Plain Paper... on Occultism.

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BY

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50 CENTS
THE MASTER

Serene I stand upon the heights,
And hear the wolves howl down below;
Fighting among themselves since they may not
Reach one of my dear lambs.

My tender flock!
Gathered from far and near, have ye no fear,
No harm can come to one that takes my hand,
And those who would destroy find naught to clutch,
So rend their own flesh in impotent wrath,
Building their hot hell fires with their rage.
Plain Paper on Occultism.

Legitimacy of Occultism.

The milestones along the Eternal Way are not unreadable, not unlawful and forbidden findings now and here, by the struggling soul; and the theological body, society, or government, teaching such interdictions are nothing more or less than aggregations of antiquated hell-scared frauds.

Wherein the Peril.

Humanity has ever been taught the line to God was thick with dangers all the way:
And so it has been from the hells of hate, and lust of blood, and curtailment of freedom, through all ages and over all times, that have held the lives of men in thrall under the name of holiness and law!

Blasphemies were a fitter term!

Cannot Be Done.

The idea of a man losing his own soul!

Puerile!

Cheap!

These soul herders—these teachers of externality—do not grant to man the prerogative of having a soul all his own!

But the Chains slip!

The Race is getting where it cannot be hemmed in, whipped in, from the broad lines of its natural development.
PLAIN PAPER ON OCCULTISM.

FOR A MEMORIAL.

The consecrated absurdities of antiquity that sent millions on millions to their doom,—themselves red handed, are of no more moment to us than are the slow going mechanical contrivances by which those semi-barbarians supported their fanatical existence.

Such made an example of themselves and the priest who led them, not of the love of God, but of hellish blindness in the observance of traditional abominations.

THE DAWN.

But now a great wave of intelligence is rolling over humanity bringing strength of purpose with it to know that which for all time has been forbidden the populace. These promptings are so strong to this generation they might be called a united impulse to hang for the rights of active Life till its so-called mystery of existence here is definitely and logically settled.

A ROYAL PATENT.

The very ability of the race to so question, demand, command the exercise of any phenomenon, natural or supernatural, is royal patent for its righteousness.

And further: Are proof patent that the rightful answerings and explanations of all life problems are to be found among the common things of the race itself. And this will unfold within the rich bloom of its divinity, presently, when it has accustomed itself to release from the burdens of ignorance and superstition that has so long chained its flesh to the body of antique damnation.

THE GATE.

He who sinks himself in self to the center of contemplation of his Soul's true power:—

Seeks earnestly the interpretation of, and yielding to the in-
terior voice, is close to the striking of the key note of control over every externality of environment; And he who bends all his powers to reach this arcania in Life's progress, and only he, may become truly wise and truly great.

Day by day the neophyte should sound his depths with contemplation for the seats of conscious power within. These regained, his dominion extends from Everlasting to Everlasting.

Possibly one may enter these realms as he who cried out in the wilderness:

"Prepare ye the way!" "Make straight the paths!" The cry heralding the approach of the Son of Man nearly at hand.

Again, hour after hour the voice may pass over a drear, echoless waste, disturbing naught but quaint forms, poison things, and monsters of the deep,—

There waiting for the coming of the Son:

Awaiting the "King or soon or late,
"To come that way and sudden pass,
"To read the signs above the sand sown grass."

Behold the time!

The Son of Man cometh, and his voice rings out through those dread temples of a dead past:—

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;"
"Fear ye no evil; behold, I am with you always;"
"My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood drink indeed;"
"This is the bread that cometh down from Heaven;"
"He that eateth of this bread shall live forever."

SEQUENCE OF SENSE.

What are called Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Hypnotism, Telapathy, Levitation, miraculous growths, mental healing, power to project the astral body, the rendering of the body visible or invisible at will, aerial locomotion, control of the duration of earth life, remod-
ELING THE BODY AS DIRECTED BY FANCY, ARE THE EXTENDED
DEVELOPMENT, IN NATURAL SEQUENCE OF GROWTH, OF THE VARIOUS SENSE ORGANS OF THE PHYSICAL BODY; AND THE BANE OF
TO-DAY WILL NOT HAVE PASSED ITS CHILDHOOD IN THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF CULTURE WITHOUT RECEIVING DUE RECOGNITION
OF ITS YEARNINGS FOR THE CONTINUATION OF THE BROAD LIGHT THAT LIGHTED IT TO ITS EARTHLY MANGER AMONG US, AND BE SO
TAUGHT.

INTERIOR FORCES.

THE CONSTANTLY REVOLVING FORCES IN THIS PLANETARY CHAIN AFFECT THE HUMAN LIFE IN ALL ITS AFFAIRS; SUBJECTIVELY AS IT IS
MOVED UPON; OBJECTIVELY AS IT RULES AND MOVES.

THE VERIEST PLEBEIAN KNOWS THIS—FEELS THE ELECTRIC AND MAGNETIC RAYS DISTURB THE SUBTLE INFLUENCES WITHIN AND REACT ON ALL OBJECTS ANIMATE OR INANIMATE AROUND HIM.

THE FACT THAT THESE FORCES ARE RAPIDLY ASSUMING MORE DIRECT CONTROL IN THE AFFAIRS OF HUMANITY ACCENTS THE IMPORTANCE OF A GENERAL FAMILIARITY WITH THEM AS A MEASURE OF SAFETY FOR THE INDIVIDUAL AS WELL AS OF SOCIETY AT LARGE.

NECESSITY OF PROTECTION.

INASMUCH AS HYPNOTISM, MENTAL IMPRESSION AND OTHER RUDIMENTARY POWERS OF OCCULTISM ARE BEING BANDIED IGNORANTLY AND MALICEOLY, OFTEN KINDLY BUT ILLY DIRECTED, IN THE HANDS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AND OTHER RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASTS, IT BECOMES NOW MORE IMPERATIVE THAN EVER BEFORE THAT THE TRUE TEACHING, WITHOUT RIDDLE, SHOULD BE PUT FORWARD FOR THE PROTECTION OF EACH MAN'S INDIVIDUAL AFFAIRS, AND THE SACRED THINGS OF HIS LIFE, HID FROM MEDDLERS, BUNGLERS, AND FETICHISTIC FOLLOWERS.
A VASE OF FLOWERS.

The morning sun shone on the window ledge,
Where stood a vase of costly, fragile ware.
The flowers nestling round its dainty edge
Were dewy, fragrant, wonderfully fair.

A careless hand pushed back the vase. Alack!
Down fell some precious drops of shining dew.
The blow made in the porcelain a crack,
Where oozed the vitalizing moisture through.

The flower-eyes, as the long hours passed,
Grew wide expectant and then sadly dim.
Their hearts shrunk back, and, lo! Their heads at last,
Fell over on the vase's golden brim.

Later, when the sun was set, the day done,
Dead were the flowers in the empty vase.
And then, sorrowfully surprised, the careless one
Learned no regret could warm a dead love's face.

THE DOMINANT CORD.

What is life's fullest, most exquisite chord?
What oftenest has realized the best
And worst in man, has deepest force expresed
And wildest passion stirred? Aye! has explored
All human needs and yearnings; highest soared,
And lowest swept on sounding keys, when pressed
By Toil, and Love, and Death?

Life doth attest
That Pain divinest music doth record;
Breathing the mingled differences of each
In heart experience. Though often Pain
Will thunder a discordant, jarring strain,
Still do the under-tones of pathos reach
The Universal Chord, whose mighty key
Rests in the bosom of humanity.
GHOSTS.

How they troop in and out among the lonely rooms, jostling,
pushing; each anxious to be foremost!

—All are foremost to me.

Each has his turn in sending that horrible laughter down the
untrod halls of my soul.

They set stirring the pulseless silence within, where dwell the
old ambitions;

Old hopes, now hopeless; staring skeletons,

—Bones

—Dust

—Ghosts!

Ghosts of the unworded soul-struggles that only the night
knew of:

Stifled sobs borne away on the black air:

Unseen instruments of torture applied to a helpless victim:

Clouds of smoke full of the desperation of the tortured one:

Sounds of oaths tossed out on the indifferent silence:

Prayers:

—Yearnings for death:

—Anguish, impotent and quivering:

Murmurs of vengeance:

Murmurs of forgiveness

—Pity:

Ghosts of old curses that settle heavily on the house; settle
like vultures and wait for their own:

Sounds of the laughter of babes ending in death rattle:

The loud labored breathing of a dying child:

Delirious babble coming down the stair:

Vision of one picking at the bed-clothes:

A mother's wail, her voice praying one word of parting; an-
swered by an unintelligible muttering, the stiffening of
limbs under the cover, one long last sigh of the . . .

Passing:

Ghosts of good-byes and tearful partings:

Smothered sighs . . .

Words inarticulate . . .

Ghosts of a long wild cry of desolation:

Ghosts more silent than silence.
Does a graceful shape still lie at length upon that favored place, the tiger skin, 
The grand eyes still upward yearn to meet mine? 
I hear the easy, light foot-fall: 
The haunting music of the voice: 
The odor of roses, long withered, floats to me: 
Sometimes the Presence returns to me, warm, conscious, loving.

Let the ghosts gather, jibing, scoffing, thronging! 
When I return from my walk, they meet me at the door, start up from shadowy corner, step softly on the creaking stair. 
This is the place that bred them; this is their castle. 
They are closing down on the inmates: 
They settle like vultures around their own: 
They troop in and out the lonely rooms. 
None dare dispute their right.

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PRE-EXISTENCE.

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O, April day, of warm sunshine! 
This is my birth-day, twenty-nine; 
And I, maybe, am half way through 
My journey to the somewhere new; 
With caged powers wild and fierce 
Of longing, yet, to deeper pierce 
This civilized and flimsy show 
Of things not in the long ago.

Within my troubled heart I hold 
The sins and tears of æons old. 
A heritage from out the tomb 
Enfolds me as within the bloom. 
The wild bee hides within the gold,
So revel with past hearts I hold.
Around me generations twine,
And make me old at twenty-nine.

I feel the ghostly hearts beat fast
That bind my present to the past;
As the eternal way I tread,—
Bearing the impress of the dead:
Of centuries of restlessness,
(Perhaps a million, more or less),
Since was born this soul of mine,
So old and sad at twenty-nine.

Anon, I feel the good and true
Thrill all my being, through and through:
And voices ring all else above,
In pæans piercing sweet of love.
Still, if my blood beat quick along,
It is the old ancestral song
That beats in all as well as mine
A million years in twenty-nine.

A passing face sometimes, to me,
Brings once again the past. I see,
In strange eyes, some familiar gleam,
(It is no sleep-begotten dream),
Of friends I’ve had long before,
Upon some other, far star shore,
And e’re we speak again are friends.
Yes, yes: The past and present blends.

Of that old time I hold the thread
Back thro’ the lives I’ve always led;
And broken melodies ring low
Of songs I knew, but do not know:
The dark is flooded with a light
And all the past, grown strangely bright,
Unrolls before this soul of mine,
That is so old at twenty-nine.
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