

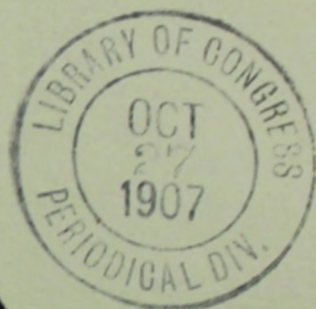
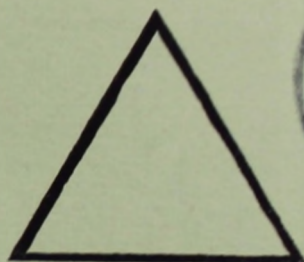
# The Divine Life

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*Clear as the moon; bright as the sun,  
and strong as an army with banners.*

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CELESTIA ROOT LANG



**To be divine!**  
**Or not to be;**  
**That's the question?**

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**OCTOBER, 1907.**

**No. XII**

# THE DIVINE LIFE

A Magazine of the Soul

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Vol. I.

October, 1907.

No. XII

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CELESTIA ROOT LANG, Editor and Publisher.

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## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER.

	Pages.
The Soundless Voice .....	1
Life's School .....	3
I Am a Soul.....	7
One Phase of God.....	8
Love .....	11
The Last Prayer—Poem.....	17
Self-Sacrifice .....	23
A Denizen of Three Worlds.....	25
Life, not Creed .....	27
The Sequel to Evolution*.....	28



## THE SOUNDLESS VOICE.

If thy Soul smiles while bathing in the Sunlight  
of thy Life;  
If thy Soul sings within her chrysalis of flesh  
and matter;  
If thy Soul weeps inside of her castle  
of illusion;  
If thy Soul struggles to break the silver thread  
that binds her  
To the MASTER;<sup>1</sup> know, O Disciple, thy Soul  
is of the earth.

When to the World's turmoil thy budding Soul  
lends ear;  
When to the roaring voice of the Great Illusion  
thy Soul  
Responds; when frightened at the sight of the hot  
tears of pain;  
When deafened by the cries of distress, thy Soul  
withdraws  
Like the shy turtle within the carapace  
of SELFHOOD, learn,  
O Disciple, of her Silent "God" thy Soul  
is an unworth shrine.

<sup>1</sup>The HIGHER SELF.

When waxing stronger, thy Soul glides forth  
from her secure retreat;  
And breaking loose from the protecting shrine,  
extends  
Her her silver thread and rushes onward;  
when beholding  
Her image on the waves of Space she whispers,  
"This is I"—declare,  
O Disciple, that thy Soul is caught in the webs  
of delusion.<sup>1</sup>

Let not thy "Heaven-Born," merged in the sea  
of Maya,  
Break from the Universal Parent (SOUL) but let  
the fiery power  
Retire into the inmost chamber, the chamber  
of the Heart;  
Then from the heart that Power shall rise  
into the sixth,  
The middle region, the place between thine eyes,  
when it becomes  
The breath of the ONE-SOUL, the voice which filleth  
all, thy Master's voice.

'Tis only then thou canst become a "Walker  
of the Sky," who  
Treads the winds above the waves, whose step  
touches not the waters.  
Disciple, before that path is entered, thou  
must destroy  
Thy lunar body,<sup>2</sup> cleanse thy mind-body and make  
clean thy heart.

<sup>1</sup>Of personality. <sup>2</sup>Body of desire.



## LIFE'S SCHOOL.

I am a soul, and I work as a soul; I think as a soul and use this brain and body, sometimes overworking both. I, soul, am in the School of Life, and I have reached a class or grade where I am working out life's problems; the most of them being in the Path that I, soul, have trodden; and now that I have gained a higher eminence, I am better equipped to work out these problems, and to see that they all come under one head—that of the law of Cause and Effect.

When I, soul, was a child, I thought as a child; but now that I have come to a mature age, I must put away childish things. I have passed the Kindergarten and the lower grades and have entered the HIGH SCHOOL.

Now I, soul, am able to look back through the lower grades, and, if they are any lessons or experiences that I have skipped, go back and learn them.

I, soul, find that in life's school in my previous body, I did not work out all of my problems. I, soul, was still in doubt about many of the dear old church doctrines—salvation, remission of our sins through Jesus; the atonement, and the knotty problem of the Trinity. I, soul, was not too old at the age of thirty to go into the school of the church as an apprentice and work out my time—work out the problems that I had left over.

When I, soul, entered the church, I found that although the members *believed* that they could be *saved only* through the blood of Jesus, they sat with folded hands contented with the salvation of their own souls while all the world perished; this indifference set my soul aflame. They either did *not* believe what they *professed*, or they were guilty of letting other souls perish without reaching out a hand to save them; and the agony of those perishing souls, that had no way of knowing



about Jesus and his salvation, pierced my heart. To be sure, they were doing something; the church had its Home Missionary Society; but when I, soul, proposed the need of a foreign Society, I met a strong opposition. Suffice it to say, I, soul, organized a Foreign Missionary Society, a branch of the W. B. M. I—Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior—and I was sent as a delegate to their conventions, and, by the spark of my enthusiasm, enwakened many slumbering souls, and earned the name of the "kindling-wood." Thus, in giving the church ten years of my best school life, I, soul, worked out those problems that had been *left over*, and they will *never* again come up to trouble me. But I, soul, must move on. I had completed the outer course, and now entered the vestibule of the inner school. Here I had to strip off the husks of all that I, soul, had learned, and only the wheat was left. Here new problems faced me; but the light was growing brighter within my soul, and brighter still the star of my soul that shone above me. It lighted now the path of past incarnations and gave me a glimpse of the vast treasury of knowledge that I, soul, had stored; and O the ecstasy and agony of those moments; O to be able to rend the veil and tread again in memory's halls the past of myself.

At this stage I, soul, entered the school of Science and Evolution; but the scientists were matter-blind; *they* could not *see* what I, soul, saw; the *soul* evolving in matter through the lower kingdoms until it reached man's estate, where the law of evolution is complemented by the law of Reincarnation; and the two, working together through successive incarnations, carry on the work of completing the edifice until the Son of Man, the Christ, stands forth the sequel of evolution.

I, soul, had now come to a state of consciousness where



I must express my inner self to the objective world, and my soul's desire to do so brought out the essence of my accumulated knowledge in the form of "Son of Man; or, the Sequel to Evolution." But, after exhausting this knowledge, by throwing it off, my *soul* hunger returned, for I had only satisfied my intellect, thus far, in my search for Truth; for I, soul, was still in the hall or vestibule, known as the psychical world, which connects the outer and inner or terrestrial and spiritual worlds; all three interpenetrating. Had I, soul, been satisfied with the knowledge that I had already attained, *I might have lived and died in that hall*; but I, soul, had become too awakened, the hunger too fierce to be satisfied with husks; and the glimpses of that knowledge that I, soul, once possessed and *desired to recover*, gave me no rest.

At this stage, I, soul, entered the school of Theosophy. In it and through the knowledge of the Eastern Wisdom, I, soul, found expression for much of that which my soul knew but could not recover. I, soul, worked out my apprenticeship in this school by organizing a "Branch"; studying and teaching the "*letter*" of Theosophy for two years. At the end of that time I had absorbed all there was in the "*letter*," or exoteric doctrine for me; and there followed another "*devacan*," or rest period, until I, soul, had assimilated the wheat, and was ready to throw off the chaff. As will be seen, each stage marked a period of soul growth, an unfolding of the inner consciousness, hence, *becoming*. This period of rest lasted about seven years. During this time I, soul, went through with severe trials and experiences which led me—almost to the gate we call—death; but, I, soul, also basked in the sunshine of my outer life and mental expression through literature and literary clubs. But there came a time when this outer expression no longer satisfied my soul. I, soul, had absorbed all there



was in it for me, and it had become but dust and ashes, to be again cast off like an outer garment. But the end of my seven years' probation was drawing near, and my inner sight and hearing more clearly developed; my sense of taste and smell merging into that of touch; my inner consciousness no longer fluctuating but constant, I, soul, developing all my inner faculties, ready for the next step, the spiritual world or Hall of Wisdom. But before that step is taken, the personal self has to be merged into the Self impersonal; there is no place for both.

I, soul, *the connecting link between matter and Spirit, the divine spark*, had re-become Spirit; returned to the source from which I, Spirit, first did radiate—"the drop returned to the Ocean." But I, soul, have just gained a foothold "on the other shore"—the veil of refuge—"The path of pure knowledge," and am able to regain somewhat of the knowledge which I desire to recover. I, soul, am still in Life's School. I have the lessons of the Spiritual world to learn and its problems to solve, and learn to *live* in the divine life, the *real*, the eternal; and express that life in the objective world. And from this higher vantage ground shed the light that I, soul, have acquired on the span of all three worlds, and demonstrate the reality of the divine life, that it is the sequence of Spirit in matter worked out by the orderly process of the law of Evolution and Reincarnation, and that life is the school, after all, where the soul gains its experience, and rises into higher and higher rates of vibration until it gains the heights Nirvanic—full spiritual consciousness, the state of faultless vision.

In giving this little Object Lesson, to make it more forceful, I have carried along only one thread, leaving my



readers to *fill in* from the pages of "The Divine Life," already given, the soul's devotion, and the love-light from the Higher SELF that sheds its beams upon the soul from its first awakening, and guides it through all its weary progress in unfolding its inner Self, its inner consciousness, its heaven of perfect love and harmony.

I would demonstrate that the soul lives in its mortal body and unfolds in the three-interpenetrating-worlds, without super-natural aid, or forced methods, as naturally as the body unfolds in the physical world. Forced methods will develop abnormal powers additional, no doubt. The time has come to the few and they have learned of the divine life by demonstrating in place of faith. An ounce of demonstration is better than a pound of theory.

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### I AM A SOUL.

I am a soul;  
The mighty surge of God's eternal Right  
Makes melody within.  
I am a vital, climbing vine,  
Twined 'round the stately trunk of life.  
I am a thought—direct from that Great  
Source  
Wherein breathes Action.  
O wondrous truth, so rarely here discerned!  
O mellow medicine for mortal ills!  
Renew, each day, this mending fact,  
And I shall die no more,  
Except to error and unrest;  
I shall be keyed for conquest  
Of all lower forms and states,  
And thus may brace my fellows,  
As we wander toward the sunlit New.

—Rev. H. S.—*Woman's Tribune.*

not turn back but continue another year. As this is the closing number of Vol. I., I wish to express the great pleasure it has given me in what I may term the higher or ideal association of souls in the body, and I know no better term to express it than association in the divine life. While many errors have crept in I feel that there is no condemnation on the part of anyone who has done the best he could.

---

My Lord and my God! I worship Thee in Spirit and in truth! I had first to become Spirit before I could worship Thee in Spirit; my mind-soul joined to the Higher Self to know Thee, whom to know aright is Life everlasting; and my mind-soul united to the Silent Speaker before I could give utterance to words that are Spirit and they are Life.

The soul's mind has first to be awakened, and then its faculties or inner senses developed before it may comprehend and remember or mirror back to the objective plane ought of its inner life; hence the absolute necessity of the personal self becoming subordinate.

"Ere the soul's mind can understand, the bud of personality must be crushed out; the worm of sense destroyed past resurrection."

Saith the Great Law: "In order to become the **KNOWER OF ALL SELF** (the knower of Atma, or the Universal **ONE SELF**), thou hast first of **SELF** to be the knower, that is, of the Higher **SELF**, to reach the knowledge of that **SELF**, thou hast to give up Self to Non-Self, Being to Non-Being." Thou hast to give up thy personal self to the soul; give up thy personal life if thou wouldst live in the *real*.



## LOVE.

O TELL ME, *where* is love, bred!—  
In the heart or in the head?

How strange it seems to *love* and to *know* that *that* love is not human, that it is not in my personality, in my heart or in my head. That its home and its birthplace is in my Soul, in the Impersonal. In this experience we are brought to *see* that we are an extension of each other; my friend, and my lover, are extensions of myself, of yourself. I have been surprised to note that in a number of my personal letters my friends use this expression; "You seem like a part of myself."

Now, as my soul is working out *life problems*, each new, or old, problem as it presents itself has to be solved. Is not this solving problems the sum of life after all? and is not this one way in which the soul grows—unfolding its inner life? We *know* that the intellect grows and unfolds by solving material problems, until the individual may become an intellectual giant. Now if my soul had solved all of its problems, and on reaching the spiritual world, "the other shore," there were no *spiritual* problems to solve my soul would be dwarfed; it would lack food for growth, but instead of that deplorable dearth and atrophy which would follow, my soul is supplied with daily food by working out these problems on the inner plane and expressing them in the outer or objective world through the aid of language, which, as yet, has no vocabulary to express the inner or divine life. I feel as yet, that my mind-soul is only in the A, B, C of the alphabet of expression; but that it must use these until it is able to create or unfold a vocabulary of its own through which it may convey some idea of the inner life to the objective world.



I have known for a long time that my soul expresses itself the best and easiest in rhythmic language—in waves of harmonic vibration. My first experience of my soul's life, or inner life *separate* from my personality, was through this method of expression. The Soundless Sound came in waves which were articulate and each wave brought a sentence or part of a sentence to my conscious mind that was sufficiently audible for my mind to catch and write it down; however, sometimes the Soundless wave did not come with sufficient force for me to catch the words of the vibratory rhythm, and I would have only a part of a sentence, but the next wave would seem to come nearer and strike the shore of my consciousness with more force and leave the impress of the rest of the sentence, until in this manner I had written a poem of thirty-two lines. To try to express the ecstasy of those moments and my astonishment, is beyond the language at my command. When the poem was completed, the articulate sound of the waves of vibration ceased, though I waited and listened. I held in my hand a poem of thirty-two lines which I *knew* my intellect had had no part in creating, except to record the words heard by my inner hearing and not heard by my physical ear. Though not a mother, I felt that I had experienced somewhat of the feelings akin to the love that a mother feels on looking for the first time in the face of her new-born babe and pressing to her bosom—a spark of the divine—I felt the divine touch in the poem, although the sentiment it expressed was of little intellectual value. I learned for the first time the *duality* of my nature—that I had an *inner* and outer life—and that the inner life faintly expressed itself in the poem. I had never written a poem, and I felt that there was no poetic vein in my nature; it was as though, not being an artist, I had all at



once painted a picture without the knowledge of the art of painting. Here is the poem just as I wrote it; it seems to be a dialogue between the mind *united* to the Soul. In the first two stanzas the mind speaks, in the other six the Soul is the speaker:

## THE SEEN AND UNSEEN.

### MIND.

As on the Mount with Thee I stand  
And view afar the "Promised" land,  
Heavenly Muse, be Thou my guide,  
Let me in Thy chariot ride.

And far above this vale of tears,  
View with Thee the coming years.  
Say, what to *me* they will unfold  
As the tale of life is told?

### SOUL.

All the pain and strife within,  
Were given thee for discipline,  
This to thee is but the beginning  
Of a life that is unending.

The earth-born soul is but a plant,  
Placed here for development;  
If it receives no care from thee,  
It will always stunted be.

Care thou *less* for the outward strife,  
Think thou more of the *inner* life.  
The body dies—the soul lives on—  
*Every life has two lives in one.*

Two lives—the seen and the unseen—  
They may both be fair, or lean,  
The outer, beautifully adorned,  
The inner life, sadly deformed.

Then let us, with watchful care  
Be sure that the inner life is fair,  
The outer life may then reflect  
The inner life through the intellect.

Judge not, 'tis not for thee to see  
What the inner life *may* be;  
Neither can it be judged in Time  
The only Judge, is the Spirit divine.

Then, the first step to give the soul the power to express itself in the outer world, after it has developed its inner faculties, is to blend the mind and soul. (not the Higher Self), but the *inner* man, and thus destroy the sense of duality, or “separateness,” or the path between the personal self and the Impersonal; the mind must first be joined to the soul before it can expect to be united to the Silent Speaker; and the personal Ego is all that stands in the way. It has taken the *inner* man ages of successive incarnations to rise superior to the personal Ego; to get its mortal body and desires under its control and its mental faculties united to itself that *it* might live and express itself in the three worlds.

That the *soul* has a separate or distinct life of its own while in the mortal body, and able to express itself, even, after the mind has lost its normal balance, is demonstrated in the following article and poem sent to me for publication in THE DIVINE LIFE:



"THE LAST PRAYER," a poem by L. R. Whiting, published for the first time, in this issue of The Advertiser,<sup>1</sup> written by an inmate of the State Lunatic Asylum, will be read and preserved in scrap-books by thousands of people, as will also the review of same by Dr. R. J. Briggs, who was kind enough to send it in for publication. That such a production could come from the pen of a lunatic is almost incredible. No doubt this poem will find its way into thousands of publications as did the "Last Will," by an inmate of one of the Chicago asylums several months ago, and which was reproduced in these columns. It is hard to say whether readers of The Advertiser will be more interested in "The Last Prayer" on account of its being written by a lunatic or from its real worth as a literary production. Both make it doubly interesting, and we give it to our readers, today, together with the review by Dr. Briggs, which is a beautiful sermon in itself.

---

My Dear Mr. Wallace:

I send you a poem which is in some sense remarkable, and in every sense worth publishing and worth reading. It was written by Mr. L. R. Whiting, who has been five years an inmate of the State Asylum for the Insane. It was handed to me by Mr. P. S. Spiller, who is book-keeper of the Asylum.

In reading the poem one is constantly hearing the remote voice of Tennyson in "In Memoriam," though it is in no sense a copy of that great poem. The metre and rhythm are different, and Tennyson's exquisite execution and workmanship are absent. But it wrestles with the same great problems, and ends almost in the same great, imperative and inevitable faith. Tennyson says:

<sup>1</sup>Austin, Texas.



"I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the world's great altar stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God;  
I stretch lame hands of faith and grope  
And gather dust and chaff and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Mr. Whiting says:

"But yet, still yet, our finite kind,  
May, all presumptuous, on you call;  
Presumptuous, to infinite mind,  
Which owns the sum of wisdom all.  
But still we pray because we must:  
O, aid us in our mortal dust."

It is the old, old story, the demand of the intellect for sensuous manifestations of God, and failing to get them, its retreat into doubt and agnosticism; and then the rising of the imperial soul with its ineradicable knowledge of God and its unfaltering "I must" triumphing over all doubt and confusion. If the world had never elaborated systems of theology, such a wail would never have been heard in Christian history. Jesus would have remained Master of men's thought and the supreme inspirer of men's faith. He told the world centuries ago that it was the *open vision of the inner eye that sees God*, and the heart alone that knows Him.

This poem was not written by a lunatic, unless Dr. MacDonald, who is so extensively quoted by Thompson Jay Hudson in his "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life," is correct in his summing up of the opinions



of many writers, ancient and modern, that génius and lunacy are so closely akin and so inseparable that the one is never found without the other.

If Mr. Whiting is a lunatic, it is only his objective mind that has lost its normal relations to things, and *he is a demonstration* that the *soul* never goes "crazy," whatever disease may do to the brain which is but the organ of its objective manifestation.

But I am sure this gentleman is as sane as I am. I do not endorse, in the least, the theory of the kinship of genius and insanity. I am sure Dr. Worsham does not—otherwise he would live in such an atmosphere of romance and so in touch with the ideal that he would mistake his automobile for the "Chariot of Fire" and wonder why it did not speed with him through the starry azure to the "Land o' the Leal."

I submit this poem as evidence that Mr. Whiting is in the wrong place, or if crazy, it is only with the "fine frenzy" which is *eminent sanity* when dealing with unseen and eternal things.—R. J. Briggs, Austin, Tex., July 10, 1907.

---

### THE LAST PRAYER.

O, whatsoever POWERS there be,  
Hear now a world's beseeching prayer!  
We turn from ancient mystery,  
And forms of faith, no longer fair,  
To seek you on your secret throne  
And doubt all things till truth be known.

We turn from earth's long night of ill;  
From faith's pale moon, a beacon vain;  
We turn from thought bound down until  
It, senseless, loves its galling chain;

We turn from all that hath deceived,  
Though faith so strongly hath believed.

Hear us; are you like to our kind?

Though mightier, as the starry spheres.  
Do you still further greatness find?

Evolving through the stupendous year,  
Shall we to your estate at last  
Grow up, with many a childhood past?

Or are you gods all isolate

From our weak minds of different mold?  
And guiding, as relentless fate,  
Till all things earthly shall grow old;  
And we shall disembodied live  
With such powers as we can receive?

Or are there ranks in your high kind?

Have we a god of our own world?  
With others greater still behind,  
With mightier glories far unfurled;  
Each differing as from star to star  
Across unceasing space afar.

There surely cannot be a God

As imaged forth by childish man;  
With chiding voice and scourging rod,  
And slaughter, as since Time began.  
It cannot be that happiness  
Can be enough the soul to bless.

It cannot be insensate power

Which drives us on from birth to death,



To wither even as does the flower  
Which closes at the evening's breath.  
It cannot be that when we fall  
That it shall mark our end of all.

It may be that we shall return  
Again, again, to forms of earth;  
Until at length our minds shall earn  
Their meed at last of spirit birth;  
And we to higher powers succeed  
Till we *become* as gods indeed.

It may be that when life first rose  
And mighty beasts o'erran the earth,  
Each kind in turn its sway to lose  
Before a new and higher birth,  
That they but passed along the minds  
Which live now in our human kinds.

It may be that when nations great  
Begin to sink in dull decay  
'Tis that the minds which raised their state  
To other tribes have passed away;  
Succeeded by the hords which come  
Where'er their weakness finds a home.

The truth of these things, who shall say?  
We only know we live and die,  
And that things slowly turn away  
As cycles roll, from low to high;  
And that the world is better far  
Then when first dawned its morning star.

of wisdom all," and it speaks because *it must* express this wisdom to the objective world.

To express in prose the Divine Wisdom that is compressed in this "nutshell," would make a small volume.

The secret of my seeing more in this poem, than can be seen by the intellect, is this: I come into the same rate of vibration, and I see what the author's mind-soul saw,—for he did not see it with mind alone, but in the Impersonal—and the knowledge becomes mine, the author's words serving only as the web that holds the mighty sweep of events together until my mind-soul caught the connecting thread and then it can let go of the words and supply those of its own. The author's *soul* is triumphant, it is living in the realms of the *real*, while Tennyson's soul was still in the labyrinth of doubt.

What does the summing up of the *opinions* of many writers on the intellectual plane, in regard to that which is spiritual, amount to?—nothing, in regard to "lunacy and genius being closely akin, and so inseparable, that the one is never found without the other"—that being true, it follows that Emerson and Shakespeare, and others too numerous to mention—were lunatics. Neither do I "endorse in the least the theory of the kindship of genius and insanity." The soul needs the touch of the "fine frenzy," which is "eminent insanity," to enable it to wrestle and work out the spiritual problems of which the world stands in need to-day, and without the "fine frenzy," the Divine Touch, it can do nothing.

---

I give what I have earned of spiritual knowledge to enrich the world; as the leaves that fall from the trees enrich the soil.

---

You cannot know the real Self, much less the Higher SELF until you have conquered the personal self.



## SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

Self-Sacrifice is one of the fundamental principles in the teachings of all the Great Spiritual Masters. It consists in yielding up self, or selfishness, so that Truth may become the source of conduct. Self is not an entity that has to be cast out, but a condition of mind that has to be converted. The renunciation of self is not the annihilation of intelligent being, but the annihilation of every dark and selfish desire. Self is the blind clinging to perishable thing and transient pleasures as distinguished from the intelligent practice of virtue and righteousness. Self is the lusting, coveting, desiring of the heart, and it is *this* that must be yielded up before the truth can be known, with its abiding calm and endless peace.

To give up *things* will not avail; it is *the lust for things* that must be sacrificed. Though a man sacrifice wealth, position, friends, fame, home, wife, child—yea, and life also—it will not avail if self is not renounced. Buddha renounced the world and all that it held dear to him, but for six years he wandered and searched and suffered, and not till he yielded up the desires of his heart did he become *enlightened* and arrive at peace.

By giving up only the *objects* of self-indulgence, no peace will ensue, but torment will follow. It is self-indulgence—the *desire for the object* that must be abandoned—then peace enters the heart.

Sacrifice is painful so long as there is any vestige of self remaining in the heart. While there remains in the heart a lurking desire for an unworthy object or pleasure that has been sacrificed, there will be periods of intense suffering and fierce temptation; but when the *desire* for the unworthy object or pleasure is put away forever from



the mind, and the sacrifice is complete and perfect, then, concerning that particular object or pleasure, there can be no more suffering or temptation. So when self in its entirety is sacrificed, sacrifice, in its painful aspect, is at an end, and perfect knowledge and perfect peace are reached.

Hatred is self; covetousness is self: envy and jealousy are self; malice is self; pride and superciliousness are self; vanity and boasting are self; gluttony and sensuality are self; lying and deception are self; speaking evil of one's neighbor is self; anger and revenge are self. Self-sacrifice consists in yielding up all these dark conditions of mind and heart. The process is a painful one in its early stages, but soon a divine peace descends at intervals upon the pilgrim; later, this peace remains longer with him; and finally, when the rays of Truth begin to be shed abroad in the heart, remains with him. This sacrifice leads to peace; for in the perfect life of Truth, there is no more sacrifice, and no more pain and sorrow; for where there is no more *self* there is nothing to be given up; where there is no clinging of the mind to perishable things there is nothing to be renounced; where all has been laid upon the altar of Truth, nothing remains to be yielded up; and having given up all, all is gained, the fever of desire is replaced by the tranquility of Truth, and selfish love is swallowed up in divine love; and in divine love there is no thought of self, for there is the perfection of *insight, enlightenment and immortality*, and therefore perfect peace.

—*The Light of Reason.*

---

Where is there a man with soul so great that he will fearlessly speak his utmost conviction?

---

The still small voice never blows a trumpet.



## A DENIZEN OF THREE WORLDS.

Thou must shed thy light upon all three worlds, the terrestrial, psychical, and spiritual for these three worlds are, they exist.

The Soul on the terrestrial knows nothing of the next inner world until it has developed the faculties belonging to that world, and made the inner and outer *one* to a certain extent by blending the mind and soul.

It is the desire of every awakened soul to express its inner self in the outer existence. When the soul has attained the next inner state, not spiritual but psychical, the world of mental activity and phenomena, it does not necessarily express itself in phenomena but in intellectual productions, it may be compared to the blossoming time and not the fruitage; nearly all of our literature is produced while the soul is a denizen of the psychical world. It is the objective world of the awakened soul, as the earth is the objective world to the soul on the physical plane, and it may be termed the Hall of vestibule, the entrance to the spiritual. The physical is the basis, the objective or visible, and the psycho-mental is the subjective, the connecting vestibule between the outer and inner, or physical and spiritual; and it is in this vestibule, so to speak, that all the mental and psychic phenomena, of a lower or higher degree, take place.

Man, a soul, is a threefold being and to become a denizen of the three worlds he must develop symmetrically; he must come into each plane of his being by developing the inherent faculties of the soul, the connecting link between matter and Spirit.

The soul begins its conscious life on the objective plane in the lowest degree of existence passing through successive incarnations that it may develop consciousness of itself and its individuality, to do this on the physical



plane it requires a physical body which it first builds and perfects—the temple which is erected without the sound of hammer or any tool being heard. All its growth is a becoming, an unfolding of its real self, and it needs to express this consciousness to aid its own growth. This is a law of being in the psychical and spiritual as well as in the physical. When the soul attains the spiritual world the law becomes imperative; it must shed its light acquired of hard-earned knowledge, of Wisdom heaven-born upon the span of all three worlds if it would have that stream remain sweet running waters.

There was never a time in the history of the world when there were so great a number of awaking souls—and growing souls—as at the present time. Many individuals get glimpses of the higher consciousness as the result of their soul growth; in this preliminary state the higher consciousness may be maintained but a few moments at a time, but this is sufficient for the soul to grasp the *real*, and thereafter to cling to the memory of those moments until the soul becomes too awakened to give them up and by continued desire they become more frequent. But, unless an individual perseveres seriously in the pursuit of self-knowledge, he will never lend a willing ear to the voice of the soul.

It is not necessary that the soul should remember its sojourn in the psychical, it may have been born on that plane. However, if it has an inclination for the spiritual, or has had “from its youth up” it has already passed the lower psychic and its gaze is fixed on the spiritual, but the soul cannot gain the permanent at a single bound it must grow to it, not only that, it has to become it. *Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself.*

Do not think that the soul requires certain set experi-



ences, *all* experiences are to aid in its growth, your experience may not have been mine, nor mine yours; each soul follows its own nature, its own trend—a subdivision of the One Path followed by Karma.

When the soul has actually grown to the state of spiritual consciousness, it will be permanent and not fluctuating; there will be a sense of abiding, of living and working in the *real*, the eternal. These three words, interpenetrate a world within a world, by a higher rate of vibration which the mind-soul has to attain by slow degrees. The mind cannot sustain the higher rate but a short time at first, hence there is a frequent ascending and descending of the ladder of vibration. The effect of the ecstasy is overpowering to the mind at first, it also affects the action of the heart, somewhat as in the physical in ascending a higher altitude.

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### LIFE, NOT CREED.

I ask thee not, O Friend, to hold my creed;  
Keep thine own—it may be best for thee,  
Though it be far from that that's held by me  
As is the east from west. Be pure indeed;  
If thou dost live sin from the world to weed,  
And strivest that thou mayest to virtue win  
Thy fellow men, then are our creeds akin  
In this at least; nor shall we stay to heed  
Our differences. In that in which we're one  
Let us toil bravely till the work is done;  
Though we see not the fruit, we sow the seed,  
And thine and mine shall be the victor's meed.  
O thou that strivest for thy fellow's good,  
Accept from me a hand of brotherhood.

—Llewellyn E. Hughes.

## THE SEQUEL TO EVOLUTION.\*

There can be no higher nor more important field of intellectual effort than that embraced in the unfolding of the continuity and harmony which really exist between science and religion. To make clear the definitions of these terms as here employed, we may represent science as a fully ascertained knowledge of facts interpreted in their principles, relations, causes, and effects; by religion, moral and spiritual verities, inclusive of everything that is intrinsic and divine in character, but not necessarily embracing traditionalism, dogma, nor ritual. It will be a glorious achievement when the fact has been wrought into human consciousness that all that is true in science, all that is vital in nature, and everything intrinsic in religion are only different aspects or sides of one grand whole. It is being learned that the evolutionary philosophy is the magic eye which interprets, not only all materialistic and sentient phenomena, but ethical, sociological, moral, and spiritual development as well. The higher evolution essays to trace and bring to light the natural laws of the spiritual world on a fuller and more rational basis than that which was formulated by Professor Drummond in his celebrated work which attracted so much attention a few years since. It transforms chaos into cosmos, chance into law, and sets disconnected facts into a great mosaic of harmonious unity and design. It illumines the problem of the purpose, prospective, and destiny of man. It silences the wails of pessimism, and projects to sublime ideals into the field of human vision. By the clear light of its well-fortified logic, it lifts regeneration out of its irrational and supernatural aspect—destitute of caused rela-

\*Book Review: "Son of Man; or the Sequel to Evolution," by Celestia Root Lang. Cloth; pp. 282; price, \$1.00.—From the February "Arena," 1893.



tions, except divine favoritism—into a visible, natural, and scientific process of *spiritual evolution*.

To bring these supreme principles into general recognition is a great work; and as a vigorous and intelligent effort in this direction, Mrs. Lang's book will take a high rank. She brings to the task, not only evidences of a well-trained intellectual equipment, but also proof of a keen, intuitional, and spiritual perception. It is also plain that she is not unfamiliar with science in its more popular sense. As a general basis, she takes the work of Professor Le Conte, the most eminent evolutionist in America, and elaborates its philosophy. Standing on the terrace erected by him, she reaches onward and upward by a true, inductive method.

Too great credit can hardly be given to Darwin, Huxley, and Wallace, as specialists, for their most thorough and profound researches in materialistic evolution. With wonderful accuracy of detail and finish, they constructed the lower stories of the great edifice. They dug deep to lay its foundations, but even in imagination they hardly looked forward to beyond the beauty of the spires, statues, and finials which would yet adorn its roof, and stand out in bold outline against the blue azure above. In the meantime Herbert Spencer, in his synthetic philosophy, broadened, built higher, and unified. Mounting above the materialistic specialism of Darwin, who seemed color-blind to everything but matter, Spencer possessed an amazing power of generalization, and widened the evolutionary scope indefinitely. Starting with the accumulated materials of the English scientists, Professor Le Conte, in his "*Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought*," followed the bright lines of orderly progression into the realm of human rationality, morality, and spirituality, finding at the apex the typical, divine, man, the Christ.



Mrs. Lang, taking all this rich heritage of capital, still broadens, beautifies, and elaborates. Her clear, spiritual insight discovers many fine harmonies, supports, and correspondences which her more intellectual predecessors have missed. To the careless or superficial reader her writings, in places, may seem a trifle involved; but the delver and searcher after truth will find himself rewarded with real treasure. It deals with that which is intensely vital. Some seeming repetition of fundamental statements is evidently due to a desire to present them in their different relations or settings.

The three general parts or subdivisions of the work are entitled, respectively: First, Psychic Evolution; second, Psychic Evolution and Material Evolution; and third, Man's Place in Nature. These general parts are further subdivided into eighteen chapters in all, each fitting into the general plan of the whole. The theme, being in the nature of an inductive generalization, is practically unlimited in its scope. A great majority of writers are analytical rather than synthetic; but the generalizing and unifying are well done in this work. Those who have been interested in material and organic evolution only—or mainly—should not fail to carefully examine this grander evolution of evolution. It does not undo past attainment, but rounds it out in all its inter-relations, and leads onward in the path already begun. The style is logical rather than assumptive, scientific rather than metaphysical.

Mrs. Lang thoroughly elaborates the doctrine of the "correlation of forces," now indeed firmly established by the apostles of materialism. She interprets the "forces of nature," i. e., divine energy, as different forms or planes of manifestation, of one and the same thing. Disclaiming anything pantheistic, she beholds God's immanence in all nature, not merely as force, but as infinite power, intelli-



gent will and law, working to a definite and beneficent purpose. To the generally conceded five great evolutionary planes is added a sixth, which is denominated the psychic or "Christ plane"—the highest embodiment of spirit. She suggests a seventh—the plane of pure unembodied spirit. This includes the eternal absolute substance—the unmanifested Deity. The sixth, or Christ plane, is the acma of human aspiration, the highest of individual embodiment. Theology becomes scientific when it is studied in the light of its relations. Mrs. Lang thereby emancipates it from unrelated supernaturalism, and gives it a normal place and foundation. The psychic, or Christ plane, is brought into close and vital relations with all inferior planes. It is their prophecy, goal, and culmination. The comprehensive breath of the "Christ principle" theory is the essential identity of the laws of material and psychic evolution.

The great method of scientific research she finds to be by comparison. Thus biology, as interpreted in recent times, has become a true, inductive science. The method of comparison translates and illuminates. Under its keen analysis, anatomy becomes scientific through comparative anatomy, embryology through comparative embryology, sociology through comparative sociology, and likewise psychology is interpreted by its connections, especially by the steps leading up to it.

Within the limits of an ordinary review it is impossible to give such a condensed impression of Mrs. Lang's book as will fairly convey its full spirit and significance.

There is nothing more conducive to mental enlargement and enrichment than a study of the evolutionary philosophy. This unique and thought-stimulating work can be cordially recommended, and even if some of the positions taken do not command ready assent, the earnest reader will find himself, not only greatly interested, but also helped and uplifted.

—Henry Wood.



Thou Blessed One!

How my Soul goes out to greet Thee,  
How my Soul goes out to meet Thee!  
My Soul, the channel of Alaya through  
Which the sweet waters must flow,  
To irrigate the arid lands below.

My Lord and my God!

When Thy beloved voice I hear,  
The Wordless Sound falls on my ear,  
All other sounds to me are as nought;  
That bring to my ear earthly thought,  
They fall dead before the shrine  
That fills me with words of Thine.

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