

Section: U.S. - 100-100

# Believest Thou This

BY



*Author of*

"The Temple of The Living Christ"

*and*

"The Ideal as A Dynamic Force"

BF 1301  
D3

*Copyrighted 1913 by the Author*

21

8.75-

©Cl.A347345



*A. J. Henken*

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.  
Believest thou this?

*St. John, XI. 26*



## Introduction

A preface to a book is usually deemed essential as a justification of motive. These introductory lines, however, do not involve such necessity, being explanatory rather than apologetic; for the writer lays no claim to the authorship of the poems that follow.

These poetic messages were received clairaudiently from a source external to the writer, claiming to be the soul of Adah Isaacs Menken, and are the *sequelæ* to a volume of poems issued before the demise of that writer, under the title of "Infelicia," and dedicated to Charles Dickens, who gracefully acknowledged the compliment in an autograph letter which was reproduced in that work.

Miss Menken, a most beautiful woman

and a celebrated actress, passed into the Beyond in the summer of 1868. Her biography may be found in the second edition of her book, issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company in 1888.

That the poems that constitute this companion volume, and the unusual method by which they have been produced may be better understood, the writer will explain that for years she has experienced auditory impressions, as if addressed in oral language, so distinct as to leave no doubt concerning the nature of the message intended to be conveyed.

In the early part of January, 1899, the first poem included herein, "Passing Out Into Life," was received. From then until the end of that month an additional poem was dictated daily, at which time the writer's mission as an amanuensis ceased.

Realizing how impossible it is, outside a work specially dedicated thereto, to convey any distinct idea or knowledge of the psychic faculty herein utilized, the

writer wisely refrains from any attempt to do so.

Her chief aim in penning these prefatory lines is to establish the fact of the spiritual and mental affinity between the real author and herself; and to ask an indulgent public not only to accord to Miss Menken such praise as the poems may deserve, but also to receive them in the same spirit as they are given to the world.

The writer ventures the assertion that, if the reader will peruse the poems in the original collection, he will not fail to note in these later effusions, though they breathe a more optimistic strain, a characteristic similarity to the weird, fantastical diction that clothes the sentiments of "Infelicia." Furthermore, she begs that, should critical minds condemn, or find small merit in this little book, their censure may fall upon *her* for having failed in some respects accurately to record the beautiful expressions that came to her from one living beyond the grave.



To close with Miss Menken's own words, written in that Past when she was still a plodder in Earth's bleak byways—

“Meekly I have toiled and spun the fleece.

All the work ye assigned, my willing hands have accomplished.”

A. P. D.

You promised that I should ring trancing  
shivers of rapt melody down to the dumb earth.

You promised that its echoes should vibrate  
till Time's circles met in old Eternity.

You promised that I should gather the stars  
like blossoms to my white bosom.

You promised that I should create a new moon  
of Poesy.

—MENKEN: *Miserimus*.



## CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	7
PASSING OUT INTO LIFE . . . . .	15
ILION . . . . .	29
REPENTANCE . . . . .	33
LOVE'S ENJOINING . . . . .	38
INVOCATION . . . . .	44
THOU KNOWEST . . . . .	47
WHEN WILL YE HEED ME . . . . .	55
YE MYSTICS . . . . .	63
SOUL'S ASPIRATION . . . . .	72
GENIUS DIVINE . . . . .	81
SELF-DIVINITY . . . . .	85
I LOVE THEE . . . . .	92
SWEET MOTHERHOOD . . . . .	100
SNOWFLAKES . . . . .	104
FEAR NOT . . . . .	107
FREEDOM'S JOY . . . . .	112
ADMONITION . . . . .	117
CONQUERORS . . . . .	119
ROYALTY . . . . .	125



## Passing Out Into Life

### I

**M**Y pilgrimage through earth-life was one long wail of woe, of yearning and lament:

My soul, unsatisfied, craved for heights I could not reach.

I climbed and climbed the slimy walls of a prison, the bars of which I could not break.

When all the world was clothed in darkness, I breathed out my song of woe:

To a God I could not understand,

To a nation who did not know me,

## Believest Thou This

To a world I did not benefit.

Unawakened to the great glory of my soul, I turned my longing eyes to heaven to find that the God *I now know*, was always a part of my own being!

When I passed into this glorious reality, 'twas like an awakening from a terrible dream, the horror of which clung to me until I realized I was indeed free from the physical earth-form that had dragged me down to the lowest depths of despair.

Now I breathe the pure air of a beautiful existence I had often dreamed of!

At last I am free—free!

# Passing Out Into Life

## II

I WILL not dwell on the ecstasy that filled my soul when freed from its prison.

My grand, triumphal march into spirit land was led by the god I worshipped in the flesh—the god of Love, who inspired my longing heart to express so poorly the sobbing echo of a genius I had ignored.

My mission, unfulfilled then, I shall now start the battle-cry of life!

Life eternal!

Life unencumbered by the carnal flesh I had so abused and mutilated!

I come again as spirit—

An emanation of Divine Mind!

An ethereal Essence that travels like air!



## Believest Thou This

A substance without weight!

The glory of my vision has been intensified, and from afar I view the surging mass of poor humanity, rushing wildly into the hell they themselves have created.

Oh, it is pitiable!

And yet Eternal Law must be fulfilled!

The everlasting cry for happiness rushes far into the silence of each soul, and some day, satiated with vain desires of the flesh, the spirit will reach out beyond externals, and grasp the joys that have been buried in the inner senses for ages.

### III

TO each expression of Divine Mind a mission has been allotted, which must be performed sooner or later.

## Passing Out Into Life

If thou playest truant, the great Schoolmaster uplifts the wand of warning and thou shrinkest back into thy creeping flesh in fear and wrath, because thou dost not know that the God thou hast been taught to worship has been maligned.

O God of Love! God of Truth!

Awaken thy children to the mighty powers of the invisible forces ceaselessly working through them out into the light, which shall illumine their pathway throughout eternity!

### IV

**O**UT into the night!

With all the grewsome shades that hover o'er poor humanity, I fold my white robe about me and watch the ebbing out of passions that are weakened by their own force.

## Believest Thou This

I know that somewhere in the universe each soul in time shall find its mate, and all the yearnings of the Past shall be forgotten.

I stretch forth my hand to beckon on to higher realms, where longing souls can quench their thirst at the ever bubbling fountain where all is love, hope, and beauty!

I whisper such sweet words of melody to ears that cannot hear.

This universal love I feel must a responsive soul attune, for with all God's creatures I am one!

I want to lift thee by the power of my love to the ecstatic joy that has come to me!

I know the way now; come, let me lead thee!

I passed out of a poor, frail, weakened body only to become a great warrior.

## Passing Out Into Life

A multitude of unseen forces  
are laboring with me to remove  
the chains that bind thee down as  
tightly as they once bound me.

Come! unbar the stable door  
and let the Christ be born!

The divinity within thee is fight-  
ing for a mental atmosphere of  
aspiration!

The Heaven-born child of Wis-  
dom is weary of the charnel house  
that has sheltered Fear so long!

Come—where all is love and  
peace!

### V

**O**H! freedom without limit!  
Possession without effort!  
Victory without battles!

All—all are thine!

Come—desire! aspire!

And claim thine own!

## Believest Thou This

Creep out of that house of flesh at will, and live in the spiritual exaltation where *mind* governs all things!

Once the limitations have been passed, the aerial flight through space will open wonders to thine eyes and ears;

Thy whole being will expand to a mightiness that will exceed the mind's conception, until repetition familiarizes the soul with its own greatness;—

Then with the power of a million worlds thou wilt cry with me—

“We are all one, and one is God!”

If the arid desert of *one life* be cooled and brightened because of me, my soul in glory will expand and chant sweet psalms forevermore!

## Passing Out Into Life

To live and breathe throughout eternity!

O Life! how beautiful thou art!

This endless activity—this reaching—climbing—struggling to attain the highest!—

Onward! upward! celestial flight—dimming the stars in our brilliancy!

A shapeless Something etherealizing into form, then disappearing into nothingness—and wondered at—

O God, how great thou art!

### VI

**T**HROUGHOUT the vast reality of what my spirit recognizes as expansion—in endless ages of a firm desire to be the individual Self—bereft of all

## Believest Thou This

but what contributes to the universal Whole—

The herculean strength increased, etherealized into zephyrs so light, so airy that none but the chosen few can perceive its flight—

Aspiring soul, thou hast no limitation!

Confucius and the wise men of the East, great masters of the esoteric world, probed Nature's womb, and found all treasures buried there.

The atom in its tiny world reveals strange mysteries to build gigantic truths upon:

So, in that form of matter which thou dreamest is real, no portion but the halo has a substance.

The clinging spirit, in activity and life, gives animation and desire.

## Passing Out Into Life

The sepulchred form is but a mausoleum from which the living Christ is born!

Rejoice! O weary heart! and keep that temple sacred to the grandeur of Divine Intelligence!—impregnating thy whole being with a radiance that can illumine and inspire all God's creatures!

### VII

**I**N thy pathway I throw red roses—

Mine own heart's blood that drop by drop oozed from the house of flesh I once did revel in;

Where I crucified the demon of an earth's desire.

Sweet violets, too, I hand thee—a symbol of the highest aspiration;

Forget-me-nots and buttercups, that lift their little heads so high



## Believest Thou This

to catch the fragrance of the  
brighter flowers:—

Love, aspiration, purity, and  
truth!

When wilt thou claim them?

When wilt thou be free?

Now! weary one, now!



## Ilion

“While Ilion, like a mist, rose into  
towers.”

**M**YSTICAL dreams that  
bewilder the senses,  
Mystical visions that  
dance through the mind,  
Mystical fairies that hover  
around us,  
Mystical truths that but few of us  
find!

Doubting yet hoping,  
Fearing yet longing  
For the weird fancies that few may  
perceive—

Upholding—sighing—  
Denying—crying—

## Believest Thou This

. Why do these images come not  
to me!

Beautiful thoughts must ennoble  
the thinker,

Beautiful words bring joy and good  
cheer;

Beautiful deeds in the moments of  
sorrow—

Beautiful truths that the whole  
world may hear!

Waiting and working,

Hoping and trusting,

Patiently striving God's methods  
to learn;

Onward! keep going—

Believing and knowing

Quicken the fire that forever will  
burn!

Knowledge will come when we  
strive for possession,

## Ilion

Wisdom soon follows the mind  
well attuned;

Love holds the light that illumines  
our searching,—

Truth the firm rock on which souls  
have communed!

Knowledge is thine!

Wisdom divine!

Following principles of Nature's  
vast whole!

Great in endeavor—

Aspiring forever—

Man is a god, aye, in power and  
in soul!

Spiritual courage enlightens the  
mind!

Spiritual essence of soul life you'll  
find!

Spiritual whispers we list for afar,  
Spiritual eyes that can pierce  
through a star!

## Believest Thou This

Rapture entrancing—  
All things enhancing—  
Deep into depths of the Soul's  
surging sea!  
Joys so ecstatic—  
Truths so emphatic—  
Bringing great glory to thee and  
to me!

'Waken thy heart to this inner  
sensation!

'Waken thy soul to the great  
Emanation!

'Waken thine eyes to this vision of  
beauty!

'Waken thine ears to a sense of  
thy duty!

Higher and higher—

Aspire! oh, aspire!

Delve with the mystics, and learn  
to be free!

## Ilion

Spirit will guide thee,  
Love will abide thee—  
There is only one God for thee  
and for me!



## Repentance\*

**S**TAR of my soul!  
I bow to thee in humble  
supplication!

Thy wrongs were bravely borne.  
E'en though I robbed thee of a  
joyous childhood, I cannot check  
thy budding soul from reaching  
beauteous growth.

Every heartache thou hast known,  
I've suffered for, and through  
my agony of contrition made  
atonement!

Every tear thou hast shed, casts  
a brilliant lustre in the shim-  
mering light that is bursting  
through the clouds which now  
encompass thee!

---

\*This message was given for a father to his daughter,  
G. T. C.

## Repentance

My sorrowing child, open wide  
the pearly gates of Intuition!

Let in the light that will soothe  
and comfort thee forevermore!

Be thine own guide;

Seek in the recesses of thine inner  
self, and soon thy tortured heart  
will vibrate with a strange sen-  
sation which will radiate thy  
whole being into an ecstasy of  
aspiration and expansion!

Teach thy heart the sweet melody  
which is stealing into the depths  
of thine understanding — so  
gently—so softly! lest the rude  
awakening startle the old  
thought of grief and fear thou  
hast nestled so long to thy warm  
flesh!

Tear out these vipers that have  
sucked thy warm blood, and  
held thee down to an atmos-



## Believest Thou This

phere which shall no longer contaminate thee!

Reach out, O great Soul!

Revel in the new life which every wave of thought ushers in to lead thee in triumphant glory to the blessings of a real existence!

The echoing sob of a dream thou hast nourished so long may mar the sweet placidity of the new-born soul, until thou tearest out the venomous fangs that pierced thy white flesh!

Thy great love nature, ever longing for response, can never glean one ray of satisfaction in a world of limitation,—

So keen and powerfully magnified are all the fibres of thy nature compared with other creatures!

## Repentance

The very weight of thy passion  
crushes what it lights upon!

The sobs and tears, forced back  
into thy bleeding heart, have  
all been housed with the gods!

Somewhere in Eternity they will  
float like little gems to light thee  
on to life immortal.

Child of my real self, draw near  
me in thought!

I beg forgiveness—

Mine ignorance was the cause of  
all offense.

My restless soul will anchored be  
to grief, until thy sweet self  
will nestle in mine arms con-  
tent!

I could not more humbly beg thy  
forgiveness wert thou a million  
times a Queen and I a serf!

Roll from thy heart that huge  
stone of Malice;

## Believest Thou This

Let love flow in with all its mighty  
power!

And when thy slumb'ring soul  
awakes in that pulse-quicken'd  
form—

Praise God of whom thou art a  
part!

The beacon light is burning now,  
The signal hath been given thee!  
And from afar I wait with joy  
The hour that brings mine own  
to me!

Emotion's Queen! Celestial fire,  
That makes thy throbbing heart  
afame—

Dismiss the False—accept the  
Real!

Let earth condemn—and Heaven  
acclaim!

## Loves Enjoining

God sends His teachers unto every age,  
To every clime and race of men,  
With revelations fitted to their growth  
And shape of mind; nor gives the realm  
of truth

Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

—*Emerson.*

### I

**M**Y child! thy tangled skein  
of hope, which hangs so  
high in air for one brief  
moment,

Quivers in the breeze of doubt,  
then falls to earth.

Draw near to me!

Let me question thee.

To be in communication with the  
psychic forces, whether form

## Believest Thou This

or spirit, thou must keep the  
beating of the pulse—the mind  
—the atmosphere wherein thou  
breathest, in perfect harmony  
for receptivity;

Sensitive to all conditions—thy  
chosen friends but few;

Bar out from view—from touch—  
from thought, such elements as  
interpose 'twixt thee and thy  
desires.

Art thou ready all pleasures to  
forego?—

All actions to forswear but what  
will benefit the whole?

If thou canst lend submission truly,  
child of my soul, be great!

I bring thee aid from armies well  
equipped to win great battles;

I bring thee all the cherished hopes  
I never realized on earth, now

## Loves Enjoining

multiplied a thousand times in power!

I forcé from out the limitless depths of thine own self the genius thou hast so long neglected!

Thy searching mind has yearned from childhood to bridge the mystical chasm which separates thee from all the glory the aspiration of thy soul now claims.

The forces that ushered thy life into earth-form hovered o'er thee then as now;

They placed the insignia on thy brow by which the world could designate thee from others.

The myriad trials, weaknesses, and faults which did beset thee, have brought thee purified into an existence of bliss,—by the overcoming and the crucifying of the flesh, which thou shalt soon attain.

## Believest Thou This

Communion with the mighty souls  
that do surround thee, has  
awakened thy mentality and  
inner senses to a degree of sus-  
ceptibility that shall startle the  
skeptical into an understanding  
they have so long denied.

Draw nearer, my child!

I love thee so, for thy sweet grace  
and sympathy to all!

I need not tell thee to waft on every  
breeze the tidings of our sweet  
communion!

I want the world to know I still  
live!—

I *shall* live throughout eternity!  
Through the powers of an unseen  
God, I greet you.

I breathe!—I live!—I love!

Oh, the joy of Live immortal!

# Loves Enjoining

## II

I AM a wave that dances on the  
sea!

I am a flower, with fragrance so  
faint and delicate I permeate all space!

I am a star, so brilliant and effulgent, my rays penetrate thy heart and blind the little demons of fear and doubt which have nestled there so closely!

I am electric!

I am magnetic!

An unseen force!

I grasp the filmy, spidery webs that clogged the progress of thy mind!

I will rend them apart, and scatter the fragments into a Chaos thy limited intelligence created!

I will purge the old dogma of



## Believest Thou This

Unbelief into a comprehension  
of thine own greatness!

I will force you with the mighty  
army of Truth to tear down the  
false gods of Materiality, and  
to unfurl the banner of Immor-  
tality and Life!

*We are all one!*

We always were!

We always shall be!

*There is no death!*

## Invocation

**T**HOU All-controlling Spirit!—  
Thy mighty and majestic  
Presence is ever near!

All nature bows to Thy supremacy!

In this most glorious revelation to  
Thy children, I invoke thine aid.

Oh, Spiritual Emersion so long  
delayed, engulf Thy subjects  
into an ocean so deep, so bottomless,  
that extrication is impossible,  
until they have forced the priceless  
gems from out the grassy meshes of  
Materiality which had concealed their birth!

Immaculate and holy in Thy conception,  
let the purity of Thy presence  
penetrate the mouldy

## Believest Thou This

chasms of their slumbering  
hearts!

Awaken them, O monarch Mind!  
to all their bounteous posses-  
sions!

Cleave unto them as the ivy to the  
oak.

Shield them from the serpent's  
coil!

O God of Love!

O God of Truth!

O God of Life!

Let Thy spirit permeate every  
atom of Man's form to the  
understanding and acknowl-  
edgment of Thy presence!

Burn out the lacerated, corrupted  
mass of ignorance by the fire  
of Thy love!

Tear open those glassy eyes which  
have been closed so long they are

## Invocation

creeping back into a wormy  
brain to rot!

Wedge them open wide that they  
may behold Thy flaming torch  
of Truth!

Let Thy fluidic Essence rush into  
the lymphatic veins, and so  
course through that universe of  
flesh that each will shriek with  
joy—

“God is Life!”

“God is Truth!”

“God is Love!”

I now acclaim Thy power, Al-  
mighty Spirit!

## **Thou Knowest**

### **I**

**D**EEP down in the silence of  
each soul Mind's essence  
has been implanted.

Starve not thy hungry heart for  
love.

Plunge into the shadowy vale of  
thine inner life, and drink at the  
Inexhaustible Fountain, the  
sparkling elixir that will satisfy  
thy craving!

Let no individual heart claim thee .  
as subject—

Be monarch thyself!

Wield the sceptre of power o'er all  
nations!

Love is the mighty weapon which

## Thou Knowest

embraces and conquers the universe!

Be brave and loyal to thy subjects,  
e'en when thou art condemned,  
ridiculed, and jeered at.

Uphold thy just cause—stand firm  
on the solid rock of thine own  
convictions!

Hold silent thy tongue;—

Deaden thine ears to opprobrious  
names;—

Close thine eyes to thy deformed  
effigy;—

Seek thine own sanctuary, and  
whisper so softly that only the  
angels may hear—

“Thou knowest!”

## II

**T**HOU knowest all that is en-  
dured for Truth's sweet  
sake!

Thou knowest every weary wave

## Believest Thou This

of doubt that rushes wildly into the vast expanse of hope, and so fills true hearts to joyous overflowing!

The blind—the deaf—the dumb, do stand and try to teach the Knowing how to *speak*—to *hear* to *see*; and when they dare resent the opposition, do sneer and vilify the brave exponents of a truth so grand—so mighty their cramped and narrow intellects cannot grasp it.

Wait! God's chosen ones—wait!  
The Word shall be spoken!

All the Babylonian temples built upon the sand shall totter and sink into their own nothingness!

The gaping and blood-stained victims of the gods they created, will cry out and gnash their teeth in wild and demoniac despair!

## Thou Knowest

Wait—wait—wait!

Thou, great and noble Soul, forgetting all the infamy heaped upon thy head, wilt stretch forth thy hand to lift, comfort and cleanse the putrid mass of accumulated ignorance into a realization of the holy temples they have degraded.

Tear off the winding sheet of Death—

Tear off the grimy mask that has concealed the Real so long, and into that deep and sodden grave—dug with their own hands—heap the mouldy earth, with its foulness and crawling worms!

### III

**T**HOU knowest! Thou knowest!

All Thy creatures are dear to Thee!

No soul can be lost!



## Believest Thou This

The blinding Night shed such darkness the light could not penetrate; the Serpent with his shiny scales charmed and fascinated; the weight of gold clung so closely to thy flesh thou couldst not rise to higher realms!

I will flash such stars of light and brilliancy that they will startle the old Serpent into a stupor, and bejewel the heavens with one blazing glory!

The pure metal of thine inner self shall shame the earth-gold thou didst so prize.

I come without the cross that weighted down the weak, frail form which men were pleased to praise;

I enter unannounced, like a flood of sunshine stealing through thy curtain'd window;

## Thou Knowest

I perfume thy chamber with the  
fragrance of the gods;  
I creep into thy warm bosom to  
rouse that slumbering heart to  
action!

All is Love!

All is Life!

All is God!

### IV

**O**UT in a lonely spot there  
lies a grave that holds a  
form I once did call mine  
own.

Deep out of sight, in a casket—  
Forgotten by all—

My faults—my sins—my weak-  
nesses, lie buried in that mould  
of clay.

My mind—my soul—my *Self*, leapt  
from its prison house, and sought

## Believest Thou This

the Paradise I long had dreamed  
of.

And from afar I see the moon-  
light's silver rays upon the stone  
which marks my earth-form's  
resting place.

And there engraved I read the  
old familiar words—

“Thou knowest!”



# When Will Ye Heed Me

## I

**Y**E Voices that have been  
housed with the gods of  
Superstition for ages be silent,  
that my people may hearken  
unto me!

I fling from me my foamy  
drapery, and dive deep into the  
sea to bring back the echo of some  
sweet melody to charm your dying  
souls into life!

I tear the clouds from out the  
sky to assume a form, and light  
my head with one of heaven's  
brightest stars, that ye might see  
me!

## Believest Thou This

I linger with the grand old trees,  
to catch the weird music which  
rushes through the ghostly forest  
on wings of Love!

I creep into the tiny petals of  
each flower;

I suck their honeyed sweetness,  
and rob the busy bee of all its  
precious wealth, to lavish on my  
people.

Still ye will not heed me.

## II

I GLIDE into the Mystic's hoary  
brain, and wrench therefrom  
the treasures he guards with  
such precaution;

I dig into the bowels of the earth,  
and crush the viscid crawling  
things which feed upon its foul-  
ness;

## When Will Ye Heed Me

I float on zephyrs—so light that  
none can see me—into the labora-  
tories of Science;

I circle round my shapless form  
the precious gems they have un-  
earthed, and waft them with all  
their mighty powers into the musty  
caverns of your brain!

I plead with the ancient sages  
to reveal the grand secrets en-  
shrouded with such mystery—that  
I might benefit my people.

I face the gods in all defiance,  
and demand the wisdom Hermet-  
ically sealed in their minds through-  
out eternity, except to those who  
do aspire.

I plead to the god of Love to  
spread his golden wings, that I  
may nestle 'neath so closely, and  
be borne on the cloud of Thought

## Believest Thou This

to awaken your slumbering souls!  
Still ye will not heed me!

### III

**I** TELL you no grave can be dug  
deep enough to entomb your  
life for slimy, creeping things  
to feast upon!

I tell you your thought—your  
mind—your soul, is one with God,  
throughout eternal progress!

I tell you creatures of a slavish  
passion—that eats and gnaws out  
your young heart's blood, and  
deadens your eyes and ears to the  
inner senses—Beware!

Your earthly loves will sap your  
strength, and force your weakened  
bodies into the deep chasm of the  
grave your darkened minds call  
Death!

## When Will Ye Heed Me

I tell you, all the gold your greedy hands are clutching, miser-like, will melt into a hell so fiery hot that your blistered, bleeding forms will writhe in agony!

I tell you, all the jewels rare and splendor of attire are but the food denied the starving poor!

Their parched and shrunkened throats rattle with curses that force the red blood to ooze out and stain their purple lips!

I tell you, each moment is laden down with precious thoughts that fight with all the strength of the warriors of old to conquer the demons of Indifference, Doubt, and Fear, and place you in a castle of such majestic truth that shall startle you into consciousness!

Still ye will not heed me!



## Believest Thou This

### IV

O MY people—I love you so!  
I long to have you see the  
light of Life Immortal!

I long to crush the iron wall that  
darkens your view!

I long to circle round your form  
the everlasting breath of fire—to  
purge the odor of a false belief!

I long to lift you to the immortal  
heights of mine own Being—

There to dwell in sweet com-  
munion with the gods!

I crave—beseech—implore!

Oh, when will ye heed me!

When—when will ye heed me!

## When Will Ye Heed Me

### V

**B**UT I cling to you, O my people!

I cannot let you go!

I know you cannot anchor long on the sinking sand upon which you built your hopes.

The ebbing tide did moisten each grain so well your weight will bear you down!

You will sink so slowly into the depths that when your choking throats are tightly braced you cannot call for help!

You will stretch out so wildly your clammy fingers,—and I will grasp you with a prayerful sob of joy!—

Then—then ye will heed me!

## Ye Mystics

Listen to the low, sweet music of promise, rushing wildly through floods of God-inspiration of love, up to Eternity.—MENKEN: *The Release.*

### I

**S**TAND out, apart from all the world and proclaim your mightiness!

Ye hungry, starving souls, that bend and strain your piercing eyes into the sphinx-like volumes of centuries past, to find the spirit of expression too closely veiled!

The old philosophizing students tore themselves apart from vul-

## Ye Mystics

gar gold, and plunging into Nature's vault they sought the wealth ye yearn to grasp.

Lift up your heads, and let the supplication of your being's needs open the floodgates of the starry heavens, and pour their priceless gems into your longing hearts!

If ye would earn, claim, possess the Philosopher's Stone—the Elixir of Life—follow not the oily, jealous, deceptive, winding crevices of the Alchemist's teachings,

O ye students, be wise;

The combination of material metals, so prepared they mystify and rack your subtle brain, are but misleading landmarks for the greedy, grasping, miserly natures not yet attuned to harmony.

## Believest Thou This

*Find ye Nature's Spirit!*

All the elements she has belched  
and vomited forth, shall be your  
own to direct into usefulness!

### II

PARACELSUS quenched his  
thirst at the ever-bubbling,  
rushing rivers of Intuition,  
Aspiration, and Conception;—  
And so emerged the Living Christ!  
The Spiritual Essence that ce-  
mented and glorified his calling,  
circled through space like a  
storm-beaten bird, rushing  
midst the torrents of wind and  
rain, seeking a branch to light  
upon and spread its wings.  
So, ye Wisdom Seekers, fill ye your  
lamps with celestial oil!  
Let the spark that lights you on  
to heights sublime, scorch the

## Ye Mystics

foul, clinging demon of the flesh,  
with its hot and putrid breath!

I bow before the shrine at which  
ye worship, in all reverence!

I herald your approaching goal  
in a chariot of blazing fire and  
with bugle calls!

I am laden down with incense and  
sweet oils to bathe and bind  
your many agonizing wounds  
received in climbing the steep  
heights to reach the Great Be-  
yond!

White Souls with God's seal  
stamped!

Immerse your whole being into  
this limitless activity of supernal  
effort!

Search through the archives of  
the masters, and emulate their  
methods!

*Overcome*—not mortify—the flesh!

## Believest Thou This

The magnetized atoms, so congealed to give you form, must to earth be rendered in all symmetry and perfection.

The Himalayans and the savants of the ancient day—in haste to reach the goal, starved and mutilated the temple of the soul they craved to purify.

Their blistered tongues they wrenched out by the roots!

Their upraised eyes they pierced with red-hot steel!

They tortured—desecrated—God's own gift to man.

And when complete the human wreck, the spirit was withdrawn to animate a temple that would express more worthily Almighty Mind's desire!

## Ye Mystics

### III

WHEN Luna sheds her sil-  
very rays, and deadens  
all the lustre of the  
stars that sprinkle earth's fair  
canopy,

Look ye with eyes of telescopic  
power into the enthralling se-  
crets gyved in the distant firma-  
ment!

Mount Jupiter's benefic throne!

Steal ye beneath his royal robes,  
close enfold yourself and sue for  
blessing!

Gird on an iron armor, confront  
bold Mars, and possess yourself  
of his fiery weapons!

Embrace fair Venus, and beg for  
one sweet kiss of love!

Then roam with Mercury through



## Believest Thou This

the starry planes, until ye dip  
in Neptune's briny sea!

Old Herschel bids you all beware!—  
and Saturn crushes with his  
frown!

But when grand Vulcan doth ap-  
pear, he'll take you kindly by  
the hand and lead you to the  
dazzling Sun, whose warmth of  
greeting will draw you on to  
crave the truth of all the mag-  
nates of the heavens!

Oh, ye mystical dreamers of Soul's  
realities!

With one leap ye can bridge the  
heights that marshal on to great-  
ness!

Crush into nothingness the little  
flying moths that circle round  
your light to cast a splendor of  
desire ye fain would kill!

Be firm!

## Ye Mystics

Be loyal to your Higher Self!  
And with all the warmth of joy in  
your new-found treasures, ye will  
spread glad tidings to enlighten  
the world!



## Soul's Aspiration

"It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,  
To shape the outward to its own estate."

### I

THE splash of the tide upon  
the beach doth carry out  
to sea the choicest pebbles  
buried there.

All the flotsam of the deep is  
washed on shore to rot and dry.  
So in life's pilgrimage on earth, the  
finer qualities of the soul cannot  
bear rude contact with coarser  
elements that so disturb the  
sweet tranquility of thine inner  
senses.

## Soul's Aspiration

God's own bright wave of  
light

Doth bury out of sight  
—the powers that grace thine  
immortal self!

When perfection doth crown thine  
efforts, all the *débris* of thy  
former life will be eliminated  
from thy heart to give greater  
scope to thine inspiration.

These rude battles with material-  
ism which jar and nettle thy  
sensitive nature, shall all be  
swept aside as with one blinding  
flash of lightning that shall illu-  
minate thy genius!

Cling thou to the firm rock which  
holds thy life so high above the  
restless waters that fain would  
encompass thee!

Stretch out thine arms, so strong  
to do the right, and with thy

## Believest Thou This

majestic form make thou the  
cross to awe and keep aloof the  
blood-thirsty wolves that would  
devour thee for thy sweet chas-  
tity and truth!

O'erleap environments which so  
enmesh thee with bright prom-  
ises of glittering gold that never  
could appease thy hungry heart!

## II

O Time! thou healer and pre-  
ceptor of all earth's seem-  
ing griefs and woes,—  
hasten in thy flight to bridge  
the Future with the Present!

The little spark now consuming  
thee with desire for expansion,  
will glow into a scorching flame  
thy restless, longing soul can  
ne'er withstand!

## Soul's Aspiration

With one supernal thrust of disdain, contempt, aversion, thou shalt renounce the world and cleave to higher realms that claim thine aid!

The lowly creatures not yet quickened into life shall greet thy presence as a savior.

The balm thou bringest from the holy land shall heal all wounds of flesh and spirit.

Thy flashing eyes shall shed magnetic flames of light to pierce the monarch's skeptic's mind to kneel before thy gracious self in all humility!

Martyrs of the ages gone, who suffered infamy and death for Truth's sweet sake, blend their strength in unity to urge thee on to this one great purpose of Eternal Law's fulfillment!

## Believest Thou This

Pause not in quivering doubt!  
Let the phantom music of the  
heavenly choir stir thy soul into  
ecstasy divine!  
Couldst thou but see the little elves  
that circle about thee, using all  
their charms and pretty ways to  
coax, allure thee on to this great  
Cause, thy rapturous self, im-  
patient would become to mount  
the throne of Power!

### III

**T**O what greater glory can soul  
aspire than this consumma-  
tion which so absorbs thy life!  
The musical, rhythmic measure  
that ever haunts thine ear, must  
find expression to vent the  
smothered joy that oppresses  
thee!

## Soul's Aspiration

Thy mystic nature has reached the tower of Mind's poise, and monarch-like claims submission of thine objective self.

Thy spirit, long compressed in dark and narrow confines, ached and moaned to seek release, and so sundered chains and leapt with one great bound to pyramidal heights, there to beckon thee on to rest thy weary heart in sublimest peace and exaltation!

The echo of thy sighs for celestial love rushed wailing through the corridors of Time, and pierced the listful ears of angels with minor-keyed plaintiveness.

In perfect truth thou needs must claim thine own!

Responsive chords of sympathy and aid are ushered in with such



## Believest Thou This

bountiful munificence, to lend  
more lustre to the sparkle of thy  
genius!

Hail thou the coming morn, when  
all the world will breathe thy  
name in praise!

Ministering forces do evoke the  
sanction of enlightened minds  
to proclaim thy mission true  
and mighty.

With one accord thy purpose shall  
be greeted with such warm ap-  
proval as will hasten thine acces-  
sion to a field of labor thou shalt  
revel in and reign!

Come thou with thy mystical  
heart's fond desire,

And drink at the fountain where  
Love's waters play;

Come thou with thy torch of the  
heavenly fire,

And search with thy light for  
the souls gone astray!

## Genius Divine

“The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in  
years:  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal  
youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of  
worlds!”

**G**ENIUS was ushered into  
life, Minerva-like, in steel  
so bright, to wage great  
wars with nations that oppose  
their own unfoldment:—

Imbued with all the fiery energy  
of the planet Mars—electric in  
vibrations—disruptive—sharp, and  
cutting down the old dogmas of  
centuries past—annihilating all the

## Believest Thou This

vast impediments which have retarded progressive Mind's achievements!

Genius, in all its power and brilliancy, shall flash great swords of truth, and purge your mildewed brains of the stagnant pool of Error ye have been stultified in!

When devastation of your darling gods ye do lament, and buried low in grovelling grief ye sink to earth—

Fair genius extends the healing balm, and bathes your open wounds with magnetic thrills of realization ye ne'er possessed before!

“Genius is a celestial symphony, adapted only to Heaven's own instruments!”

Genius doth feed upon imagination which gave it birth.

## Genius Divine

The lofty, dreamy Searcher's mind doth soar above the silvery light which gleams through every cloud!

The opaque moon becomes transparent and naught is barred from uplifted souls that fain would drink her rays of inspiration, and frame them into melodies of praise!

Genius, to grasp the unattainable, doth throttle and mangle the white throats of living obstacles.

No king upon his royal throne has equal power!

The scintillating gems that grace the beauty of minds inspired, do shame into scorn the jewelled baubles bestowed upon the vain.

The mighty strength of souls attuned with God can overcome the destiny of man!

## Believest Thou This

O Infinite Power, whose scroll of  
Truth unfurl'd  
Doth glorify the triumph we  
adore!

O Genius! breathe thine incense to  
the world—  
Enlighten earth's fair creatures,  
I implore!

## Self Divinity

### I

**E**ACH human expression of Deity is a poem.

The degree and quality of achievement determines its merit.

Deeds, not words, are the essential attributes for most potent results.

Desire accelerates possession, in measureless depths of Soul's requirements.

Fallacious arguments huge barriers build, diverting wild Ambition's flow into the murmuring stream of Doubt.

Let the silence of thine own heart be thine only Preceptor;—

## Believest Thou This

the Power in thine Inner Self which  
forces thee to breathe—to think—  
to live—thine only God!

“Thou self-sprung Being that doth  
all enfold,  
And in Thine arms Heaven’s  
whirling fabric hold!”

Evolve great mysteries to the  
world from out the massive struc-  
ture buried deep in Nature’s vault,  
where Mind doth penetrate and  
enter into Wisdom’s loyal realm!

Unfold thy Being’s gorgeous  
raiment to dim the lustre of the  
twinkling stars which seem to soar  
so far above thee!

No soul is greater than thine  
own—

No soul more lowly born!  
The consciousness of possibilities

## Self Divinity

unlimited, empowers all to reach  
to heights supreme.

“Kings it makes gods, and meaner  
creatures kings!”

### II

**A**FFIRM thy power silently,  
without one reservation to  
weaken thine assertion.

One Mind!

One Life!

One God!

Thou doth embrace them all in  
body, mind and soul, when thou  
doth truly know thyself!

Be true—be firm—be just!

Claim thou thy heritage!

Down in the mines of darkened  
Memory, slumbering like an infant  
on its mother's breast, most pre-  
cious Love is conscious of the sobs  
and yearnings of advancing souls!



## Believest Thou This

Plunge thou into the smothered chasm with all the force of thine intellect!

Unearth thy priceless gems, and mount them into the golden crown thou shalt fashion from out the sun's bright orb!

Be thou the oracle for Nation's hopes to build upon!

Grapple and strangle in thy martial effort all thought or passion that would impede thy glorious aim!

The tempest which surrounds thee must vanquished be, and held in firm abeyance until thou art proclaimed Conqueror—

“Along that grand triumphal arch,

Through which the good to glory march!”

# Self Divinity

## III

THE calm, gray mist which marks the early dawn of Hope's fulfillment, shall gather all the moisture from out the fleeting clouds, and freshen earth's fair blossoms to greet thine august presence!

All hail to thy great endeavor!

All hail to thine achievement!

All glory to thy constancy!

When thy frail mortal form quails before the wintry blast, and bows submissive to thy restless spirit's flight, so well equipped thou'lt be to traverse space and find thine abode in life immortal.

"Farewell!" thou'lt whisper to those who loved thee for thine own pure worth.

"Farewell to all God's creatures here below!

## Believest Thou This

“I have gone only a little time before, and from my grand celestial height I’ll lead and guard thee on thy journey home!”

Peace be unto all!

God guide thee!

“His spirit doth in thy spirit shine  
As shines the sunlight in a drop  
of dew!”

Thy conscious self will breathe  
a low “Adieu! adieu!”



## II Love Thee

### I

WHAT joy to love!  
To love as I love thee!  
Whoe'er should chance  
to read this sweet confession,  
know that mine eyes are gazing  
into thine with all the ardor of a  
lover's soul!

To grasp, to hold—enfold thee  
as mine own,

I fain would pierce thy heart  
with Cupid's dart,—

Enthrall thy being's lake with  
deep ecstatic bliss,—so deep, so  
great, so all-absorbing is this love  
I bear thee!

## Believest Thou This

If I could find expression

To this heavenly intercession,—  
cementing heart to heart and life  
to life, thou couldst not grasp my  
meaning;

For poor words cannot convey  
the depth of my passion for this  
mouldering house of clay.

## II

**T**HINKEST thou I love the  
mansion my love doth dwell  
within?

For shame!

A senseless, cold, inanimate  
thing, that naught else can con-  
tain but thy sweet self!

Thine eyes to me are nothing  
but the windows of thy soul!

Thy form is lost to view by the  
halo of thy smile!

Thyself—thyself divine!—is

## I Love Thee

what I worship with my heart and mind!

Thou art part of myself—in-  
separable throughout all space and  
Time!

Combined,  
Entwined

Forevermore! with Infinite Love  
Divine!

### III

**N**AY, hold thou not aloof in  
fear!

I could not harm thee if I  
would.

I'll shadow thee in every place  
thou goest.

I'll be thy constant guide, to  
shelter and protect thee from  
earth's woes!

I'll coax from out thy heart  
the twittering bird of aspiration,

## Believest Thou This

and place the cherished thing upon  
a mountain high.

I'll fondle and caress the little  
smothered throat, and when sweet  
notes of melody fill thine ears,  
I'll waft him back to shelter in  
thy warm bosom, and fill thy  
life with joy!

Come! let me whisper all the  
angels breathe to thee in praise.

I know thou canst not long  
withhold thy fond embrace.

I clasp thee in such measureless  
emotion!

I love thee with intense devo-  
tion!

I'll behold thee crowned on a  
royal throne—

Happy in thy celestial home!

# I Love Thee

## IV

I LOVE thee! I love thee! I  
love thee!

How can I let thee go for even  
one brief moment!

I know thou'lt come, thou way-  
ward one; when weary of the  
world's sad care, thy heart will  
long for peace.

I fain would spare thee thy  
lonely vigil of unrest.

Release thy fettered soul, and  
live anew!

Come! let me entice thee from  
the old allurements which hold  
thee back.

Couldst thou but realize thy  
happier state when freed from  
earth's entanglements, I need not  
bend so low to plead and sue for  
thy dear love!



## Believest Thou This

But I'll possess thee, e'en though  
thou dost abhor me now!

'Tis but a little while to wait.

I claim thee as Love's own self!

I need thee, else my life is incom-  
plete!

I'll circle thee with such bright  
orbs of light!

I'll hold thee in mine arms so close  
and tight!

I'll shut out all the darkness of the  
night!

I want thee—I crave thee—I'll  
have thee!

I love thee—I love thee—I love  
thee!

## Sweet Motherhood

LET me plead with thee, O ye mothers, to nourish the little plants God intrusted to your keeping, that they develop into mighty giants to rule the Universe their bodies do compose.

Oh, what glorious sermons their thoughts can expound for future generations to build upon!

Ye are powerful instruments, ye mothers, to graft the little seed of knowledge into the ripening tree of spiritual design.

Open the casement of your darling's silent chamber, admit

"The kingly Guest who comes to

## Believest Thou This

claim his rightful dominion.”

Ye would not let a vine neglected  
run to twine amongst the weeds  
that grow so low upon the earth:  
Then train your thoughts to climb  
in spiral shape the Infinite Cord  
that reaches to the sky.

Your little offspring, mirror-like,  
reflects the shadow of your mental  
sphere.

Uproot the weeds of Fear and  
Superstition from out your garden  
bed of Hope, and plant the  
seed of Good—Eternal Good—  
to blossom into beauteous  
growth of intellect and power!  
The little one ye love so well will  
all responsive be to catch the  
spirit of your thought in all its  
purity.

Dwell ye on all that doth uphold

## Sweet Motherhood

the righteousness of life embodied in the realm of Thought—embraced within yourself.

Be ye perfect in example, for God's image to emulate.

Polish and beautify the precious Pearl ye hold in trust, that the Light from within may shed a lustre to illuminate all space.

O ye mothers! clasp so tightly this little germ of love, lest the rapid whirlpool of old Error engulf and blind it in darkest Night!

The wild beast of the wilderness, with brutal instincts guards with more tenacity her young than ye with all your mental fortifications.

Scatter ye not this wealth of thought:

Concentrate at the fountain's source!

## Believest Thou This

One little drop to an ocean  
may swell,  
Floating afar with bright angels  
to dwell!

Divine teaching sanctifies sweet  
Motherhood!

That little life is thine;  
And yet, forsooth, 'tis mine—  
So closely thus entwine  
Our souls with Love Divine!

## Snowflakes

FALL, silent snow, in thy ghostly robe of white, to mantle earth in thy spotless foamy flakes:

Nestle on the rich and poor alike:  
God—makes no distinction!

I watch you falling from the clouds and wonder if you bring a message from Shadowland.

Oh, pretty, shiny flakes, dancing and playing in childish sport!

Going hither and thither as if in doubt just where to fall.

Knowest thou the depths to which thou'lt sink when earth claims thee?

## Believest Thou This

It seems to me thou art the echo  
of holy prayer and thought sent out  
on high from aching, bursting  
hearts, so freighted down with  
grief and care they missed the  
glorious gate they sought.

But when the sun doth warm  
and melt thy pretty glisten, thy  
spirit will ascend again to find its  
paradise in Heaven.

I fain would check the footsteps  
that trample on thy form,  
And shield thy pearly whiteness  
from blasts of coming storm.

I view thee on the hilltops, I wor-  
ship thee apart,  
I know thou hast a message for  
some poor saddened heart.

So cold and dead thou seemest the  
sun doth fail to heat;

## Snowflakes

How calm and still thou art in thy  
glistening winding sheet!

As frosty flakelets falling from  
Borean heights afar,  
I view thy separate motions e'en  
as I view a star!

Then lost becomes each crystal,  
like rays of setting sun—  
No longer art thou single, for all  
become as one!

I ponder on this teaching which  
Nature doth unfold,  
For thou and I and all do a sacred  
secret hold;

There's not the tiniest atom in  
water, air, or sod,  
But wanders back in spirit form  
*and lives in God!*



## Fear Not

“Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

**T**HOU poor frail, loving, human  
bark of Love’s most fruit-  
ful tree:

Lift up thy tear-stained face  
and smile thy sweetest smile, to  
greet the dawn of hope I bring to  
thee!

Thou poor lost lamb!

God decked me out in plainest  
shepherd’s guise, and placed with-  
in my hand a staff of mighty  
strength, to help thee out of  
marshy, stagnant pools of mire  
thy wayward feet have grovell’d  
in.

## Fear Not

So, all besmirched and grimy as  
thou seem'st, and shunning all the  
light of Day's bright sun to sneak  
about in Night's veiled gloom, I  
welcome thee with all the wealth  
of joy that soul doth know!

I'll bathe thee in the clearest  
brook,  
O'erhung with weeping willow  
tree,  
Where mossy ivy forms a nook,  
And snarly, crooked roots we see.

I'll hide thee in a shady dell  
All covered o'er with cypress  
vines—  
Alone with Love and me to dwell  
Where harmony with peace en-  
twines!

We'll think no thought but one of  
praise;

## Believest Thou This

Our hearts, with deep emotion  
filled,  
Will enter into Nature's phase  
Of bringing forth what God  
instilled!

Far, far from the world, with all  
its cares and heartaches lain aside,  
thou'lt bloom into a beauteous  
flower, God—kissed into life!

When thou this lofty growth  
hast reached, guard well thy fra-  
grant petals, lest the harsh wind  
of Error should touch and wither  
to decay!

Thy heart would break to see  
the velvet leaves droop one by one,  
leaving nothing but the stem to  
stand alone and hang its head in  
shame!

I know thou'lt strive to reach  
the mountain heights, where poets

## Fear Not

soar in search of grand ideals to clothe in rhythmic verse.

Fear not the dark and dreary road; Love's eye doth light the way.

If I could tear the bandage from thy darkened view, and show thee all the promised joys thou wilt attain, thou wouldst stand aghast in fear and fright, and deem it but hallucination that could ne'er be real.

Thou must approach exalted Truth according to thy grade of Thought.

Each step confronts thee with a new ideal, which seems so far away, enwrapped in misty doubt.

I'd give thee all the light from out my heart, and wander forth alone to plead for more; but God hath so ordained each Soul shall

## Believest Thou This

be supplied according to its worth and will.

Then banish all the fear from out thy heart; stand thou erect, and firmly say *I will!*

There is no battlement so strongly built:—no might can pierce or overcome that throne!

Fear not, thou Wanderer from the fold,

Thy kingdom is within thy grasp;

Nor heaven nor earth can e'er thee hold

When God doth claim His own at last!

## Freedom's Joy

**I** BREATHE out my soul to  
thee in song.

Come out from thy charnel  
house of Earth's allurements, and  
I will cheer thy heart with Love's  
pure essence of delight—

Uplifting in design,  
Persuasive and benign!

There's not a secret spot in space  
can hide thee from my view.

I let thee wander from thy perch  
and, birdlike, spread thy restless  
wings in ecstasy of Freedom's  
joy—

Bewildering in flight,  
Entrancing and so bright—

Until thy weary form would  
wander home!

## Believest Thou This

The briers and the brambles spring  
    forth in the night  
And Fear uprises to rejoice in thy  
    plight!—  
But Spirit effulgent intercedes with  
    its light,  
To guide thee in safety from Wrong  
    to the Right!

Thou canst not fly too high, my  
pretty birdling with thy clipped  
wings.

Thine old forest home did grieve  
and mourn thine absence, and fain  
would have thee back to revel in  
thy mirthful songs of glee.

Thine erstwhile boundless  
liberty

Has not reveal'd Infinity—

And thy wayward feet must  
shackled be until thou strivest  
to reach beyond, and findest the

## Freedom's Joy

balm to solace thee throughout  
Eternity!

Vain Glory satisfies not the soul  
that longs for the Voice upon the  
hill.

“I am the Spirit who speaketh!”

If thou wouldst freedom know,  
disenthrall thyself from Haste's  
desire, and chain thy growth to  
Nature's speed; contented be,  
e'en in thy humble state, as the  
beauteous flowers that bloom so  
close to earth, and draw from but  
one source their strength and sus-  
tenance.

The diver who plunges into  
waters deep, does not so rapidly  
ascend.

The little seed implanted in the  
sod in darkness dwells until the



## Believest Thou This

sun-god penetrates his warmth,  
and quickens up to light.

If thou wouldst grow as doth the  
grand old oak, which shelters in its  
branches all the weird enchant-  
ment of the forest, nestle thou be-  
neath its shade, and let thy soul  
climb up its rugged form to drink  
the nectar the leaves sucked from  
out its twisted roots to thrive upon!

Thou'lt hear strange whisper-  
ings amongst the trees.

Thou'lt feel the presence of un-  
earthly forms!

Thy pulse more rapidly will beat,  
and then thy heart will know in-  
tensest yearning to fathom all the  
mysteries that surround thee!

Thy soul will burst its cramped  
and narrow confines, and greet  
the freedom thou long hast craved!

## Freedom's Joy

Oh, pent-up wealth of Freedom's  
joy!

Thine own to realize—employ—  
As means of reaching high es-  
tate,

With God and angels to debate!  
O Love! thou must this freedom  
know,

To hold—to give—to all bestow!

O joyous Liberty Divine—

'Tis mine, 'tis God's—and yet  
'tis thine!

## Admonition

**Y**E, with your money-bags so  
weighted down—

In warmth and comfort do  
ye always dwell,  
Forgetful of the cold and starving  
poor

Who crave a pittance of your  
worldly store!

Could ye but see the little pleading  
hands

And faces pinched with Hunger's  
mute appeal,

Methinks ye could not rest so well  
content

In downy beds and lavishness of  
wealth!

## Admonition

Ye could not see the little weeping  
    eyes,  
And shrunken forms so pitiful and  
    weak,  
And turn aside, regardless of the  
    pain  
The little ones in humble station  
    feel!  
Ye mothers, with your children  
    warmly clad,  
With luxuries profuse to feast upon,  
Be not unmindful of the wretched  
    poor  
Who beg a crust from your palatial  
    door.

## Conquerors

### I

**T**AKE thou thy flight to the  
mountain's top,  
Where old Despair  
No more can dare  
to climb and crush thy proud heart  
with its cruel frown.

*Dare* to be what God has made  
thee!

Strike with all thy might the  
discordant element with its crude  
and noisome foulness!

Let the sweet melody of thy  
heart's desire fill thy life with one  
harmonious strain!

Thou shalt achieve thine aspi-  
ration.

## Conquerors

Success steals so slowly through  
the winding maze of earth's con-  
ditions, that thy poor heart faints  
with utter desolation.

Be brave!

Be loyal!

When God approves a cause,  
He lights the way!

The quenchless fire that so con-  
sumes and urges thee to higher  
realms, shall blazon forth into rays  
of brilliancy which shall startle  
weaker souls into a sense of shame.

We greet thee! we welcome thee  
to thine own sphere of action!

No power can hold thee down to  
what thou dost abhor.

Thou hast outgrown the  
cramped and narrow confines of  
thy former life!

The Gordian knot that unites  
thy mental atmosphere with Na-

## Believest Thou This

ture's forces, can now ne'er sundered be!

The lofty attitude of Mind's self-conscious power gives thee gigantic strength to wield a sceptre!

Bring forth into usefulness the wealth stored in thy subconscious mind!

Be liberal with the gifts bestowed upon thee by Divine Intelligence, and benefit thy fellow creatures by the wisdom of thy words!

May the perfume of every bud and leaf be wafted into thy soul and so fill thy life with melody!

## II

**I**N Life's sequence thou shalt find exemplified the high estate of every cherished thought.

True philosophy is built upon the firm foundation of Nature's

## Conquerors

laws, and from atomic state reaches perfection.

Fluidic waves of ether waft Mind's architectural design into realization.

Assumption of a cause brings effect when Reason and Intelligence combine to actuate the thought.

In thyself thou'lt find the essential element of progression struggling for recognition.

A mighty power, o'erwhelming in its strength, forms a battlement to guard thy lofty attitude from contact with a less degree of aspiration.

The ebbing of Life's restless tide will float thee to an ocean of boundless depths, whence thou shalt arise in all the splendor of the ancient lore.



## Believest Thou This

Wisdom's lap alone holds content when the Soul craves for light, the healing balm of Nature's own decree.

Accelerate thy noble qualities into action!

Withhold not the power God crowned thee with to bless the world.

Thro' majesty of a moonlit night  
The darkness changes to a beautiful light;

Thro' radiance of a rising sun  
Are battles fought and battles won!

The bravest heroes our God shall claim

Are conquerors who o'er self can reign—

The conquerors of a mighty cause  
In endless search of Nature's laws!

## Royalty

THERE'S a royal banner of  
royal worth  
That a royal hand shall  
uphold,  
There's a royal trust  
And a royal truth,  
That a royal God shall unfold!

There's a royal lane to a royal cave  
Where a royal treasure's concealed,  
There's a royal robe,  
And a royal crown,  
Where a royal Throne is revealed!

There's a royal thought from a  
royal mind  
Where a royal power shall reign,

## Believest Thou This

Where a royal form,  
And a royal soul,  
Shall a royal wisdom proclaim!

There's a royal love and a royal  
faith

Where a royal peace shall abound,  
There's a royal heaven  
Of royal bliss

Where the royal Spirit is found!

When the royal Guest with a royal  
might

In a royal halo is near,  
There's a royal hope  
And a royal light,

And the royal Self shall appear!

Then the royal words and the  
royal deeds

Will a royal mission perform;  
Thro' the royal Right  
And the royal Good

## Royalty

Is a royal world to be born!  
Up the royal road to the royal  
Home  
Of the royal State of the Blest,  
Then a royal welcome—  
A royal feast—  
And the royal heart is at rest!

