

SCIENTIFIC BIBLE.

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REASON—REVELATION—RAPTURE.

Twentieth Century Testimony.

NATURE AND "ME"—ONE.

Knowable, Human, Natural, Personal God.

SELF-ETERNAL SUBSTANCE.

*Natural Law.*

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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.

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## 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 belive 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.

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*Eternal Self-Consciousness.*

I AM WHAT I AM.

*The Perfect Law.*

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*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  
 Informs that Father *why*,  
 And *where* and *how* that youngster learned  
 The art of yelling I—

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.

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,  
 Stooped down 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 Ressurrection 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 open 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 *It*—was All,  
 I answered my own prayer.  
 I sought Perfection up and down,  
 I roamed the wide world o'er,  
 Then *knew* that I *was* my *Desire*,  
 Was it, not less nor more.

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

As I can sense the Stellar Orbs,  
 In nightly splendor roll,  
 And *feel* the rhythm that sways the earth,  
 From North to Southern pole.  
 I must be greater far than they,  
 In 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 activities  
 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—worn—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.

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.

\* \* \* \* \*

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 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 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! Omnific Mind!  
 Omnificous, 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.

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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.

Science proclaims The Reign of Law, Indestructibility of Matter, Rule of Reason and Kingdom of Force.

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-Existent Personage!  
 All Wise—reliable  
 Thou Defieth all the Race  
 When thou justifieth Self  
 "Just as we are without one plea"  
 Including pride and pelf.



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,"  
 That "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 irresistible 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 *is*  
 And ever was Immaculate  
 (The Universe)—He is.  
 I know he is All Infinite  
 No *greater* can there be.  
*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, Yogis—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 fore-  
most 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 Prose 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 Goddesses  
 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,  
Controls 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 doth 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."

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