

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP WHICH?

A TIMELY WARNING

A NEW VIEWPOINT ON THE SUBJECT OF
COMMUNICATING WITH THE DEAD

GUY LOCKWOOD, Visible Author

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Dedicated to My Mother

My Mother's Prophecy:—

Mother thought I'd be a poet,
This she told me when she died
When I was a tiny laddie
That I very often tried
To speak in rhymes, and did sometime,
When playing by her side.

But when I grew to man's estate
Life's battle was so hard
The song was crushed from out my heart
And I was not a bard,
I talked in prose and fought with blows,
My Muse I did discard.

Once in my early manhood days,
Did my Muse with me abide,
A few short months I let her stay
Then thrust her to one side,
She made no cry, she did not die,
Awaited time and tide.

And now at last my Muse is back,
And tight to me she's clinging,
I wish my mother now would hear
The message that she's bringing,
I know that she would happy be,
To hear me singing, singing.

December 16, 1917.

EXPLANATORY

This booklet is the first of a series explaining A New Philosophy of Living and of Life.

It is published by the Invisible Brotherhood, an organization without officers, by-laws, rules, initiation fees, dues, grips, signis, pass-words, paraphernalia or regalia of any sort, an absolutely free-fellowship, the bond between an invisible one, more lasting and binding than spoken or written oaths.

Its purpose is SERVICE, free, unselfish, useful service. and to carry on a crusade of education.

Its Field:—The entire world without distinction of race, color, sex, age, bond or free, good or bad, wise or foolish, dead or alive.

Prospective Members—All souls who in any way come in touch with us along Life's highway.

Associate Members:—Those who purchase, directly through our headquarters, one or more of our books, and thus become a part of our records, and have in their possession a means of understanding a part of the New Philosophy.

Active Members:—Those who purchase a book for someone else, as a gift. This act of freewill SERVICE, entitles them to actual membership in our group, it is their initiation, and transfers their name to our "active group of workers", to whom each year a full statement of our work will be rendered.

CRUSADERS:—Those who definitely signify their desire to assist in this work and be associated with the visible author as co-workers, partners, comrades and brothers. Each brother is to assist as his time and means will allow, as his own conscience dictates.

The visible author will have in charge the keeping of records, the preparation of reports, the publication of books and the general conduct of the Crusade, which is to be solely along educational lines.

No Brother is to receive pay for any service rendered, everything is to be a free will offering for the Great Work, the freeing of all souls from economic, mental and spiritual or psychological bondage.

All money paid in is to go for printing, postage, advertising, or clerical assistance needed in conducting the Crusade. All money received or paid out is to be accounted for to the Crusaders each year. As soon as a surplus can be accumulated it is to be set aside as a special fund for the establishment of a permanent headquarters for the educational work of the Crusade, a place that is to be the beginning of the Dream City of Brotherhood.

If interested ask for further information.

This Book is Sent to You:—

For everything you pay, you pay,
This book is sent to you that way,
You either pay its sender now
Or else some day, some way, somehow,
1031 Unless you pass it on, that way
Your debt is paid—but let it stay
And in its pages you will find
The joys and heartaches of mankind,
Good lessons for your soul to know,
Clean thoughts that help the soul to grow,
Thought gems that shine out clear and bright
Amid the forces of the night,
But—should these not appeal to you—
Just pass it on—and then you're thru.

Some Place There is a Growing Soul:—

Some place there is a growing soul,
That strives to reach exalted goal,
This book to him will be a light
To guide his footsteps t'wards the height,
1032 And, should you hand to him this score,
One good deed have you done, and more,
For he will multiply your act,
And help to scatter wide the fact,
That here upon the printed page
Are thoughts of worth, some ancient sage
Has helped to garner all this grain
And give it to the world again—
To pass along this book, please know
Will bring a blessing here below.

A Book That Brings to Him a Light:—

Who gives his gold to his best friend,
Oft' gives a curse, far better send
A book that brings to him a light
To guide his faltering feet aright,
1033 A book that shows the follies, snares,
On Life's broad way, the useless prayers
That we escape the aftermath
Of sins committed, but the path
To peace and power is shown as well,
How to escape the literal hell
A guilty conscience ever sends
To him who sins, and thus offends
His higher self, the God within,
Who some day frees the soul from sin.

This Book is Copy No. _____

BELONGING TO

Name

City

St. or No..... State

Whoever's name is written above is the owner of this book, but ownership implies obligation for its right use. The books of the Crusade are to be READ, not stored on library shelves or to be used as ornaments for tables. When the owner of this book has read same, if he does not consider it worthy, or such a book as he would care to hand to a friend, he is requested to return it to the party from whom he received it, and get his money back in full. If he does consider it worthy he is to at once put it in CIRCULATION, and to watch it and see that it actually circulates. The owner of the book is to write on the line following the name of the first party to whom he loans this volume. Said party, when he has finished reading the book is to either return it to the owner, or else loan it to some other party, and to hold himself responsible to the owner until the other party either returns the book or passes it on. It is desired that this book pass into 7 new hands before it is returned to the owner, each one to be responsible for the one to whom he loans the book, until it is returned or passed on. Who owns a good book and refuses to loan it is selfish, and has no place in the Crusade, where SERVICE is the one big purpose.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 7.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

In selecting the sonnets for this first little booklet I hesitated for some time before using those herewith presented. Out of the over 2,000 sonnets I have written many, in fact most of them, are far better in poetic quality, in truth not one of these selected have any special artistic merit, they are simply thoughts in rhyme. Even the style is abbreviated and "irregular," and of my own construction. The theme, however, is timely and I could not get away from the first selection, so here present them, with the hope that they will meet such favor that I will feel justified in printing other sonnets of more merit. As a further explanation I am printing the three sonnets that closed my 2,000 mark. It will be noted by those who understand poetry that these are regular, the first is not but No. 1999 and No. 2000 are Petrarchians.

January Twenty-Fifth Nineteen:—

1998 First sonnet from my Muse came to me then,
Irregular in form, as from the pen
Of Workman crude, not without thought, I ween,
For on ahead a great white light I'd seen
That beckoned to me, urging me to try
My poet's wings and sail out in the sky
Where purer thoughts are found, the golden sheen
Of Truth's bright wings I glimpsed and then new
goal
I saw beyond, where sky is ever clear,
A mighty impulse then possessed my soul—
A message I would bring that all might hear,
And now I look back o'er my written scroll,
And find that I have nothing there to fear.

I Learned One Tasso Held the Belt.—

1999 And when I'd written sonnets, quite a few,
I learned one Tasso held the belt for fame,
And, jokingly, methought I'd win the same,
But little did I dream ere I got thru
I'd pass his mark so far, not one but two
To each one he has writ I have and more,
Unnumbered sonnets lost, perhaps a score,

And still I seem to touch on themes so new
That three to one I'll write, and find a place
No poet yet has reached, for listed high
My aspiration, and Truth's smiling face
I often see there shining in the sky,
Nor do I lag, but quicken up my pace,
No rival will I own—I pass all by.

Here Then Two Thousand Mark:—

2000 Here then *two thousand mark*, tho more I've writ,
But let those pass, I claim the belt, please know
Not number only have I got to show
The right is mine—in judgment do not sit
Until you've read my grist—the all of it,
Then you will find, I'm sure, my feet are lead
Along "the path"—that still lies straight ahead,—
Where thoughts worth while exist, in language fit
I've tried to form them for your list'ning ear,
My sonnets "thoughts in rhymes", small art displayed,
But yet the light has come from distant sphere
That urged me on, nor have I been dismayed
Because my words are plain, for those down here
Who need plain spoken words these rhymes are made.

Nothing further need be added other than to state to those who read this little booklet and who would like to know more about the work and purpose, that the author will be very glad, indeed, to hear from them personally, and, tho personal replies cannot be promised, additional information will be sent in line with your requests or needs.

Address plainly,

G. H. LOCKWOOD,

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Here's to the Crusade:—

Here's to the Crusade, may it be
A lasting work for Liberty,
May from this little stream yet grow
A mighty river, overflow
Its banks and spread across the land,
1129 Until all souls will understand
Their right, and duty, this to do—
To GOVERN SELF, To SELF BE TRUE;
“Great trees from little acorns grow”
Great harvests come from seed we sow,
This seed I've held long in my breast,
I plant it now, may it be blessed
And bring forth, as I hold in mind,
Joy, hope and peace for all mankind.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Nor Will I Sit With Folded Hands:—

Nor shall I sit with folded hands
As one whose task is finished, done,
But rather one who understands
His greater task is just begun,
A thousand sonnets, sparks that fly -
1001 Resplendent from my hammers swing,
The iron is hot, and still will I
Shape into form my thoughts, I'll sing,
Sing songs of joy and hope and love,
Sing songs of happiness and praise,
For round about, below, above,
I see the Builder, and His ways
Are ever just, are ever right,
Fit theme I'm sure for tuneful lays.
March 9, 1920.

A House of Sonnets Will I Own:—

A house of sonnets will I own,
Constructed by my fertile brain,
And one by one, like stone on stone,
I'll build them in a solid plane,
Foundation strong of basic thoughts,
The walls of useful thoughts, I ween,
1002 And lofty thoughts for dome o'erhead,
With helpful thoughts mixed in between,
And joyful thoughts to decorate,
That sparkle, scintillate and glow,
To hold them tight I'll concentrate
And thus my palace fine will grow,
A house not builded here with hands,
Substantial, real, where I will go.

Each Builds a Palace for His Soul:—

Each builds a palace for his soul,
Or else a hovel, have a care,
Each thought and act, each word and deed
Are building stones and "over there"
You'll find the place where you will go
Is no new place where all is strange,
1003 But place you've builded here below,
Before you made the mystic change
From body of your mortal clay
To spirit body, foul or fair,
Depending solely on the way
You've lived on earth, and so beware,—
Build useful, helpful thoughts and true,
And save yourself—it's up to you.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Who Thinks We'll Go to Heaven Or Hell:—

Who thinks we'll go to heaven or hell,
When life is finished here on earth,
The mystic places preachers tell
About, will find when comes new birth
Into that life, that it is far
1004 From what he thought it there might be,
No home on distant shining star,
But earth, like ours, about he'll see
Familiar sights, for he will find
He's "earth bound", in magnetic field,
To stay until he's changed his mind,
And truth to him has been revealed,
He may take with him heaven or hell,
As states of mind—the truth I tell.

Both Heaven and Hell Are States of Mind:—

Both heaven and hell are states of mind,
Inharmony or sweet accord
With forces of the world, you'll find,
When in subjective mind is stored
Discordant thoughts they there make hell,
1005 Hell that is real enough, I'm sure,
And so harmonious thoughts as well
Will heaven make, thoughts good and pure
Bring peace and joy and happiness,
Tho' as a constant state, please know,
Few live in heaven, I'll confess,
For any length of time below,
Life's shifting scenes bring change as well,
We're oft in heaven—and in hell.

And There is Yet a Neutral State:—

And there is yet a neutral state
Between these two of joy and woe,
Where we live most, it is our fate
To seldom be, down here below,
In that exalted state of mind
1006 Where harmony shall reign, I ween,
Nor in that state of other kind
Where we are vicious, base and mean,
Between the two we spend most time,
Not wholly good or wholly bad,
The fight is ever on the line
Between the two, and I am sad
To say that oft the bad holds sway
Against the good and wins the day.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Few Go Into the Summerland:—

1007 Few go into the Summerland
At once, it takes time to prepare,
Most souls are held by earthly strand
To lowest plain, until with care
Each reaps the fruitage of his thought,—
For we must reap what e'er we sow,—
This truth is old, it has been taught
For ages, and its time you know
That what counts most is thoughts and deeds,
Beliefs count little in the end,
Acceptance of your earthly creeds
Will never, never make amend
For evil acts, you must atone,
'Tis better far to not offend.

A Guide for You is Ever Sent:—

1008 But, should you wilfully offend,
And then be conscious of your sin,
A chance on earth your steps to mend
Is given you, you may begin
The very moment you repent
Of what you've done, and make amend,
A guide for you is ever sent
To show the way, be sure, my friend,
We do not walk life's way alone,
An angel hand points out the path,
And, following it, we may atone
And thus escape the aftermath
That comes as fruitage when we try
To 'scape the judgment day of wrath.

And Judgment Day is Every Day:—

1009 And judgment day is every day
For those who seek to do God's will,
All make mistakes, it is the way
We grow in wisdom, for until
We've suffered from some broken law,
We did not know the law was there,
We looked before, but never saw,
But now we know just why and where,
And, knowing, we can make amends,
Replace the evil with the good.
No man is perfect, each offends,
But one who strives t'wards masterhood
Will sit in judgment on himself
When his offense is understood.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Who Sows a Tare Will Reap a Tare:—

Yes, God forgives our every sin,
And readily, we do not need
To ask forgiveness, we may win
His pardon for our every deed,
But consequence of sin holds tight,
1010 Who sows a tare will reap a tare,
Forgiveness, yes, that is all right,
But still we pay, down here—or there,
And, when we really see the light,
While God's forgiveness we attain,
Still do we know we're far from right
Until we're clean and whole again,
Forgive ourselves, that's very hard,
Until we've washed away each stain.

Do You Expect to Make Amends:—

To live a life of grievous sin
And cause about you untold woe,
And then expect to enter in
The "Pearly Gates", where you will know
The angels there all good and pure,
1011 Is this your hope? for at the end
Of vicious life, when death is sure,
Do you expect to make amend,
Say you "believe", and cast your sin
Upon the sinless Master then?
Be not deceived, you'll enter in
No "Pearly Gates" nor can my pen
Depict the misery of your state,
Until you grow back clean again.

Nor Need You Start to Grow at Once:—

Nor need you start to grow at once,
The soul will never reach that state
It cannot forward go, or back,
It has "free will", the thing called "fate"
Is but the reaping of past deeds,
1012 A thought, an act of yesterday
Today may bring its consequence,
Or it may lie there hid away
A thousand years, but comes a time
When it will surely come again
Into your consciousness and bring
A blessing or a bitter pain,
Tho God has pardoned now we find
To shrive ourselves, it is in vain.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Dwarfed, Stunted Souls, Who Hate the Light:—

Life after death is much the same
As life before, we do not change,
We are the very same in name,
And otherwise, not something strange
1013 And ghost like, misty, without shape,
But real, substantial, bodies fine,
When from earth bodies we escape,
Will be our bodies, yours and mine,
That is our bodies will be fair
If minds are fair, if purpose high,
But hideous shapes are over there,
And you will see them when you die,
Dwarfed, stunted souls, who hate the light,
Whose element is darkest night.

Most Evil Deeds at Night Are Done:—

But dwarfed and stunted souls are here
Around about you every day,
Souls that through instinct you now fear,
You see stamped on their outer clay
1014 The imprints of their inner thought,
Base, vile and mean, and selfish quite,
Alone with them you'd not be caught,
Especially out late at night,
And so they love the darkness too,
Nor can they stand the noon day sun,
It's in the night their work they do,
(Most evil deeds at night are done,)
Light symbolizes truth you say,—
In higher realms 'tis always day.

Here Matter Vibrates Very Slow:—

Here matter vibrates very slow,
Thought molds, it's true, but many years
It takes to change, I'd have you know,
Though all our feelings, anger, tears,
1015 Hopes, sorrows, joys, they all impart
Their imprint on the mental man,
And make him good or bad at heart
According to the Builder's plan,
Not that He planned man should be bad,
But that he could be if desire
Drew him that way, and it is sad
To here relate that passions fire
Oft draws to evil and our souls
Sink down into the blackest mire.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

He Finds Himself in Body, Whole:—

Stripped of his wealth, of place and power
Man passes from his earthly clay,
He steps outside, and, in that hour
He learns the truth, of what I say:—
He finds himself in body, whole,
1016 A duplicate of one he's lost,
He finds he is a "living soul"
He also finds he pays the cost
Of all his earthly sins, and more,
Of his omissions there as well,
For he is what his mental store
Makes him to be, nor heaven nor hell
Are open to him,—'lest inside
These states of consciousness abide.

Stripped of Their Wealth Some Souls Are Poor:—

— Stripped of their wealth some souls are poor,
Poor in the things that are of worth,
Are weaklings who could not endure
With fortitude the pains of earth,
Pride, haughtiness and bitter scorn
1017 They had for those beneath their state,
The common people, lowly born,
From whom they were by some strange fate
Made separate, or thought they were,
It is not true, men brothers are,
With this truth they would not concur,
But held themselves so very far
Above the common life that they
Thought they were made of better clay.

They Are Paupers, Quite:—

And so they lived their life on earth,
And took and took, and ne'er gave back,
Their whole life through from day of birth
Was parasitic, o'er their track
We take a glance, and there we find
1018 No useful thing they've ever done,
Nor were they sympathetic, kind
To those who worked from sun to sun
To feed and clothe them, house as well,
To build their autos, yachts, and more
To wait upon them—but to tell
This tale I'll need another score,—
This thought I leave, they're paupers quite
That day they pass from earthly sight.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

And What is Wealth?—

And what is wealth? It's time we pause
And now consider well this theme,
The wealth that gains the world's applause,
For which the millions plot and scheme
Is not real wealth, for in that day
1019 When Death shall touch you with his hand,
This bogus wealth will pass away,
And then you'll really understand
Not what you have, but what you *are*,
Is all that counts, you take away
Your mental store, to make or mar
Your life to be, for in that day
The place for which you're fit you find,
Determined by your state of mind.

You Fix Your Place in Spirit Land:—

You fix your place in spirit land
By all your thoughts and deeds on earth,
And, though unconsciously you planned,
Your evil thoughts and thoughts of worth
Each have their influence, and the good
1020 Will lift you up, they vibrate high
And help you on t'wards masterhood,
And evil thoughts—tho you may try
To find a scapegoat, will not down,
Like Banquo's ghost they reappear,
And, ere you wear the victor's crown,
You reap your harvest, conquer Fear,
And Lust and Hate and Appetite,
And all the forces of the night.

The Wise is He Who Seeks the Light:—

Then wise is he who seeks the light,
And stores his mind with mental wealth,
Who fights with sin a goodly fight,
Who does not try to gain by stealth
Or subterfuge a pardon free,
1021 But reaps his tares and burns the seed,
Nor does he pray on bended knee
That he be shrived, but word and deed
He offers that the good may grow
So large it overmasters sin,
This is the only way, please know,
That one can really enter in
The Summerland, it lies above
Magnetic field, where all is love.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Magnetic Field Lies Close to Earth:—

Magnetic field lies close to earth,
"Earth Plane" 'tis called by spirits there,
It holds the soul, until "new birth"
Into the Summerland more fair,
1022 Until each wrong is there made right,
Or else atonement made in full,
The soul is drawn where day and night,
Still are, and evil forces pull
Towards the darkness, but, thanks be,
Bright spirit friends are ever near
To guide, and help each soul to see
"The way," and banish Doubt and Fear,
No doubt and fear in Summerland,
There all is joy, please understand.

Most Souls Are Earth Bound for a Time:—

Most souls are "earth bound" for a time,
For causes many I will show,
That keep them from the sunny clime,
The Summerland, where they may go
As soon as Death has made complete
1023 The separation from earth's clay,
If they will walk with willing feet
The path that leads out straight away
To that fair land where dwell the just,
The good in heart who seek the light,
Who've paid the price, as pay each must,
By doing good and thinking right,
But evil holds the soul below,
To Summerland it cannot go.

But Those From Summerland Come Oft:—

But those from Summerland come oft
To earth, it is their working sphere,
They come to guide our thoughts aloft
To higher realms, they're ever near,
They work with those whom Death has claimed,
1024 Held by their sin to that abode,
They work with us—then be ashamed
To here do wrong, else will your load
Be heavy there, and hold you back,
"Earth bound", until full price you pay,
Or 'till you gain the things you lack
And learn to walk the better way,
No soul but has a spirit guide,
Tho they are seldom by our side.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

You Must Learn to Choose Your Way:—

It's only when you are in need
Of help the most, your guide is near,
Nor do they ever try to lead,
And always make the way most clear
That you should go, for were this so
1025 You'd be a weakling, you must learn
To choose your way, if you would grow,
And good from evil to discern,
But, when your heart is touched with grief,
Or Fate deals you a loosing hand,
'Tis then your guide may bring relief
And help you better understand,
And give you hope and courage too,
To still fight on and live life true.

The Builder Great is Very Kind:—

The Builder Great is very kind,
Tho just, exacting in a way,
For broken laws you'll ever find
A penalty you have to pay,
But, tho you pay with sorrow deep,
1026 With pain and agony and woe,
Then peace and rest at last you'll reap,
For sins, tho scarlet, white as snow
May yet be washed, but understand,
You sow, you reap, you, you must pay
Here, now, or in the spirit land,
It's really good for you that day,
That day that justice makes demand,
And retribution comes your way.

Who Are Our Guides?—

Who are our guides? It all depends
How great the need, how large the task
More often just our dear, dear friends,
But when for knowledge deep you ask,
Then come the "Wise men from the East",
1027 Old souls, yet young, from distant land,
And bring to you a mental feast,
And help your soul to understand,
Nor need their bodies come quite near,
For thought transcends both time and space
And thoughts they send from distant sphere
May reach to you, nor do you trace
Their source, but often make your own
Their thoughts, in wisdom thus you've grown.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Know Thoughts Are Things and Mind is Power:—

Know, thoughts are things and mind is power,
We do not ever think in vain,
For when you think, that very hour
You enter in a mental plane
1028 Of thoughts quite like unto your thought.
Tuned to your key, that vibrate high,
Or vibrate low, the thing you sought
Is drawn towards you, that is why
All prayers are answered, every one,
Tho centuries may lapse between
The consequence your thought has won,
Tho it be wholesome, low or mean,
Yet will it bring things you desire,
As sure as flame springs out of fire.

Thought Atmosphere is All About:—

Like wireless messages that span
A continent, are everywhere,
So thought waves on the self same plan
Are ever speeding through the air,
1029 Thought atmosphere is all about,
It permeates each speck of space,
Oft things you think you have thought out
Have just come to you from some place
Where some strong mind is thinking hard,
And sending thoughts out on the wing,
And thus 'tis often that the bard
Who's tuned to catch pure thoughts, may sing
A song of beauty and of love,
That comes direct from heaven above.

Most Thoughts Are Gross:—

Tuned to a certain key the mind
Receives the thought waves of that sphere
With which it vibrates, like in kind,
Tho it be distant or be near,
1030 Most thoughts are gross and ne'er ascend
Beyond the earth's magnetic field
To state such thoughts I would offend,
And, were I to such gross thoughts yield,
Soon would I find thought leads to acts,
An evil mind behind each deed
That evil is, these simple facts
Are good for evil minds to read,
For evil minds may change to good
When once the law is understood.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

'Twere Better Far to House a Foe:—

'Twere better far to house a foe
Than give room to an evil thought,
Foe may become a friend, you know,
If you will treat him as you ought,
1040 But evil thoughts are never friends,
Or should be, you should cast them out,
How best to do this all depends
On your own mind without a doubt,
But, for the most, this way is best,
When evil thoughts come to the mind
To think at once of different thoughts,
Good thoughts and true, clean thoughts and kind,
And very soon you'll put to route
The evil thoughts, they'll leave you'll find.

Out in the Void Our Thoughts We Send:—

As we may choose our dearest friend,
So may be choose our thoughts, I ween,
Out in the void our thoughts we send,
And those sent out are low and mean
1041 Or else are lofty, high and good,
Depending on our state of mind,
And if we send the thoughts we should,
They'll bring back fellows of their kind,
Your mind will be a trysting place
For thoughts invited there inside,
In each and all you there may trace
Some reason they with you abide,
No thought within your mind can stay
If you insist it go away.

Learn, Then, to Rule the Mind With Power:—

Learn then to rule the mind with power,
And cast out evil thoughts at will,
For when you do, that very hour
You master self, your being fill
1042 With high resolve to reach the height,
Hold to your thought, success is sure,
There's no achievement that is right
But you can win, if you'll endure
The hardship and the pain and woe
That comes to those who upward climb,
The way is hard at first, but know
It easier grows with passing time,
Rule your own mind, nor rule another,
But see in each a friend and brother.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Methinks Its Time to Warning Send:—

Methinks its time to warning send,
Lest some who read may have desire
To get in touch with some dear friend
Who's passed beyond—and play with fire—
1043 SEEK NOT to open up the gate
Or cross the border land, beware!
And, tho you may not wish to wait,
Again I say, please have a care,
There is a way that's right to gain
A knowledge of that mystic sphere,
To rise above magnetic plain,
Then no good cause for one to fear,
Subjective psychic state is bad,
And often drives a weak mind mad.

The "Spiritist" Says It is a Gift:—

The "Spiritist" says it is a gift,
Development, and power divine,
Through mediumship a stand to life,
Or on a slate to write a line,
1044 Or through a trumpet catch a voice,
Or bring the dead to life again
Materialized, I've made my choice,
And from such things I now refrain,
Subjective psychic state,—not I,
'Twere better far to doubt the end
And wait for proof until we die,
Than be obsessed, and have to spend
Long years, earth bound, a tool, a thing—
Ah Death, indeed thou hast a sting.

Hypnotic is That Psychic Power:—

Subjective state, misfortune, sad,
A retrogression of the soul
That ever leads to things all bad,
Away from most exalted goal,
1045 Hypnotic is that psychic power
That's wielded by the spirit band,
Hast seen the subject cringe and cower?
Then think, and you may understand,
One's mind dethroned, one's will held bound,
Another uses hand and brain,
Oft lost to feeling, sight and sound,
Again I say—refrain, refrain,
Such state is evil, dangerous quite,
Allied with forces of the night.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

We Must Be Worthy, Qualified:—

But MASTERSHIP it is a gift,
Tho this not stated plain,
For Mastership can only come
Through sorrow, suffering, pain,
We must be worthy, qualified,
1049 And come with hearts all clean
Before we have this precious gift
Of Mastership I mean;
Long is the road to Mastership,
Wild beasts along its way,
And you must conquer every one
And teach each to obey,
To some I speak in riddles now,
There is no other way.

Not Mediumship, But Mastership:—

Not "mediumship", but MASTERSHIP,
This is the way that's right,
This is the way that leads to day,
The other leads to night,
This is the way that one of old
1050 Who walked upon the earth
And lived a life of SERVICE here,
And told about "re-birth",
This is the way that he discerned,
The deeper laws he knew,
This is the way he pointed out
That light might come to you,
This is the way, through Mastership,
A way that's good and true.

And What is Mastership You Ask:—

And what is Mastership you ask,
Unfoldment, growth and power,
A conquering of each passion, whim,
The building of a tower
From whence the soul looks down on self
1051 And holds the mortal clay
In grip that's firm, each impulse, thought,
Compels it to obey,
Refinement of the body's frame,
That it may vibrate high,
And spirit faculties be free,
And this before we die,
Through Mastership you see and hear
And sense the forces that are near.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

You Can't Rely on What They Say:—

And you may ask—do mediums touch
That other realm and give
From those who have departed hence
Word back to those who live?
I'll say they do, sometimes at least,
1055 But this you'll ever find,
You can't rely on what they say,
I would not be unkind,
But facts are facts, and this is true,
Through methods they induce
They touch the earth bound plane alone,
It really is no use
To look for higher wisdom there—
Again I say—best have a care!

To Earth Bound Souls—Through Earth Bound Souls:—

To earth bound souls—through earth bound souls,
This is the method quite,
And while intelligence may be shown,
There really is no light
That shines out strong to guide your feet,
1056 They oft mislead, and more,
Much of the stuff they give to you
Comes from their own thought store,
It all depends how deep the trance,
How much they've ceased to be,
How much they give direct from hence
Back here to you and me,
Of nothing can you be real sure,
At last this truth you'll see.

Facts May Be Given it is True:—

The thing you knew to be a fact,
You say you did receive,—
I'll say you did—I won't dispute,
The rest you must "believe",
Facts may be given, it is true,
1057 I'm ready to admit,
Not all are facts, not all is true,
It's well we pause a bit
And take a peep behind the scenes
From whence the word to you,
'Tis there you'll find the reason why
It may be far from true,
Be not too ready to believe—
Their facts are very few.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

We All Must Die:—

We all must die, the good and bad
Both go to spirit land,
And both survive the change called Death
I'd have you understand,
1058 Each goes to place he has prepared,
In special spirit sphere,
This not determined by "belief",
But by his life while here,
The good may rise to height that lies
Far distant from Earth's plain,
Full many mansions in the skies,
(To this I'll come again)
The bad are held close to the Earth
Until their souls have had "re-birth".

We Are Spirits Now—

And so around about us now,
We in our house of clay,
Are spirit forms of those passed on,
They see us every day,
1059 They do not see material things,
But we are spirits now,
And so they see our spirit form,
But this I will allow,
Some are so gross and unrefined
That earthly matter still
Is tangible to them at times,
Nor have they yet the will
To overcome magnetic strain,
Hence are they held to earth bound plane.

Earth Bound, Held in the Grip of Hate:—

Earth bound, held in the grip of Hate,
Of Envy, or of Scorn,
Of Lust, of Anger, Appetite,
With death they're not "re-born",
1060 They are the very, very same
In every way save one,
They've lost Earth's body which they need,
Through which they had their fun,
They were not ready yet to leave
The plane of matter here,
Hence for a body they have need,
And, well may you have fear,
They oft "obsess" some soul to find
A way to gratify their mind.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Obsession is No Myth, Dear Friends:—

Obsession is no myth, dear friends,
It is a literal fact,
Bad for the one who thus offends,
And bad for those who act
1068 Assistants to this grievous end,
A grievous end, indeed,
For one obsessed, whom I defend,
Can save if he'll give heed;
Our bodies are a temple fine,
For our *own use* are they,
And I shall hold this one of mine,
And teach it to obey—
Not outside forces, but MY OWN,
It is the proper way.

Controlled by Others:—

"Controlled" by others, sad to state,
A common thing, I say,
It seems it is the law of Fate
That it should be that way,
1069 Men act and think as they are told,
And follow in the wake
Of some great "leader" new or old,
The "God within" forsake
They're echoes of some other voice,
Automatons, they act
Not by their own free will and choice,
Is it not true, a fact?
Obsessed, possessed, or else at best,
But half way whole, intact.

Not Even for a Second's Time:—

'Tis bad enough to see the minds
Of men held in the grip
Of mental forces of all kinds,
But this I'm going to skip
1070 And show it is much worse for soul
To give away the power
For unseen forces to "control",
Not even for an hour,
Not even for a second's time
Should we lose that command
Of self that makes the soul sublime,
Please try and understand—
YOU are the one to take "control"
And hold yourself in hand.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

I Would Be Kind Lest I Offend:—

I would be kind, lest I offend
Someone with purpose high
Who seeks some message true to send,
Or get one from the sky,
Nor would I willingly offend
1071 Those who participate
But rather would I be a friend
To all, that's why I state
The law, and try and make it plain,
One cannot injure others
Without he brings self woe and pain,
For men are really brothers,
Bound by one chord of destiny,
Tho born of different mothers.

The Spiritist Proclaims He Knows:—

Full many clean well meaning souls
Seek earnestly the light,
Nor find what leads them to their goals
In ancient creed and rite,
The spiritist proclaims "he knows"
1072 They wish to know, and so
They seek him that he may disclose
The things he claims to know;
Sin is a monster, so they say,
Of ugly, frightful mien,
If we would see his form some day
We'd hate at once when seen,
And so good purpose ope's the way
To things low down and mean.

But They Have Weakened Their Own Souls:—

Subjective psychic power is bad,
I here restate the fact,
Not all are bad or all are mad
Who loose the power to act
By their own will, lose self control,
1073 And are "controlled" I say
But they have weakened their own soul
And started down the way
That leads to subjugation, quite,
To misery and despair,
Insanity, and darkest night,
This road will lead you there,
Again I say it is not right,
Beware, Beware! Beware!

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

When the Sacred Door is Open:—

When once the sacred door is open
It may then stay open wide,
And guests you have not invited
May then come, with you abide,
Once your will has been subjected
1074 To some other force without,
Things you've never yet suspected
Very soon will come about,
For your castle's been invaded,
You no longer hold command,
And your treasures may be raided
By some earth bound spirit band,
CLOSE THAT DOOR and barricade it,
Let me help you understand.

Go On and You'll Be a Weakling:—

Tho your "guides" may be kind-hearted,
Tho your friends be ever near,
Tho their purpose may be worthy
Yet you'll feel a vague, vague fear,
For the mystic door is open
1075 And the key now you have lost,
And a time comes, it is certain,
You will have to pay the cost,
Go on—and you'll be a weakling,
Just a prey to other "wills",
Not your will, that e'er should rule you,
And I warn you, untold ills
May come to you, you the plaything,
You will have to pay your bills.

Don't Sit in a Circle, Hear Me!—

DON'T sit in a circle, Hear me!
If you do you play with fire
DON'T let go your forces, Hear me!
BE YOURSELF—you now admire
Men of courage, men of power,
1076 Men who stand out from the throng,
Men of wisdom and of knowledge,
Who distinguish right from wrong,
Men who stand on firm foundation—
STAND FIRM then, to self be true,
NEVER give the power to others
To "control" or manage you,
Play with fire and you'll regret it,
I'll explain more, ere I'm thru.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Do Not Fear Them, Fear is Weakness:—

1077 Do not fear them, fear is weakness,
And as long as you are you,
There is nothing that can conquer,
And no force that can break through
Wall protecting that the Builder
'Round your being well has planned
Only when your soul is willing
Can another take command,
NEVER let an outside power
Use your body for its own,
Woe be to you and sad that hour,
Reason pushed from off its throne,
Better far to doubt the future,
Than this way to have it known.

Be Yourself and Be a Master:—

1078 BE YOURSELF and be a Master;—
Reason ever on the throne,
You can come to no disaster
If you rule yourself alone,
Take control of all your passions,
Appetites and fears and more,
Keep invaders from your castle,
Never leave an open door;
Long the road that leads to wisdom,
But there'll be a guiding hand,
God will speak to you, you'll hear Him,
And you'll learn to understand
Life's great purpose, true unfoldment,
Revelations close at hand.

Mediumship Is Retrogression:—

1079 Would I had more power to say it
In a way to make it clear,
Mediumship is retrogression
And a thing that you should fear,
MASTERSHIP is power, unfoldment,
And it's up to you alone
To attain this strength and knowledge,
Not a gift, as has been shown,
But result of constant striving
T'wards the Height, nor will you fail
If you use the power within you,
Outside power to no avail,
You and God must make the struggle,
It's a long and lonesome trail.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Again I Say I Would Be Kind:—

Again I say I would be kind
To Mediums, they need a friend,
For few there are I'm sure you'll find
Who have a purpose to offend,
Full oft they've yielded unaware
1084 To dangers of the unseen sphere,
Have sought some word from "over there"
To comfort those who still are here,
To criticise or else condemn
Is not my purpose, I will show,
But some way bring the word to them,
To tell the things that they should know,
And warn them that they play with fire,
Before they sink into the mire.

And Those Upon the Other Side:—

And those upon the other side
Who long to reach some dear one here
And make connections through some guide,
With them a sympathizing tear
I shed myself, I would be kind,
1085 So many do not understand,
But still the law I keep in mind,
And I would warn each spirit band
That tries to take by force of will,
Control of bodies in earth's clay,
This work is evil, not until
Through Mastership they find the way,
Will souls be ready to acquire
These things—meanwhile they play with fire.

Most Sin Because They Do Not Know:—

Most sin because they do not know
The law, they do not understand,
Most of the trouble here below,
And also in the spirit land,
Is caused by ignorance, is it not?
1086 But that does not condone the act,
A loaded gun will kill when shot,
Tho we be ignorant of the fact,
We injure self and others too,
Oft' do this thinking to do good,
There's but one way to learn to do,
Let reason guide, when understood
You'll find that what I say is true,—
CLOSE PSYCHIC DOORS—and you—Be YOU.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Death Makes No Change Except the Form:—

Death makes no change except the form
Of earthly clay is cast aside,
You still are you, in mind and soul,
And body too, I'll now confide,
1087 For, tho your body made of clay
Goes back to dust, as is the law,
Your spirit body still you have,
And I here state you never saw
Two twins more like than are these two,
Your spirit body, house of clay,
But only for awhile 'tis true,
Sometimes not even for a day,
For spirit matter vibrates high,
And change comes quickly when we die.

Earth Bodies Change by Constant Thought:

Earth bodies change, by constant thought
The features of the face made new,
The brain may grow and change the skull,
And this is true the whole life through,
1088 Earth matter vibrates very low,
And change is slow, oft years and years
Will make so little that you'll know
Your friends here in this vale of tears,
The soul and mind may change and yet
The body hold its shape, intact,
The mould is cold, the form is set,
Tho change it must, this is a fact,
But in the spirit land you'll find
The body changes with the mind.

The Spirit Body Finds Its Youth:—

So, when the change called death takes place,
The spirit body steps outside,
If old, decrepit, worn with age,
The two at first are close allied,
But if the soul is young right soon
1089 The spirit body finds its youth,
Grows young and comely full of strength,
This is, indeed, a glorious truth,
And if the soul is good and true,
It shines out brightly as a light,
Its color, of its astral hue,
Tells where it stands, and this at sight,
No use to seek to hide, for there
Your grade is known—best have a care!

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Who Says There is No Hell, Take Heed!—

Who says there is no hell—take heed,
For “over there” such shapes you’ll find,
Wrought by life’s thought and act and deed,
That they will even bring to mind
1090 The Limbo of a Dante’s dream,
Misshapen, dwarfed and stunted souls,
All part I say of Nature’s scheme,
If men refuse to seek their goals
And lift themselves from out the dust,
And turn their backs upon the sun,
They shape themselves, as shape they must,
The law embraces everyone,
And evil thoughts distort the mould
That tries these evil thoughts to hold

Environments You’ll Also Find:—

Environments you’ll also find
Result of thought, and on that side,
They fit the state of evil mind,
The dens on earth where wild beasts hide
1091 Are not more vile, the darkened soul
Seeks dark abode and shuns the light,
Not till it starts towards its goal,
And seeks to know and do the right,
Will it construct a dwelling there
Fit habitation for a man,
And come from out its darkened lair,
And this according to the plan,
Who seeks the right to know and DO,
Will ever build towards the true.

Hell is a State of Mind and More:—

Hell is a state of mind, and more,
Hell is a place, a place we make,
Mind ever builds, I’ve said before,
And evil thoughts such forms will take
1092 That they reshape the body’s clay,
Both bodies here and “over there”,
Also construct a place to stay,
And stamp it with an image fair,
Or stamp it with an image foul,
A filthy, cheerless darkened den,
From which the soul sneaks out to prowl,
And prey upon its fellow men,
Hell’s real enough, its story told
Would almost make your blood run cold.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

There Is No Death, the Good Live On:—

There is no death, the good live on,
They go to distant spheres above,
Some time they're here, most time they're gone,
It's only when the call of love
1093 Brings them to work down here below
That they are found on earth bound plane,
Their better life is where they go,
Beyond the reach of sorrow, pain;—
There is no death, the bad live too,
But from the earth they cannot go,
For here they've work, much work to do,
And oft refuse to do, please know,
Death makes no change, thought builds alone,
And for his sin, each must atone.

The Bad Oft' Go Towards the Bad:—

The good go on towards the height,
They've found the way to joy and peace,
They strive to do the thing that's right,
And never do their efforts cease
1094 To serve their fellows on the way,
To lend a helping heart and hand,
Thus every day a working day,
(Those on "the way" will understand),
The bad oft go towards the bad,
Refuse to listen there, as here,
They're saucy, impudent or mad,
Oft full of rage, wild beasts we fear,
Wild men more dangerous, but then
If right, we need not fear wild men.

You've Known Them Here—So Know Them There:—

The murderer, the thug, the thief,
The libertine, the liar, the low
Of every kind, not come to grief,
But still defiant I will show,
1095 You've known them here—so know them there,
Death makes no change, I here repeat,
Ah, well indeed I say, Beware!,
Stand on your feet, stand on your feet,
Hold to yourself, close tight the door,
Subjective psychic state is bad,
A retrogression to deplore,
No "gift" or "power" to make you glad,
Controls *yourself*, and then some day,
The light will come, you'll know the way.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Consider Then These Facts I Say:—

1096 Consider then these facts, I say,
All evil minds are held to earth,
Are 'round about you every day,
And here to stay until re-birth,
Until through work they gain the right
To leave magnetic plane at will
And dwell in planes where all is light,
And put behind their life of ill;
Fear not, the Builder Great is kind,
Your soul's a citadel of power,
Nor can those of an evil mind
Break through the wall, unless some hour
You ope' the door and abdicate
Your throne—a plaything then of fate.

Not All Are Bad in Earth Bound Place:—

1097 Not all are bad in earth bound place,
E'en tho they're held by law of fate,
No easy task to span the space
That intervenes before the gate
Of Summerland can be attained,
Days, weeks and months and years roll by,
A character that has been stained
By blots of sin, long years must try
To make amends, to build the good
Where was the bad, to overcome
Magnetic pull, through Masterhood,
And solve life's most important sum,
Most earth bound souls are well inclined,
But many have an evil mind.

Full Many There Who Do Not Care:—

1098 Full many there who do not care
What ill results from things they do,
That's why I say, Beware! Beware!—
Lest some of these your wall break thru,
Their element is dark, take heed,
Sit not alone with vacant mind—
Nor in a "circle"—it may lead
To dire results, this you may find
When it's too late to shut the door
That you have thus thrown open wide,
Perhaps a band, a score or more,
Now hold you from the other side,
Ah, mediumship, no "gift" Beware
And listen to my earnest prayer.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

You're in a Trance, a Death Like Sleep:—

But, you may say, the good alone
I welcome from the other side,
How can you tell? This you must own,—
Until your eyes are open wide
1099 You will not see the spirit band
That breaks through your protecting wall,
And when they have you well in hand
You may not see them then at all,—
You're in a trance, a death like sleep,
And worse than death, your soul is bound,
You've given others that to keep
Which you yourself should keep, a sound
Mind in a body sound, they say,
Is best—I'm sure it's true today.

Now Get This Point—The Method's Wrong:—

Now get this point—the method's wrong,
No soul should subjugate another,
Nor matters it from out the throng
Who comes, a sister or a brother,
1100 End does not justify the means,
Self seekers most who seek the seer,
Tho' Justice much t'wards Mercy leans,
Wrong's not made right, that's very clear,
The method's wrong, subjective quite,
The opposite of what is good,
Allied with forces of the night,
Destructive, harmful, understood,
Through Mastership or death the door
Should open to that mystic shore.

At Times Our Ears Are Tuned to Hear:—

This does not mean we should cut off
All contact with the other side
Nor does it mean that I would scoff,
'Tis not my nature to deride,
1101 When someone has a vision clear,
Or dreams a dream, or hears a voice,
At times our ears are tuned to hear,
And when they do we may rejoice,
Unsought, unheralded are they
Such messages, nor are they rare,
For them no price you have to pay,
Gleams through the dark from "over there",
Just "live the life", light will shine thru,
It shines for others, will for you.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

The Indian Guide I Will Explain:—

And Indian Guides I will explain,
Most mediums have one, oft a score,
They're ever in the earth-bound plane,
Nor do they rise to higher shore
Of Summerland, magnetic field
1102 Their habitat, until some way,
To me it has not been revealed,
They find themselves again in clay,
Reborn to earth in higher school,
No longer Indian—but white,
Who thinks from this I am a fool,
May yet discover I am right;—
Magnetically they're strong and so
They're used by cunning wits below.

Intelligence Is Not Enough:—

Intelligence is not enough
To lift one from the earth bound sphere,
One must be made of finer stuff,
Within one's soul a call must hear
To SERVICE for the common good,
1103 Must be unselfish, gentle, kind,
Must seek the plane of masterhood,
And all the forces of the mind
Hold in control, must pass the line
That holds the body to earth deeds,
Thus spirit bodies will refine,
And find "the way" for them that leads
"Out of Earth's shadows into the light,
Out of Earth's weakness into God's might".

The Keenest Minds Are Oft Earth Bound:—

The keenest minds are oft earth bound,
The doctor, lawyer, preacher too,
Chained tight to clay, their daily round
Restricted, 'till they live life true,
A thousand years it takes sometimes
1104 To undo ill in earthly frame,
Before they go to sunny climes,
Repentance and a life of shame,
For evils acts each must atone,
But some are haughty, full of pride,
Their evil acts refuse to own,
So do they here—on other side—
So do they there—and use their skill
To conquer those with weaker will.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Religionists Are Oft Obsessed:—

Religionists are oft obsessed,
Subjective psychic state, that's all,
Nor do I speak to scoff or jest,
But very oft the only "call"
The preacher hears has golden sound,
1105 They hold minds in a wall of creed,
With platitudes their talks abound,
But on dry husks their followers feed,
To make subjective to their will
The minds of those harrassed by fear,
This oft their purpose, purpose ill,
But very soon the time draws near
When they will loose their strangle hold
On souls now bound within their fold.

Revival Meeting Seance:—

Revival meeting, seance, sure!
Subjective psychic state, I say,
To wandering spirit bands a lure,
Both kinds are there who pray and prey,
The call to give one's self to God,
1106 Become receptive to His will
Lest one will feel the chastening rod,
The music and it all is ill—
It overcomes the soul that's weak,
Leads him to give up self the while,
Some mystic spirit touch to seek,
And oft he FINDS, but not the style
Of spirits that the preachers say,
From such as these best stay away.

Subjective State is Always Bad:—

Subjective state is always bad,
Enslavement of the soul, that's all,
The ending of such state is sad,
Tho it may merely build a wall
Around the soul, a wall of creed,
1107 It stops its progress for the time,
It vegetates and goes to seed,—
Who's found already—need not climb,
And so the soul walks in a ring,
A little "whirlpool" all its own,
To creeds and books and customs cling,
This is its plan, tho be it known,
Time ever brings creeds to an end,
Mine, yes—and yours—It's well, my friend!

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

We're Still in Touch With Those We Love:—

But then you say, I take away,
The "touch" with spirit land above,
It is not true, as I'll show you,
We're still in touch with those we love,
1117 Through power of mind that is refined
Development of heart and soul,
You'll come in touch with those your kind,
That strive to reach exalted goal,
And, in the stillness of the night
You'll feel the touch of spirit hand,
Nor will this fill your soul with fright,
You'll know the good and understand,
And through the day, when mind is clear,
The promptings of "the voice" you'll hear.

We're Spirits Now:—

We're spirits now, the walls of clay
An outer shell that vibrates low
Clay cannot hear what spirits say,
Clay cannot go where spirits go,
1118 But mind's the same on either plane,
And mind oft' breaks the bonds of flesh,
Our ears may strive to hear in vain,
But clay can't hold that soul in mesh
That is in tune, and from above
Will thought waves vibrate through the air,
Sent from the hearts of those we love,
And ours will reach them "over there",
They are not very far away,
They see us, hear us every day.

Press On, Oh Soul, Towards Masterhood:—

Reach up to them with earnest thought,
Live true for them, each deed they know,
Live strong for them, each battle fought
Will help your soul to stronger grow,
Mourn not for them, they are not dead,
1119 Grief analyzed is selfishness,
We want them here, but there instead
Their place now is, nor love them less
But love those more who need you here,
Your work is still down here below,
Serve while you can, the time draws near
When you yourself will have to go,
Go then with heart filled full of good,—
Press on, Oh Soul, to'ards Masterhood.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Cold Reason—Yes, Apply This Test:—

Cold reason—yes, apply this test
To all my songs, it's ever best
That thought should square with logic, fact,
And still should hold itself intact,
Nor do I ask you to receive
1120 These thoughts as truth, they are, I ween,
But you the judge, accept, believe,
Deny, reject,—by this I mean
YOU are the one to choose your own
Will come to you, in structure, kind,
Until to larger stature grown
Great thoughts will lodge not in your mind,
This my desire—YOU CHOOSE, nor ask
Some "outside mind"—it is YOUR task.

Obsession is a Vicious Thing:—

Obsession is a vicious thing,
But, do you know that thoughts have power
And may obsess your mind, and cling
Like barnacles?—Truth comes to flower
By growth, the mind must open be
1121 To catch the rays from source above
Of light Divine, that none can see
Except they look with eyes of love;
Your mind may be obsessed by Fear,
By Doubt, but more by creed, belief,
Then "Voice of Truth" you will not hear,
And on "New Thot" you'll look as thief
That comes to steal your creed away,
To you then false these things I say.

No Mind Enslaved Can Know the Truth:—

No mind enslaved can know the Truth
The body bound, this not so bad,
But minds are shackled from their youth
By creeds, beliefs,—a state most sad,
Restricted to a narrow path,
1122 Fenced in with limits guarded well,
They ever fear the day of wrath,
Should they break through encrusted shell,
And each one wears a "tag" in sight,
A label of his mental store,—
A "Russellite," a "Campbellite"
A "Somethingite," and nothing more,
Obsessing thoughts that hold them tight,
Will-O-the-Wisp—their only light.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Now Who Will Say This Pledge With Me?—

Now who will say this pledge with me?
From this time on I will be free,
Free from the rule of other wills,
Free from my weakness and my ills,
1108 Free from all fear that holds me down,
The peer of any man in town
I'll be, nor ask him what to do,
But to my own self I'll be true,
Free from envy, free from hate,
Free from subjective mental state,
I'll step outside the walls of creed,
I'll live life true in word and deed,
And no authority will I own
Except the voice of God alone.

This Day My Soul Shall Be Reborn:—

This day my soul shall be reborn,
I'll free my mind from hate and scorn,
I'll seek "the way" up to the Height
And try and do the thing that's right,
I'll conquer sorrow and remorse
1109 And strengthen every mental force
That makes me MASTER of my fate,
Nor shall I sit and idly wait
For chance to come my way to serve,
But seek the chance, lest I deserve
Rebuke for things I've left undone,
The evil by-ways I will shun,
The "I" within will WILL the good.
And forge ahead t'wards Masterhood.

Be Not a Follower Anymore:—

Be not a "follower" any more
And tag someone who goes before,
Nor seek for signs to show the way
That leads up to the land of day,
A thousand sign boards you can find
1110 That point to ways that wind and wind,
Their end confusion or despair,
The "way" you seek—not there!—not there!
Seek you instead the "voice within",
This voice will save you from all sin,
This voice will tell you what to do,
If to YOURSELF you will be true
You'll find the way to Joy and Peace,
From domineering minds—release.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Now, Who Will Say This Prayer With Me?—

Now, who will say this prayer with me?
I pray that all men may be free,
I pray that right and truth may reign
And Peace come to this earth again,
I pray that Love shall conquer Hate,
1111 And each soul understand that fate
Is but the working out of law,
The Builder's plan without a flaw,
I pray that Right shall yet be Might,
And conquer forces of the night,
I pray the good in every man
Will yet prevail, it is God's plan,
Through SERVICE we will find "the way",
Our deeds the strongest prayers we say.

Who Prays Not Has a Darkened Soul:—

Who prays not has a darkened soul,
Tho prayers not always words, please know,
Who helps a fellow on the way,
Or points a better way to go,
Who says a right good word of cheer,
1112 Or gives to Need a willing lift,
Or wipes from Sorrow's cheek a tear,
Or helps Despair to see a rift
Where sun peaks through the storm swept sky,
He prays in deeds, and deeds speak plain,
While many praying lips but lie,
For empty prayers are ever vain,
Prayer, the soul's call in the night,
A never failing source of light.

And Who Will Answer Prayer You Ask?—

And who will answer prayers? You ask,
Why, you, yourself, most of them, know,
Your earnest prayer begins the task
Your mind completes, for thoughts will grow
To strength and power, and thoughts bring action,
1113 And very soon your prayer you'll find
Is answered to your satisfaction,
Oft worked through your subjective mind,
When mind sends out a prayer vibration
The rhythmic currents cleave the air
And other minds, receiving station,
Record and multiply that prayer,
Thus other minds oft bring the answer,
And oft it comes from "over there."

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

Now Who Will Help Me Do This Task?—

Now who will help me do this task?
Reach those and warn who play with fire,
Unselfishly I'm sure I ask,
They should be saved from fate so dire
1114 As may come to them, will, I know,
Unless they regain self control,
Subjective state I've tried to show
Is retrogression for the soul,
If what I've said you think is true,
Or might be true, grant that I pray,
It's up to me, it's up to you
To serve our fellows in this day
And with a gentle heart and kind,
Take this true message to the blind.

If What I've Said is True:—

If what I've said is true, 'tis plain
That millions now in danger zone
Are standing, some may go insane
If left there standing all alone,
1115 Alone, I say, tho spirit forms,
And mortals too are ever near,
Alone to battle with life's storms,
Its heartaches, longings, dread and fear,
Alone without the radiant light
Of Truth to guide their faltering feet,
Alone with forces of the night,
A friend like you they long to meet,
Some one to help them understand,
Just put this book into their hand.

At Any Rate One Path is Sure:—

At any rate one path is sure,
Tho you may doubt what else I say,
Who masters self is quite secure,
No dangers lie along that way,
Control yourself, is it not wise?
1116 Unfold your powers, but keep command
Of all your forces, dearly prize
This SELF CONTROL, you'll understand
As you go forward on this path
That Truth will come and walk with you,
You'll save yourself from aftermath
Of foolish deeds, to self be true,
Strong, self reliant, full of power
You'll face Death too, when comes your hour.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

It is the purpose at this writing to publish a series of 10 booklets of about 100 sonnets each on related subjects, and all under the general heading SONNETS OF LIFE. The first to follow this, No. 3 in our series, will be:

SONNETS OF LIFE

NEW THOUGHT, NEW HOPE

Much of the new philosophy of living and of life is related to the thought that we live only in the present day, unable to change the past and only able to mould the future by what we do the passing hour, accepting what comes and making the best of it. The sonnets following will give some idea of the themes and the style of sonnets that will be used in presenting same. Orders are solicited at \$1 per copy under the same provision as given in the fore part of this volume:

2015 What will this day bring forth? I do not know,
What's in my path ahead I cannot see,
I'm frank to say the future's veiled to me,
Nor do I care, enough, that I shall go
On with life's tide, I cannot stop its flow,
Nor would I if I could, but I will try
To do something of worth, ere it pass by,
To have something within my soul to show
That this day I have made a straight account
And gained some on the goal I have in view,
On wings of thought alone I find we mount,
Not thinking old, old thoughts, but thoughts all new
And vibrant with the truth as from the fount
Of Truth itself these thoughts come bubbling thru.

2016 What will this day bring forth of sorrow, pain?
It is not mine to say, as in a mist
It lies ahead, my path, I'll not insist
That I should know it's windings through life's plain,
To see ahead so far, I find it vain,
Nor do I care, one step enough for me,
One step is all I ask, dear God, to see,
And then another step, and then again
A third, a fourth, and so on through the day,
Thus would I live, have faith, and be content,
For I am sure that Thou wilt show the way
If I am true to self, nor need repent
I of the past, but, tho I work or play,
I'll follow inside light that Thou hast sent.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

What Will This Day Bring Forth:—

2043 What will this day bring forth, I do not know,
New sorrows, disappointments, woes and cares
That ever steal upon us unawares,
Or will it bring deep joy, as on I go,
And strive to live it true to friend and foe,
Tho foes I will not own, for in my heart
I harbor no ill will, but still the dart
Of envy, hatred, scorn can pierce me, so
I know I still have foes who do not see
The ill they hold against me is their own,
Far more it hurts themselves than it hurts me,
As they will find, when later they have grown
To know the truth, the truth which sets us free
When evil seed we reap that we have sown.

2044 What will this day bring forth?—I do not care
As long as I can live it strong and true,
Am careful in the things I say and do,
And build my castle solid, that in air
Its towers yet may reach and glisten there
Resplendent with the truth, foundation strong
Is what I now should lay, in thought and song,
If, in the after years, my palace fair
Shall be, and on the solid rock, not sand
That, shifting with the winds, will bring to naught
All that I hope so fervently will stand,
All that through life my hands and brain have
wrought,
All that my earnest hopes and dreams have planned
All that my eager soul has ever sought.
July 12, 1920.

2045 What will this day bring forth?—Oh Builder Great,
Teach me to live life true as, day by day,
My problems come to me, show me the way
That I may conquer all that's in my fate
Of evil and of ill, nor would I wait
Until Death comes, and on that other shore
Reap harvest of remorse—and then reap more
Because I put it off, already late
The time of reaping, for if reap I must
Then best I reap right now, and reap my all
Of karma that is bad, for still I trust
Thee, Builder Great, Thou wilt not let me fall,
For ages long I've struggled from the dust,
And still my soul is listening to Thy call.
July 12, 1920.

MASTERSHIP OR MEDIUMSHIP, WHICH?

CONCLUSIONS

The Secret of Great Bliss:—

And still another parting thought,
The secret of great bliss,
For which a billion souls have sought
Nor found, it is just this—
882 Seek not to GET, but seek to GIVE,
No other way is right,
Who seeks for self will poorly live,
Tho gold all shining bright
Is his, and fame, and worldly things,
A pauper yet he'll be,
A starved and shriveled soul he clings
To unreality,
Who gives receives from God's own hand—
The pure in heart will understand.

There is No Greater Word Than SERVE:—

There is no greater word than SERVE,
This I would like to say,
Before you close the printed page
And put this book away,
880 (My hope is you'll not place it back
Upon some unused shelf,
But keep it handy, every day
Make it a part of self),
The thoughts we take into our mind,
They make us what we are,
Some thoughts bring health and joy and peace,
Some wounds, that leave a scar
Upon the soul, but scars erase
When good thought takes the bad thoughts place.

May You Oh Soul to Whom I Speak:—

Were this the last thought to appear,
Inside my books so fair,
I'm sure I would like written here
An earnest, earnest prayer,
881 May you, Oh Soul, to whom I speak,
Find in yourself "the light"
To guide you to the mountain peak
Along "the way" that's right,
No outside source of light can shine
And make your pathway clear,
Then go your way, not mine, not mine,—
The voice of conscience hear,—
God speaks to me--WILL SPEAK TO YOU,
Have courage, do not fear!