrow wakes the slumbering lays,
Those transient joys of other days,
And one by one, within the heart,
Memories long forgotten start.

Tell, Grief, I pray! have you no kindly side?
E'en but a fleeting smile, on that stern brow of thine,

Would ease the burning
Of pangs that now betide.

Oh, this is worst of all! more dismal than the pall;
The aching pain of pleasure's glow, again

Only returning

To show the bright phantom of life's rosy morning,
With a framework of anguish, and background of
gloom;

Life's last pulse of earth with a glamour adorning,
That loses its beam in the dark of the tomb.

How grand is the power, so majestically sweeping
 The zones of Creation ; defiantly leaping
 From earth to the stars, and the nebulous light ;
 Enstating these tokens of Infinite might, —
 Redeemed from out tradition's maze,
 Within the realm of lofty praise ;
 Bright jewels for Instruction's mart,
 Where sincere worship bears her part :
 With thews of strength that shame a Samson's pride,
 It tears the mountain pile ; rends ocean, sea, and isle,
 For the discerning
 Of that controlling tide,
 Whose ever rise and fall, at the Creator's call,
 Unites its main, with Evolution's chain :
 With holy yearning,
 The threat of the tyrant indignantly scorning,
 Proud Science has striven the way to illume.
 But heed ! from on High the deep-uttered warning, —
 "THY NOBLEST MISSION O'ER-PINIONS THE TOMB !"

Ah! subtle wit, that seeks the juice
Of Nature's growth for human's use;
And culls from regions far and near,
The herbage of this lower sphere.

All your parade of vaunted worth,
To the sick soul is cold and dearth.
Its fever craves a panacea
Distilled in Astral's balmy sphere.

Millions upon millions are, at this very time of glorious psychic growth, giving the fair Maid of Endor a most hearty welcome; and as many homes are made supremely happy by the presence of one of her kind in their midst. Thus it is that the ethics of Hypatia's realm are being distilled upon the hungry and heart-laden of earth.

But this operation of a high law in the nature-ordained unfoldment of events is not a *religion*, nor has it anything to do with even a shred or tatter of what is known as dogmatic religion, or, to speak plain, Christian Religion. It is only a channel, the opening of which presents an unbounded reach for exalted exploration to the brain-directed mind. It is an extension of the scope of scientific thought, but it strongly emphasizes the dictum that in these new strata of discovery, the child is equal in power to grasp the truth revealed with the patron sage, and that *those other appliances* for aid, in investigation, are not in the chemist's laboratory, but nature-given to the human soul.

Here is the Rubicon where the two great schools of earth have foundered and withdrawn in ignominious defeat. Its hither shore is lined with the shattered armament of Theological and Sciolistic endeavor. These

united forces have here marshalled all their reserve of pride, pomp, authority, and prestige, together with that enormous power that is supposed to pertain to a self-assumed All-Wiseness; only to be thrown back in utter dismay. For revenge they stand afar off, and in unison shout towards the Golden Strand every conceivable epithet of derision and contempt, that it is possible for an immensely chagrined and defeated human being to articulate. Alembic and Canoned Script lie mingled together amid the shining pebbles of this treasured strand, and are fast becoming buried from sight beneath its accumulating wealth.

It is with pride that we should remember our masters, in any line of thought being traced out, who have, by their kindly aid, contributed to our enlightenment. How refreshing, as well as assuring, to find our trusted historian, the "Luke" writer, culling from tradition's store the following words, as spoken by the well-informed scientist of Judæa in direct connection with the subject of immaterial existences, or spirits: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent [over-conceited] and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." And who, that has tasted the joy of this new baptism of Divinity's highest gift to earth, will not join hands heartily with the gifted Nazarene, and from the bottom of their heart pour out their thanks to the Infinite, that neither Sciolism nor Bigotry can hold rule in this pre-eminent region of Life's experience.

"Science explains nothing, but merely shows the connection between one event and another; and enables us intelligently to join them as falling under the operation of certain laws; but the cause of these laws — i.e., the source

of the power which makes them operative — science does not disclose. It is on this account that we are compelled to go beyond the region of the visible, and to believe in an unseen spiritual existence underlying all physical phenomena.”¹

This is the estate of that incoming wave of evolution's main that now, higher than ever before, lifts the inquirer towards the goal of anxious longing. It enables the *understanding* to enter *knowingly* into that arena where the physical events of earth connect with the astral events of the beyond. It goes above the realm of the physically visible, and yields a clear mental, as well as clairvoyant, vision of the spiritual existences of other spheres than those mundane.

Another English writer said not long ago, with regretful cadence, that “science is destroying religion.”² As the writer had the prevailing dogmatic religion in view, she most assuredly tells the truth. The voice of Endor is death to dogmas, and no branch of science, at the present time, is so undermining the tottering fabrication of ecclesiastical rule as the same fount of absolute knowledge.

Nor is Endor unaided in the reformatory work. This same writer, discoursing upon the frank confession of Darwin, that the “religious” elements held in his mind were weakening as he delved deeper into the great truths of nature, says: “What shall it profit a man if he find the origin of species, and know exactly how the earth-worms and sun-dews conduct themselves, if all the while he grow blind to the loveliness of nature, deaf

¹ The last culminating thought of a long life of deep scientific study expressed by R. S. Wyld, F.R.S.E., in his work “The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses.” London.

² “The Scientific Spirit of the Age,” by Miss Frances Power Cobbe ; in Contemporary English Review.

to music, insensible to poetry, and as unable to lift his soul to the Divine and Eternal as were the primitive apes from whom he has descended?"

Dear sister Cobbe, Theology's Divine formed your kind from a rib, and in that line of ancestry may you find content. Be assured there are thousands upon thousands to-day, who can see far more in a living nature-formed ape to be proud of, as the germ-bed wherein that same All-Wise Power first ingrafted, by primordial design, the scion for human growth, than in that barren, Jehovahistic, surgically manipulated, bone marvel.

Miss Cobbe is a keen and erudite authoress, and when under the influence of soul-reciprocity she can wield a pen that is peer to any. The questions she asks Charles Darwin are most unhappy. Had she taken guideship of Universal Unity, and in its glow gone *hand in hand* with the distinguished scientist and philosopher, concerning "loveliness of nature," "music," "poetry," and "lifting the soul to the Divine," she might, catching a sense of the VASTNESS of the realm being explored, cry out in ecstasy of joy, — remembering the words of a student of nature who somewhat antedates Darwin, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

Now comes the point for which this quotation from Miss Cobbe was really brought in at this portion of our work. It was not for the purpose of criticism, but to use it towards illustrating a mind tendency that has ever worked in the social world to its disadvantage.

Any close observer of human nature must have become self-informed of the fact, that in the ranks of theology and sciolism, there are those who run wild with presumption. If gifted with a good flow of language, and an emotional endowment united, such persons will discourse fluently, even eloquently, from their

emotional side, and assume infallibility of knowledge, the authority for which is simply "the Word," or "Nature" as *I* choose to interpret it. They gather about them a host of followers who bow submissively to their rhetoric, never for a moment stopping to reason out one single clause of the whole amount accepted. This central figure gradually becomes a third-class avatar, and is often as much an object of worship as the Divinity he chooses to represent.

If there is anything that appears to strengthen the doctrine of the existence of a wise, over-watching, as well as over-ruling Providence, it is to behold the stupendous precaution displayed on the part of Mother Nature in guarding such men as Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer against the enervating influence of emotion, before reason shall have had its play. Should they, and their kind, be possessed of such brain attunement that Reciprocity, Ideality, and even Universal Unity were too prominent and controlling, rhetoric might eclipse the deliverances of intellection, in which case their disciples would glorify the deeds of imagination, and slight the more prosy but essential fact beneath.

Had Darwin been of the emotional type, when Professor Ernst Haeckel, at the close of his enrapt discourse at Munich on the "Evolution Theory," cries out, "*All hail the Evolution theory! reconstructed in one day by Darwin!*" the shout would not have stopped here. The rapture would, by nature of the meat it fed upon, become infectious, and the loud hosanna by virtue of the very law it eulogized evolve to "All hail Evolution's Prophet! Darwin the Wise!" more voices, "All hail, Darwin the Great!!" the multitude, "*All hail, Immanuel!!!*"

Nothing is assumed here as to the ultimate conclusive results either of Darwin's or Spencer's working hypotheses. It is enough to know that they most assuredly carried the line of the "*I don't know*" much farther than it had ever been carried before in the roads of thought they travelled; and every step in this direction exalts the soul, in that it presents a still broader view of the Infinite. These men earnestly sought to come nearer the Infinite by a study of the "Genesis" of Nature's Book. Let the man or woman who would become a scholar of the "Revelations" that come from the realms beyond, through the instrumentality of Endor's kind, bear the same garb of modest patience and indefatigable caution as these two mentioned *savants* have displayed in their chosen branches of labor.

Be cautious, anxious one, and in thy search
 For that most sacred tongue whose speech shall tell
 Of astral's land, be not allured by pomp
 Nor ceremony's guile. In this fierce war
 Where Bigotry so dreads Hypatia's light,
 Seek not beneath the temple's frowning dome
 That holy balm of trust by Endor given.
 Nor yet where sages ply abortive means
 To force delivery of this blessed birth.
 Within that sacredest of sacred fanes, —
 Where the loved atmosphere of quiet *home*
 Shall hallow truthfulness to every thought,
 Sit cheerfully, not wrapped in sackcloth, nor
 Disturbed and blanched by mortifying fears.
 They do but bar the way, and hedge success.
 Season thy earnest call for Love's return
 With that warm flow of song, whose peaceful strain
 Shall mellow discord, and invite repose,

Open and light of soul, with trust upon
The rosy horizon in view, as though
Thy Heavenly Mother's smile suffused its glow.
Assembled thus, — if but a homely lisp,
Moved by a vigil guide from Eden's clime
Is stirred within your midst, upon the tongue
Of one whose honor you have "tried by fire,"
Give it thy heed. Unlettered though it be,
It is a pledge for Immortality.
Hold to thy heart the words breathed forth by Him
Of Palestine: "To thee, my Father, thanks!
That thou hast hid these things from the self-wise,
And made revelation to the child in thought."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

WHEN Auguste Comte had ridded himself of Theology and purely speculative Metaphysics, and stood before the problem of Social Physics, which term may be broadened out into Human Ethics, he met this alternative: either to find some positive organic machinery by manipulation of which mind manifested itself in its various phases, or at once make acknowledgment that he could proceed no farther. Like a true hero in the field of science, he threw away his idols, and turned his face towards the Higher Light. He sought the aid of the "illustrious Gall," as he himself expresses it, and accepted that advanced thinker's then unfolding doctrine of "*vital located mental functions*."

The far-reaching mind of Herbert Spencer, after roaming up through all the available paths of Evolution, stood in the same attitude before his last, culminating endeavor, "*The Data of Ethics*" (law of human conduct). It could not grasp the herculean presentment without individualizing the members of the force arrayed before it. It would not be just, perhaps, to assert that Mr. Spencer lacked the frankness of Comte, but it is stating a fact, nevertheless, to avow that he pursued the same course of recognizing mental organic distribution, but left the open daring of the admission to his brother of the "Positive Philosophy." We have room for but few extracts in substantiation of our claim.

Enough might be given, however, to form a volume by itself.

Mr. Spencer says, in the work above referred to: "The sense of the feeling called Moral Obligation is now indicated, the essential trait being the control of *some feelings by some other feelings*." "Emotions presuppose a *suitable organization*. Destructiveness will give way to amity [benevolence] if the nervous arrangements [cerebral organs] that mark the one are atrophied [subdued] by disuse, and those of the other persistently exercised." Here we have the exact counterpart of the Phreno-Scientist's two opposite injunctions, "Restrain," and "Cultivate." In speaking of the development of "sympathy," he is obliged to refer to it as a "*faculty*."

Before parting company with Herbert Spencer let us notice one piece of climax-reasoning put forward by him, which *appears*, at least, antagonistic to the present teaching of the Christian world. It is an attitude of deductive conclusion that is forced upon the mind when the subject of specially located mental functions is scientifically understood."

Mr. Spencer argues for, and cites a great number of pertinent examples to prove, "the permanent supremacy of Egoism over Altruism."

Egoism must not be confounded with *Egotism*. In modern usage it has an entire different meaning. It has indirectly to do with Self-esteem, but it seeks to perfect the self by kindred association with every organ of the human's brain. Egotism is completely shut up in one organ, Self-esteem. Thus, the more one strives to make himself worthy in the estimation of his own Conscientiousness, the higher will be the nature of the self (ego).

Altruism has to do with the self's duties and acts

towards others. It stands as a symbol of Friendship between soul and soul, and has its propelling force in the organ marked "Friendship;" but, like Egoism, it draws virtue from the collect organic group, and glows with the strongest warmth at the outlet of Soul-Reciprocity.

Mr. Spencer is emphatic in his declaration that "the first condition of the performance of duty to *others* is the perfect vigor and competence of the agent's *self*." As this is the position that we occupy, as of the Hypatian school, it is no more than just to give this noble scholar we are now quoting all due praise as being the instrument through which this grand truth is *again* made known to the world's people.

The word "again" is italicized above for the reason that many ardent admirers of Mr. Spencer appear to think that he is the first philosopher who has formulated and presented to the world this emphatic ethical dictum. In this they are mistaken. There is another teacher, the date of whose birth, as well as the period of whose teachership, goes back some years prior to the advent of Herbert Spencer. He was of the Positive Philosophy school; and when we catch his own words we are pretty sure to get scientific truth in a nut-shell. On one occasion, when the "data of ethics" was the theme discussed, some of his students, reducing to a symbolic expression the abstract idea "the located Greatest Good," questioned this wise teacher regarding the location of "the Kingdom of God," and showed by their betrayal of expectation that they supposed it was something objective to themselves.

Listen to his instructions. He answered:—

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation [i. e., is not object to the self]; neither shall they say

Lo here! nor Lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you." ¹

These are the words of the Ethical Scientist of Palestine. No grander utterance, nor one containing more of scientific truth, was ever breathed forth from human lips, even though they be stirred by the deepest thrill of power Divine.

On another occasion, after presenting to his class, in simple figures, the acknowledged necessities of earth-life for comfort and enjoyment, external or objective to the self, and the *exclusive* seeking after which is death to a true Altruism, he said, "But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you;" ² i.e., improve and strive to perfect the ego (Egoism), and all that pertains to the non-self shall, by law of association, tend to blend with the self-ego's state, — a pure Altruism.

Shakespeare says: —

"This above all: *To thine own self be true*;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season ³ this in thee!

Here is another most positive declaration of the ethical postulate, "the permanent supremacy of Egoism over Altruism." Does any one imagine that these lofty, soul-burning words were put into the mouth of Polonius just to fit the necessity of the moment? If so, they have but a meagre conception of the vast temple of reflection from which they flowed. Then with Jesus,

¹ Luke xvii. 20.

² Here again we quote from our trusted Luke narrator, xii. 31.

³ "Indelibly infix." (A. Chalmers, A.M.)

⁴ Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 3.

the inspired scientist of Palestine ; Hypatia, the star of the Alexandrian school ; Shakespeare, the immortal reader of great Nature's law ; and Herbert Spencer, the truly wise, as well as learned, — each independent of another, and guided by their own reason, intuition, as well as inspiration, to indorse the assumption, we may state it as a law of nature, proved by the tests of earth, as well as vouched for by returning witnesses, that universal good cannot prevail until Individual Good has been attained ; and that Individual Good persistently emanating from self shall, by its subtle psychological power, work stronger for salvation than all the homilies of dogmatic creed.

Just here, then, is the vital point. Here is presented that sublime opportunity that transcends all the oratory and scholastic forcing the mental world can pour out with speech and pen. It is that inverse psychic action that the perfected, and thereby perfectly *natural*, mother ego may magnetically impinge upon the generation yet unborn to the sunlight of earth.

The writer has met nothing bearing upon this subject, which in so few words expresses so much of true scientific candor, as well as thoughtful wisdom, as the following, taken from the same address of our United States entomologist, C. V. Riley, before referred to in this work. Treating on the "Causes of Variation," he says, "Mind is a comprehensive cause of variation, and may be considered under several categories. We have, for instance (1) the action of the mind of the individual in willing, or in selecting between differing alternatives that present themselves, as in the choice of means to ends ; (2) the direct influence of the emotions on the individual ; and (3) *the influence of the emotions of the mother on her unborn offspring*. . . . The history of

science is present to tell us that common and persistent belief, based on experience, has not infrequently been met with scepticism, and even ridicule, on the part of scientific [*sciolistic*] men, only to be vindicated finally by more thorough and exact knowledge. It is too often the case, that, where the processes are recon-dite and difficult to follow, assumption passes for knowledge. *The function of some of our own bodily organs yet remains to be established*, and we probably assume too much in requiring that all nervous force must be transferred through nerve tissue, or that there may not be proto-plastic filaments which are not resolvable in their finer ramifications, even with our best microscopes. The very nature of mind and its processes put it beyond the reach of the scalpel of the anatomist or the physiologist, *just as many psychical phenomena baffle the exact methods of science, at least, those so far employed.*¹ Leaving out of the question the evidence of peculiar marks due to maternal emotion, cases of which are a part of the unwritten history of almost every family, the striking cases of which I have authoritative evidence of *addition to, subtraction from, or singular modification of*, anatomical parts (we add, together with such psychical functions as may pertain to any number of said parts or organs), confirm me in the belief that this is a most important psycho-physiological cause of modification."

One other nugget from the rich mine of Sir Charles Lyell's brain, and we will apply our texts. In his "*Principles of Geology*," speaking of evolution as bearing upon organic development, he says, "No positive fact is cited to exemplify the substitution of some

¹ It would almost seem as though Mr. Riley were here inclining a slight thought towards the Star of Endor. The Italics are ours.

entirely new sense, faculty, or organ, in the room of some other suppressed as useless. All instances yet adduced go only to prove that the dimensions and strength of members, and the perfection of certain attributes, may, in a long succession of generations, be lessened and enfeebled by disuse; or, on the contrary, be matured and augmented by active exertion."

One rests upon strictly tenable scientific ground in hazarding the assertion, that, from the first ingrafting of the human germ in the mysterious soil of Infinite tending, not a single *new* organ nor faculty—psychic, or otherwise—has been added to the store of the human's Nature-bestowed gifts. But that many organs and their attributes have not only been "lessened and enfeebled by disuse," but terribly mangled and distorted by misdirection, is a fact too palpable to need argument to sustain. The two special gifts that hold most prominent claim to consideration in connection with our present line of thought are those of Soul-Reciprocity (the organ Spirituality) and the gift called in modern usage "Mediumship," or the possession of that physical quality pertaining to the mundane organism, through the virtue of which members of advanced spheres of life beyond earth may hold intercourse with those yet inhabiting the mundane plane. Strange to say, in no direction have the ignorance and folly of man so madly striven to twist and pervert from *natural growth* the purpose of Infinite design, as in their persistent warfare against these same two bestowals of the Great Designer.

It is well known that one harsh, discordant instrument, all false to tune, and recreant to rhythm, may harass the melody of a host of correct performers. So, no "Kingdom of God" can be installed in a soul that is out of harmony with Nature; and that soul is out of

harmony with Nature when its anxious striving is to resist the unison commanded by the vibrations of Nature's Universal Lyre. To be in harmony with Nature, so far as the human soul is concerned, is to, first, understand the *purpose* of every function pertaining to the self, so far as unprejudiced investigation will allow; and, next, "with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might," labor to train them in their highest legitimate strain, that their blended vibrations may yield sweet spirit harmony within thy breast. Here, then, does one not only build up the kingdom of God within, but in so toning the melody of the soul they surely show *direct* love to the Lord their God. They stand, thus positioned, like the lilies of the field that out-glory the pomp of Solomon, in that they bestow their highest tribute to the call of Nature's choir, and in this respect are they, in the highest sense, *perfectly natural*.

With a community of such Egos, Altruism will need no advocates; its presence there *must* exist.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PRIME ETHICAL RULE SEPARATED FROM DOSS.

IT has been shown in another part of this book, that a person may be a gifted scientist in some fields of labor, and yet, in other directions of thought, degenerate into the dogmatic sciolist. Also, that an individual may at times be moved to noble deeds, and deliverance of grand and salutary thoughts, by influence of the inward promptings of his own soul-moved brain; who, at other times of resigned association with acknowledged fellows in craft, will act the part of a narrow, bigoted theologist.

At mention of the assumed postulate, "the permanent supremacy of Egoism over Altruism," almost the entire Christian world of teachers will at once exclaim, "Have we not ever labored upon that plane of operation? Have we not always made it our main object to elevate, ennoble, and make perfect the ego for its own soul's sake?"

No! As Theologians, nor Religionists, you never have! The opposite is most emphatically the case! You have done all you could to degrade the human soul, and hold it in perpetual bondage. Knowledge, broad, general learning, a critical understanding of every manifestation in Nature, so far as it is possible to grasp the working of her laws, is what tends to elevate, ennoble, and perfect the human soul. Fixed upon the mythical foundation of the Jewish Jehovah, Christian

theology has nothing to present the human mind, that can in any way exalt it; from the fact that all its material of traffic is derived from an age of dark superstition and ignorance. Theology's call is *not* "Be ye enlightened;" but "Be ye *converted*." "*Believe* in our doctrines, and *be saved*;" not *study* our philosophy, and *be educated*.

You have endungedoned the scientist of Palestine, and bound him with chains as strong as Vulcan ever forged. Without any fruit for hungry Soul-Reciprocity, with no water of life for ever-thirsty Universal Unity, you stand before that dungeon door, and cry out, in base mimicry of your Noble Prisoner: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "Come ye, and partake."

What do you offer the hungry and thirsty soul when it answers the cry? *A stone!* and nothing more. You hold them as did the Grecian gods hold Tantalus; within the promise of delicious fruits, and soul-refreshing drink, only to their deception. After alluring them with your holy artifice, you proffer dogmas, and solemn rites, and creedal mandates, that have nothing in kin with soul-growth nor mental elevation; but, on the contrary, are directly opposed to it. The psychic malformations that this riddle-work of creedal managery has given birth to, are aliens from the realm of Wisdom's light.

Conversion! Its history is too lamentable to be arraigned in the atmosphere of this glowing age. Let the dying shrieks of millions of helpless beings, by murderous weapons stabbed and slain, the agonizing pain of rack and wheel, thumb-screw and dungeon-cell, starvation and foul disease, fire, and the most damnable inventions for its dire appliance, with all the heart distress that these demon acts have ever left along their

wake, be materialized into one dark form of dread, and down in earth's deepest mine let the thing abhorred be cast, never again to pollute the light of day.

Shame, Christian world, that you ever cry, "They would not come to Christ!" when but a hollow ghost, bedecked with vicarious trickery, you tender in the lieu of the Great Teacher's grace. "By their fruits shall ye know them;" and after eighteen hundred years of germination, look about you, Dogmatic Religion, and behold the harvest time holds in store from out your yieldings.

All through the long centuries has Religion been foisting this soul-stunting vassal of its house upon the mothers of the world, until the woeful graft has spread its vicious plague with such results as makes the vigil angels of high heaven weep tears of grief.

Give Hypatia one thousand years on earth, and from the *maternal germs planted and impressed under influence of her sublime regime*, how through the spheres the universal song of rapturous joy will ring!

If a sincere offer of thanks, O Thou, most holy One, can reach thy gracious Ear, then blessed be thy Name, that in Hypatia's open scroll, Thou hast left no blank on which to mark that fearful word *Conversion!*

Study, education, and eternal toil for growth come of Thy behest, and these must ever follow after true *Repentance!*

What's in repentance, that shall lead to grace,
Else than a lash that spurs the soul to action?
How can the boisterous dolt that loud proclaims
Compunction, and makes the altared nave ring
With confession's rant, hinge onto heaven,
When all he offers for the compromise

Is worded breath? So near the Almighty
Holds His watch upon creation's page,
That vows all void of pith, and artful shift
To turn the current of the Mighty's gaze,
Shall not avail. Cry not afar, nor tell
The swimming stars the story of your turn.
If true Contrition speaks its duty-telling
Plea within thy breast, it hath an accent
That needs no wag of thy officious tongue
To draw with note the Everlasting's ear.

CHAPTER XXX.

EGOISM AND SELFISHNESS.

IN the gigantic drama of Creed, whose scenes and paraphernalia of display have been shifted and reconstructed thousands of times to suit the tastes and temperaments of the age, — down from the time of Menes¹ to the present hour, — one trait, inherent in the human brain, has ever shown itself towering above all others, with a presentment so marked that reason is challenged to give cause for its ever-recurring presence. The nature-trait of the ego here alluded to is the psychic manifestation universally called "Selfishness."

Theology has ever proclaimed, "Strive not for material possessions; nor set thy heart upon things of earth: for all such is vanity, and empty nothingness!" At the same time, earthly possessions have at all times engaged the most scrutinizing attention of theological endeavor.

Even Sciolism, with purblind leer at Nature's page, gives haughty pronouncement that to strive for selfish ends, and nurture the love of one's own ego in the breast, is shameful in the state, and marks the actor as a soul debased.

To say that "money is the root of all evil," is but to pass a maxim-coinage that is counterfeit of truth. The deepest count of all the wretchedness and sin that has blotted the page of earth's history, will tell that its

¹ First historic king of Egypt.

huge proportion has been the resultant of ignorance and degradation of soul, brought about by wilful misdirection of its psychic gifts, at the hands of bigoted and presumptuous "*Authority*."

And the poor world of trusting *believers* has been struggling on, striving to be — what by their natures they *cannot* — like unto an ideal type set before them, which, in its mystic attitude towards the human soul, is as false to it as it is to the everlasting Canon of the Infinite.

Man is man: the human is the human; and every attribute inherent in the human must be received as a Divine bestowal; and, in its chord, brought into harmony with the Eternal Choir.

As the different brain organs which have been traced to their direct Nature-ordained primal functions in this work are of that order generally classed among the *higher* psychic gifts of the human mind, it will be interesting, as well as highly instructive, to delve into the so-called lower class, and follow one of its members up into the broad light of Hypatia's realm of positive knowledge.

In truth, this seeming divergence is a forced necessity; as, without a full understanding of what this analysis reveals, the close cannot be brought to a rounded completion.¹

We, by nature of the situation, select the psychic pole marked by phreno-scientists, "*Acquisitiveness*." This organ is always found labelled as one of the "*Selfish Propensities*." No fault can be found with

¹ On page 237 of this book it is asserted that Nature has hedged the soul with apurs and checks so that it shall, in time, be whipped into line of grace. The present line of examination is to illustrate this assumption. Also, on page 86, the reader was informed that another marked departure from the office generally ascribed to the functional working of Conscience would be given. That promise is here fulfilled.

this ; but just here, before another step can be taken, we must strictly define the term "selfish," as used in this connection. May it not be, that in one sense — and a very comprehensive one, too — many, if not *all*, the "Reasoning Faculties," and all of the "Moral Group," are purely *selfish* faculties or propensities? Even Benevolence may be found to savor as much of selfness as Acquisitiveness. A disinterested Benevolence as illy fits the nature of the human as a disinterested Acquisitiveness.

Dropping any association of ill-sense with the term "selfishness," and only looking upon the Self as the outcome of Infinite behest, let us see, in the light of Nature's most glorious intent, what her object was in bestowing upon the human psychic brain the various organic gifts, through which, and by aid of which, that mysterious something, called the mind, makes itself manifest.

There can be but one answer. That the individualized entity, so endowed, might, through an endless succession of varieties or variations, be brought into relation with the ever complex and differentiating workings of the Great Bestower.

If one asks to know the very centre of the universe, Wisdom, without the least taint of arrogance, will answer, "To *thee*, it is within thine own soul." To the Ego of the Infinite, who cannot be the Infinite and be partial, there can be nothing in existence of more importance than *thine own self*. If the Infinite works by laws of perfection, not one of the brain's organic gifts but is as great in value as another, for, any one missing, the human must be imperfect, and imperfection cannot be consonant with an All-Wise Intelligence. This being so, in what a sublime as well as awful

relation does the self-finite stand in presence of the Self-Infinite! If the finite has any power or grasp of apprehension whereby it can form a relative conception of the nature of the Infinite, it must pronounce that the Infinite is absolutely selfish. A power Omnipotent as well as All-Wise, and All-Just, must have all things governed in accordance with its own Self's desire. It cannot, in the slightest measure, yield deflection of intent at suggestion of any non-Infinite: should it, then is it not the Infinite.

What follows? This: that, as the All-Good is perfection in Absolute Selfishness, so will the human draw more and more towards the All-Good in proportion as the ego strives to round out and perfect the play of the self's psychic gifts in unison to the call of the universal psychic throb in the midst of which its own brain holds existence.

The sequel may show that the fullest development in the line of evolutionary unfoldment, will eventually be brought about by a constant struggle, on the part of the individual, to win the highest joy for the strongest call of the self's brain — Egoism, or a pure Selfishness: the reflex effect of which is its contribution to the non-self, Altruism.

History can show no deed of benevolence, heroism, nor self-sacrifice and toil that love's devotion spurs the human on to brave, but what, critically analyzed, will be found to have been firmly rooted in a substratum of pure and lofty selfishness.¹

¹ So corrupted has the term "Selfishness" or "Selfness" become, by adoption to express avarice, cupidity, greed, and sordid parsimoniousness; with the scores of synonymous lingual outgrowths in the same line of extreme derogatory pronunciation; that some other word might seem the more acceptable in our present examination. But as we have no ambition to coin a word, we must hold to the only one our lexicon furnishes, and entertain it with due respect.

Here, then, is a confutation of that unmeaning, unnatural, as well as damaging sophistry, which insists that to be pure, holy, and eligible to Infinite regard, one must renounce the world, ignore all material joys, strive to transmute the sublime statue of the human to the limited capacity of a crawling worm; and dream of glory in an imaginary realm to come, divinely reserved for the few who shall thus degrade themselves.

This attitude of mind, the purely theological one, is not in any way explained by attributing to it the term "selfishness;" but it stands out clear and well defined under the fitting figure "*abject meanness*."

Wouldst thou a friend secure, whose ever faithful hand will guide
 The way thy course shall run along life's ever changing tide;
 Lead thee to havens where thy soul in peace can rest;
 Beckon to fields where noble strife for right
 Marks the triumphant as a victor blessed:—
 Pilot the way in darkest night
 Toward the eternal wealth:—
 Seek with thy might,
 Thy Self!
 Thy Self!
 Shall ever be
 Sponsor for all thy deeds:—
 In vain you bend the suppliant knee,
 Imploring from on high seraphic meeds;—
 Yet heedless of the glorious truth by Jesus given:—
 On earth, as mid the radiant spheres of astral life above,
 No distant realm can hold for thee that symbol of God's love;
 But in thy heart's deep core *thy* hand must rear *thy* heaven!

CHAPTER XXXI.

ANALYSIS OF THE PSYCHIC ORGAN, ACQUISITIVENESS.

BEFORE we come to a direct solution of the problem, What is the primal function of the organ marked Acquisitiveness? two other important cerebral centres of soul-force must be briefly scanned, regarding both office and correct nominal definition, i. e., "*Comparison*" and "*Imitation*."

The instruction from Hypatia's realm is, as has been stated, that every attribute pertaining to the primal function of each distinct cerebral organ should be bestowed in such symbols of finite language as can with reason, as well as reverence, be applied to the Infinite. Neither Comparison, Imitation, nor Acquisitiveness can be so bestowed.

Astral Wisdom knows the organ, marked Comparison in the schools of earth, as *Organization*; and the one designated Imitation, as *Amplification*. It is the faculty of Organization, under influence of certain impulses, that *prompts* the ego to *imitate*; and the organ Amplification furnishes the psychic material with which to accomplish the desired result; just as Constancy stands as a substantiating reservoir at the call of the reasoning faculties. No! that noble position upon the human's brain was not assigned to the "*Amplification*" of Hypatia's realm merely that the child of the Infinite might ever go on *imitating*. In the highly developed and cultivated brain it is never satisfied with simple

reproduction. It constantly engenders a striving to enlarge, extend, and *transcend*, on the part of the finite; and the high estated souls of the Inward Realms, by force of Intuition, proclaim that this organ in the finite is a reflex of that Potency of Infinite Control that has directly to do with the upward grading of Evolution's marvellous Amplification in Nature's formative series — both physical and psychic.

In the same high school the organ Acquisitiveness is known as *Subsistency*, and has to do directly with all environments of the embodiment serving the ego that are perceptive to the sensory nature of the individual.

Benevolence, by force of instinct, pronounces to the soul: "Give out a measure of your soul's possessions to the external soul-life that you sense about you." Subsistency, by direction of its inherent impulse, delivers: "Gather in a measure of the external to the self for the ego's sustenance."

It is not "by bread alone," even in the mundane sphere, that life in its true sense can subsist. Amplification — through Organization and Ideality — organs in direct connection with Subsistency, — are continually impressing the ego with the intuitive desire, as an absolute need of the soul, for the attainment of all phases of the environment, both natural and artificial. All that Art and Science have achieved in the field of beauty and utility hold relation to this soul-providing organ.

This is not denying that in a higher development the same organ may contribute its tide of influence towards inspiring the ego with a fuller desire to lay hold of and store up *mental* wealth for self-enjoyment and altruistic distribution; just as Benevolence yields out, not only from the soul's material, but its mental store.

Distinct and exclusive ownership or possession, beyond

the absolute requirements for the ego's actual existence, is not necessarily involved in the legitimate working of this organ. The inordinate greed of the "Ring" and "Trust" capitalist is not of its birth. That wild grasp for the dominant power and sway which vast material accumulation affords, is engendered by an entirely different combination of psychic brain forces than does the vibratory impulsion of Subsistency impart — though it may add its current to the infected tide. The present state of hard-fisted, greedy rapacity, which so marks the course of political and social affairs, is a consequence incident to an embryonic form of society, and on this earth-plane, ere time shall have spanned off another sweep of lengthly centuries, this insane fever for avaricious amassing may give way to a lofty, altruistic, *selfish* benevolence.

The miser, pure and simple, is a fair illustration of one who is under the controlling influence of the organ Subsistency in an unbalanced and abnormal, dominant state. He or she is in constant fear that *want* is at the door, and that each coming day will find them deprived of the means of subsistence. In such an one Acquisitiveness is the controlling motive of the ego's endeavors.

In following the miser along his course in the experience of Astral life, we shall retain the familiar name Acquisitiveness, as applied to the function under note.

NOTE. — TO THE PHRENO-SCIENTIST AND PSYCHIC STUDENT. The changes and criticisms that have, from time to time, been introduced in the course of this work, have been of forced necessity, that the major thought might be clearly evolved. We step outside the main current of our labor at this place, and offer a few directive ideas as aids to such — should there be any — who may be disposed to study along this line of the astral sage's reasonings. Although the innovations presented are directly from teachings of the astral schools,

there is no "Thus saith the Lord" about them, and if they do not *prove consonant* with the results of Reason's earnest scrutiny, they must be discarded as false to Infinite Law.

Take the organ "*Imitation*" as an illustration. As with Calculation, Comparison, Hope, Sublimity, Wonder, and Acquisitiveness — so here, a trait that is but a partial representative of the organ's scope, is set down as expressing its fundamental, Nature-bestowed function.

When it is affirmed that the organ marked *Imitation* *does not* prompt the ego to imitate, not *one*, out of all the votaries of Phrenoscience, but will reject the affirmation as absurd. The reason of this is, that the *fact* of imitation has been so long associated with this organ, and those having it largely developed betraying such ready aptness *at* imitation, it was, and is, a natural consequence, that by light of *terrene* knowledge alone, the designating term be bestowed as it now stands.

In the light that illumines the studies of Hypatia's realm the order is as follows : The organ Organization (Comparison) has for one of its auxiliary functions the helper *PRESCRIPTION*. Prescription comes within the realm of the Reasonings. This realm is most definitely bounded, and its duties most rigidly enjoined. No outside organic impulsion can interfere with its legitimate working. Prescription seeks to reproduce, and hold before itself, matter for classification and adjustment, in order that the more complex duties of Organization may be the easier carried on. It is further incumbent upon the quality Prescription to retain, for the self's enjoyment and education, the fruits of its endeavors. This prompts to *imitation*.

But the self is never satisfied with mere sameness of copy. It is the glorious prerogative of the organ Organization to ever advance the ego into higher and more extended regions of mental unfoldment. Here comes the organ *Amplification* (Imitation), to its aid, whose virtue is, to spur Organization on to the achievement of more and still more extended truth. Just as Constancy (Calculation), when fully developed, continually incites Causality and Organization to labor in the field of its special dictation.

In the astral schools of Psychic study, these two last mentioned organs are termed *RESPONDENTS*; the only ones of this class in the human brain. They are not organs of Production, but of *Propulsion*; and by their directive pulsations the human is ever reminded of an All-Subtile Authority.

That the nature of the "*Respondent*" may be understood, two other organs of Propulsion will be mentioned which *are not* Respondents. "*Destructiveness*," — rightly named, if we take the word in a high, self-ennobling sense; and *Reconstruction* (the organ generally

marked Combativeness).¹ These are organs of Propulsion, in that they throw their psychic force into the arena of the Reasoning's activities. On the other hand, they are SELF-VOLUNTARY, in that they may, under certain states of excitation, propel their influence for action *directly* upon the ego. This is called *action upon impulse*, which must not be confounded with hasty and unreasoning *decision*.

The two Respondents are most securely guarded from all harsh intrusion, and naught but the quiet reign of uninterrupted meditation can serve for their Nature-directed bestowments.

Veneration, or Reverence, recognizes the Infinite in *things* objective to the self. Self-Esteem senses the Infinite *within* the self. The Respondents impress the ego with the *presence* of the Infinite as an existing Law-Giver.

Herbert Spencer says: "Reason leads both inductively and deductively to the conclusion that the sphere of Reason is limited. Inductively, this conclusion expresses the result of countless futile attempts to transcend this sphere — attempts to understand matter, motion, space, time, force, in their ultimate natures — attempts which, bringing us always to alternative impossibilities of thought, warrant the inference that such attempts will continue to fail, as they have hitherto failed." Again this same philosopher and scientist says: "By the decomposition of our knowledge of any form of matter into simpler and simpler components, we must come, at last, to the substratum; and this we find in the *impression of resistance* we receive through what we may call our force-sense."

We know that the soul acts upon external nature in this life of earth through the intervention of bodily mechanism, and as the soul directs, through excitation of cerebral hemispheres, so will — as far as inter-acting forces allow — the bodily mechanism manipulate exter-

¹ Reconstruction has as an auxiliary the quality *Preservation*; and it is this quality that, in direct impulsion, it impresses upon the ego; which, united with the impulse of Destructiveness, gives rise to that dual-natured psychic attitude called "Combativeness."

nal nature to the bent of the soul's desire. So far as common sense¹ goes hand in hand with the ego in this operation, all seems clear and apparently well understood. But when we cut loose from common sense, and seek to know the *metaphysical how*, of all the marvellous ability of soul to come in contact with, and utilize, external nature, we have seen that not only our means of communication, but external nature itself, elude our attempt at ultimate analysis; and draw their searchless, solemn proportions afar off into the shroud of infinite incomprehensibility.

The miser awakes in the life beyond the grave of earth. He is still himself. Acquisitiveness has been the governing organ of his brain, and it now holds the same indomitable sway. He has left his store of earth behind, but his mind yet reverts to it with an earnest longing that binds his soul, with a strong inclining, earthward. His desire is to lay hold upon and claim the hoarded gold, *but he cannot*. Why can he not? Is it because he now has no functional bodily mechanism through the intervention of which he can grasp and utilize the physical environments about him? No; but the material gold of earth is but mist to his touch; he is a dweller in the world of Radiant Energy now, and the astral environments call for an entirely different functional energy on the part of the ego, in order that it may be enabled to lay hold of and accumulate to itself, *as its own*, the substance of the life forces surrounding it. No new organ is given; no new sense is added to those already possessed, but the sphere of common sense is vastly enlarged, and the functional

¹ The term Common Sense is here used to cover all positive physical results attained by scientific investigation — including the aid of mathematics.

power of appliance for seizing upon and manipulating the astral elements in accordance with the soul's desires are multiplied a hundred-fold in virtue and complexity. The *muscle power* now, remember, is grace; or, in other words, an harmonious and healthy exercise of all the gifts that the Infinite has given in charge to the finite; *and it is this very joy-yielding grace that Endor's light is destined to spread more bountifully in the now shadowal earth!*

The miser is still under the controlling influence of that trait which prompts to gather in from without, for the self's sustenance and enjoyment. He knows that there is wealth about and above him, and his very nature compels him to long to lay hold upon it.

Great Infinite! here is an attitude where thy Wisdom and thy Love shine out with a glory that casts into eternal eclipse the canting platitudes of blind theology.

Here thy decree works, as it ever serves, in the direct order of *Natural Law!* and the human may, at this rest for observation, foretell, by positive scientific methods, how the miser must, by thy ordaining, be *forced up unto Salvation!*

Let us take the reader back sixty-nine years, and listen to the words of a woman, than whom no scientist since her time has spoken with grander truthfulness: "Man can never be fully happy unless all his faculties are called into ultimate activity. It is therefore obvious that the revelation of God [the Infinite Law in Nature made manifest to the finite] must be made in such a mode as to address itself to all the human faculties, and to afford scope for all the human propensities. Every intellectual gift must find its appropriate object, and every class of human impulses must there

find an object, a motive, and a sphere for full exertion and activity.”¹

In the spheres beyond, the revelation of the Infinite is direct, and its requirements are most emphatic. There Acquisitiveness finds that, although the houses, as well as all other astral possessions that it would acquire, are “not made with hands,” they must all be accumulated by the individual’s own exertions, and in that Radiant Zone of pulsing forces, that admit of no go-between ’twixt the Eternal Law Giver and the subject, the soul finds itself equipped with ample members of the most marvellous prehensility and deft power of culling, with which to grasp and fashion all that the ego may righteously desire.

Acquisitiveness first calls loudly upon Reason to ferret out the law. The law once pronounced, how greedily Organization, Benevolence, Veneration, Soul-Reciprocity, Universal Unity, and kindred members are taxed to lend their—at first feeble—aid towards filling the soul’s coffers with gain. “Organs that in a long succession of generations have been lessened and enfeebled by disuse” commence gradually to gain in “*muscle*,” until, after Time shall sweetly blend its tide into the vast ocean of Eternity, the miser stands forth a regenerated, truly-spiritualized inhabitant of the Celestial spheres.

Question: What organ in the miser’s brain-group, upon his entrance to the astral state, was the monitory spur that urged to heavenly bliss?

Answer: Acquisitiveness.

Surely the Infinite will have all humans come up and still up towards the eternal heavens, and in All

¹ “Biblical Fragments;” by Mary Ann Schimmelpennick, London, 1821.

Wisdom and All Love it is so planned that they *must obey!*

Catching a cue from a class of thinkers who are continually crying out against the dull monotony of a universal equally-developed man-and woman-hood, the interested critic may ask: "Shall we, then, all be finally rounded out and perfected up to one individual type of cerebral activity and psychic nature?" Have no fear of that. There are no two leaves of the forest exactly alike. No two humans have ever yet borne the same, identical cast of facial features; nor is it within the scope of reason to suppose that any two souls will ever be developed in the whole of Time's great fold, whose mould of temperament shall be similar in cast; nor that the glorious law of *dis-similarity* will be so neglected in the far-to-come, as to rob the ego of its dearest joy — *absolute individuality*.

In the highest estate of astral existence, *diversity* in *harmony* must constitute the grandest chord of life's exultant song.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLOSING SÉANCE WITH ENDOR AND HYPATIA.

LIGHT! more light! is the constant cry of the human soul. The illumination that is poured out from the central light of our material universe is continually giving gracious aid in one direction of psychic endeavor; but those far-reaching aspirations that would delve into the deeper mine of Nature's store, not revealable by the glow of our day-god's flame, must be guided by the glow of that Higher Light which is ever bestowing its rays from the realm where Reason's glorious orb rounds out its royal course.

By showering one continual, eternal blaze is not the mode of Nature's lighting the finite's path to wisdom. Wisdom comes not borne along amid the incoming scintillations, but is by them stirred to life in the soul's brain.

No man who tremblingly holds back from the line beyond his depth, can ever be the victor of a precious prize. That soul reaches the highest goal of illumination, who fears not to plunge where the tide of the unknown flows with its most sombre current.

The world gives but little to the one who, lolling in the mist of his own conceit, claims to have found the plenary measure of knowledge in any direction; and the assumption of infallibility by human kind is a sure augury of stupidity.

A gifted teacher has said, "Ask, and it shall be given

you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" and it is by following this line of conduct that the human attained its present cast in the great theatre of Nature.

Not always must it follow that the full measure asked for shall be bestowed; nor that the entire extent of the seeking be revealed; nor yet that the solicitous knock shall bring back a responsive answer from the extreme boundary of the Omnipotent's domain. That child yet under the tutorship of earthly parentage were not a child to Nature unless it sought knowledge in advance of its power of understanding; and the most proficient child of the Infinite would not be true to its natal gift, were it not continually questioning beyond its power of present comprehension. This attitude of the Infinite towards the finite is the Eternal's guaranty that constantly unfolding immortality shall ever be blessed with ample material for a still exalted future.

Stand with Hypatia once more amid the appalling pulsations of the nebula. Back! *back!* the enraptured mind *will* go, and question of the Great Unknown. "How, in that hush of solemn, primordial brooding, ere yet out into the immensity had gone the fiat, '*Let it be!*' ere yet the unconditioned and unbounded Power had sent one throb creative on the eternal tide; — how was it then, Majestic! Ever Silent! Soul and Matter! or was it in all that mighty time of meditation only *One!* and that, embracing in its Essence Vast, all that the waves of evolution have borne to human sense, — THE INFINITE!"

It was poised in this attitude of questioning that the "Reverend Assembly" at Westminster united on the following ultra-materialistic stratagem to clear the deep obscurity of the ground:—

“ *Question 9.* — What is the work of creation ? ”

“ *Answer.* — The work of creation is God’s making all things of *nothing*, by the word of his power, in the space of six days, and all very good.”

Let the Unknown have what answer it may, locked in the secret archives of Creation, to this extreme question wrung from the finite soul amid the surging cadence of the nebula; one thing is certain: so long as that specified soul-activity “*Causality*” holds its supreme place in the human brain, and the organ of “*Subsistency*” yields its force to the sum of human endeavor, the finite must be possessed of a life estate in which the prime antitheses of Mind and Matter, or Soul and Environment, will mark the very nature of existence.

Stand with Hypatia upon that exalted mount of observation, where the emanations from the sublimated brain blend off amid the mystic grandeurs of on-sweeping Might! On! and still *on!* the mind *will* go, questioning of the far-beyond. Ladened with the sequence of the past experience, the sentient soul has known one constant travel towards a fuller harmony with all the universe about it. Is there, on the very summit of Eternity’s expanse, a reach where striving for the yet-to-come shall be no more; and the human ego, out-measured in its sphere of self, be merged into the flood from which it sprung, THE INFINITE!

Vain gift, indeed, were this bestowal of a life, if only, when its round were fairly on its course, and lofty joy’s fruition crowned the earnest toil, Absorption’s appetite should drink into oblivion the offspring that has learned through all the term of its unfolding span to utter with increasing emphasis, “Parent above, Hallowed be thy Name!”

This were but annihilation, and the finite being rebels

against it. No! So long as that soul-gift stationed upon the human's brain like an ever-burning beacon of assurance, Hope, or the Self-Eternal, holds its Infinite ordained position, and Veneration speaks submission to the Power above, so long will the finite be the finite, and if the Infinite be the *Infinite*, then will the finite be the *finite* forever.

Seeking in this direction without the aid of Reason, born of expanded knowledge, has landed many a torpid speculator in the dreamy land of Nirvana.

But the *Present!* that soul-existence perpetually holding relation midway in Evolution's vast onflowing tide. Here, from the gloaming of life's yesterdays, and flushed aurora of its morrow sky, are those truths invoked; which, blending with the garnered fruitage of the ever *now*, form the entirety of what is held as *knowledge* by the universal mind.

How necessary then, absolutely so, that every window out through which the soul may gaze towards the Infinite be clear and unobstructed. Oh from this sacred temple forever cast those smouldering brands of fallacy and guilt, whose murky dust bedims the crystal dome of this, the Almighty's noblest work, the *Human Brain!*

Now that the broader way is opened up again by Endor's light, and a more lofty strain of wisdom borne from Hypatia's spheres, swear not too strong an oath, nor make resolve for reformation in a heated mood. 'Tis not the thunder of the tempest storm, nor soul-appalling din of earthquake and volcanic wreck, that yield most pregnant contribution to the potency of earth's verdant breast. With hushed and measured note, and long inclining to a purposed end, labor those forces which have, through all the ages, borne mind and matter along unfoldment's labyrinthine course.

The day of "*revivals*" has passed, and the kaleidoscopic phantasm that sacerdotal artifice has for centuries been flaunting along the trackway of Hope, no longer passes current for Truth's signet pledge.

The wild cry goes up, "In the new order of things all seems lost! Disorganization, and not a firmer union, marks the present age!"

Even so. Such has been the working of the Higher Law. Chaos is as imperious as Order, for without discord, the soul would never know of harmony. As there must ever be higher and still higher unfoldments of Order, so must the eras of the reign of Chaos still catch higher strains of discordant melody. Happy were the earth to-day, if its sway of *order* equalled in psychic rhythm the *chaos* of the higher astral spheres.

As high critical investigation proves that there have been none of those sudden and tremendous universal catastrophes in nature, for the working of advanced changes in the material world — as was once maintained and taught — we must now harbor the demiurge Chaos as a most royal god: the ordained umpire of Evolution's course, taking no note of local frets; but with a pace majestic, making his march in harmony with Infinite commands.

The psychic epoch of seeming disturbance that now marks the fevered state of the earth's thought, is but the midway trough between the receding flow of error's wave, and the in-coming swell of a more lofty age of truth. Transient breezes may chop the surface of this mighty throe, and counter channels war for a time upon its depths; but, with all its freight, onward it rolls to sure salvation!

No; the Chaos of broad Nature, working out the Everlasting's plan, is not the pent-up clank and jangle

of a misdirected brain, which seeks to force its own pronouncements as of All-Wise correctness, and reprobrates all else not in accord with its "*belief*" as of hellish birth.

When the individual human will learn that its brain is the point of connection with the universe about it, and that the discords the soul senses may arise more from an ill attunement of the brain's gamut with the vibrations of Nature's strains, than from a dissonance of environments; from purely selfish motives, the ego will commence a new striving, to be in chime with great Nature's symphony.

A wild, frantic endeavor to husband in helps for the salvation of a something called the soul, — to the total neglect of the paramount importance of a recognition, and critical study, of the key-board of that more important something, called the mind, — has been the cause of more human misery and degradation, than all other causes that have borne their impeding influence into the stream of mundane life.

Faith is well, and so is Hope, and lovely are the strains of lofty Inspiration; but, outside of all this, there is something the human mind will ever seek: some *proof* that Reason can hold as a guaranty of the substantiality of the hope and the faith that is within. So, in after moments of calm reflection, will cool Reason dissect the enthrallments of inspiration, and seek to discover if its seductive allurements were scintillations of positive and provable facts.

What deep amazement hues the tide of thought when Intellect, attended by righteous candor, surveys along this ford of flowing *faiths*. How much, — now most of all, — that now on earth is held as sacred to the heart's deep core, is but the hollow semblance of a holy truth.

Let it be remembered that "holy," "sacred," and "hallowed," and, in its truest sense, "religious," are terms that express purely mental states, and can in no way be properly attached to any realm, locality, or thing. In the geology of material things, the enlightened mind has ever sensed more of vastness and grandeur in Creation's works, in proportion as it enters into rapport with the Universal Unity of Creation's plan. No spot nor era from the morn where Reason first draws food for thought, up to its highest reach of noon-day glow, that holds a special claim for grace or compliment. Science bows with equal reverence before the storied record of earth's rocky crust, and the far-sweeping wonders of the astral spheres. Wherever Wisdom pauses for survey, there is the Infinite; and to the ardent soul, that attitude is holy.

So, in the eras of psychic evolution, we must be careful that our own individual — or, rather, *personal* — sentimentalisms be not projected into the region about us, as a property of Nature's working store.

The estate of a sitter before the shrine of astral communication, is thought by many to hold the bearing of a special sanctity; but far more pregnant with the hallowed and divine is the station of a mother's influence, in presence of that mystic sphere that holds in embryo a pledging for eternal growth. This kingdom bestowed with grace, and Endor's rule shall cease to know disruption.

Select any huge metropolitan library, and let the tocsin of expunction be sounded from Hypatia's astral state, toward all the volumes in its ponderous store that run in error to the Writ of Truth; how down from its dusty shelves would topple myriads of canonized tomes that bear the specious index of a "*Sacred*" work!

Where are their authors and compilers, and the thousands upon thousands who have held this vast accumulation of spurious pen-craft to their hearts as utterance of Omniscient thought? Their greater part people the near-beyond. The law that lets the soul unfold only with slow and measured pace works there, as well as here. Poor Endor! how at the latch-string of thy portal gate, pull, with unrighteous tug, the wonder-stricken discontents of Astral's nether lands! With an unyielding pride, and shame to face the glow of heaven's betraying light, they strive to hold a voicing with the earth, so that their branded creed may yet obtain in the decaying ranks of superstition's fold.

Shame! that through such hedging ill, and utter
Contamination of Lustration's wholesome breath;
This most high blazon from the Imperial
Throne, must speak its mission to the blind
And groping dwellers of this lower birth.
Rouse! you upon whose soul the seal of Grace
Has marked a gift that will, in time of count,
Tell to your utmost yearning for delight.
Down, to the lowest pit of scorn's device,
Banish this marshalled foe to Reason's sway.
Branded with that deep infamy that snatches
From the soul its dearest coin, it lurks in
The dark shadow of Illusion's sphere, and
With arch cunning voids its rank defilement
With the hither flow. What office hath prayer,
If in this contest it shall fail of gain?
It shall not! for, by the Living Light! that
Through the awful course of Time's great toil,
Hath ever, by its might, thrown off retardment,
So, even now, the soul's resolve, sinewed

By will of steel, that Reason to the front
Shall bear the Imperial standard; and the vow, —
Most surest aid of all, — breathed by the type
Of heaven's All-Loving Queen; that not a flow
Shall bear its impress to conception's fount,
That does not yield a stamp of holy truth: —
This armament shall lift the siege of wrong;
For, thus arrayed, battles the waging host
Equipped with arms from the Almighty's forge.
And not a foe, that challenges the way,
But at the brunt will suffer vanquishment.
To strive in line with Virtue is to strive
In prayer; and this on-sweeping orison,
Telling its ardent strain the earth around,
Shall catch resoundment in the loftier spheres;
In glad return, the high, exalted throng
Will echo make of a bestowal, that
To the soul, values with a more lustrous worth
Than all the spoils a Cæsar ever won —
Heaven's rarest benediction!

Positioned upon this headland of psychic reconnoissance, however much individuals may for a time be inclined to weave in some vestige of their idol store with the incoming flow of Nature's revelations, as a whole, the freshly illuminated mind will observe the phenomena and tabulate results, as it ever has, where an unbiassed and wisdom-guided brain-force has rendered verdict *to the imperishable record of an EXALTED SCIENCE!*

We must not be so wedded to nominalism as to suppose there is any special virtue inherent in the simple word "*Religion*." Yet, as a symbol of some intended

ethical state towards which it *ought*, at least, to be the duty of every one to strive, the old familiar term will survive, let the something sought be presented in whatsoever form it may.

There is an emotion which the Bard of Avon was obliged, as an ethical scientist, to name "*sweet religion*," in contradistinction to the religion in which he recognizes "*damned errors*,"—two thoughts as extreme as the antipodes; and it is a forced necessity, at this very day, to view this elastic presentation of mental coinage as occupying the same undefinable pose in the social world, as at the period when Shakespeare walked the earth.

Then whatever may be the pearls of higher truth thrown on the mental strand by Evolution's waves, "Sweet Religion" will, no doubt, entwine her mellow name around the precious gems.

Life has no consummation that the finite
Soul can seal as absolute. On Astral's
Tally-board, Immortal's hands may hoist the call
To where the amazing count give promise
Of a win, that claims demand upon
The last reserve of the All Rich One's treasure.
How far the end! Fancy may picture it;
But still Decree shall push that boundary-line,
Until thy wit, tried, and yet sharpened by
The oft appeal, will cease its questioning.
Lo! the astoundment that o'ershadows thrift,
When, at the seeming summit of its reach,
Yet stretching out beyond, loom up a throng
That must be conquered ere its gain be prime.
Rare trick is this, that mighty Nature plays
Upon her wilful child; granting the toy

That ever seems perfection, and anon
Maiming the plaything with futurity's
Behest; and yet, at each recurring goal
More legible, pours in upon the brain
Th'assurance of the Breath Articulate.
Weaker than trashy nothingness the toil
That seeks to prove, by laws of finite mould,
The origin of Life's great gift, its speech!
The Word with potent majesty controlled
In that remoteness, towards whose soundless depths
The highest kin of knowledge bows with awe;
And every atom in the sea of Cause
Hath in itself a tongue that speaks its task,
Voiced by the brooding Power Omnipotent.

If human language would its tribute cast
Into the eddying flow that bears its tide
Of gladsome homage toward the Eternal sea,
Then speak, thou sentient soul, the filial plight
Most gracious to the Ever Loving's ear:
"*Thy speech shall be my guide!*" offer no more.
This vow maintained; and Nature's decalogue
Hath full instalment in the human breast;
This promise, with endeavor's might sustained;
And soon Hypatia's reign upon the earth
Shall bring its scattered fold beneath the sway
Of Heaven's high attributes, Wisdom and Love, —
Sweet Religion's everlasting spring.

APPENDIX.

MANY enthusiastic and over-zealous persons, who have newly come into the light of Endor's Star, and those, too, occupying positions of existence upon both sides of the open gate, have been rash and unreasoning in their prophecies regarding the fate of the general Christian Church, and the many splendid "houses of worship" wherein its members gather.

The edifices, as well as the worshippers, have been doomed; and in some cases the annihilators have become as destructive as was the mob of St. Cyril with the lifeless body of poor Hypatia: they have left, in their imagination, not a shred or tatter of church or edifice.

It needs but a single glance of Reason, to prove to any cool mind that no "*fate*" awaits the Christian Church. Enlightenment and exaltation of collective individuality can hardly be said to come within the dismal rule of lot-decreeing Clotho and her sister spinners. That there is, and has been, a pending doom hanging over the Christian Church, so far as the maintaining of its tenets is concerned, its own most worthy members have oft and again confessed. Two causes there are for this: the first is the terrible inherent character of its illy-devised dogmas; and the second, those dogmas being renounced, the want of some beacon-

light which hungry Reason can trust to guide Emotion's flight.

In the Universal Church, ever growing with the advance of time and progress of truth, Soul-Reciprocity, attended by her sister founts of Joy and Reason-yielding virtue, has brooded like a dove of peace. Damnation, nor the hot blasts of hell, nor all that fierce, vindictive anathemas could bring to bear upon this pledge of Infinite bestowal, has served to crush it down. It has been the rich source of Theology's vast and hoarded wealth; and it only wants the soft breath through Endor's lips pronounced, to wake it to a zephyr strong, such as shall oversweep the smothered embers of a dying creed, and wake them to a new and glowing Parthenon.¹

Just here we are brought to a pause.

A spectre of gigantic mien presents itself before us, and will not away at our bidding. In blazing letters glares out, above its head, the word "POLITICS!"

"*Am I forgotten?*" comes from the august presence, in tones that seem to draw pith from out the core of every special form of human strife for good and ill.

"No, most majestic! but that *you* hold no proper lodgement in our minds just now, is from the fact that 'tis *the Church*, and that *alone*, which claims in this, the present quest, our reason's eye."

"Ho, ho, my children, much beloved! then shall that eye grow dim with peering, and the bootless gaze rebound upon thy tangled senses with such confounding riot that an idiot's fancy were as strict to truth as thine."

Tell us, thou Titan ghost, the riddle of thy speech!

"*I am the State*; and rich Emotion is, of all bestowals,

¹ Dedicated to Minerva, goddess of Wisdom.

the gift most precious, that Great Nature has to the State vouchsafed. No offspring of the Highest can from its inward growth of fervent grace be sundered; nor does the power exist that can from out myself tear mine own heart. I, and all the *truth* held by the Church, are ONE; and that persistent knavery which seeks to blindly war against this living edict of the Almighty's sealing, will, as it ever has, sow but a crop of tares to choke advancement's growth."

Let it be understood that when the term "*grace*" has been used in this book, it has not been employed as a mere sentimental figure of speech, but as a word expressing a congeries of as positively acting forces in the super-complex field of radiant psychic energy, as can be enumerated in the scope of earth's physical scientific study.

Lord Lytton struggled with a most perplexing problem when, in his "*Coming Race*,"¹ he placed himself in the midst of his peopled allegoric sphere. Through intercourse with informed intelligence, by cautious examination and profound meditation, he knew and had tabulated in his own mind, the revealed laws pertaining to the soul's muscle-power in the life beyond the earth. The task before him was to present, in some form or other, the "*Strange and Unknown*" so that the general reader could grasp somewhat of the advanced knowledge he was possessed of.

He makes the wise and highly-gifted Zee say: "Our notion is, that the more we can assimilate [our present] life to the existence which our noblest ideas can conceive to be that of spirits on the other side of the grave, why, the more we approximate to a divine happiness

¹ *The Coming Race*, by Lord Lytton. Harper & Brothers, American edition. New York, 1874.

here; and the more easily we glide into the conditions of being hereafter."

The burden of Lord Lytton's endeavor in this work is to exemplify "the art of diffusing throughout a community the tranquil happiness which belongs to a virtuous and well-ordered household."

"What is *vril*?" he asks of Zee, who has just been discoursing upon its power.

[Now let the reader bear in mind all that has been said, thus far in this book, regarding the radiant grace-force of the purely nature-directed, and truly educated, human brain.]

Lord Lytton continues: "Therewith Zee began to enter into an explanation of which I understood very little, for there is no word in any language I know which is an exact synonyme for *vril*. I should call it electricity, except that it comprehends in its manifold branches other forces of nature, to which, in our scientific nomenclature, differing names are assigned, such as magnetism, galvanism, etc. . . .

Now in the land of the Ana, — the name Lord Lytton gives to the collective people, — fierce competition, the vast gulf between the rich and poor, envy, hate, fierce passion, strife between classes, and war between state and state were, "finally, after ages of development, brought to a close, at least among the nobler and more intellectual population, by the gradual discovery of the latent powers stored in the all-permeating fluid which they denominate *Vril*."

Now laying aside the figurative of the foregoing, and stating it as it no doubt rested in the capacious mind of the psychic scientist we are reviewing, it would be presented thus: The mighty force that shall secure a final triumph of the "survival of the fittest" in the

political affairs of state is that tremendous and irresistible might that comes of the concentrated impingement of will-directed energy from a battery of human brains that are trained and impulsed in accordance with the highest dictates of human duty.

Lord Lytton teaches a great lesson in his struggle to materialize this force for earthly comprehension as well as use. Not only is it the Universal Supreme of the astral sphere, but in the zones of mundane life, it will in the long, long to come, silence the cannon, and bid the sword be sheathed for evermore!

"Well, what has this got to do with the general subject in hand?"

This! Lord Lytton has brought the "Coming Race" up to the very pinnacle of moral, social, and political perfection, and not so much as even mentioned, as a factor in the helping, either *church* or *sect*. Why has he not? Because, as an honest and candid psychic scientist, he has found no place in his thoughtful deductions where, as now understood and defined, they can possibly exist. We transcribe the following from the "Coming Race" to show why it was that the "Church" could lend no aid in the redemption of the "Ana." Says Lord Lytton: "They say that in ancient times there was a great number of books written upon speculations as to the nature of the Deity, and upon the forms of belief or worship supposed to be most agreeable to Him. But these were found to lead to such heated and angry disputations as not only to shake the peace of the community, and divide families, before the most united, but, in the course of discussing the attributes of the Deity, the existence of the Deity himself became argued away, or, *what was worse*, became invested with the passions and infirmities of the human

disputants. 'For,' said my host, 'since a finite being like an An [man] cannot possibly define the Infinite, so, when he endeavors to realize an idea of the Divinity, he only reduces the Divinity into an An like himself. During the latter ages, therefore, all theological speculations, though not forbidden, have been so discouraged as to have fallen utterly into disuse.'"

Rather the reverse in title is the work just before us to that of "Looking Backward;" but nevertheless Mr. Bellamy, in this widely sought book, is after the same glorious "consummation devoutly to be wished." We have no desire to offer the least criticism upon any conclusions of this, in many respects, most remarkable volume. Mr. Bellamy's whole effort is an earnest and deep-studied endeavor to present a line of operation whereby the human family may be brought to a higher and happier state of earth existence. For this he deserves the thanks of all.

If we ask ourselves why it is that Mr. Bellamy's scheme is so voraciously absorbed by the hungry stomachs of the psychic world, the answer must be, "Because of the munificent enchantment of its promises; and the amazing short time required for their fulfilment." The greater part of mankind grow fractious under reign of moderate Evolution, and hail with delight any device whereby its slow pace may be hurried up. In all justice to the respected Author, it is but fair to surmise, that, could he have known the prominence of consideration his work was destined to attain, he would have bestowed a little more precise thought upon the span of time Madam Nature would require at his hands before she could fully concede to his wishes.

But what does brother Bellamy adopt as the potent cause that is eventually to bring about this halcyon

change in the social and political world? It is the "*Grace*" of Hypatia's astral school, as well as the "*I'ril*" of Lord Lytton's elaborate conception, in yet another garb. Cleared of all technical, and in some instances apparently misleading, complications, Mr. Bellamy's grand political revolution can only be brought to a practical fruition, in a community where the great majority of the members' brains have become so righteously unfolded by long-inherited — as well as wisely cultivated — pre-natal bequeathments as to form a vastly superior controlling force of healthfully perfected egos. Then, and not until then, can that empire of altruistic joyfulness prevail which is expressed in the formula: "*Diversity in Harmony.*"

Leaving aside all questioning of the modes of process, one fact stands out bold and undisputed. Mr. Bellamy, unbiassed in his candid judgment, brings about this "golden age" purely through political manipulation, and has entirely excluded the sectarian church from any direct participancy in the glorious accomplishment. Such a course he was obliged to pursue, for he was guided, not by dogmatic, sectarian dictation; but by the inward pulsing of a lofty selfishness reigning supreme in the fabric of his own egoism.

Both Lord Lytton and Mr. Bellamy — as do thousands of others who are honestly striving to elevate the condition of their brothers and sisters of humanity — lay much stress upon the evil consequences arising from excessive "*Competition.*" Be wise and considerate, good brothers, in painting the picture of that "time-to-come," and do not so rest a mighty member of your Paradise upon the variable and uncertain virtue of a word, as to lead your ready pupils into an error of conception which shall be to their souls' enfeeblement. While

the psychic poles Self-Esteem, Firmness, Amplification, Reconstruction, and Approbativeness — all honor-acquiring gifts, when Reason-directed — retain lodgement in the human's being, that same being will strive in some direction to be equal, or superior, to some other; and the altitude of the Ego's selfishness will mark the degree of laudableness in its competing. This devil-fight of avaricious contention, and the tight-handed pull for rivalry in amassing a miserly accumulation, may, after the lapse of time, only find their place in the historic records of the past; but

Praying,

That with the morning's coming glow
The plea shall to thy soul be blest,
That struggling with thy weal and woe,
May yield to long and careless rest;
Is but the staying
Of that most gracious prize,
Bestowed to those who rise,
By their own ardor's toil,
From out dark error's soil; —
New truth essaying.

Sighing

With earnest longing for that calm,
Where, listless on some rosy sea,
Utopian groves shall waft their balm
To lull thy aimless revery;
Thyself denying
That thrill, that holy fire,
Which Love and Truth inspire:
That bliss, that high reward,
Of labor done for God; —
'Twere living, — dying!

Never

Can the freed spirit cease to yearn,
Nor Charity's sweet whisper still;
Devotion's flame shall warmer burn,
When comes the welcome stroke that will
Thy earth-bond sever: —
Then, o'er the starry way
That leads to brighter day,
Will Heaven's most rare bequest
Be to thy soul — *unrest!*
Through the forever.

As a *word* the appellation "Church" has not so warm a hold upon the universal heart as "Sweet Religion," and it rests with that same collective heart to decide its destiny.

In the broad community of the now "Coming Race" the Intellect will be reared in the cool and well-restricted atmosphere of a formal school. Its routine must be somewhat prosy on the start, and to the letter must the law of wholesome discipline be maintained. No fear that from the Parthenon one single wave can go to rile the waters of the Intellect's domain. Rather let them flow, as flow they *will*, for thereon rests the bulwark of the State.

No query in the Nation's mind can find a lodgement as to the need of special realms of tutorage wherein "religion" shall be taught, where good Hypatia sits enshrined. No conflict where Minerva holds her wand above the temple and the college with an equal poise; nor can a creed, or mystifying dogma, find footing on that wisdom-guarded ground.

The College — knowledge: the Temple — knowledge, and sweet emotion, both conjoined, — *the highest joy!*

The College holds in charge the organs of the Intellect. The Temple shall be a perfect type of the whole human brain, with all its gifts, even to the very laugh and merriment of genial mirth, in full and active play.

No more shall Endor's mingling in the happy throng, — its very soul and life, — be shrouded from the world as but an esoteric mystery. Open and bright the way from earth to yonder shore, and now the Church of earth holds hands, through ever-present knowledge, with the realms beyond !

One Universal Love ! One Universal Church ! The Church of the Ever-living Father and Mother Infinite ; speaking through a liberated and exalted **UNIVERSAL BRAIN !**

SO MUST IT BE!!

Not Sirius, Titan of the vaulted deep,
Nor all the stellar throng that make their track
Within the gleaming of his rays ; blazes
The cunning of Creation's skill as does
That crowning culmination of Design, —
The human brain ! Its throbs of mystery,
Pulsations make in regions fathomless ;
And in complexity of force its state
Out-riddles all else of Nature's fabric.
What wonder, — when these regal stops, that ope
The swelling psalmody of lofty song ;
Wherein the Eternal's voice makes concord
With the finite's strain : what marvel is it, —
Thus attuned, and glimpsing through the vista,
Up nearer to the Mighty Power Sublime, —
The soul enrapt will, to the mean device
An imbecile conception has arrayed,

In caricature of Great Nature's King, —
Be Infidel! To thus proclaim, tells with
Subscription sure towards Infinite esteem.
And to the demon dread of creedal breed,
That in unrighteous profanation of
The Power Supreme, stands but a vice of myths
Before the Living Light; how can a brain,
Thrilled by the myriad tongues that constant speak
The glowing grandeur of Creation's front,
But to the mimic god be Atheist!
'Tis an avowal breathed in high regard,
Holy as a seraph's prayer. A signature
Wrung from the soul through love for the Divine!

The ill-starred night of Error's dismal reign
Fast takes its banishment; and pouring in,
From heaven's high Olympus, floods a light
That charms away contention's bitter gall,
And genders Universal Unity.
Soul-Reciprocity, with angel tread,
Now walks the gladsome earth: her mission knows
No Atheist, nor Infidel; for, like
The mellow flush of morning's golden beam, —
Her wooing grace steals into every heart:
Here with most gracious thriving will it glow,
Until the last of earth's benighted ones
Shall warmly rest the fervor of their soul,
In glad reliance, on THE INFINITE!