SCIENTIFIC BIBLE.

REASON—REVELATION—RAPTURE.

Twentieth Century Testimony.

NATURE AND "ME"—ONE.

Knowable, Human, Natural, Personal God.

SELF-ETERNAL SUBSTANCE.

Natural Law.

Mary A. Hunt.

Published for the Author
By
F. E. ORMSBY & CO.,
Chicago.
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DEDICATION.

Dedicated to my Sister, Mrs. Sarah A. Ketchum, who planned with me, while in the body, to reveal to the world the Infallibility and Immortality of Human Nature—Inherent Divinity.
PREFACE.

The Glory of All is in All. The Glory of each is in Himself.

Man and nature are based on mathematical and musical principle, as exact as the law of chemistry and astronomy. He who hath found the harmonic chord in himself can play in all the keys of humanity. He is a mathematical equation—a Master Musician. Personal, Eternal Equilibrium. He is the infinite harmonics, mathematics and dynamics of the molecule.

The Foundation Rock of the Universe is Eternal Personality. All that we call the world is the manifestation of our own Infinite Consciousness—Me.

The Inspiration of true ideals, and the guidance of correct principles are the motor powers or operative forces utilized in transmuting experience into wisdom, skill and power. "Blind experience" is always and everywhere a plodder.

Revelation and Inspiration declare the utility and necessity of the Force called "Sin," in the economy of the universe, and immortality of the human natural faculties and forms. Faculties are Force. Force is without beginning or end. Man is that Infallible Substance that he calls Nature or energy.
The God in a man is greater than his "Sin." "Where sin doth abound, grace doth much more abound."

"He who knows and feels Truth, is Truth Incarnate. He that sanctifieth and he that is sanctified is One."

"The pure worship of a pure heart is, and always was, an inspired song."

"There is a Spirit in Man and the inspiration of The All Mighty giveth him understanding."
"To make all See, what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God; wherein he hath abounded towards us in all Wisdom and prudence, having made known unto us the mystery of His Will according to His good pleasure, which He hath purposed in Himself; that in the dispensation of the fullness of the times He might gather together in One, all things, under Christ," Christus—Illumination—Understanding. Eph. 1-8, 10, iii.-4, 5, 9.
"To the intent that now may be made known the much diversified wisdom of God according to a plan of the ages which He hath formed." Eph. iii.-10.

"The Mystery which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of Men." Eph. 3, 3-6.

"Even the Mystery which hath been hid from ages, and from generations, but now is made manifest, the riches of the glory of this mystery among gentiles." Col. I., 24-27.
“Nature, like a cautious testator, ties up her estate **so as not** to bestow it all on one generation.”—Emerson.

“Beware when God lets a thinker loose upon the planet.”—Carlyle.

“We have been slow to learn this divinity of our own lives, but the age is steadily rising—humanity is becoming broader, healthier, kinder, since it began to find God in the common things of the world. The soul of our age, says the poet, has looked in upon herself and discovered a glow of matchless value, and learned from a new teacher the beauty, dignity and grandeur of her own life.”—Dr. College, Aurora, Ill.
Said Frederick the Great to his chaplain:

"Doctor, if your religion is a true one, it ought to be capable of very brief and simple proof."

"The sound of tools to a clever workman, who loves his work, is like the tentative sounds of the orchestra to the violinist who has to bear his part in the overture; the strong fibres begin their accustomed thrill, and what was a moment before joy, vexation or ambition, begins its change into energy."
"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him."

"By the work one knows the workman."

"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"

There is always work, and tools to work with, withal for those who will.

"The work under our labor grows."
"We ever stand in the presence of an Eternal Energy from which all things proceed and to which all things retire."—Herbert Spencer.

"I form the light and I create darkness; I make fear and I create Evil—I the Lord do all these things."
"And if any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not."—Jesus. John 12-47.
"Show us the Father and it sufficeth."—Philip.
"He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. The Father and I are one, Ye in Me, I in Ye."—Jesus.
"Is it not written in your law, I said Ye are gods?"—Jesus.
THE SCIENCE OF PERSONALITY.

_Eternal Self-Consciousness._
I AM WHAT I AM.
_The Perfect Law._

ME.
The spider spins her wondrous web,
   From out herself 'tis spun,
She needs no teacher, creed nor crown,
   Untaught she teaches none.
She ties her knots and glues them tight,
   A cunning workman she;
Then sends her invitation out
   To flies, to come and see.

The honey bee no tutor has,
   No lessons hard to spell,
No architect helps her to build
   Her geometric cell.
She sips the dew and sucks the sweets
   To mix her loaf of bread,
No book has she—no recipe
   To bake it brown or red.

The caterpillar knows enough
   To cuddle up and sleep,
And waken up a butterfly
   To soar instead of creep.
To kiss the buds and court the flowers
   And snuff their sweet perfume,
And carry pollen on its wings
   To blossom out the bloom.
The little bird ne'er learned to peep
And pick its tiny shell,
It knows just how to eat and sleep
And feather out as well.
To cheep and chirp and choose its mate
And form its fairy nest,
And lay its egg as well as at first—
No practice makes a "best."

The "piggie wiggie" in its pen—
The pretty we—we—we—
Was never taught to run and root,
And have a pedigree.
It squeals and squirms, it helps itself
Pursue its will and way;
Science and Scripture in the "Law"
Of It is plain as day.

Inspired, impelled it grunts and grows
And takes a nap between;
Abstruse abstractions it abhors,
Nature, its only theme.
Predestined, fore-ordained to love
Its bonny clabber milk,
It envies not an emperor
In robes of royal silk.

The Mother lullaby's her babe
And feeds it from her breast,
No syllogisms teach her how—
The darling does the rest.
No college university
Inform that Father why,
And where and how that youngster learned
The art of yelling I——
NATURE AND ME—ONE.

The baby laughs and kicks and crows
And not a thing 'twas taught,
It screams and squalls and does what else
A dear sweet baby ought.
He was not schooled to hear and see,
To feel, and smell, and wink,
Without a pedagogue, he thought,
To suck his thumb, and think.

The maiden knows just how to pet
And kiss her sweetheart beau,
She needs no schoolmaster to whip
Her into doing so.
He needs no rigid "Rule of Three,"
No Law of Syntax terse,
He simply feels; and folds her up
Into his arms in verse.

Dear Grandma'ma with patient face,
And hair as white as snow,
Sits weaving fancies all the day
Of thoughts that come and go.
And dozing, dreams of one fair form
Who stood her own beside,
Together prayed and struggled on
Until the dear one died.

A lovely vision now unveils,
The Soul of each is One,
Attracted by Superior Force
Her Will is being done,
The Holy Book she lays aside,
She hears an anthem grand
And gladly goes away from us,
Led by a human hand.
We live and love, we breathe and move,
We hope and strive—desire
No mathematic formulas
Teach us to pray—aspire.
The God Within Us is the Me,
It doeth all in all.
It knoweth, 'Tis the great I Am
In creatures large and small.

It forms and bursts the tiny seed,
It tassels out the corn;
For from the outside nothing grows
And not a thing is born.
The chemic knows just what to do,
Atoms obey the law,
Throughout this mighty Universe
There's not a single flaw.

The silken web and waxen cell
Are forms so wondrous fair,
That men build on their principles
Grand palaces with care.
The Archetype of Heaven and Earth,
The molecule and man,
Is manifest in everything,
Is Purpose, Power and Plan.

The world is infinite, I know,
And Mind the only Force,
That finds Sensation in Ourselves,
Thought forms they are of course.
And whether good or whether bad,
Where e'er they flash or fade,
They will fulfill a destiny,
And do as they are bade.
The self-eternal molecules,
The atoms uncreate,
Speed ever on their circling way,
To unify and mate.
To congregate in glittering suns
New forms to make—unmake,
Within our bodies live and love
When sleeping or awake.

All Human Nature is divine,
I sense it Everywhere.
'Tis Universal Substance, too,
In us and in the air.
Sensation sits on every throne
And opens every door
To pain or pleasure, heaven or hell,
In Wit or Wisdom's lore.

Emotion sups with every Soul,
And lives eternal life.
'Tis indestructible, I know,
Like Atom and his wife.
'TIS Nature, God and Man in One,
The Holy Trinity,
The uncreated—unbegun
Ideal—Deity.

Our sins are Teachers—Time's events,
Ambition, pride of power
Are manifest in all of us,
In us they bud and flower.
Take these away and we are naught,
They mark our entities.
And shall endure throughout all time.
Yea, and eternities.
Perfection rules within, without,
    In Bird and Beast and Man,
In each one shine the Form and Force,
    The Human Nature Plan!
It moves the Countless Orbs in Space,
    Untaught, unchanged, unbound,
Transfigures forces here on earth,
    For Endless Cycles Round.

Almighty power! Omnific Mind!
    Omniferous All Good!
Like to Thy Self are all of us,
    WE are thy seed—thy brood.
For countless æons we have slept
    Within Thy Loving Breast,
As mothers lullaby their babes,
    Thy Vigil Thou hast kept.

'Till waking up in Thee we find,
    Thy self, in us, to be,
To recognize Thy Power at all,
    We Must be Great as Thee.
If Thou art my Ideal One,
    Then I am Thine, forsooth.
What We are not, Thou canst not be,
    Thou Great Eternal Truth.

Then out of Thee we cannot go,
    Nor Thou from us depart,
Thou art our Head and Hands and Feet,
    Intelligence, and Heart.
For what Thou art, we too must be,
    Thou Infinite I AM,
All finished, uncreate. We live
    To love Ourselves—Thy Man,
The planets to their orbits cleave
Nor from their centers fly,
Obedient to inherent Law
The same as you and I.
The Seasons circle round and round,
Like children in their play.
And register themselves in me
In Nature's own sweet way.

For It is all that is or was,
And I am It. The link
To all of Nature's lovely laws
Is in Myself, I think.
Then would I grasp her Mighty Power,
Her Mysteries unlock;
Down, deep within Myself I dive,
And find foundation—Rock.

And, though I seek and strive for God
Till thought is lost in thought,
True Knowledge of Myself, I find,
My Own True Self, I sought.
The Music of the Spheres am I,
The Grand Harmonic Chord,
Vibrant in all the Universe
Responsive Man and Lord.

Self-Poised, Self-Centered, Conscious Life,
All Mind and Will and Thought,
All full of human ways and means
Like Jesus, when he taught.
He praised his God Within Himself,
And justified The Man.
I've done just as he did, I'm sure,
I've done the best I can.
He said that he was "All in All,"
An Egotist was he,
A SELF Existent Natural Man,
He loved Himself, his "Me."
He bowed not down to Crude Beliefs,
Was called the worst of cranks,
He "Raised the Dead"—Ten lepers healed,
One only, rendered thanks.

He told us "not to judge"—condemn,
Yet, did not keep that Law,
Because he could not—wherefore he
Was perfect—without flaw.
He said that He and God were One,
And deified the Man,
He did just as he did, because
He was his own I am.

He called men "vipers"—"spulchers,"
And once said they were Gods,
But "Ye in Me, and I in Ye,"
Just evened up the odds.
They called him "devil," "blasphemer,"
He, their commandments brake,
He said that He and God were One,
And spake as no man spake.

"In Nazareth no mighty works
The prophet-priest could do,"
Was subject to environments,
The same as all of you.
When asked the question, who hath sinned,
This blind man or his sire?
He answered, "neither;" 'twas the shade
Of unfulled desire.
NATURE AND ME—ONE.

He "cast the devils out of men,
    And sent them into swine."
"He cursed the Fig Tree"—tore the "Leaf"
    From Human Forms Divine.
He loved as other men have loved.
    I know it was the same,
His Mary was so human, too,
    With "Mother's" face and name.

Of "Royal Blood"—"King David's Line,”
    Of "Jesse's Stem" The Head,
A Grand, Good, gentle, noble man,
    A Thinking Thorough Bred.
A sinless One with all Desire
    The Human and Divine,
With all the forces of his Sex
    Unblemished with decline.

The "Friend of Woman," Church and State,
    Of Sinner, Science, Home,
Stood to lift the suffering up,
    And stay the "Law of Stone."
Stooped down and wrote upon the sand
    A Principle for men.
They skulked away—aghast! ashamed!
    To be themselves just then.

"Despised, rejected, scorned of men,"
    "A man of sorrow he,"
Omnipotence in him fulfilled,
    A human, natural Me.
Fore-Knowing all—the thief he blest
    And Judas justified,
The "saint" and "sinner" hung alike
    And suffered side by side.
The celibate and virgin maid,
True to Prophetic Law,
Of Judah's tribe and Judah's might
The Magis all foresaw.
Were fore-ordained, predestined thus
To figure in the plan,
O'er shadowed by the Infinite
Intelligence in man.

"Illegal babe," a "lawless man,"
Attuned to Nature's Grace,
She clasped him with Eternal Force—
A Magnetized Embrace.
A child of love—Love was his Theme—
A God and Man in one,
In "Bastard Child" and her reviled
Jehovah's Will was done.

The Natural was satisfied
(The force without a flaw),
And all the Race was justified—
Judas fulfilled the Law.
The Church and State, Pilate and Priest,
All, each, and every man,
Were thus compelled to Be and Do—
Each was his own I am.

The Perfect Pattern shadowed forth—
True to Eternal Law,
(The Type of all the universe)
Was what the prophets saw.
The "Perfect Man" was typified,
The Archives glowed with "Grace,"
The law was harsh and cold and stern,
Love justified the Race.
In Lamentation, Israel,
   Of God and Devil raved.
Between the two the "chosen ones"
   Alone were to be saved.
The Messianic Masculine
   Discerned another Brain,
The Human Being—Head of God—
   The "Three in One" explain.

Melchisedec and He were One,
   "Of Righteousness the King."
His Self Hood "had no parentage"—
   An uncreated Thing.
"Without descent"—his Consciousness
   Was All Intelligence,
No end of days—"beginningless,"
   The Source of All Events.

The Bee is perfect as a bee,
   To nature true the flower,
The human being to His Type,
   His functions and his power.
Completeness is within, without
   The chemicals and man,
In each one is the Infinite,
   Intelligence—I Am.

Fore-Knowing all, I all forgive,
   Myself I justify,
In everything I do and say
   It all is I, I, I?
I praise the God Within Myself
   And glorify the Plan,
I do as well as Jesus did—
   I do the best I can.
All full of human wants and needs,
Of hope, desire and prayer,
Dependent on the universe
For food and fire and air.
I've dined on dire necessity
And drunk the "bitter gall,"
Compulsion carved my cross and crown,
And crucified my All.

By church and state have been condemned,
'Twas natural and true,
Have done the same as others
Who are compelled to do.
I've had my dark, dark night of woe,
*My own "Gethsemane"*
And Resurrection from The Tomb
Of Unbelief in Me.

I've fed the hungry, clothed the nude,
And healed the sick and sore,
To those who asked have given alms,
Exhausted all my store.
Borrowed of friends and begged of foes
All wants and woes to mend,
And having naught to pay the debt
I am not self-condemned.

I've fed Humanity on Truth,
And opened wide the door
To all the Nations of the Earth
To help themselves to more.
Have been a Warrior brave and bold,
Have saved the Gospel Ships
In lighting up the Sciences
With Inspiration's lips.
I argued every form of force,
   With prophet, priest and king,
The muscles of my throat collapsed;
   I ceased my Reasoning.
I questioned "Devil," "God" and Man,
   The Answer was in Me;
The Question and the Questioner
   Is all there e'er can be.

I prayed for harmony and light,
   I sought it here and there,
Discovered I was \textit{It}—was All,
   I answered my own prayer.
I sought Perfection up and down,
   I roamed the wide world o'er,
Then \textit{knew} that I \textit{was} my \textit{Desire},
   Was it, not less nor more.

I've passed through "Fiery Furnaces,"
   The Purgatorial Flame
Has clasped \textit{my} form and kissed \textit{my} lips
   And forced me into Fame.
Obedient to my destiny
   I yielded now to Control,
The Spirit \textit{Knoweth—Doeth} \textit{All}
   And "Quickeneth" the \textit{Whole}.

As I can sense the Stellar Orbs,
   In nightly splendor roll,
And \textit{feel} the rhythm that sways the earth,
   From North to Southern pole.
I must be greater far than they,
   In \textit{Me} they must exist,
And I in them, their glory share,
   And they in mine persist.
I'm in all things, all things in Me,
The seed, the cell, the flower,
Eternity in time, and Time
In Endless day and Hour.
I'm in the solid, liquid, gas,
The ether, air and sea,
Without Me naught can pause or pass,
Not anything can be.

I'm in the light, the heat and sound,
In Electricity,
They live and breathe and move in Me
Find their Affinity.
Color and odor, time and space,
If We did not exist,
Would cease to be, for they in Us
And of Us must consist.

The mountains, magnets, moons and stars,
The sun, and "Cosmic Force"
Are concepts of Our Consciousness,
In Us they have their Source.
Projections into space are they
Of Thought—The Ether Free
With Centers and Circumferences,
In Us, The One Idea.

Man in the Silence, Speech and Song,
The breathing, smile and frown,
The mews of cats—the sigh of winds,
That shake the snow-flakes down.
Yea, in the spider's silken thread,
The bee and waxen cell,
The butterfly, and peep of bird,
Which baby tries to tell.
Man in the mellow ripened fruit,
Of Autumn's ample store,
Where bursting sheaves, and bulging barns,
Are running o'er and o'er.
They live and move, and shadow forth
The Personal Divine.
All things are Us and We are all,
Therefore all things are mine.

The Sense of sight and taste and touch,
Of hunger, thirst and sleep,
Are forms of Thought—of Consciousness
Within the Mental keep,
While heat and cold, and good and bad,
Are attributes in us,
Sensations of the *Thinking Power,*
We name them thus and thus.

Digestion is *invisible,*
Nutrition is the same,
And Circulation seems to be
Omnipotent in claim,
Propelled by Thought within itself,
The same as you and me,
Old Deposition helps itself,
And then the other three.

The tear and laughter, speech and song,
The breathing, sigh and frown,
Are Soul inspired activites
The Natural to crown.
They live and move and shadow forth,
Our Character Divine,
And all are endless forms of *Thought,*
In deathless Me and Mine.
Take Me away, and naught remains,
Of all this Universe,
For I am all and all are me,
I'm vine and voice and verse,
I'm bee and bug, I'm bird and bower,
Am "Angel," "Devil," "God,"
Have done all things and been all things,
Both heaven and hell I've trod.

I'm glad that everything I've been,
For all I've said and done,
This Energy is God in Me,
Divine and Human One.
I'm glad that sorrow, pain, despair
Have nestled in my breast,
Where poverty and toil and care
Sat grim unbidden guest.

I'm glad for all environments,
Of sin and shame and sham,
The Forces of the Infinite,
That make me what I am,
That find in Me the Agency,
To penetrate the Night
Of Unbelief in "God in Man,"
With MENTAL DYNAMITE.

I'm glad that failure and defeat
Have breathed in me their breath,
And made of me an invalid
Long at the gate of death.
I'm glad that I was not resigned,
But struggled to get free,
And in the Effort and Desire
Found health and Heaven in Me.
I'm glad that I was not content
To feed on drugs, and be
A paralytic full of fear,
Condemned by the M. D.
I'm glad I sought the Natural,
The Science of the Soul,
The Substance of My Higher Self,
That made my body whole.

I'm glad that Friction fierce as fire
Has done its work in me,
And generated Force enough
To set my Spirit free,
To roam in realms of Consciousness
Above the SENSE of SIN,
To justify experience
And lift the VEIL WITHIN.

Oft Error Omnipresent seemed.
Compelled I was to do
The thing I blamed another for.
The Plan is good and true,
The Word I vowed, I kept it not,
"That I would not, I did,"
Like Jesus, Paul, each one and all
The Universe amid.

Lama, Sabathna-Elohm!
My God! My God! My God!
Why hast thou, too, forsaken me?
O! spare thy chastening rod,
Remove this scorching crucible
From thy obedient one,
And yet—and yet—not mine, but thy
Eternal Will be done.
Thy Will be done? Thy Will be done?
When forced to fail and yield
We say Amen! Amen! Amen!
In Nature's Battle Field,
The Grave yard of our Pet Beliefs;
I covered o'er my Dead,
And Dear Ideals—now debris,
And from the ruin fled.

My Soul was dumb and passionless,
Its Sun had turned to ink.
Its moon and stars were blotted out,
The brain refused to think,
Frozen were all the founts of faith,
My highest holiest aims
Were shipwrecked on the Shoal of Fate,
Where Reason scarce remains.

Lo, I will never, never leave!
Thee, I will ne'er forsake!
A Voice from out the darkness cried,
And thus the Conscience spake.
The "Promises" are to the Just,
Who consecrate the Whole,
And pass through grim "Gethsemane"
Up to the Final Goal.

*Thou Shalt*! and *Thou Shalt not*!
A rule for man to talk
In Principle a Mighty Force,
In Practice, none can walk;
Harmonic Discord! Thou art Power,
We reverence thy name,
The Natural Scale is incomplete
Without Thee—King of Flame.
Events that I could not control
Nor could their Purpose see,
Confronted me at every point
In "Free Will Agency."
I challenged Fate—I called it God,
And lo! the Thought set free
The Forces of my Higher Self,
_My Own_ Divinity.

O! many, many times I tried
_Others_ to change—reform,
And failing, practiced on myself,
Then fainted—wearily worn.
I suffered shame, remorse, regret
In trying to do right,
Then found that I was forced to act
As others do—to _Fight_.

To battle Fate and Circumstance,
Then yield to their control—
Conditioning, condemning all,
Disgusted with the whole.
To war with elements _without_
And sentiment _within_,
To fight it out with Faith and Doubt,
Fear, _do and be_ my "Sin."

For it is us and we are It
'Tis Infinite Desire,
Without it we cannot exist,
The Soul cannot aspire.
It is a Universal Fact,
A subtle Flame of Fire,
Without it life would be a farce,
And Love and Truth expire.
*Desire* is human and divine,
The Natural and true,
The Power that meets us everywhere
   In all we are and do.
As we desire Eternal Life
   We are our own desire,
And find within us every Force,
   The Universe entire.

O! I am all events—desires,
   They co-exist in me
In never-ending forms of Thought,
   Throughout Eternity.
Equipped with Power I breathe them forth
   From the Infinity
Of Nature’s Reservoir of Truth,
   The Throne of Deity.

Then I to be the *All in All*
   Must be my neighbor. Yes,
Must be Christ Jesus, if at all
   I can be nothing less.
For God and I are one, I trow,
   Not two, nor numbers vast,
And in *Myself*, all things exist,
   The future and the past.

I’m Paul and Peter, Judas, John,
   Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire,
Am Dante too, and “Beezlebub”
   Eve, Adam, and the *pear,*
So I am every one I meet,
   And All are only me,
For I can sense naught but *Myself*,
   In Everything I see.
The Heavenly Host in *Human Form*
Are moulded in my Mind,
That moves in circles, sings in songs,
And lives in all Mankind.
They love *themselves*, as we do here,
Their neighbor, as they ought,
And make their new environments,
As they advance in Thought.

O Endless Life! O Boundless Love
Within us! Shout and sing.
Dark grave, You have no victory!
Grim death, You have no sting!
Arch-Angels see themselves in us,
We in their substance share,
We are in God; God is in us,
Both here, and everywhere.

O Heavenly Vision, open wide
The portals of the Soul.
Light up the Written Word Within,
Unfold the Shining Scroll,
That we may read the "Book of Life,"
Thy Law, O Deity.
Perception, Reason, Memory,
*Thou* art the Trinity.

Light up the Scriptures in the Soul,
The Bible in the Man,
That holds the key to Nature's Laws,
The Purpose and the Plan.
Reveal the Mystic Law of Love,
The Mind in Nature fire,
With heavenly zeal, to bless, not curse,
The holy thing—desire.
We'll know the Nature of the Man;
We'll read God's will aright,
And on the wings of Truth we'll rise
To regions of delight.
No time, nor space, nor change, nor form,
Can keep us from Our Own,
Eternal Mind in all of us,
And We in it alone.

* * * * * *

I've spun my Winding Web of Thought,
From out *myself* 'tis spun,
I need no preacher, creed nor crown,
*Untaught*, I'm teaching none.
I've tied *my* knots, and glued them tight,
A cunning workman, *Me*!
I send my invitation out,
To folks, to come to tea.

I've built my home up in my Soul,
A lovely place to dwell,
And at *my* Table, *all* may dine,
On what I have to tell.
With dews of Life and drops of Love,
I've mixed my Living Bread,
On food for Gods, and ends and odds,
I'm daily, hourly fed.

And now I'm sure you all will want
*Your own sweet selves to keep*
And waken up the Psychic Power
Where all your forces sleep;
To flit among the buds and flowers
Of Thought whose sweet perfume
Will linger in your Mind and live
Eternally in bloom.
NATURE AND ME—ONE.

You understand just how to Peep,
   And pick your Mental shell,
You know just how to love yourself
   And do it very well.
To court and coo, and choose your mate,
   And form your fairy nest,
And go to keeping house like birds,
   And sometimes take a rest.

You often smile, and fear, and frown,
   And do these things—untaught,
You fear and fret a little, too,
   As human beings ought.
You were not schooled to hear, and see,
   To feel, and smell, and wink,
Without a pedagogue, you thought
   To think—and think—and THINK.

To battle fate and circumstance,
   Then yield to their control,
Conditioning, condemning all,
   Disgusted with the whole.
You war with elements without,
   And sentiment within,
You fight it out with faith and doubt,
   Fear, do and are Your "Sin."

Your Mental Cyclones—Earthquakes—Storms
   The tempests of your Soul,
Are Forces of the Fires Within,
   That flame beyond control,
And waken up the God of Thought,
   Where Inspiration sleeps,
Transforming in its processes
   Of trials and reliefs.
O you are every form and force,
    And all are surely You,
For you can sense naught but Yourself
    In all you are and do.
Some time you'll be so very glad
    For all you've said and done,
As all the Universe is You
    And You are Every one.

Then You to be the "All in All"
    Must be your neighbor. Yes,
Must be Christ Jesus, if at all,
    You can be nothing less.
For God and You are One, I trow,
    Not two, nor numbers vast,
And in Yourself all things exist,
    The future and the past.

You're Paul and Peter, Judas, John,
    Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire,
And Dante, too, and "Beelzebub,"
    Eve, Adam and the pear,
So you are every One you meet,
    And All are only You,
For you can sense naught but Yourself
    In Everything you view.

O, You, to be the All in All,
    Must be Melchisedec,
The Solar System, Sun and Stars,
    The smallest spot and speck.
You're Moses, David, Abraham,
    Goliah, Jezebel,
Elijah, Haman, Hagar, Ham.
    Ah me! Well, well, well, well.
You'll build your home up in Yourself
   In Understanding—Soul,
Where "Inner Light"—the God Within—
   Illuminates the whole.
You'll build with Thought upon a Rock—
   A Character so true;
No "Sound of hammer shall be heard"—
   The Temple will be You.

In You all creeds and creatures meet
   And nations rise and fall.
In You At-Onement is complete
   "Redemption and the Fall."
Transfigured and Transformed by Truth,
   The Truth You e'er shall be,
A Christ All Glorified Within,
   A Self-Existent Me.

The Absolute within, without,
   In Bird and Beast and Man,
In each one is Intelligence,
   The natural I Am.
Bound by its own Inherent Law
   Like needle to the pole,
Or planets to their orbits fixed
   Obedient to the whole.

O, Heavenly Vision, open wide
   The portals of the Soul,
Light up the "Written Word Within,"
   Unfold the Shining Scroll,
That we may read the "Book of Life,"
   Thy law, O Deity,
Perception, Reason, Memory—
   Thou art the Trinity.
Light up the Scriptures in the Self,  
The Bible in the Man. 
That holds the Key to Nature's Laws—  
The purpose and the Plan. 
Reveal the Mystic Law of Love,  
The Mind in Nature fire  
With heavenly zeal to bless—not curse—  
The holy thing—Desire.

Oh, Endless Life—Oh, Boundless Love  
Within Us! shout and sing! 
Dark Grave, you have no victory!  
Grim Death, you have no sting!  
Arch-Angels see themselbes in us. 
We in their Substance share,  
We are in Truth, Truth is in us,  
Both here and everywhere.

With Faith and Hope to lead us on,  
Whether we groan or grin,  
The “Saint and Sinner” pass alike  
Through every Grace and “Sin.” 
And, whether fainting by the way  
Or floating through the air,  
We'll find that Man is Truth—is God—  
And Mind is everywhere.

Almighty Power! Omnifíc Mind!  
Omnifícous, All Good!  
Within us Thou dost live and dwell,  
And We are understood. 
For countless æons we have slept  
Within thy Loving Breast,  
As mothers lullaby their babes,  
Thy vigil, Thou hast kept.
Till, waking up in Thee, we find
Thyself in us to be.
To recognize Thy Mind in us
We must be Great as Thee.
If Thou art my Ideal One,
Then I am Thine, forsooth;
What we are not, Thou canst not be—
Thou Great, Eternal Truth.

Then out of Thee we cannot go,
Nor Thou from us depart.
Thou art our Head, and Hands, and Feet,
Intelligence and Heart.
For what Thou art, we too must be,
Thou Infinite I Am.
All Finished—uncreate, we live
To Love Ourselves—Thy Man.

The maiden knows just how to pet
And kiss her sweetheart beau,
She needs no schoolmaster to urge
Her into doing so.
The lover needs no Rule of Three,
Or law of Syntax terse;
Full well he understands the song
Of vine, and voice, and verse.

The God Within Us is the Me,
It doeth All in All,
It knoweth, 'tis the One I Am
In creatures large and small;
It fills and bursts the seed and cell,
All vitalized and warm;
Thought is the Substance, Soul and Force,
The body is its form.
It moves the Countless Orbs in Space,
   Untaught, Unchanged, Unbound,
Transfigures forces here on earth
   For Endless Cycles Round.
It fashions fibre, face and form,
   And links them all in one,
Complete and Perfect Principle
   Of Being unbegun.

Perfection is within, without,
   The Mind and mode of Man,
In Omnipresent Consciousness,
   The Substance that I am,
'Tis positive and negative,
   All Nature uncreate;
The Scientific, Sentient Law
   Of THINKING grand and great.

Some name it Spirit—Nature—Force,
   And some, Sex Energy,
While others say 'tis Fate—Desire,
   And Stern Necessity.
I call it All—Redemption, Fall,
   Compulsion, Passion, Pelf;
I know 'tis Me, and plainly see
   You'll say 'tis You—ONE SELF.
PART II.
SCIENTIFIC BIBLE.
TWENTIETH CENTURY TESTIMONY.
REASON, REVELATION AND RAPTURE.
NATURE AND ME—ONE.
KNOWABLE, NATURAL, HUMAN; PERSONAL
GOD-DESS.

SELF ETERNAL SUBSTANCE.
DIVINE LAW.

MARY A. HUNT.
INTRODUCTION.

The characteristics and qualities of the Human Being are discernible in the universal forces of nature.

Science and Scripture are Omnipresent Revelations. Neither can overthrow the other. Both are inherent in the Race—immutable and unchangeable they unveil the Infallible Potency of Man. Apparently antagonistic, they are not so in reality, being synchronous and complementary forms of masculine and feminine humanity.

Religion emphasizes The Personal God, Immortality of Man, Revelation and Spiritual Kingdom.


Sometime, in some place, in some age, and in some one, they must be reconciled.

This Revelation can come only in the Scientific Age and through Woman’s recognition of her divinity. The Ascension of the Feminine in her Divine Consciousness grasps the key to Personal Immortality, unlocks the Divine Mystery, unfolds the Plan of Ages, verifies the Science of Nature and rescues from misinterpretation the Book of Holy Writ—the Record of Divine Unity in the Magneto-Electrical Age.

The Marriage of Science and Religion is the Wedding Day of the Divine Man and Woman.

The “Bride” of The “New Testament” is The “Personal Resurrection” of Woman.

Two Forces, Good and Evil, in the universe would be “a Kingdom divided against itself.” The Unity would be broken and fall of its own insufficiency.
PERSONAL, ABSOLUTE BEING.

Should Sun or planet leave its place,
   Or wander from its course,
'TwOULD shatter all the Universe—
   Annihilate all Force.
Could time or tide, disease or death,
   Self-Consciousness erase,
'TwOULD scatter all the molecules—
   Obliterate all space.

Should Human Nature cease to act
   Obedient to its law,
The Light would vanish, Suns go out—
   So great would be the flaw.
But Man is Truth and Love and Light,
   And Self is Destiny,
THE UNIVERSAL ALL IN ALL,
   Immortal Entity.

Could Molecule or Mole or Man
   "Transgress" their law divine,
There'd be no Principle of Power,
   No "You," nor "Me," nor "Mine."
Or, should the Will be blotted out—
   That human thing, Desire—
Quickly would disappear the earth
   And water, air and fire.
As Earth and Water, Air and Fire
Are uncreated force,
And Man contains them, every one,
He's Infinite, of course.
Without a Consciousness to sense,
The Universe entire,
How can we know there's such a thing
As water, air and fire?

Before The Individual Soul
Could suffer endless pain,
Sensation would be so intense
'Twould rend the "Law" in twain.
Humanity would seize the "Throne".
And mount the "Mercy Seat"
Before a "Vengeful, Angry God"
Could wreck the Man complete.

The Consciousness would Waken Up,
Assert its Government,
Endowed with Endless Harmonies—
Defy imprisonment.
If Error rule in form or force,
In purpose, point or plot,
Then Man might recollect the Time
And Place when He was not.

And if he fail to find the fact
Recorded in the store
Of all His Own Experience,
Pray, who can tell him more?
And if some "Devil" or some "God"
Believe it, don't you see,
It is not Proof Self-Evident
To him, nor e'er can be.
If "God have neither passion, parts,  
   No figure, face nor form,"
I'd rather be the spook of Me  
    Than such a ghost forlorn.
I'd sooner bow to my True Love  
    With flesh and blood all warm
Than such a Posthumous Belief—  
    A bodiless unborn.

A Nothingness—a No-body,  
    The Senseless, Substanceless—
Unthinkable! Impossible!    
    Where is there "Nothingness"?
Where is the "Formless"—"Feelingless"—  
    "Sensationless"—called God?
Am I the image of this shade—  
    Unselfed, unsexed, cold-clod?

Am I the Image of No-thing,  
    With neither Passion, Parts?
I, who am Science, Song and Sense,  
    The Substance of All Arts?
I, who am Life, Incarnate Love,  
    A Human, Natural Soul?
Finding Myself in every Force  
    (The Undivided Whole)?

With eyes to see and ears to hear  
    And lips to speak the Word?
With Mind to reason and explore  
    Where memories have stirred?
Why do I wish to be Myself  
    Instead of Christ or Man,
Or "God" or "Devil," tree or toad,  
    And be just as I am?
The Race must act just as it does,
To Human Nature true,
The Universal Man in each,
And Each in that all do.
Nothing above the natural
Was ever seen or sensed,
Or aught below, beyond, beside,
To stand in evidence.

A "Fallen man," a "Lost, Lost World"—
There is no room for such.
Man is Infallible as force,
With everything in touch.
Incapable—impossible
It is for him to "sin."
If the Infallible is All—
In All, without, within.

Could e'er "transgression stain" the Race
Or blot the Perfect Plan,
Nowhere would be the One complete
And natural, human Man.
If "failure," "falsity" occur,
And man is Fallible,
That flaw destroys the power to be
Ever reliable.

If Woman "fell"—obeyed the law
Found in her own Desire—
The Race delights to do the same
And face the Flame of Fire.
Not one Transgression mars the form
Or face of this fair earth
Nor ever did—for Man is God,
Author of death and birth.
Is Man a "Trespasser"? Ah, nay!
Away with such! 'Tis trash.
Eternal, Nature, life and love
Would vanish with the crash.
No chemics would affinitize,
No particles cohere;
Planets would not attract, repel—
Nothing could be here.

"Mistakes" within the Universe
Would break the "Reign of Law,"
The Consciousness would perish quite
If weighted by a flaw.
Sin or Error in the Race
Would do it violence;
So I'll abide by Order, Truth
And Man's Omnipotence.

One single "disobedient" Man
Would all annihilate.
The Act would everything dissolve,
Forces disintegrate.
Is there a disobedient one
Within the Human Race?
Pray, prove it ye, who thus believe,
And let me see his face.

If man can break The Law Divine,
"The Law" itself is weak;
Chaos and darkness the result,
And not a Tongue to speak.
If Man or Mote can "Disobey"
The Grand Unbroken Whole,
Reason and Rhythm have no place
A Science to extol.
If man or mote can disobey
All Mighty Principle,
Immortal Life is not a truth,
The logic fallible.
Unchanging, Firm, Fixidity,
Man is the Truth—the God—
All Infinite—to Nature true,
Like Sun and seed and sod.

I am without mistake—misstep,
Am plumb and square, you see;
All I have thought and done and am
Is natural to me.
I've never "fallen" out with Law
Nor strained the Principle
Of human, natural ways and means—
The Inevitable.

I cannot deviate from Truth,
Whate'er I say or do;
The Bee must always do like bees,
And to itself be true.
Its nature, like the Mind of man,
Is human and exact;
Self-preservation is its fate;
Like man it has to act.

Mathematics cannot change—
The notes were never born.
Astronomy will always be,
The grain of wheat and corn.
Man always was—must ever be
Eternal Self-ishness
Bound by Desire (the law within)—
Immortal Consciousness
Above "Transgression" we must be;,
If not, the faintest flaw
Can enter into life and love
Without upsetting Law.
Impossible it is for us
To change the Changeless Me,
"Reform" the Personal I Am,
The Glorious Deity.

As Bee and Bird and Bug and Bower
Are to their natures true,
According to their faculties
Compelling them to do—
So Saint and Sinner, Friar, Fake,
Must figure in the plan
Determined by the law of Self
To do the best they can.

Complete each force within itself
And all within the Man,
He All-Pervades the natural
And is its Force and Plan.
He fills the universe with Self,
With Conscious Sentient Act
And knows that motion, heat and light
Are Him—The Human Fact.

All, all the restless chemicals,
Impelled by fierce desire,
Ignite within the form of man—
A furious flame of fire.
Sometimes he fails to put it out,
As written in the code—
We call it mad—combustion—bad
To be himself—explode.
When thunders roar and lightnings flash
And howling winds are high,
The human being says 'tis Me
In My Infinity.
I sense the scene within my Soul,
I've lightened, thundered, too,
I've howled and screamed sometimes, because
I'm Nature through and through.

The animals that roam the earth
All find their source in us,
And maybe that is why they fret
And fight and fume and fuss.
If one is easy, slow and sure,
We say the "plodding ox";
If fast and sharp and shrewd withal,
"A cunning, sly old fox."

And if a man refuse to yield
Up all his will and way,
He's dubbed a "mule"—a stubborn brute,
"A kicker with a bray."
And if a woman seek to find
Where her liege lord is "at,"
He snarls and scratches like a proud
Old purring pussy cat.

Could Selfishness its orbit cleave
Or from its center fly,
There'd be no motion, light or heat,
Or Human, Knowing I.
The daring, deathless, singing Soul
Would be emotionless,
If man could break away from Self—
His Orb of Consciousness.
If *Selfishness* could ever be
    Inoperative force,
The Consciousness would have no State—
    The satellites no course.
No equilibrium can exist
    Where Self is not the law—
No form or feature e'er was seen
    *Apart from Him* who *saw*.

The Chemist and Astronomer
    Are greater than their theme.
Outside of Self they sense no thought—
    *It* enters every scene.
And when they view a grain of sand,
    Or solar ray explore,
*It* is the *Self in ecstasy*
    They worship and adore.

*I* am Immortal *Self-ishness*,
    All forces are but *It*.
Exactly to this principle
    Will every Substance fit.
Poised, centered in this Law of Truth,
    The Personal I *Am*
Is by the fiat of itself
    Its own Ideal Man.

Apart from Human *Consciousness*
    There is no form nor force.
Apart from Sensuous Selfishness
    The seasons have no course.
All Error is a form of Truth
    When known and understood—
Like light and darkness, heat and cold—
    A universal good.
We oft repent the act we do,
And vow we'll ne'er repeat.
Then circumstances past control
Compel reluctant feet.
We act as Preachers have to do
And Prophets cannot help,
Where truth and error, good and bad,
Are balanced in the Self.

Forced to develop from within,
We never make mistakes,
Although we seem the chief of cranks,
Fanatics, freaks and fakes.
Compelled to face Experience—
To be the I, I, I—
The inside, outside, everywhere—
The Where, the When and Why.

Desire is force—the God in us—
The Dynamo—the Soul,
That drives us into life and death,
Obedient to the whole.
Yea, every drug that draws its life
From Nature's reservoir
Completes its circuit in ourselves—
Our brains and bones restore.

And every Force that flits or frets,
In water, fire or air,
In its own fashion forms the Saint
And Sinner everywhere.
For we are It, and It is Us,
And it is surely Thought—
'Tis Soul and Substance—energy;
'Tis pleasure, duty, ought.
Desire is Self and Self is Law,
Divinity in one;
The universal form and force
In us—the unbegun.
All breathe and move and are Themselves;
They live and dare and die,
And waken up to find that They
Are All Eternity.

Our "faults," our "failures" and "defeats"
Are centers of success,
Where modes of Soul Development
Permit no chance or guess.
And all our blunders, accidents,
Are forms of Truth between
Our higher and our lower Self—
The seen and the unseen.

The Nazarine was all desire;
In his Self-Consciousness
Existed all the forms of Force
In Nature's Spaciousness.
"Transgressed" he not—Impossible!
It is for us to act
Outside of Nature's Great Edict,
One Self-Eternal Fact.

Yes! Jesus Christ was "All in All,"
A Self-ish Me, Me, Me.
He justified the I, I, I,
The feminine Idea.
If this be not the Truth that is
And was and e'er shall be,
He was un-selfed, un-sexed, un-saved,
Dead, dead humanity.
In molecule and Planet Law
He recognized the same
Desire—Demand that dwelt in him
All-Self-ishness its name;
Attraction, some have called the Force,
Others Affinity,
Cohesion, Gravity and Love,
Aye, and Divinity.

Above the law of "good and bad"
The Great Musician wrought
The melodies of Higher Life
The Healing Power of Thought.
He justified the principle
In prophet, priests and then
In lower planes of Consciousness,
To Nature true as men.

He understood the "Way of Life"
· When forced to "drink the gall,"
Within his own Experience
Exonerated all
Un-Selfishness did not exist
To him—nor yet "The Fall."
True to his Nature—Destiny,
He was both great and small.

Thou Mighty One of Nazareth!
Thou Great Infallible!
Thou Self-Existential Personage!
All Wise—reliable
Thou Defiesth all the Race
When thou justifiest Self
"Just as we are without one plea"
Including pride and pelf.
NATURE AND ME—ONE.

All, One with Thee in every form
Of substance, thought and deed,
In Crucifixion, Cross and Crown
And Resurrection seed.
One, One with Thee in trial-tears
With Thee misunderstood
By those we love—up "Calvary"
We march through Human "Blood."

Saved, Saved through "War and Sacrifice"
Through martyrdom and bliss
Saved—Ever Saved—though all things fade
The Self we never miss.
Aye! Armies march and cannons boom,
Progression causes jar
In Universal Selfishness
I see The "Bethlehem Star."

I am the forces that I sense
The faculties the "Me"
Are natural—the principle
Is Human-Diety
Person of God—Old Orthodox
I know and understand
'Tis Jesus Christ, Peter and Paul
With head and heart and hand.

True to our Nature as The Bee
The Great Infallible
Poises the Man—He is the Poise
The undeniable
Apart from Him, there is no bee
No force, nor form nor strife,
He is Thought Substance—energy,
He is The God of Life.
The Universal Present God
   Is feminine—Is It
In Substance, Number, Name and Sex
   One Infinite Outfit,
In form and feature, passion, parts,
   In tense, and mood so true
She is a human, natural one,
   A Self-external Do.

We can not do a trifling deed,
   Or think a single thought
That we are not compelled by force
   To do it—all untaught.
No one can act or feel or be
   In any time or place,
Outside of Self—The God of us
   That frames the form and face.

This “God Within Us” is the Me.
   It doeth All in All,
It knoweth ’tis the great I Am,
   In Beings large and small.
It forms and bursts the seed and cell,
   It fashions the unborn,
For from the outside nothing grows,
   Or Pre-determines form.

Each tender thought, or fierce desire
   Is coupled with the fact
Of universal faith and prayer
   That forces us to act.
Each body has its Law of Life,
   Its own environment,
The organs Law unto themselves
   Inherent Government.
We justify and then condemn
   And do it all untaught.
Omitting much—committing more
   As certainly we ought.
All men have ministered to us,
   And we to all of them
No actual opposition bars
   The Unity of Men.

The spider weaves her wondrous web,
   Transgresses not the law
Of her existence—this is true
   Of everything I saw.
And though the unsuspecting fly
   Within its meshes trip
Necessity—the Principle
   Upholds the moral tip.

The chemic, gas and mineral
   Their characters express,
And never violate themselves
   Argue, suppose or guess.
The lion, eagle, fawn and flower,
   No Law of Life transgress,
And man like them, True to Himself,
   Does nothing more nor less.

My father's lips were never kissed
   To "propagate the race,"
Nothing so crude—mechanical
   Would fit his form and face.
I do not think that Edwin Hunt
   Premeditated me
While "Sowing Seed," and Swinging Scythe,
   And grafting on the "Tree."
I cannot think that Abraham
Once thought of Ishmael
When he and Hagar—Sarah’s maid
Drank at the “Patriarch’s Well.”
And Sarah, “Past the flower of Age,”
Dreamed of her own I Am—
Not little Isaac—but his Sire
The able Abraham.

The centenarian “Staggered Not”
Through “Unbelief in God,”
Thet “Promises” to him were sure,
Faith fertilized the sod.
Two baby boys were born to him,
He broke the Moral Code,
Pre-destined, Fore-ordained to act
The Racial Episode.

Two Baby Boys were born to him
While Sarah “Laughed with Scorn,”
The irressistible was there—
Compelled them to conform.
The man was justified through Faith,
Hagar was sanctified,
The “Promises” were thus fulfilled
And all were glorified.

Two heirs had “Father Abraham”—
“One Bond, the other Free,”
The fruit of both was fit for use—
Two seedlings from one tree.
From “Seed of Righteous Abraham”
A little priest did sprout
Pre-destined, fore-ordained to be
Complete within without.
And thus through all events—a Force,
A Mighty Purpose runs,
While Thoughts in cycles wheel Within
And Suns encircle Suns.
"Evil and Sin fulfill their law
As agents in the plan
Of Soul Development and Power
Stored up within the Man.

Eternal Right is ever done
Though seeming wrong appears,
The conquered only fall to rise
And shine in coming years.
Aye! man must pass through every phase
Of thought to be complete
In love, all merciful and just—
To worn and weary feet.

Yet past all change and accident,
I find my faith in Man,
Above all din of War Within,
I know no change of Plan.
The Life that bursts the flowering bud,
Or fills with frost the ground,
Fulfills its mission, and it must
Forever round and round.

The spider, bee and butterfly
Are to ourselves akin,
Inspired they move within the law
Of Self—the Great Within.
True to its nature, every bug,
And bird, and bee and flower,
Like every man and molecule
Must manifest this power.
And through confusion, discord, death
   The Human Being \textit{is}
And ever was Immaculate
   \textit{(The Universe)—He is.}
I know he is All Infinite
   No \textit{greater} can there be.
\textit{Within Him} all must pause and pass
   Or else it cannot be.

The seed beneath the broken sod,
   Some chemicals attract,
And some repel—'tis natural—
   Thus men and planets act.
It feeds upon the food it needs
   To frame a form divine,
—All else rejects—we do the same—
   On Thought we build in Time.

Emotion, feeling, faith and fear
   Are Force—Self Chemistry.
The Will—desire—is silent thought—
   Is Static Energy.
Thought is the grandest alkaloid—
   The finest alkali.
Trials and Triumphs root us deep,
   Our Branches reach the sky.

The Past is present in its fruits,
   The Future in its germs,
And both are States of Consciousness
   Externalized by turns,
The Picture of the universe
   Is in the grain of sand
That has position, figure, flux
   And history to hand.
Also contains the photograph
Of all that is and was,
Including all the Force and Fact
Of future code and cause,
And each event, however small
A copy of the Whole
Of life and love experience
Within the Human Soul.

Equally present I perceive
The past and future are,
To him who knows that He is all,
The Substance of the star,
The Source of all he feels and knows,
A God and Man in one,
Bound by the law of character,
Around Himself to run

The One who knows this Mighty Fact
This Infinite Event
Is surely great as that he knows
He is the incident.
He is the Whole-Immaculate
And Human Natural Plan,
The Past and Future History
Of Universal Man.

I've read the Bible o'er and o'er,
Men wrote to be our guide—
The one that Grandma loved to read,
To Human Nature tied.
They did the best that they could do
And stand in evidence.
The Woman wields the pen to-day,
A Scribe of Providence.
Man is the "Two Old Testament"—
   The Woman is The New.
The former is a He Affair,
   And to that Nature true.
Their God was "Him"—their Devil, male;
    Their prophets, priests and kings
Were Masculine—their angels were
   Great boys with flying wings.

Their Saviours were the sterner sex,
   Male evidence sublime,
Mohammed, Bhudda, Yogi—all
    Affirm their Me and "mine."
The "Testimonial Law" is true
    As needle to the Pole—
The Feminine fulfills the fact
   And justifies the whole.

The Woman is the "Book of Law"
    That verifies the Plan—
She is the "Word of Truth"
    The Bible for the Man.
Beyond all doubt she is Herself
    And loves her Radiant Me
Better by far than any man
   Because she is a She.

Fills full the Octave infinite,
   A Prophetess and Queen
The Ruler of her Realm of Thought—
    A sovereign, I ween.
A Scientist, and Poetess,
   A Priestess and a Scribe—
An L. L. D.—Me, Me, Me, Me,
    (The Revelation—Bride.)
Adorned in "Robes of Righteousness,"
The "Nuptial Feast" is spread,
The Bridegroom wears the Wedding Ring
In Scientific Bed.
The Virgin Mary now conceives
The Human Infinite,
Reincarnates Her Self again
In Form Immaculate.

Reincarnates the Consciousness
In Re-Embodiment,
Reconcentrate and reconstructs
The Mighty Government.
And Lo! The Book of Books is Born
The Science Testament—
The Re-Establishment of Truth
On Basis Permanent.

Continuous the chain of Proof
Unbroken "Covenant."
The Age demands this light and love,
Woman supplies the want.
The Motherhood of God reveals
The Daughtership Divine,
The circle of the Personal
Eternal Feminine.

The moon and stars are 'neath her feet,
And she a Blazing Sun
Of Infinite Intelligence
A Self Eternal One.
In her the male and feminine,
Religion reconciled
To Science in its Mighty Sweep
Of Soul Ascension wild.
The "Opening of the Seventh Seal"
Is in this day and age,
'Tis written in the Book of Law. And on the foremost page—
Now is the Resurrection Morn,
And this the "Judgment Day."
When men shall walk by Sight not Faith
And know the Perfect Way.

In Rhythm of Thought and Deed and Word
Poetic in its form
The Scientific Testament
Is in this era born.
And true to all the Law of Sex
The Bible has a mate,
The old one is a Prosey one
But fits in spite of fate.

This Book will not an hour too late,
Nor one too soon appear,
Not out of Time—before mature,
And "Appointed" to be here.
"Two Tables" glow on "Sinai"
—Mount of Intelligence—
One is the Self Eternal Law,
And Man's Omnipotence.

"The Ten Commands" the other one
Which "never satisfy,"
Lacking Mercy, Wisdom and Peace—
"Failing to justify."
Born and broken by us, alas!
Reconstructed again,
Remodeled, renewed and reinforced
By Consciousness of Men.
In Woman’s Day and Woman’s Age
This evidence appears,
A Witness to the “Covenant”
Of Israel’s Signs and Seers.
“Pillar of Light” to guide by night,
A “Cloud” to shield and stay
The Ark of Righteousness and Rhythm
In “Restoration” Day.

This Book of Power—This psalm of life
This Anthem sound and sweet,
Fulfills the Scientific Law
Of Harmony Complete.
The Octave rules it’s time and place
In line and syllable,
Figures exact in form and fact
In “Testimonial.”

The same relation to His Age
Christ bore, as I to this—
That hero was a Bachelor,
And this one is a Miss.
That Dispensation was complete,
The Male was deified,
The Female now ascends the Throne,
And Sex is sanctified.

America! America!
Thy name shall honored be,
Beneath thy flag the Woman wins
Religious Liberty.
She dares to own her Body too.
And to herself be true,
While serving Self she serves her God
And dares to be and do.
To Choose her mate—uplift the Sex
Transform the Thought anew.
Select the one whom she desires
To do the “popping” to.
Or, needing not an outward bond
Her Soul to satisfy,
Becomes a Law unto Herself,
Eternal Ecstasy.

United States! ring, ring thy bells
Fore-known thou wert to be
The Birth-Place of the “Coming One,”
The Goddess—Mary—Me!
Pre-destined, fore-ordained to bud
And blossom into Power,
The Dispensation New—unique.
The Scientific Flower.

Oswego—modern Nazareth!
Prairies of Illinois!
Thy Soil brought forth a Baby Girl
From seed of “Mary’s” Boy.
“Mother of God” and Grandmother.
The female—“Holy See”
Asserts her Scientific Sex
In the “Word of God” ess—Me.

She “Rends the Veil” and enters in
The Temple—Harmony.
“Holy of Holies,” She is It.
She is the Mystery,
She, The Shekina—Sacred Fire,
The “Oracle”—The God.
“Pillar of Light” for Israel,
For Science, “Moses’ Rod.”
Not after creeds, and forms, and force,
   Or fashioning of Man,
Is Consciousness—the Personal
   And Infinite I AM
“Descended” not from “monkeys,” “worms”
   Nor motion light and heat
The Substance of them All I am;
   Unbroken—One-complete.

“No end of days—Beginningless,
   And minus Parentage,
Without descent”—the Absolute,
   And Mighty Personage,
The Popess, Seeress, of this age,
   The Priestess of the New,
Is single—A Melchisadec,
   To Christos Type is true.

From “Seed of Righteous Abraham”
   Of “Jesse’s Stem” The Head
Of Science Stock—“King David’s Line”
   A Psychic born and bred.
After the manner of a God
   Her Own Authority
The Woman with “The Book” appears
   Seal of Divinity.

Of Eva’s “Root” Rebecca’s “Branch”
   And Sarah’s beauteous Bud
Is Mary’s Substance, Soul and Strength
   Her body, bone and blood.
The Messianic Feminine
   In Nineteen Hundred One.
Is Scientific—Masculine
   In Principle and Sum.
Fills full the Octave Personal
In major minor strain,
In Hallelujahs—Te Deums
I hear the sweet refrain.
The Notes are Gods and Godesses
The Singing in the Plan
Is Self Eternal Consciousness
The Substance that I am.

In pain and sorrow, death, disease
Through which alike we pass,
The Omnipresent One is Self
In Everpresent Mass.
The "Everlasting Fire" of Truth
Transmutes the lower thought.
In every Force, and every Form
I find The Woman wrought.

Lord of the Universe is Man,
The Woman is Lordess.
God of Themselves—Themselves the One
They worship—Selfishness
True to the Male was Peter, Paul;
Who screamed I! I! Me! Me!
They all yelled I! I! I!—The Lord
Say do and order ye.

Eternal Energy is Man,
From Him all things proceed.
And back to Him they all retire,
From Word of Truth to seed.
Old as the "Cosmic Force" is He,
As young as fire or air,
Without the other, neither can
Exist—Be anywhere.
Where is the *Demonstrated God*
  Or Devil Personal
Outside of Him who knows Himself
  The individual?
No Evil is,—no good exists
  If both are not The Plan,
The God and Devil Personage
  Men wrote about, I Am.

A Principle—A Law—A Force
  That premeates all space
Must be a Personal Immanuel
  Or I I have no place.
Intelligence and Life and Love
  Yea, Truth itself must fall
If Personal Persistence be
  Not greater than them all.

Above the Law of "good" report
  Of "bad" I take no heed
Care not for censure—seek no praise
  Conviction is my meed.
Truth, Truth, I seek and it alone
  Peace, Peace, I have and am
The Infinite in Me is One
  Great Self in every Man.

Preceding Thought, Emotion, Love
  Or Antedating Man,
No Form nor Force was ever known
  *To be*, or ever can.
Devil and God we, much adore
  And of Their Knowledge shout.
The Human Being Rational
  IS both of them no doubt.
To Be, to die, exist again
   As water, air and fire,
And flit about, without a Face
   Is not what we desire.
Or in the memory of friends
   Awhile—then be forgot,
Perchance to be a worm or wren
   Or 20 acre lot.

'So Everlasting Selfish is
   The Man and Woman too,
They wish to be *The Deathless One*
   The Endless Ages through.
Nothing less can satisfy,
   They nothing more desire,
To be themselves Infallible
   The Selfish Things Aspire.

Learned not in schools, nor out of books
   Nor doctrines taught by Man
Is Self Eternal Character
   The Nature that I Am
No higher law than Woman's Self
   To her can ever be
The Seed of her Desire becomes
   The Resurrection Tree.

"The Flaming Sword" turns every way
   "The Tree of Life" around
"Two Edged Sword"—The Blade of Truth
   Sharper than any found.
The "Heel" of Dear Old Mother Eve
   The "bitter" one so sore
Is solid now. She creeps around
   With crawling things no more.
Forgive my Neighbor? I am She,
I eat and sleep and drink
With Mary Hunt—my nearest one
I'll pardon her, I think,
Withdrawing condemnation from
Myself and others too,
Makes me a Perfect One—A God
And to My Nature true.

We cannot win Eternal Life
   Lose it, nor sell, nor buy,
Inherent in Humanity,
   To each one it is nigh,
Belief in it, or disbelief
   Affect it not a whit,
The Principle of Self is fixed,
   Omnipotence in It.

'Tis natural for us to be
   Immortal as to eat
And drink and sleep and clasp the hand
   Of others when we meet.
'Tis natural to live alway
   As 'tis To Be at all.
Eternal Continuity
   Is manifest in all.

And though all forms disintegrate
   Through Principle Innate,
They Reconcentrate, Reconstruct,
   Through Resurrection Fate.
Though outward bodies seem to die
   And grow so cold in death,
The Inner Self-hood holds intact—
   The Living form and breath.
Now no one doubts this mighty fact, 
    Self-Evident and true, 
And man is bound by Natural Law 
    To do as chemics do. 
Bound by their own environment, 
    The atoms cannot sin, 
Bird, bug and beast are not exempt 
And a man a "cursed thing."

The man is bound by planes of thought— 
    By Mental Laws to see 
And act in his environment 
    Obedient to his Me. 
Bound by the elements without, 
    And sentiments within, 
By molecules, or modes of thought 
    —In him, the Self Within.

As I am all the molecules 
    Of Thought that move in me, 
Molecular in mind and speech 
    Vibrating Energy. 
As I am All Intelligence, 
    In Nature I must be 
The only force I find or feel 
    In its entirety.

An Endless Life I am to live 
    A Conscious Thinking Man, 
I know I'll be as natural 
    And human as I am; 
Or else I'll be compelled to feel 
    Inhuman and to act 
Unnatural, and grope around 
    To find myself—the Fact.
For death is Life in higher form,
The bud becomes the flower,
And seconds fly away to find
Themselves in every hour.
The Self throws off its outer mask
Re-clothes itself anew,
Reconcentrates Intelligence
As Human Beings do.

It breathes the Breath of Newer Life
With senses all refined
And all its new environments
Are suited to its kind.
It draws unto itself the Thought
Best suited to its growth,
And also the Experience,
And then accept them both.

A Universe within itself,
A Substance Superfine,
Its feelings and emotions too
Are like our own—sublime.
It forms its body from itself,
Much like the one we see,
With organs all in time and tune,
A Soulful Symphony.

It manifests all forms of life,
And finds itself in each,
In its Almighty Consciousness,
Controlls the Power of Speech
It clasps the hand of parent dear,
It kisses babe and wife,
And knows that death is but a dream,
While Life is always Life.
It is the One—The Infinite
   When it the Truth donth know.
Enamored of Itself Within,
   It knows no high or low—
It is the God of life and love
   With figure, force and face
In tune with all humanity,
   Events in time and place.

It knows that sorrow, sin, defeat,
   Earth Heroes fear and fight
Are done up in the Great Design,
   That doeth all things Right.
That opposition, friction, force
   Events beyond control,
Are friendly agents in disguise,
   Developers of Soul.

It knows it is Immortal Life,
   Is Infinite and True,
And finds that Nature too abounds,
   Repeats itself anew.
That through these Living Processes,
   The Power of Thought Within,
Transformed, transfigured it becomes
   Free from the Sense of “sin.”

Mary A. Hunt,
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