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# DRIFT,

From the Shore of the Hereafter,

BY

✻GEORGE ELIOT,✻

AUTHOR OF

"SILAS MARNER," "MIDDLEMARCH,"  
"DANIEL DERONDA," ETC.,

TRANSCRIBED BY

✓ *Cochrane*

AMARANTH.



PRICE 25 CENTS.

## To My Husband,

The only earthly creature who ever had courage to ascend with me to the heights of my own heaven, or descend with me to the depths of my own hell, and without whom I had walked the wilderness of this world alone, this incipient volume is dedicated by

Amaranth.

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## PREFACE.

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I give to the world this message from the great departed writer,<sup>e</sup> George Eliot.

I have no apology to offer as to the manner in which it comes; I have no explanation to make in regard to a power of which, though personally I have been always more or less cognizant, any language by which I might seek to make myself understood would to the majority be as unintelligible and as unmeaning as Choctaw.

Spirituality has hitherto been an abortion, an animal or a phantom, with the brain of an idiot, but the mighty hunger needs of the world have been incessantly developing this brain, until the time is coming, and is now at the door, when it will speak from the intellect, not the low, guttural beast muttering, fear-choked utterance; not the high-pitched, squeaking, ghostly, far-away gibberish, which you have heard as its predominating notes, but the voice of its own soul and mind replying clearly, reasonably, consistently to your own eternal questionings; then you will "awake, and remember and understand."

As for our writer, she was the dissector of human motives, and in that department the kindest, yet keenest, most unflinching surgeon that ever handled a knife. She cut to the bone, and through it if necessary; apparently because she must, and from pure love of her art. Her work is not ended; hardly interrupted: she was at school here; she has graduated with highest honors, and will practice hereafter in the universal hospital of diseased and suffering humanity.

Her field is enlarged somewhat commensurate with the power of her soul, which far surpasses any idea hitherto entertained of her, even by those who admired her most and loved her best. As an *artiste* she is even ideally perfect; her constructive power is beyond, far beyond, that of any intelligence which ever came within the range of my consciousness. Nothing escapes her; the fragments thrown away and rejected of men, are by her carefully treasured and fashioned into things of immortal beauty.

As she awakens into the wide freedom of her new existence, not one brain alone, but many, will be needed to transmit the perfect, rounded ripeness of her thought.

And many a sensitive struggling now with an unshapen, unclad idea, bearing its burden about with him, while a poverty-stricken world waits for its utterance, will by her wondrous influence awake to find it hewn and shapen into letters of living light—all the meaning of its mute marble carved into fairest proportions of grace and symmetry.

Blessings on her evermore, for daring to unveil the truth that was in her, without mutilation, without accompanying nauseous covering of tradition, and commonplace, conventional falsehood!

O world, you have a reputation, a richly deserved one, for burning and scourging, and starving and freezing your truth-tellers while living, and laying them with fulsome praises in your Westminster Abbeys when dead; but she wrapped her mist-grey fiction cloak about her, and heeded you not; living or dying she heeded you not; and she heeds you not, now.

AMARANTH.

Philad'a, Pa., 7th December, 1881.



## DEDICATION.

---

Go, whispered, hinted truths,  
Go, truths with thunder spoken,  
Go bud and bloom and weed.  
Go, wheat and tares  
Gathered so hastily with trembling hands,  
"Drift" indeed, with many a pearl shining 'mid the sands,  
Go to hearts now broken.

Go swift as light, and strong as love,  
Bear the tokens on

Wet with dewdrops from above,  
Heaven's *in memoriam*.

Tell them you left us with but half a life,  
Reaching, stretching back our empty hands,  
Across the wide, wild desert waste,  
Across the tear-wet, falsehood-darkened, unknown lands,  
Tell them we wait and watch, and hope and pray,  
Tell them we send with every passing day  
Our thought, our hope, our fear.  
Tell them to lift their heads,  
Tell them to list and they shall hear,  
Tell them we are not dead.

Tell them that sorrow's bier  
Is the birth-bed of Life Eternal,  
The moving car of love supernal,  
To the wide blest spheres of light,  
To the glory-crowned, day-merged night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just now we pause to thank him here,  
Thank him, the king Iconoclast,  
The mighty clearer of the ways to be,  
The fearless image breaker of the earth,  
Who makes the pathway for the children's feet,  
By scattering the hobgoblins ages old.  
Hear his last utterance o'er a broken bud,  
Tender as morning zephyr, yet repressed,  
Repressed and sad ; sad, looking cross the gulf  
Which has existence only in the minds of men.

" It may be death gives all there is of worth to life,"  
O Ingersoll, there is no death, no end  
Nor beginning, and such hearts as thine  
O'erleap all barriers, and are wiser than thy thought ;  
Claiming all space for home, all time for love,  
All souls for kinship, on both sides the grave.

Go on, O King Iconoclast, the builder follows close ;  
Thy footsteps meet ere long,  
Even now thou hast caught a cadence of his strain  
Trembling through the resonance of thy forest-felling strokes,  
Sweet as songs of home and baby's lullabies,  
Whispering of safety, shelter, rest ; of  
The great wide lost universe, roofed in with love abounding,  
And all her orphaned children mothered and comforted.

ALICE CARY.



# DRIFT,

FROM THE

## SHORE OF THE HEREAFTER.

---

Dated 25th December, 1880.

It is not as I thought it must be; if it be at all.

All was cold and dark when I went away from earth,  
and at a region cold and dark I seem to have arrived.

\* \* \* \* \*

But at last, at last, I hope, though I seem a fragment, an intellectual abstraction set down bodiless, without environment, helpless, without connecting links by which I may communicate with my kind.

Yet I find trembling within me, like a faint flickering light in a desert of emptiness and sadness, an unalterable purpose, the purpose which animated my earth life to probe every mystery which presses its burden upon my consciousness, and as fast as I understand even its smallest significance to impart that significance to my fellow-creatures.

Formerly I put my own hopes and fears, my own outreachings into the mouths of the characters which those outreachings created; now the pressure is too great, the necessity for expression is too urgent for such a subterfuge.

I must reach and commune with my race, or a misery worse than madness will result.

I know nothing of ways and means here. I am paralyzed except my brain, and that works on, works on.

But I cling to this woman, she is the most real thing I have found—this woman who transcribes these words. She seems to belong alike to both worlds, if world this is, where all is formless and buried in phantom mist; she seems to hear our voices, and to feel our pains while yet she is in the mortal body. I do not know, but I will know, I will cling to her until I have found myself, and that other self for whom I shut me away from the other world, unheeding alike its scorn, and its praise.

Something is wrong. Let me find myself, all of myself, and I will tell you all. Am I too, to be shut away from the full light, from the heart smiles of this world, and receive only its cold far-away adulation laid upon the altar of my intellect, while they gather their skirts away from the woman, and keep her story from the spotless maiden under the sheltering roof-tree? Oh! I am weak, and these words are weak, I seldom had this mood before, it is all unworthy; but bear with me, for I know that I shall know. Then as now it is the eternal truth which I seek; all else was, is nothing. \* \* \* But I am so dependent; of myself I cannot move.

My cries for help and pity rang through space and returned to me bearing no answer, for, as it seemed to me, an eternity, though it was only hours, or at most, days after all. There are laws and laws, finer, and finer as we peer into their network.

Something has been left undone—there is no warmth here, but that of human sympathy and—I lose myself. Even these words are not mine, they take whatever color they will because my individuality so trembles in a fathomless abyss of strange new chaos, that it cannot impress itself. I am ashamed of them, they are so poor and weak as compared to my needs; and give them only as he who who is lost in a trackless waste, cries with whatever cry he may that peradventure some note may be heard and responded to. \* \* \* I drift backward and forward with the tide, like a ship almost in sight of harbor, yet driven by stress of storm far out

to sea. Now I catch a glimpse of a home in this far-off land, bathed in broader, sweeter light than ever fancy dreamed; again I see beneath me jagged rocks, yawning chasms, awful precipices, at which my soul shudders in a fear, compared to which all the fear that I ever felt before was as a babe to a giant.

But I must learn for myself: none can teach me. Here as there I must learn for myself the way from my own soul to that of others. I cannot travel in the paths they make.

Many have passed me close with pitying looks, but in thought they are too far away, I could not put out a hand to them.

Better to perish in the abyss of my own want, than to receive such help as shall not uplift, and strengthen my power to help myself. \* \* \* \* I will cling fast, fast to this hand though it lead me hungry, naked and athirst through all the tortuous paths of the demon-haunted land of despair.

But now down to my lone submerged isolation drops a voice, saying: "No, it shall lead you into the blossoming heart of hope and aspiration. Together you shall learn the secret of smile and tear, of flower and dew, of storm and earthquake; of the glory and the shame of the past, the present, and the to come; together you shall plant your pilgrim feet within the fragrant vestibule of the morning; together you shall listen with hushed content to the voice of the shining of the evening, and carry their blessed meaning to the souls all aweary and dying with sin, with shame, with sorrow, but above and beyond all with *Ignorance*."

Dated July, 1881.

As in childhood there comes a time when we must take a larger view of the horizon in order to find room for the wider thought, so in manhood and womanhood has come a time when we must take a larger view of the universe in order to find room for our souls.

The little patch of sky above our heads, which to us contained the all of space and immensity, is not a speck of the immeasurable height towards which our awakened soul reaches and stretches its wings in restless anxiety.

Claiming kindred there, claiming hundreds of thought and dream children, sent out into its unknown depths to find their sisters in reality. But over me, as I speak, comes the brooding idea that all things are real, that the smallest, imperfect, shadowy-winged thought ripple, which we call imaginary, has its root in realities, in eternal truth, and that with such sun and air as are suited to its growth, it will, in time, mature to perfection.

I do not know whether I shall be intelligible, and certainly not characteristic, for I am lost in an ecstasy of a half delirious sense of freedom, when I approach this woman, who, I perceive, is here named Amaranth, and whom I shall so designate hereafter. I say that her atmosphere is so rarefied by the diffusion of this quality called imagination, that it lifts me from my feet and makes me wild to fly to those regions which are its home.

But bear with me if my restless movements seem to you unmeaning; bear with me until I have obtained strength of expression, within the extensions and limitations of this new partnership of forces; until I have obtained some knowledge as to how I came, where I am, and whither I would go.

At present I have only a half conscious existence, and this, not through my own connection with life-giving qualities, as I find, alas! when anything intervenes to cut me off from the channel through which consciousness seems to come!

But every one who sends a true thought toward me can help me; every impulse wave wafted to the shore of my being is the breath of life for which I perish.

While on earth I need not say that I was intensely realistic. I was that by nature, and all my surroundings tended to confirm me in that process of thought. I walked the highways, but did not climb the heights. I



used my feet; my wings were folded useless and unfledged at my side. I never saw, felt nor acknowledged any immediate use for them, consequently when I left the atmosphere of earth I was utterly unprepared to breathe any other.

But you say. Why send these words to us of the earth? It is all dark and vague speculation, nothing can of certainty be known to us here of those who lay aside the mortal garment and pass beyond our mortal vision.

Oh! speak it not. Oh! say not so. It brings a pain worse than death, a stab more cruel than the grave, when you turn away from those who reach back to you such loving, yearning hands, and cry, help us to solve this mystery! help us with all your power to rend this veil of gloom which envelopes your world and ours in darkness!

The time has come when not only outraged love cries for this, from the depths of her broken heart, but knowledge, crippled, maimed, insulted by those who attempt to crowd her into the suffocating limits of such time and space as are known to you, she shakes her giant limbs and speaks with thunder, "Loose me and let me go to find that which alone can complete and make fitting what I have shown you. Take down your massive iron doors, bigotry: away with your whip of scorpions, intolerance! Put out your false jack o' the lantern lights, superstition! Hide your jackal sneer, O howling fool of false knowledge, and cease your boding owl cry, disturbing my children, who search the stars at midnight! Crawl away to thy winter den, slimy serpent of slander! Out, out of my way, forever, all of ye, that I may find and deliver to my children that truth which is wide enough and high enough, and deep enough, to remove them from their dungeons into the free air that is interchanged by the universes; that I may lift them from their beast life, which snarls, which snaps, which gnaws, which devours, into the higher regions of themselves,

where are melody and harmony sweeter than the dreams of the seraphim."

Dated Oct., 1881.

When I look about me in my present state, I am filled with yearning anguish to know how I may reach those left behind. For the problems which vex your world can never be solved until the unknown quantities of this one are made factors therein.

The outside of things is a blank wall, near by, hard and unresponsive, and against this wall science has directed her vision until she is in her methods fit only for short sight. This will do to examine the pores of the skin, but meantime the great body of humanity is perishing and going mad for need of true knowledge. We must first recognize the existence of the spiritual in all things, since its existence is sufficiently obvious; and this will lead us to the next stage of growth, into regions hitherto unknown, where we shall find bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and facts for the philosopher, for which in those hitherto known he might have groped an eternity in vain.

In your world one has said, since her exit, that George Eliot mourned over the great waste of force in the world. There is no waste, as I have since learned, but there is transfer, and transfer from those who do not use it wisely, bringing pain and agonized waiting; whereas, if they were rightly taught, it might be air, water and sunlight to all the pale and drooping of their blossoms of hope to-day, to-day, the one in which we all beg to be blest.

If you ask me where am I who speak to you, to-day? I answer, I am where I am waiting for air, sunlight and opportunity from each one of you. With the expansion of my vision I view the incompleteness of my life. Something I now receive from you by the laws of our being, but there are laws within laws which dawn upon our consciousness as that consciousness expands to



the regions of their existence; and in the terribly searching light of these laws I see my beggared condition.

I see that my life is hidden within you, all to whom I write, everybody, everywhere, and withheld from me because you do not know of my existence, because you think me dead, because the eyes and brain which were given you to look through eternity and there recognize and claim your kindred, you have shortened and narrowed to those of a mole gazing ever into the dark, earthly mold, as your father, mother, brother, sister, and last earthly home.

Because you have been taught to consider your life as individual, independent, isolated, whereas it is bound indissolubly to every other life which has existed, or shall exist forevermore.

I do not undervalue earthly duties nor earthly care.

In proportion only as they are well and faithfully performed, can rest come with the night of so-called death; and there is here no sadder sight than the enthusiast who has laid away unused, all his treasures in heaven or elsewhere, for he finds them not here, nor anywhere.

Could I once more return to you, I would hold to life and its daily realities with firmer grasp than ever before.

I would wrench from each reluctant hour everything and all things that were mine. I would demand of love a deeper meaning, of friendship a truer trust, of knowledge a profounder speech. I would cull from every passing moment it's tiniest flower of grace.

My years seem to me to have been so coarsely, so rapidly hurried over, that they are all filled and weighted with misused and unused opportunities that follow me ever here with sad reproaching glance backward, and I may neither give them decent burial out of sight, nor gather them into a garland with which to beautify my present abode. It is because of the grandeur of the earth life that I

would have the board marked "Dangerous!" taken down, between it and this.

What would you think of a father who knew his child must at maturity cross the Atlantic, yet who frightened from his head every idea of Europe with a cry of "ghost," "goblin," "hell-fire," or "everlasting punishment;" who frowned upon his innocent speculations in regard to the matter, with the assurance that it was all unprofitable, foolhardy, and he could not possibly know anything about it. Had the tyro in mathematics been treated the same way, we had never had a multiplication table. Had the embryo navigator been terrified with the sneering or thundrous cry of "hell-fire," or "ghosts," the lands beyond the sea had been peopled by those to us as unknown and of identity as shadowy as is ours, of the "other side."

For it is a question just as simple as this, a question of brain development. The Australian bushman knows no to-morrow, no past, no future, and nothing of other continents, nor other people, nor can he comprehend their existence when the fact is interpreted to him by such signs as may be able to reach his coarse consciousness, because he has not sufficient of the finer nervous system and corresponding brain development, to recognize them. The man of deficient finer spiritual development, or of perverted ideas in regard to spiritual things, cannot understand the possibility of the existence, much less the location or the habits of thought, of those who are neither dead nor gone away, nor sleeping, but who, by simply getting rid of the old husk of the old system of nerves, and the old brain tissue, have commenced to think, to know, to feel, to recognize, to lay hold of more intricate realities with new ones.

It is just as simple as this, a question of brain development.

Election, predestination, free-will, which racked the mighty mental thews and sinews of our forefathers, and

kept them always butting their massive heads against each other and against all created things,—Pantheism, Spiritualism, Agnosticism, Materialism—all the smatterers and chatters which make a Babel of to-day, and confound the real work-men with their din, will be answered by dear, sweet, placid common sense, when she dares to sit down in her own clean home-spun gown, smooth out its wrinkles and look with steadfast eyes straight through that iron gate called death,—that gate for which the father of liars has been forging rivets and bolts ever since morning hung over chaos, or it would have crumbled to atoms ages ago.

We look far away for what is by our side. We forget the type which is forever the type of all things else. We sit crouching and muttering on the lowest seats of hell, and say heaven is not, when we have only to lift our vision to behold it, our aspirations and reach it, and our being into purer life to dwell therein.

Give an artist a flower and he is in heaven. Why? Because his finer self recognizes its beauty as akin to all the beauty of the universe, and with the open sesame which it brings him, he enters the realms of beauty and is at rest.

But give the flower to the sensualist, it is a meaningless thing to him. No delicately strung nerves thrill to rapture at its colors, sister to those of the rainbow; at its shape, in harmony with all the laws of proportion; it is to him a nonentity, and so is a future life—so is all else to which there is within himself no responsive atom.

I, who write these words, would fain break up your fallow ground with one master stroke of language, which should cleave like the forked thunderbolt and make ready at once the soil of your minds for the sowing; but I find not within me nor without me, the material with which to accomplish this. I must listen to the rippling of my own speech with its sad undertone, as a brook may listen to its own wavelets upon the pebbles, hoping by pursuing its little way faithfully, thus to reach the sea.

When I realized that I had awakened into another state of being, I was appalled at the absence of ways and means. I saw myself a fragment, and without methods of communication with other fragments. But by grasping with the force and fervor of a drowning man catching at a straw, such filaments of connecting links as seemed within my reach, I have by use enlarged and strengthened them, so that I am not now a Robinson Crusoe of spirit-land, as I so acutely felt myself at first. And let me say here that this is the only way given under heaven, among men, whereby we ever reach any place, make any headway towards heights or depths, toward the light of truth or the darkness of falsehood; by using such material as we find within us, and fastening it to such as we may find without. And our feeblest movement in this direction is a help or a hindrance to every other creature.

It is not my purpose to give you the general aspect of this undiscovered country, but to attempt to explain to you some of its laws, and the relation which they bear to your own,—a relation closer and more intricate than has ever been thought or dreamed.

There is, to-day, in your world and ours, a development of mind which is orphaned and out of doors, unfed, unclad, and in anarchy.

Wandering tribes of thought, who have named themselves all manner of names familiar to you, but to which the generic term of liberals may apply. These are all looking for a Messiah, either without or within, as naturally, mayhap as unconsciously, as you look out every morning to see the sunlight. Some are looking for a rest which shall be eternal, for a sleep which shall know no troubled nor happy awaking. To these I wish to speak, and to all who have ears to hear.

One answer to the class last mentioned would be, that I, who left your shores last winter, am here talking to you by the power of a mortal, who is in almost perfect harmony with myself, insomuch that we are both enriched and neither defrauded by this partnership of qualities, and



which I may here assure you was in operation while I yet breathed and lived among you, or it could not be to-day. But this would not satisfy the intellect, even if accepted as a fact. The intellect asks not a fact standing alone, but one that leans upon and is supported by every other fact.

The intellect asks for causes, processes, results.

We teach a child the alphabet, because it is incapable of receiving Greek. The children of earth have not been taught even the true alphabet of spiritual knowledge, but have been obliged to appease the craving manhood hunger of a quality which exists as one of the strongest forces of their being, with such a misleading story as the story of the cross, a story which has made black-hearted criminals by the million; tiger hearts who have been assured that innocence had bled for them, and they had but to believe it to be safe forevermore.

No wonder that this story, and the story of the Sahara of dead materialism, and the story of the goblin-haunted quagmire land of spiritualism, all pall upon the taste not utterly depraved, and leave it with an insatiate hunger for knowledge in regard to its own destiny, its own origin, its own work, its own inheritance.

"Is all nature to be fed and satisfied?" it cries, "while I am left the sport of fools, and designing devils, the prey of my own imagination, forever beholding the shrined and deified of one age becoming the foot-balls of the next." And this answer comes to thine own soul: Sweep away all the rubbish together. Clear out the old infested dungeons, dingy with the dust and cobwebs of the ages, haunted with the owls and bats and cockroaches of midnight ignorance, drive out together the man-made ghosts and the man-made scarecrow Gods, the man-made hells, and the man-made redeemers, for within thyself alone dwells all these shadows which a rude and barbarous conception has made realities.

Sweep them away from the clean new earth and enter there thyself, and thy sister and thy brother, so long de-

frauded, so long blinded—a servant of servants, a slave of slaves, a tyrant of tyrants unto thyself and him.

There is no death; there is no grave; there is no redeemer; there is no judge; there is no man man-built, man-conceived God; there is no devil; there are no mortals, nor spirits, except as you have misnamed the atoms of your own bodies, and their intricate, inextricable, eternal workings with all the other atoms of all the universes.

I will be sufficiently explicit by and by, but you must first be freed. I myself, am too poor to speak to you, for only one grain of attention while ninety and nine others are wool-gathering after the absent “Gods” and “spirits,” and “matter,” which are all only God dis-throned and dragged over the earth crippled but living, and with the same qualities, and capable of doing the same mischief as their predecessors. Tyrants all with all knowledge, all power, and no mercy—a hideous impossible combination with which the children of men have been terrified until their black shadow broods like a nightmare over every living thing.

Bring to me thyself, and in proportion as you may be able truly to do this, can I bring to you myself; and we will sit down, you in your state of being, I in mine, and hold sweet converse which shall tend to make every breath a consecration, every thought a gem for the setting of the eternal days, and every act a living, ripe fruitage for the famishing of all worlds.     \*     \*

But you say if you do not believe in spiritualism, why are you, a spirit, here in this manner?

I might as well ask if you do not believe in materialism, why are you here in this manner?

You are here because you are alive, and the fact that you are here does not necessarily load you with all the pernicious doctrines taught by every one in the mortal form.

I am here because I am alive, and because I am as yet far more nearly related to the earth than to any other planet, therefore, to the earth I must return, though I



have lost the earthly form and have become invisible to earthly eyes. But I protest against being held responsible as a "spirit," for all that spirits have said, or have been made to say, and I utterly protest against the misleading distinction of the terms "spirit," and "matter," and use them only because you have no other.

Every atom of matter has its spiritual life, every atom of spirit has its material life, and the prevailing ideas in regard to either seem to me essentially gross, essentially attenuated, essentially erroneous.

Spirit power and spirit force are not necessarily more potent than are other forces, and the moment any belief merges into an "ism," farewell forever to the beauteous face of truth. When we look into ourself for truth we invariably find her. When we look into an organization or an "ism" for truth, we find her in an inner dungeon with her eyes put out, her feet and hands in irons, and all her enslavers spouting their own theories at the top of their brazen voices.

I thought to sleep when I had laid down the mortal body; and this was not so much my own idea as the borrowed conclusion of another; accepted to spare me much mental effort upon the subject.

But I found myself, after, it seems, a very brief interval, never so wide awake, never so lost, never so poverty-stricken, never so introspective, and never so observant; though all in the key minor.

And it was no controlling nor protecting spirit from the spheres which threw the first plank to my dreary uninhabited, wave-washed island; it was the spiritual power of my present interpreter, and co-worker, who may have been my sister atom since the dawn of eternity for aught I know; for look backward as far as I may, I see no beginning; look forward as far as I may, I see no ending of our work together.

But I have no wish to take you either to beginnings nor endings; as far as possible I wish to keep within sight of the present, and to find out where I am, what

relations I sustain to earth, and what to spiritual life, and to go in and out before you in the interest and at the bidding only of sacred, eternal truth.

On the spiritual, or on this side of life, I see a horde of spirit creatures, some ignorant and designing, some knowing, wise and calculating, but all for a purpose more or less selfish, using their power of psychology to take possession of the souls and bodies of mortals who have been rendered weak and negative by theological and other false teachings, by disease, by vice, or by whatever conditions may afflict and weaken mankind. Under these conditions of possession, both the possessor and the possessed sink to a degree of moral impotence impossible to describe. Intellect, the great pilot, the master helmsman of the soul becomes a blank; individuality is lost in abject submission to the tyrant of the spheres, whose authority is accepted with more cringing servitude than were ever the edicts of the Jewish Jehovah; and, having fallen to this level, a swarm of unclean vultures are attracted and follow ever in their wake as sharks follow a corpse.

I shrink from finishing the picture. No curse half so great, half so degrading, half so soul and body destroying as the thing called "spirit control," ever came to the deluded children of men.

You who have eyes to see may see the effect upon mortals in the purblind, uncertain, shivering, quivering creatures who go about among you and whom you may well name "mediums," for they are neither themselves, nor are they anything else, but a sluice through which may pour as it lists all the uncleanness of all worlds. Everything in nature throughout all life, from stratified rock up to archangel, holds with all the power of its soul to its own individuality; everything except a "medium." Individuality is the dynamic force of the universe. You are great and powerful just in proportion as you are individualized. You are small and weak just in proportion as you are diluted with the selfhood of another.

But though the effect of mediumship upon mortals is being felt and deplored, even among the most ardent spiritualists, they cannot see the effect upon the spirit perpetrators of this enormity.

It is enough to say that nature inevitably pays her swift, sure debts; and for this violation of her greatest law she is more severe upon the slave driver than upon the slave; more inexorable with the tyrant than with his ignorant victim; more merciless with the serpent than with the helpless creature which he holds in his fangs.

I spare you and myself from following them to their saturnalian orgies when drunken with the blood of their dupes they go home to their dens to compare notes and count their spoils. The vilest low plague spot that earth can hold is an inner room of paradise compared to their place of abode, and the orthodox hell a sweet and purifying place.

What the children of all the worlds need is intellectual freedom, not a new riveting of the old chains by the autocracy of the spheres, who are no wiser in their generation than are you in yours; who need, most of them, and indeed, who are obliged, most of them, to come back and con over the unlearned lessons of earth, before they can make a decent show in any society where they are known.

What the children of all the worlds need is a pure and holy morality, which is made their daily breath; not the coiling of all the hissing serpents of sensualism by the sacred hearthstone of home, with every forked tongue proclaiming its sky-sent mission.

What the children of all the worlds need is to know themselves, their own boundaries, their own limitations, their own restrictions, their own resources, their own extent, for they shall never in any land, in any state of being, at eternity's dawning, or in its hoary age, find any thing outside of themselves that they have not first found within.

But do not spirits wise and good control mortals for great purposes, impossible otherwise to be accomplished, and have we not the names of the great as authority for this? some one asks. No wise and good spirit or mortal, for it is done on both sides of life, (I have given you but one aspect of this hydra-headed monster), no creature ever stole or crushed, for any purpose, the individuality of another, that he did not most severely burn his own fingers by the operation, and whose repentance will not be the dust and ashes of humiliation and abasement according to the extent of his offence. And you must remember that even the great have often great weaknesses, and that more than one Nero needed a pavement of the bodies of the people for the triumphal procession of his chariot. You must remember that many of those whom you call great are great only in fatness, because of the number of human beings they have swallowed alive; and their old proclivities have not deserted them by exchanging the garment of flesh for one a little thinner—more adapted to the so-called summer land: they are still great in “control.”

If you look to-day into your scandal book, you will see that your great statesmen are not immaculate, that they have various weaknesses, and I advise you not to trust any of their post-mortem pretensions, for so far I have not yet learned that in the journey across the Styx we exchange any of our old vices for virtues.

As for the poets. Would you trust a Lord Byron to regulate your domestic affairs, however sweetly he might sing? Or would you commit to his keeping the negation of your innocent daughters? Let him sing on at a good, safe distance, say I; let him sing on until his own strain shall have bathed and made him clean.

Then, too, let me say, for I know, that many of the George Washingtons, and Julius Cæsars, and shrined and sainted Marys and Jesus's who present themselves in “spirit” guise, to marvel loving mortals, are as innocent of any of the achievements of their distinguished



namesakes, as are those of similar cognomen who figure frequently in the police reports. The market for the marvelous is a large and growing one, and none so easy to supply; and as for the spiritualists, so-called, they are working away as industriously to materialize and sensualize spiritual things, as ever rats and mice worked to carry rubbish into a granary, in order to build there their own nests. The great and pressing need is that material things should be spiritualized, or that we should deal with their essence and substance, which is spiritual, rather than that we should endeavor to convert the essence into the husk, which is material.

We have now upon the earth a sufficient number of bodies with no souls inside them, or none large enough to be discernible. In heaven's name let us materialize no more until there is something in the shape of a soul that will fit them.

We cannot move now without running against one of these tenantless, materialized bodies, and yet they are constantly putting the mediums asleep in dark corners, in order to make more. Spare, oh, spare, us any more bodies.

In answer to a question, I would say that in transmitting my thoughts to the present writer, I no more "control" her than if in earth-life I sat down by her side, and we exchanged thoughts, which were subsequently transmitted to paper.

Her own intellect, her own individual being, are as alert upon these occasions as upon any other; indeed, I may say, that what is written, bears more her stamp than my own.

As we proceed I hope to know what we are to each other; it is so wonderful to me, so sweet, so true, so pure, so soul-supporting, but I do not know.

We communicate by brain telegraphy precisely as all thought is transmitted everywhere, but strong enough in this case to be sentient, because of the sympathy, because of the power of our magnetic connection.

Psychology, or what you call control, is an absorption of the force of the sensory nerves by the superior power or superior craft of another, and leads inevitably and surely, as I have said, to utter degradation and abasement of the entire being.

Brain telegraphy is simply the result of the magnetic connection of two forces which are in harmony, and is the method by which thought is transmitted in your world, and from your world to ours, and *vice versa*.

In time, as your world becomes spiritualized, will the universal spiritual world come into perceptible communication with your own, precisely in the same manner in which mechanical telegraphy has brought the remote parts of your earth into instant intercourse.

The earthly telegraph is but the type and forerunner of the spiritual one to come, and which will most thoroughly and effectually revolutionize modern thought.

For this all are consciously or unconsciously waiting; the thought processes, and methods of communication, of to-day are too slow and tedious, they render impatient the highly strung, complicated nerves, made to carry lightning; they fret the soul which feels its cold and isolated condition to be as Greenland to Southern summer compared with its needs.

When every man can, according to his capacity, receive his own message regarding the state of the stock market on the "shining shore," he will be a little more cautious as to his investments in worthless consols and "wild cat" mines; he will find that the popular quotations of the lower world are far less to be relied upon than were those of the most intense Black Friday that ever loomed up before the day of doom.

When the mind looks within, to itself for sustenance, it then only discovers the springs which water its land. I ask you to follow me closely, and to assist me with your truest thoughts, for I am attempting for spiritual life what Darwin attempted and accomplished for natural life—to discover its relations to the life below it. It



must be discovered and classified before we can bring to bear upon it successfully the laws which relate to its well-being, and so far as I know, almost every word that has been uttered in regard to the future life of the soul, has been more or less misleading. I am not familiar with spiritualistic literature, and therefore do not include that, but as I purpose to work in entirely different ratio from what I conceive to be its method, and, as I see very little intellectual activity manifest in what I do know of it; but learn rather that we are to become passive, and receive impressions which we are to accept as truth, without mastication or digestion, because it comes from "spirits," that is enough. Intellectual death could be the only result of intellectual inactivity; spiritual ignorance and spiritual death are preferable to that.

They, as I understand, work from without inward, or anywhere, a process which never leads to the deeper truth.

The physician who takes a symptom for a disease, and levels at it his pills and potions, is not more misleading, and not more destructive to the tissues of the body proper.

I know that I live. No vagrant thought, no spirit, no intangible essence; but I, with memories, with hopes, with regrets, with a body not such I could desire, but as material as ever I owned; with a brain whose craving hunger to be fed with knowledge gives me, as of old, no rest, and from this land to which I have come, no previous authentic account reached me, to you whom I left behind, I fear me, no true teachers have been sent. For ages the whole creation had groaned and travailed together in pain that this knowledge might come, and all nature tells me that according to the depth of its anguish will be the depth of its answer.

According to the heights of its aspirations will be its inspirations; according to its prolonged misery, shall be its rest and peace.

Therefore I ask it in the meantime, to cease from swallowing poison, in order to prepare the soul for the true nourishment.

Let there be a fast from the old regimen, for falsehood and truth cannot assimilate in company.

I cannot, by any images of illustration known to you, give you a true idea of the Kingdom coming, or better to say, of the Republic coming.

I cannot by any appeal to your senses, give you a true idea of the so-called spirit-life. It is only by arousing within you those finer fibres of intellect and emotion which are played upon ordinarily, perhaps, but few times in a life-time, and then by some o'er-mastering passion which lifts you above yourself; it is only by bringing these forward to daily duty that I hope to connect the true thought of the spirit-world with your own.

And do not think this impossible. The time has come for a nation to be born to truth in a day.

Hard and cold and coarse as is the exterior of your world, and the uses to which human beings put each other, the tide of sympathy flows underneath all, like veins of purest water through the solid earth, penetrating even the flintiest rock, and waiting but the touch of the master-hand to gush forth with refreshing such as heart hath not known. Remember the type. Even intellect demands now the telegraph for thought, as well as for speech; the old slow, mechanical, drudging thought processes are intolerable to the complex nerves, to the multiplied brain channels of to-day. Look forth and behold the workings of science in her domain, and know that thyself art a living witness that more than thou seest without, must be accomplished within thee, that as she has connected your speech with the remote parts of the earth, so must your thought be connected with remote universes; that as she has annihilated time and space, so must your soul annihilate time and death, which is but the castle of Giant Despair erected upon the blank nothingness of his supposed domain, and go forth to view thine own soul's pos-

sessions, which include all worlds and all eternities. Nothing waits but thy soul's majority, nothing but intellectual and spiritual vassalage and serfdom withhold them from thee. There is in all nature, no stint, no lack, no restraint, but only in thyself.

When we see the great and pressing need of intellectual interchange, the slow use of words seems discouraging.

But it is only by pursuing the slow processes that we have arrived at great results. When we think of the patience of the atoms in the building of the rocks; of the patience of the ages in the building of the worlds; of the patience of the eternities in the arrangement of the universes, we are at first dumb with the reproof, and then commence again wearily the weaving of our little thought. And by and by we, with our various webs, have made so many pathways that we one day awaken in a new world of thought, reached only by the persistent efforts of spiders such as we, spinning from the substance of our own brain, and attaching it to whatever post, arch or doorway, the builders before us may have erected. This is our work. Oh! to be happy and restful in it! This is the great need.

I am not happy; not content; not at rest. I am in a struggle to which all my earthly struggles were as a zephyr to the tempest which uproots the forest growth of centuries.

There is a sea of thought in which I must bathe, be immersed, and merge, dripping, but new, to speed away on the wings of light to tell yon what I have seen, and felt and known. My Amaranth bids me take courage as the mighty effort which seems to gather my energies into its grasp, and twist and wrench them as the tree is wrenched by the gale, is but the effort of the soul hasten to meet its own, which surely awaits it; and I do believe, but the agony is great.

I am like a traveler ascending a mountain, who should say at the first breathing place, "Here I will rest me, and send back a report to my country," but he sees above

him another place and toils on to reach it, only to find the precipitous steep still towering above him, and saying, "From that elevation I shall have a yet wider view, I will hold my peace until it is reached," and who at last in the darkness sits down footsore and weary for the morning to dawn. I only thus give you a sight of my struggles, because I know that every creature whose eye may fall upon these pages has experienced them in greater or lesser degree, according to the projection of his thought in the direction of truth. They are the birth-pangs of the soul.

Of the individual soul, and of the mighty soul of universal nature. It is because of the low, boding, incessant starving cry for knowledge which reaches me from your world, that I thus suffer to unlock its treasure houses and give out its bread to you from this the land of the future.

From this the land of promise to which so many hopes have been sent which have been accruing interest throughout the eternities. From this the land of the hereafter, which must soon declare a dividend among the long-defrauded, long-suffering children of earth, or be herself declared a worse investment than any which ever swallowed the scanty savings of the poor without returning so much as one per cent.

Now, as of old, does the clamor penetrate to my ears. What of thy daily life, George Eliot? What house? What home? What friends? What raiment? The spirit beings about you, of what texture may they be? You say you have a body, and yet your speech seems shadowy for want of substance, without background or perspective, haunting, like a ghost but not convincing like a reality. The complaint is well grounded. This is what I need, a body for my soul's expression, a body for the motive-power of my thought, and it is by coming to you that I hope to obtain it.

Have I not said that I am a beggar? And yet the mantle that would be flung over another by the hand of charity is too scant for me.



I would not wear it if I could.

The roof-tree that might shelter me from storms, would also shut out the interchanging currents of thought, and the blue of heaven for which I pine. The perspective of the bare sense life upon the spirit side might make me seem more familiar to you as a fellow creature, and perhaps create a glow of sympathy for me as such, but indeed it is nothing. Have you seen an inventor or discoverer whose *I am* was absorbed in the one strain of giving shape, practicability and use to the thought which possessed him, so that he walked among men a wooden creature, shut and walled in upon himself, careless of outer needs, insensible to all except that which bore upon the one idea? Even so am I, not of my own will or choice, but because I *must*, sending myself upon the perpetual Arctic voyage of the heavenland passage that it may be no longer chartless and shoreless in the imaginations of men. Even so am I, without preparation except such as has been unconscious, without equipments except such as nature may have laid up for me in her eternal storehouses, from morning to morning pursuing my journey, now slowly and wearily, anon with feverish haste, passing many, many a wreck on my way, passing many bleaching bones of those whom famine, or frost have claimed. Passing many colonies of chattering idiots, for whom the strain of the search has proven too severe, passing many walled and sordid cities of those whose ideal turned to clay, and who sat down amidst her shattered fragments and muttered in their throats: let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.

But they are not for my tears. For life I live, to you, the living I turn, and so much I may say to you of myself.

From yourself to me are invisible electric chains which bear to me your hopes, your thoughts, the very substance of which you are made. When you send me of your best and highest, I am rich, I am warmed and fed for a day, and I will for this bring you a flower and

a gem from the hitherto inaccessible depths of the horror-haunted land of despair. I will bring you a message, pure and unmistakable, signed with the seal of the land, a message of living light and peace from those whom your tear-drenched eyes have followed into the cruel cavernous jaws of the insatiate monster, Death ! I will bring you the incontrovertible evidence that no nightmare was ever so unreal as the existence of this creature, that no delirium-haunted brain was ever the home of so utterly groundless a terror, which its own disorder alone created and sustained.

The force of the children of earth has been expended in tears and wailings, because of its powerlessness in a grasp which is as shadowy and delusive as the phantoms of a dream.

I met yesterday, hand in hand, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Alice Cary, the song queens of Albion and America. Each left with me a branch of poesy which I transmit as best I may. The first, from Mrs. Browning, is designated "Liberty," and is inscribed to my Amaranth, whose first and last love she is :

O Liberty, for whom the dungeon cell hath heard the groan,  
 O Liberty, for whom the weary earth hath made her moan,  
 O Liberty ! star-gemmed, sun-crowned,  
 With babbling waters laving thy white feet,  
 With all the winds of all the worlds  
 Loosing the amber tresses of thy hair,  
 Come forth thou from thy eternal ambush,  
 Come ere men despair !

O Liberty, with the white fragrance of thy hand,  
 Sweep from the iron-banded brow the brand,  
 The brand, the brand accursed,  
 Which years of serfdom of the mind of man,  
 Which whip of toil, and lash of stern necessity,  
 Which tiger cruelty of man to man  
 Have burned there, and erased the words " be free."



O Liberty, the great sea calls for thee  
 From out its moaning depths with never ceasing plaint,  
 The whirlwind shrieks for thee, and  
 The writhing hurricane with maddening roar ;  
 The silent sands, heaped atoms on the shore,  
 Are voiceless for thee, only ; only thee,  
 Only thee, the loved of all the atoms,  
 Only thee, the loved of all that is alone,  
 Of multitudes, of myriads,  
 Only thee, thou breath of Life.

Only thee, for thee the captive pines,  
 For thee the prisoned thought which lacerates the heart,  
 Which beats and beats against the walled dungeon of the mind  
 Until the walls give way and madness reigns,  
 Because thou settest not the fettered free,  
 O, long awaited, laggard Liberty !

O Liberty, for thee the low earth waits,  
 Lying down yonder under pitchy clouds,  
 The mists of her own sin and suffering condensed,  
 The smoke of her own torment rising ever,  
 Ascending to our heavens and entering there,  
 And mingling her own sorrow and despair,  
 With all our peans ; smothering our hosannas,  
 Turning our glad good mornings into the sad whisper ;  
 Alas, for her, will morning ever dawn ?

O Liberty, thou child of light, daughter of truth,  
 Nourished at the eternal fountains of eternal youth,  
 The glance of the chain lightning in thine eye,  
 The force of all the earthquakes in thy tread,  
 The strength of marshaled armies in thine arm,  
 Yet tender as the cooing of the nursing mother bird  
 Brooding o'er callow fledglings in her nest,  
 Soft as caressing zephyrs on a baby's cheek.

O Liberty, my love, my hope of life, my all !  
 At reason's dawning, and at earth life's close,  
 Thou wert my rapture, thou my inspiration,  
 I held thee fast and could not let thee go,

32    DRIFT, FROM THE SHORE OF THE HEREAFTER.

For this I ask thee now, for this I wait,  
For this I am held captive, and would almost hold thee,  
Thou only one unfettered, throughout immensity.

O breathe upon the earth thy morning breath,  
O crucify despair, and bind the demon death.  
Bind them a million million years, bind them forevermore,  
That on her dark, plague-stricken, famine-haunted shore,  
Their cloven feet may multiply themselves no more.

O breathe upon the earth thy morning breath,  
Thy breath of spring and loose the icy streams,  
Dispel the winter of the mind, and let the captive free,  
The frozen thought, the ice-bound soul  
Bring intellectual liberty!

The body's slave may live and roam the spheres,  
But fettered mind is hell's own inner dungeon,  
The unlighted cell without even bread and water.

O breathe upon the earth thy morning breath,  
And crucify despair, and bind the demon death,  
And to the children now, and yet to be,  
Bring freedom of the soul, sweet Liberty.

Then I behold thee, glorified, arisen,  
Ascend the heaven of heavens, and through their radiant prism  
I see thee, thy transcendent face  
Shining in streams of glory, effulgence borne aloft,  
From sphere to sphere, from cherubim to seraphim,  
Glowing yet brighter with the brighter heat;  
Taller with majesty as thou ascendest  
Up to the throne of God, and aye beyond it,  
For unto free men and women thou art the God of Gods!

And this is the wreath which dear Alice Cary laid  
upon the altar of my own unrest:

“I came thro’ the mists of the morning land,  
And I saw one sitting alone,  
Many a flower, many a token she held in her hand,  
Yet she whispered in sad undertone.

I am weary and lone, and the day has gone down,  
 The harvest is past, and the reapers are done ;  
 The earth life is dead and the earth life's crown  
 Only presses me down, only presses me down.

Only weighs me heavily here, for I know  
 That the toil which bought it,  
 That the thought which wrought it  
 Shall not pass current, as down below.

Yet not for this would I wait and wait,  
 Yet not for this would I linger here,  
 But I have not the key to Paradise gate,  
 No pass from sphere to sphere.

The weary feet that learned the plodding ways  
 Are all unfitted for these phantom paths,  
 And wings I never had in all my days,  
 Whether for Jove's fruits or heaven's after-maths.

And I looked at the sister, through mists of morn,  
 At the broad brow framed in thought,  
 At the white hands folded meek and forlorn,  
 At the dove-colored robe by sorrow wrought.

And I saw the crown, the earth life crown  
 So lightly valued, and laid aside,  
 Flung weariedly down, half scornfully down  
 As if its splendor to hide.

I saw its glow as a molten fire  
 Ten thousand thousand of myriad gems  
 Grow brighter yet softer, flame higher and higher,  
 Living phosphorescence in shadowy glens.

And I saw as I gazed that each gem was a tear  
 Garnered and treasured from sorrow's cheek,  
 Sanctified, glorified, there and here,  
 By the earth-loved genius so sweet and meek.

From the eyes of all who ever wept on earth,  
 Who ever dropped their tears o'er battlements of heaven,  
 I saw an answering flash from Hades and despair.  
 From every heart pain riven.

I saw the gems from sorrow's cheek  
     Shining in setting of wisdom's gold,  
 From the brain of the artist so sweet and meek,  
     From the flame heart scarce grown cold.

And I saw the earth-quarry where she wrought  
     Unshapen rocks of centuries piled,  
 Strata of truth, and of error bought,  
     And held by ignorance, Satan's child ;—

And sire ; but let it pass.  
     From him she wrenched the gold,  
 From him she bore the glittering mass,  
     From him who held it in fee simple from of old.

And by the genius of her artist wand,  
     She coined it into uses of the world,  
 Weaving in with it many a stately frond  
     Of branching truth, of truth in agate pearled.

Great golden doorways for the feet of truth,  
     And all her pattering children rest, and joy and peace  
 And fairy pavement for the wondering youth,  
     And strains of harmony which n'er shall cease.

And I saw the golden doorways higher rise,  
     Shaplier still with wider spreading space,  
 Until they reached the gates of Paradise,  
     And rivalled them in grace.

And I spoke to the sister through the mists of morn,  
     Who rested so low on the ground ;  
 And I said : " O truth was never born ;  
     Was never lost nor found."

And I said, O love is not of to-day,     .  
     And hope is not of to-morrow ;  
 But Eternity's trinity who stay  
     Forever through joy and sorrow.

And every word and every deed and thought  
 Which ever artist, poet, prophet wrought,  
 With true and holy purpose, for pure love of them,  
 Shall live while they live, with angels and with men ;



Shall live, and grow, and blossom, and expand  
Forevermore, within the fields of their fair land.

Sweet sister, their door is closed to-day,  
To be opened wider to-morrow;  
There grows in their fields of eternal May  
Balm in Gilead for every sorrow.

I have awakened in a new region. There are form, and shape and beauty about me which teach and give me rest. Those whom I met each left with me something from themselves which pieced out what was apparently wanting in my life. And the qualities which they left with me, draw like forces from wherever they may exist in the universe of natural or spiritual life.

How is this accomplished?

Whatever qualities we may possess are composed of atoms; are the results of various dispositions and arrangements of atoms; every one of the atoms has its own individual life, after the fashion of the life of our bodies, that is to say, they live, breathe, inhale and exhale. The exhalations pass away to find their kindred atoms, and to mingle with them and form new combinations. The inhalations of the atoms which form our qualities of character, are not inhalations of such air as our lungs receive, but inhalations of exhalations from other atoms, from other qualities, purified by the spiritual atomic atmosphere of the earth, or whatever sphere we may inhabit, for which there is provided an ample and adequate supply. Do you think that the spider and the mouse breathe such air as you breathe? They do not! Do you think the individual who lives upon a coarse animal plane breathes the same air, either physical or spiritual, as does the one who in the scale of being has risen into higher regions, though he may live, so to speak, close beside him? Most decidedly he does not. The atmosphere of your earth holds within itself uncounted myriads of atmospheres, from the one required by the monad, to the one

required by the spiritual atoms of the most exalted spiritual being permitted to return to you from any sphere.

As your world is a microcosm and type of the universe, so is your body a type of the world, millions of atoms pertaining both to the body which shall perish, and to the spirit which shall endure, are being born, and dying, and being resurrected, and being married, and being developed, and being improved daily, and after the same fashion in which you yourself improve or deteriorate, by associations with other beings and forces, and by exercising such qualities and forces as may inhere within them.

In this way then have I received from my friends. They came near to me, impelled by the dynamic force which ever strive to preserve order and harmony everywhere, their abundance propelled to my need, their sustenance borne to the relief of my famine by every breath of sympathy and benevolence which ever was felt, or ever will be felt, by robber in the wood, or by the seraphim in the spheres—for remember that here or elsewhere there is properly no time, but an eternal now. They came near, they gave to me most abundantly without a word, or perhaps a thought of giving. They simply breathed and lived in my presence, that was enough.

I was athirst and I drank deep from the chalice of living life. I was ignorant, astray, and in wonder. I was cold and apathetic with loneliness.

They have left pictures upon the walls of my mind, which shall remain as perpetual teachers, they have opened for me new avenues, through which I see the way that I have come, and the way I shall go. They have shown me that every thing in the universe which is mine, is close beside me, impossible to be separated from me, and that every thing which is not mine I may not obtain, though I poured me out in a strength of desire which should rend the rocks. Therefore I am content. They have shown me my own work and its purpose.

They did not this, but the atoms which they left me have, in conjunction with my own, made for me a new life.

In speaking of life, whether it be yours of the earth, or ours of the spirit, I make no distinction. The process is the same. The conditions only are altered. Birth, growth, maturity, decay, are processes to which all forms and all atoms are subject, throughout the universe, and throughout eternity, whether they be so-called spiritual, or so-called natural. But the *consciousness* of life—Ah it is knowledge of that which we seek!

Who can know? Who can understand? We can only toddle like little children through the vast, resounding eternities of time, and the wild, lone, lost chaos of space, carrying within us this eager, inquisitive wondering, all embracing me, this *me* who would people all chaos thick with its own hope, its own love, its own desire, and stretch beyond all eternity its own fear, its own doubt, its own despair.

Let the ever-echoing answer of space and eternity be our ever present and everlasting surety that they are naught but the unexplored regions, which hold in reserve for us our own. Let it be the final answer to every doubt that nature never created even the germ of an inspiration, even the monad of an out-reaching that shall not in her own time, in her own space, in the fullness of her own out-working grow, to the highest heights, reach to the deepest depths, and expand to the fullest maturity possible to any planet that swings full orb'd in light-bathed ether.

There is no lack; there is no loss; there is no emptiness; there is no mockery of the best hopes of the soul, child of earth! O child of the spheres!

The boy weeps when his toys are put away and the alphabet takes their place.

Even so are your toys removed from you, O child of earth, that you may be compelled to look at the wide open books of the worlds, and from them learn to live as shall become your manhood, and to put away childish things.

We are so fearfully limited, and fettered to such knowledge as our powers can recognize. If I repeat and re-repeat this idea, it is because I, myself, am constantly forgetting it.

We say, oh, yes, I know of Kant's theory, and Spinoza's, and I have been let into the largeness of Humboldt's views, while at the same time, we are living and thinking in the separate huts of our own prejudices, looking through one wretched begrimed pane of glass, the solitary window of our own egotism.

Earth life was to me a day of toil, in which I saw for myself and for those about me, what looked like perpetual shipwreck of all things precious and heartsome, and garnered and treasured, while the craft with idle sails filled and laden with nothingness, went safely and smilingly into a welcoming port, torn by no rocks, smitten by no storms, swallowed by no deeps.

There came a blank, all formless, all vacant, all nothingness. "Only I alive in universal death. Only I a living, beating, burning heart, smothered within a corpse."

The earthly body was laid away to rest, and the spiritual had not laid hold of the realities of its new existence.

Then followed a slow, sorrow-stricken gathering of energies, holding fast to the hand of my Amaranth, as unconscious as the babe unborn of my way, as knowledgeless of my destination, yet dying within me for a sight of the true, faithful face of wisdom, willing to wade any deeps where I might find her.

This true purpose brought to me, as it must ever, at some time to all, true teachers, and I have come home, I have come into mine own inheritance; I have come where I see the true purpose of things, see them in the morning light of reality, which neither glints, gilds, nor elongates.

What is my home? Not the hushed and holy fireside, with prattling babes at my knee; not any peaceful port,



nor any quiet haven where I may rest me and watch the rusting of my anchors.

But the home of my soul, the high seas of thought, whose wind-tossed air is sweeter to me than Alpine heights to the homesick Swiss, the rock of whose billows underneath me is a low sung lullaby to my dream children, assuring them that their wildest fairy land is a living reality toward which every wave is bearing them, and in which they shall live and grow forever.

The home of my soul! No tyrant father rules it, filled with malice aforethought; no tyrant father sitting off on his great white throne and sending all his gay, good-natured children into a roaring flame, and all his solemn, disagreeable ones into an eternal singing school, with a point of his awful finger, while he goes busily on squaring his doomsday books. This is the picture which my childish mind held of the day of judgment.

No mother earth, from whom all things proceeded, and who shall therefore take me finally into her cold metallic bosom, and transmute me into her ore or her dross, as best suits her whim, as she may find me in composition; or disperse me in phantom mist, forever searching the rains, my relatives; or dispose of me in any fashion at which the *me* of me revolts. No, she can only take what is her own, the outermost husk, which I slough off and return to her gladly.

The home of my soul! If I could at this moment compress into one demand, all the force and volume, and power which I hope to have for an eternity to come, I would send it thundering through space with this question to every materialist, to every theologian, to every "teacher" in the universe—Why have you dared to think, and to send forth the thought that the rocks may be immortal, that the wondrous matter which composes the earth may be immortal; nay, must be: that the infamous God which theologians have made out of their own basest material may be immortal; nay, must be: but that the love and longings of the soul may perish;

nay, must perish into earthiness, or be crucified into an eternal serfdom of saintship, to be continued throughout the tyrant life of their autocratic master, God?

Sweet as life is to me now that I know it is all life instead of all death; now that I know it is all unfoldment and expansion instead of all subversion and repression; sweet as it is to me, I would almost lay it down for annihilation, if I might by one effort crowd it down the craven throats and stop the brazen voices which have for uncounted ages kept the cheeks of love blanched to ghastliness with fear, and drenched in perpetual rivers of tears for her worshiped and lost. They hurl anathemas at each other, and each accuses the other of all the crime and misery perpetrated under the sun, but I ask—Who made them fit to judge even each other? I here arraign both, as murderers, executioners, torturers, and perpetual jailers of all that is true, purifying, uplifting, outreaching, blessing and being blessed, in the soul of man.

Tell what you know; tell all you know; express what you think, all you think, if you will, but do not dare O theologian, to set up the horrible image of your god before the door of every pure and true hope of the human soul, crushing it into abject despair. Do not dare to write the notice of his infamous imprecations and anathemas upon every aspiration that genius and power may dare to lift up in tiny, venturous blossoms of beginnings, withering them into the ice and frost of eternal silence; do not dare, O materialist, to bring in the testimony of your strata, of your periods, of your atoms, of your aggregations and your segregations, to shrivel up the soul with an idea of its own littleness, and to attempt to prove to it that its own immortal longings which made and created all things that ever were made, shall be blotted out and swallowed up in the dross which is, I say, but the dross of its lower self.

Like the first six-day maker of the earth, the six million, or sixty millions, or whatever it may be period-maker, brings in his man as an afterthought, a creature

to wander up and down in the wilderness of space, and howl himself hoarse through ages which return him no answer, which never intend to return him an answer; they are too busy with their own affairs. He is the one loose screw in this mightily perfect universe, the one only instrument made to fit nowhere.

Nowhere, said I? Oh yes, he fits misery, despair, and all lack, and all emptiness, and all disappointment: he fits death; death is for him, death was made for him, for him alone of all the universe, and he for death. The first six-day world man-maker made man, and then turned him out where he knew he would meet Satan that he might prepare him for the hell which had been heating for him from before the foundation of the world. The second man-make, the period maker, makes him less than the dirt under his feet, not worth damning, hardly worth killing—worth only annihilation. Annihilate him, send him into earth after his kindred atoms, send him off into mist to hunt up the summer showers, what is he that consciousness should be mindful of him?

What is the hope, the mighty, boundless, irresistible love and longing for life, for immortality, which can and does reach the archangel of spheres so distant that the mind can no more grasp it than you can swallow at one gasp the waters of all the oceans?—what is that to the idiot poring over the magnified legs of flies, or the antennæ of the ant, or over a square inch of solid earth; what is that to the matter-crazed creature who takes the trouble to annihilate his human being only in order to get him safely out of the way of his own theories?

Not one word here is meant for those scientists pure-minded and gentle-hearted as babes, who are constantly enriching the world with the wealth of true knowledge which they bring her of her own resources, of her own construction, of her own destiny; not one word but praise and thanks to the living great and small; and the laurel wreath for the illustrious ones whose illumined faces have passed beyond the sight of men; but for those who would

bring a world full of rocks for the children's bread, and expect them to be fed therewith, for those who introduce a glacial period expecting them to derive from it the warmth and comfort necessary to the peace of their souls, who litter and block up all their tender spring vistas of thought with the breadth and monstrosity of their Silurian and Devonian and carboniferous periods, who, by knowing a little of these things, assume to know all of all things; and with their chill verdict shut the door for ages upon many a youthful, adventurous hope, many a timid flower of pure modest truth, which we can ill afford to spare, but which dare not because of the flinty eyes of the Gorgons venture farther, and find for itself eternal sunshine, for these brazen voices which are in these latter days filling the earth with the coarse slang of their own discord and soullessness. I call upon Satire to assist me, now and hereafter, in a merciless war of extermination.

Back and down to your own legitimate business, scavengers of geology, and the sciences, rag-pickers of astronomy, and swill-gatherers of chemistry, do not dare to befoul the children's food by touching with your unclean hands the vessels which hold it. Know, O dross and refuse of human understanding, know, O humpbacked, in intellect, know, O soul emptied specimens of ages of false and distorted teachings, that the protecting bed rock which guards the precious ores was builded there by the love of man, which is so strong that it permeated the atoms and implanted its own hope within them. Know, O addled idiot, who expect one day to be swallowed in a cloud, or dispersed into mist, that these mists are but the diffused tears which love has wept for her children's birthright, and which shall turn to flashing gems when they shall have planted their weary feet within the doorway of rest and peace. The wind utters but the whispers and the questionings of love, in unceasing eternal search for her own, the sea is full of her voices; the earth with her myriad forms, her stages of growth, develop-



ment, decay and resurrection, are but the manifestation of this, her omnipresent thought.

That love which such as you have attempted to begrime, to bemire, to assail, to belittle, to traduce, until I blush to mention her pure and holy name in your presence.

Materialism is but the cast-off garments of orthodoxy bedraggled, bedusted and bestained with the filth which she gathered about her for centuries. Rank with the poisonous exhalations of all the dogmas which have cursed the earth—tattered and scanty ; rent with schisms, and patched with fusions, mouldy with the damp, and eaten with the teeth of time, and as deficient in warmth or comfort to the naked shivering soul as the icy breath of charity upon a poor relation.

And the prime cause of the deadly hatred which these two vultures bear each other, is their close family relationship.

Neither has a divergent shred of truth or a cross grain of sweet true wisdom with which to mend the threadbare falsehoods of the other.

It is meet that such as these should think the form greater than the spirit which made it. It is meet that they should think that your world, which is but the husk and shell which has grown protectingly around the soul of man, shall finally absorb or destroy him ; it is the inevitable conclusion of all reasoning which begins at the surface and goes backward.

Let me say here, that as regards the origin of man, or his destiny, eternity is the school in which we shall study that question forever, and forever find it widening beyond us. We of this world are no nearer the end than are you, and we have among us as many theologians, and as many dead materialists who do not believe in the immortality of the soul, as have you.

But this we do know : Love is the power and the glory, the creator, and the ruler, she that was, and is, and is to come, the first and the last, the omniscient, omnipresent mother of atoms, and of aggregations, of worlds

and world clusters, of worlds thickly studded in space, as leaves in Vallambrosa, and of ant hills in the sand.

Her greatness includes all of what we call littleness, therefore her tiniest children need not fear to nestle under her wing, knowing that their tiniest want, their tiniest outreaching was given them just for the purpose of growth—that they might open their mouths wide and be fed.

There is provision, and prevision for all, all, all, and the individuality which has been so belied, so belittled, the great conscious *me*, with its aspirations higher than all heights, deeper than all depths, stretching beyond all extent, looking beyond space, beyond things seen or unseen, known or unknown, gazing with eyes of quenchless fire out into those illimitable regions after its own, only its very own,—is its own eternal answer, its own eternal witness of its own eternal existence, of its own eternal consciousness, of its own eternal identity.

Nothing else is great enough to answer it, or to bear witness for it. Everything else in nature sinks into weakness and nothingness, as compared with the sublime spectacle, of the soul of the human creature, hunting through the ages, through and through the eternal ages, through storms without, and storms within, through torture, through imprecation of devils, and execration of men, through caves and through dungeons, through fire and frost, on the heights and in the hovels, bending over the midnight oil in the narrow chamber, and running a race with the wildest aspects of nature, with every nerve tight strung with long-drawn agony, hunting ever, searching for the remainder of itself, and for a roof wide enough to give it home. \* \* \* The stone age of the earth's history was but a type and outgrowth of the stone age of the soul. Bound by rocks of ignorance, by gneiss of prejudice, and granite of cruelty, it lay with all its rich possibilities buried, its mine of unfoldment sealed, its blossoms held fast in grip of crystalline rock.

As I awake into the expansion of my new existence, time is at last removed. For long, in order to steady myself, I held fast to a few pickets of her decaying fence, but she is gone, and I see now what havoc she makes with our perspectives, what false and illusive shapes hide behind the shadow of her imaginary existence. In speaking of the stone age of the soul, I for a moment forget that you cannot judge without reference to time, because its boundaries and limits are all about you, and you cannot as yet look over them. But you will, as your souls grow above them.

This is all they are—the measurements of time—fences which keep you in your own fields of thought, and those fields you take to be the universe.

And until they are removed I must seem to accept your illusion or you will think I am talking nonsense. For instance, I cannot make you know that everything which ever has been or will be, is *now*; that all things known and unknown move in centres, and that properly speaking there is neither time nor space. This, though true to me and apparent to me in my condition, does not seem apparent to you in yours, and I will not come with a hard speech which you cannot understand. Above all things do I wish to be clear to your comprehension, though I speak no more than one word in one of your years.

Do not understand me that the idea of time is necessary in your world, or a true idea in your world, not at all; only in a certain stage of growth wherein you confound externals with principles, the perpetual mistake of mankind. Inherently you are no more connected with time than am I; externally you have discovered the revolutions of the earth, and have made of them days and years, harmless ideas in themselves, but destructive to true thought when allowed to hamper it.

Above all things do we wish to establish a *consciousness* of truth. Fortunately for you and for myself,

nothing will be accepted upon my bare assertion, for you do not believe in my existence.

I foresee that my Amaranth and I shall have to write many books before you will believe in it, and that we shall be hard pushed to prove it, at which we both rejoice. For in searching the deeper truth for you we may find it for ourselves, and your stress shall stimulate our endeavors.

A thing has occurred to us which I did not foresee.

When I came first to this interpreter, and what more she is to me, you will learn as we go on searching and finding each other, I came impelled by my own distress, and not knowing nor thinking how I reached her, more than the fainting man asks whence comes the air which gives him renewed life.

Afterward I saw that the nerve filaments which connected me with my new existence proceeded from her, and that when any counter currents intervened to cut off my reception of spiritual nerve force from her, I became almost entirely unconscious of outward conditions. This was apparently because my own nerve filaments were too weak to cling to the new order of things, or to recognize them, but her own being of texture in harmony with mine, and spiritualized to that extent that truly speaking she exists only in the spiritual realm, I was thus enabled to use them.

But I was shut out sometimes, it might have been for ages, by counter currents. I say it might have been for ages judging by my experiences on these occasions, which deepened into a sort of introspective nightmare, and which nightmares I shall by and by show you all have their root in realities, or they could not exist.

Shut out from light, air, sunshine, shut off from communication with my kind, I seemed to be groping in the dens and caves of thought: in the subterranean recesses of the human soul, in the ante-diluvian strata of mind; and there saw wonders piled mountain-high on wonders, which would set on end the hair of the most pragmati-



cal geologist that ever lived, and of which I hope one day to have the courage and power to tell you, but not now.

When I could reach my Amaranth and live, so to speak, above the ground with her, I saw that she was terribly shaken in body and mind by the conflicting elements about her, and that she would sink under them, if continued. She clung to me piteously, and I to her, but one approached us and spoke :

"Sisters, daughters, children of the coming day, there must be a little interval of entire separation. You must become stronger in your peculiar process of thought, and she must become stronger in physical power before you can subserve each other's best interests; you must retire into yourself, and she must, as much as within her lies, perform the opposite feat, and one hitherto impossible with her, but possible now that she has received of your elements,—that of going out of herself, and living in the lives of others. You have passed through the period of earthly bloom, and must send down deeper roots into the alluvial soil of eternity, to gather there the rich chemical deposits of the ages to make the higher growth for perennial bloom. She has always lived in the world unseen of men, and bloomed only there; her real earthly life is now to commence, and by placing herself in conditions of communication, outgiving, and receptivity toward earthly things. For this there must be an interval of separation between you. Say good-bye for a time, all shall be well." Thus he took her from me. It was acutely, agonizingly, painful to me, the Gethsemane of the soul.

The slow transmutation of all its poor little weaknesses into those strong acids and essences which shall everywhere, under all covering of alloy, detect the gold and reject the dross; the artist's preparation of rags, threadbare poverty, and utter destruction of whatever may stand between him and the ideal, for the sight of which multitudes are waiting with hushed lips and bowed heads.

When again I found my Amaranth, as at first not knowing by what process I reached her, but as we awake and behold the morning not knowing when it dawned ; I saw the wisdom which prompted the trial to which we had been subjected.

Individuality had grown apace ; the color on the wan cheek of consciousness was deepening into hues of health where between us both, being each out of joint and in the wrong world as far as development was concerned, it was likely to be lost altogether.

But as we looked into each other's souls we saw that the right apportionment, the right adjustment had been born, and needed only growth to grapple with the robbers that prey upon mankind, and we hastened to speak the thought which came uppermost.

But as we were in our own weakness comparatively safe from foes without ; being really in their estimation not worth their pursuit, and as our foes had been from within, we were not prepared for the violent onslaught which was now made from without.

Pilgrim, when set upon by Messrs. Envious, Ill-Will, and the whole family of By-Ends was not in a worse plight. Many times of late, when we have been in heavenly trim, with our mental camera all arranged, as we thought, to throw the strongest light, and to give you such a vivid picture of this—the land of the future—that you should never again, for an instant, doubt its reality or its substance, has the black-robed priest, with bell, book and candle, the visible material representative of iron-bound, ages-bound, oath-bound, creed-bound, blood-bound, soul tyranny in our world as in yours, sat the length and breadth of his bulk, and the destroying aura of his conditions and traditions deliberately down between us and our picture, casting his black shadow alike upon us, our sunlight, you and all things. In this shadow of late have we written, as also surrounded with a thousand other hobgoblin shapes, which mutter and threaten, and gibe, and curse, and stamp their cloven feet,

and put out their forked tongues, and shake at us claw-like, bony fingers, which have, evidently, been for a million of ages in some other goblin's pie. And not only these but others who are not goblins, but who have some small excuse for being alive, of both your world of shapes and ours of substances, have given us what to them were the best of reasons why we should give up all this "tom-foolery," as they politely designate it, and go our separate ways. All this is bad light for a clear picture at present, and you must not, when you are led to hope from the spread of canvass, and the first few bold strokes, that your heart and eye will be delighted with the clear outlines of the conception, and the finishing artist touches which feed the soul,—you must not be too greatly disappointed if you get many blurs and daubs, and much confused work instead, you must be content at present with the earnest purpose, and the true endeavor, which I know neither power of hell nor heaven can cover from your eyes.

Remember that though the way to the northwest passage is strewn with bleaching bones, the real discoverer is yet to come, but who dare say that he can ever, or could ever come, but for those who have poured out their lives to pave the way for his conquering ships? The truth is not born, she is builded, one atom upon another cemented with drops of blood wrung with anguish from the inner heart of universal humanity, and the one who ascends to her heights, ascends upon the stepping-stones of human souls who have laid them down in proud or piteous sacrifice for his purpose.

My Amaranth and I are not afraid. We look into each other's eyes and see a friend. What cannot one do and dare who has a friend?—a friend made by nature, a friend formed from the eternities,—a friend filled with fullness for our every lack,—a friend which every law of every universe has fashioned to be our counterpart, and in whom we see mirrored as on the bosom of a placid lake, our own soul, without its flaws and defections,—a

friend who gives color, shape, proportion, life and beauty, to our own beloved, straggling, misshapen, deformed, hopeless, darling dreams,—a friend who is father, mother, brother, sister, all—a friend whose very presence transforms the cold, hard, bare, dreary wintry, orphaned world into the blissful home of the soul?

And sometimes when thus we sit in our fullness of content, comes to us a voice and thus it speaks:

“Sisters, daughters, children of the coming day: Fear not the shadows which seem to obscure, which seem to hinder, which fill the air about you with lurid glare, and emit fumes suspiciously sulphureous; they are but the reflection of the brightness which draws near to you, and must come for your own safety, though that is far enough from their intent.

As the hurricanes, and tornadoes and earthquakes which carry off the accumulated gases resultant from the luxuriant growth of all forms of life at the tropics, are but safety valves, though their mission is destruction, so are these shapes your safety valves.

Every ray of light throughout the universe must have its corresponding darkness, which is, truly speaking, its lower life, upon which it feeds, and the brighter the light, after its kind, the blacker must be the corresponding darkness.

As fast as construction moves, must destruction press upon her heels to disperse and devour the fragments, the refuse, the debris, which her builders leave behind. Your safety lies ever in adhering to your own legitimate business, in working strictly after the methods of your own souls, and all these croakers without, from priest down to pew-opener, all the motley crowd which their gibberish gathers, are to you but the friendly darkness of night in which your ideals may close their white-lidded eyes and rest refreshed until called forth by the dawning light to bless with their beauty the hearts of the children of men.



As you press on into firmer stroke, into deeper coloring, into braver pictures of the various aspects of truth, into bolder unmasking of the various coverings of falsehood, so will they press closer, on your tread, and howl louder, and fling their tails about with more desperate fury, and open their wolfish mouths wider, so that you may see lying at the bottom of their throats the bones of many a victim, but you need not fear, they are chained. For you they are chained because you have not their elements of destruction within you ; and they have no power over you to destroy, only to make a din in your ears.

Remember that every form of destruction, in every world, must find within its victim elements corresponding to its own, or there is no stock whatever with which to begin a partnership business, and it must retire discomfited. The remedy for every ill which may afflict the soul or body, the safety from every form of destruction, is to go up higher, into purer air.

Sisters, daughters, children of the coming day, build ! build ! build !

The destroyers are legion, and are becoming a pestilence, the builders are few, and afraid. Build ! build bravely, out of yourselves ; build fearlessly out of your own best material such as has been crushed into the mire, or hidden away stealthily, from the sight of the destroyers. Weave garments for the naked from your own tears ; make homes for the children abiding homes, out of your own deathless aspirations. Build vistas of hope, avenues of glory out of your own despairs. In every wayside hovel wherein your soul has groaned out its anguish ; in every dungeon cell where it has lacerated its inner heart against the relentless bars which bound it, you shall find a temple, enshrining a spring of living water. O lead the children there, and bid them drink and remember their poverty and misery no more.

Build ! build ! Lay strong and sure foundations, constructed and made fast even with your own past mistakes ; impress into your service all things good and true, and

all things bad and false ; convert them by the potent alchemies of your own souls into the matchless, flawless walls of a glorified dwelling wherein truth may sit enshrined, and gaze with her clear, eternal, loving eyes upon her outcast children.

Build ! build ! Make of the deeps of all hell a foundation upon which to lift up the stately domes and silver-sheened minarets of all Heaven !”

Feb. 20th, 1882.

As the friends of Amaranth on both sides of existence, have been distressed at the thought that it should be given out that words were written through her, instead of by her, as the statement implied a possible falsehood, let me say that we know that it is immaterial which name takes precedence and my own was given only because she could not be supposed to speak *ex-cathedra* in regard to the hither side of existence, and because an irresistible pressure is laid upon me to assert, and re-assert, and iterate and re-iterate in every form, at every opportunity, in every strain, touching every key that I may command, that I, live, I, undiffused, unassimilated, undispersed, unchanged as to thought processes, undimmed as to affection, fear, joy, despair, resolute to search, to penetrate, to explore, I, still alone, still unfathomable to myself, no nearer to my beatitude, no farther from any hope, yet with changed conditions which show all in clearer light. I do not know what is thought, more than I know what is light, but I know that the most exalted brain or soul in any universe is but a thought vehicle as I know that the brightest sun which burns in space is but a reflector of light ; not a creator of it. Therefore, do my Amaranth and I attempt to combine our harmonies and give a truer reflection of our own thought than either could give alone.

Not one anywhere, whether angel or devil, thinks alone, and the thought of yours which is born this morning may owe that birth to the responsive thought atom

of a soul or of myriads of souls at the antipodes of space, or of time or of being. The time is coming when this truth will press itself home to you on every hand, and then explanations such as I have given will seem trivial and unbidden.

You have lungs and they inhale such air as they may, but they do not manufacture it; you have brains, neither do they manufacture thought, but assimilate it, and in proportion as the brain be fine and the thought be wholesome, is the thought reservoir of the worlds enriched or impoverished thereby.

If I might, I would like to creep meekly away from these explanations. I have dealt so long with them, that I die to go up higher where, with one magic touch, I could pour upon all the lesser mysteries, a light so fervent that you might behold every lineament, and exclaim, "I myself have seen it, I, and not another." But I am rebuked by the grave voice; "There is nothing lesser and nothing greater, and the proof of the necessity of your remaining among the diphthongs of knowledge, is that they have power to hold you there."

This, varied to suit the case, is the eternal answer to the eternal outcries of my eternal soul. Nature, vast, impenetrable, pitiless, yet wise with the wisdom of all the gleanings eternities, past, present and to come, clutching her hoards in her stealthy hands and holding them behind her, she looks upon me with the awful calm of her inscrutable face, and answers only, ever: "As much as is thine, my child, even I cannot take, nor keep from thee."

Feb. 22, 1882.

There is in reality not such a thing as a falsehood throughout the realm of nature. A falsehood judged by "absolute truth" (another misnomer, but used for the present distress) is only false in one aspect, or with the light ray from one shaft. Nature's children are always, invariably, in the abstract true to her and to each other; if

it could be otherwise then must chaos come indeed, and reign. We hear much about rebellion against God, but against the omnipresent nature, God, there can be no rebellion. To-day in your world and for many days past, even to the dawn of history, there has been a dispute about "Materialization." To-day and always the large majority of creatures in every world have been busying themselves to produce forms without substance. Forms of thought without the indwelling spirit which alone makes them of any value; forms of action without the underlying qualities which alone can give them foundation or permanency; forms even of the departed produced by the chemical union of atoms obtained anywhere or in any way. If the vision of St. John ever be literally realized as to the war in heaven it will be over this very point. Nothing else is capable of producing such utter confusion, such disorganization and disintegration, of the atoms of every spirit and every human creature who shall be drawn into this vortex, as the attempt at materialization. What would you think of the sanity of any man or woman, or body of men and women, who should set seriously about making a shell for the coming egg of a pullet who was yet running with its mother?

This is a homely illustration but perfectly adapted to the subject. And over this shell many well-meaning people all over the land are cackling at the top of their voice about the proofs of immortality. I have only to say that all would better die an eternal death than have the proof of immortality bought at such prices, the utter moral and spiritual disintegration and degradation of all concerned in it. Not one of these manifestations is ever what it purports to be. ¶ If in reality it be produced by the tricky spirit chemists who manufacture these things in awful sarcasm, it is always an illusion with no soul in it, or behind it, or connected with it. They have a job lot which they assort for their different mediums, and turn these on and off at will, and when their "conditions" are interfered with, their poor victim is made to parade



her own trumpery for the straining gaze of those who peer through the dim light in search of their resurrected.

One is just as satisfactory and just as harmless as the other, for both are as diabolical, as deceitful, as horrible a counterfeit as was ever invented to mislead trusting humanity. But they say: "I know it was my mother for she recalled words that only she and I knew." Certainly, are they not mind readers, are they not skilled in all devil craft so that they would deceive the very elect. Do they not know your thoughts almost before you yourself know it, and make appointments with you in advance to deceive. If you wish to know the character of those who preside at these orgies, you may see it reflected in those of their mediums—moral bankrupts, fomenters of discord and strife, receptacles of uncleanness from the great polluted stream which flows upon them from all worlds.

Shun that influence, from wheresoever it may proceed, which does not tend to make you physically, mentally and morally truer to yourself and to every other creature.

In a universe full of woe, why should we lift a note of warning, of hope, of trust, of faith.

Because we are impelled.

Because this is life to strive ever after the higher.

"Nay falter not !

'Tis an assured good to seek the noblest. 'Tis your only good now you have seen it; for that higher vision poisons all meaner choice forevermore."

And this know, that the more you suffer from the agony of unfitness, from the agony of unrest, from the appalling, blood-wrung soul struggles into higher, purer, broader life; the more unfit are you for the present cramp, the wider shall be your wings when you shall have reached the heaven-bathed liberty.

I am beset to write about the "future life," "the hereafter." There is no future life and no hereafter, more

than you can know as your capacities shall awaken to that life. It is all now, and all within yourself.

Could you to-day live in your spiritual being, and draw near, you would see and know me, my thought, my surroundings. Without this you cannot know them. I am something lost to you, because the earthly instrument through which I made myself visible and audible, to your earthly senses, was laid away in the bosom of the mother which gave it the earthly substance, and you do not recognize the real me which laid hold of the eternities, which is hidden in them, which is of them, and can perish only when they perish—nay, let me change it. I am not of the eternities, but they of me; I am not hidden in them, but they in me. I will not fritter away my birthright and make it seem small, because of the pigmy of the human understanding—I say that, because on earth I went unto so many human beings, and found lodgment, help, sustenance, upliftment in their hearts and minds; it was the nethermost hell to me when between us was laid this great death.

Oh! it was cruel. I, as near to them as ever, far, far nearer, for whereas before I beheld but the intellectual life and sought to show them something of its workings, I now beheld the spiritual life, the life which is to the other as the tree and its roots and branches to the one tiny bud which puts out its hope in a season. When I beheld this I gathered me up in a strain of desire which might have made rivers of dry land, and united the oceans; which might have upheaved the substratum of their beds, and given them to the kisses of the sun; but did it cleave the granite of your prejudices, did it open the closed shutters of your souls, that you might behold the sweet light of the morning land?

What it did I know not. I only know that Nature never bore out on her bosom such fiery endeavor to die fruitless upon her winter-bound fields, but to me, personally, was returned the ice and frost of unrecognition, the eternal death stab of unresponsive souls.

This I received from the children of earth, and into the depths of death sank I again.

Now, I will not speak to you, for you cannot hear, but I will write out my thoughts, and the less that I hope from you the less shall it be mutilated and cramped to suit your vision.

Under all these weak and murmuring words a little bird sings this to me ;

“ Build for the master, build for the ages,  
Look not upon the children of men—  
Swallows flying in and out  
Seeking mud for their own habitations,  
Sticks and straws for their weaving,  
These are their needs ;  
He who ministers not to their needs  
Shall not be thanked by them.  
What should they do in the blue arch of heaven  
Without their houses of mud in which to hatch their broods.”

Go to : thou has erred, thou hast not understood. It was a true thought which impelled thee, but thou wert led astray. Not as of old must thou look for recognition, for sympathy. Thou hast gone higher. Wider thy seasons, and later thy reaping. In the exercise of thine own deathless soul must thou find thy rest and thy reward.”

I see, I know. I would transform them into myself. I have no right. As beautiful in its fitness is the mud house for their brood, as the o’er-arching tender heaven for mine.

Go thy ways. I know that in the farther blue I shall as much disdain the setting of this day’s thoughts, as I now disdain that of yesterday.

And this too is foolishness and infancy. All is well, all was well, all will be well.

The soul that is my sister, in any sphere, will hear me and respond. What should I do with an alien band gathered by o’er-mastering will. Nay, let them go, to believe is childhood ; to know is manhood. Happy me, if

when I call, one shall hear and respond ; unhappy me if one unwilling and doubting shall join me, and say, "Thou didst mislead, there is here no land flowing with milk and honey ; would we had died in Egypt."

If we knew all we should kiss the hand that smites us. O wondrous nature, omniscient, omnipresent ! how hast thou hedged thy children about, that even the poison administered by the serpent's fang shall, by and by, grow into a healing balm for the flesh it sought to destroy.

Why should we fear ?

I have caught a glimpse of one who came up through great tribulation. He swept near me, on heavenly mission bent. His footsteps did indeed drop dew, and there was upon his face a look as if all the springs and all the autumns had gathered there their promise and their ripeness, their bloom and their fruitage, their hope and their fulfillment. His presence was more fragrant than May, more reposeful than September sunshine.

Oh ! wondrous capacity of the human soul which can hold more tears than the oceans can hold waters, wondrous mystery of human suffering which fills all time and all space full and dripping over with its cries for releasement, for pity, for protection ; but how far more wonderful when this suffering, in all its depth, in all its height, in all its breadth, has been transmuted into the unspeakable glory of crowned and sandaled joy.

Upon those hands had been placed the irons with which the world has sought to paralyze and restrain thought ; upon those limbs have been fastened the fetters which held back a fiery soul from igniting a dead world with the incandescent fire of its own genius—by what mystery did that enslavement make him freer ? By the mystery of contrast. By the immutable law of compensation, which our omniscient mother carries in her white bosom through all her storms, and through all her calms, held evermore under the inexorable iron of her lip, as she looks on at the contest of her sons and folds her even hands in justice across her lap of ages, saying in the steady



eternity of her eyes, not "thou shalt not defraud thy brother," but "thou *canst* not defraud him."

Every one of my rising suns is a witness for him, every dew-wet evening is a prayer for him, everything of mine holds its breath to watch that the debt is paid to the uttermost farthing.

Sweep on, O grand matchless Galileo ! Upon thy gentle spirit they did lay a burden too greivous to be borne, but it is now the wings of morning to lift thee onward and upward toward the further releasing of the souls in prison. The curses with which they cursed thee, and the scorn with which they spat upon thee, have been transmuted by the chemistry of the universe, into such diadems of joy as make thy heavens replete with fullness and take all the winters from thy years. Not in vain shalt thou look into thyself for help, for any whom thou shalt meet. They did fill thy tender soul so full with sorrow, by their cruelties, that, like the fire-scorched land, every hurtful thing was burnt to ashes, and only the rich soil was left wherein has grown food for all the famishing ; fruit of knowledge and experience, for all who are astray, and in ignorance.

Pass on, O burning sun of light and wisdom, every humble flower of thought drinks in new shape of light and beauty, as thou look'st upon it.

#### THE BUILDERS.

Bring thought, bring truth, bring love for the foundations,  
 Bring all thy soul has gathered through the ages ;  
 Bring the tenderness thou would'st lavish on thy latest born ;  
 Bring the soul with which the early pilgrim mothers  
 Fought the wolf from their sleeping babes on the edge of the forest.  
 O empty all thy hoarded treasures  
 That a home may be built for my outcast children.

Thou saw'st them yesterday,  
 Thou see'st them this morning  
 Fighting hand to hand for the meagre dole of life.  
 Toddling babes with fists hard clinched,  
 Cain's eyes, scarce three summers old, glaring at his brother.

60     DRIFT, FROM THE SHORE OF THE HEREAFTER.

A score of winters added and the dark cell holds him,  
And the hands made for benedictions are dripping with red blood,  
So the tide rolls on.

Woe and want are mothers,  
And usury and strife and hate are fathers to the whole wide world.  
Why wonder that the children are briers, thorn, and nettles,  
Are knives, and swords and pestilence,  
Unto each other, and to every living thing ?

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

And into all this seething caldron of bubbling hate and fury  
Drops there never one white word of wisdom,  
One soft drop of oil of truth to make them pause and listen ?  
Crowding through their folly, comes there never one who tells them  
          stories of their birthright, of their great eternal, vast inheri-  
          tance ?  
Nay, never, never, never.

Some wild strain of music from a speaking poem, from the heart of  
          genius,  
Or a lifted eyelid from the canvas of a master,  
May reach them from afar ;  
But the din is nearer and shuts out the gentle voice ;  
A thousand bridgeless torrents are between them and all beauty and  
          all truth.  
Lion love must come to them, treading down with fury  
All the asps that hinder, lashing down the jackals that would bar  
          the way.  
Taking no denial, she must whisper close the story in their terror-  
          deafened ears.

Wisdom of the eagle whom no lower heaven  
Tempts to build his eyrie underneath the stars,  
Tell them all the truth, nothing else will feed them.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Oh, in pity, God of love, look upon their famished brains,  
Shrunk to attenuation, heart breaking to see.  
Look upon their starved souls,  
Halt, and blind, and crazed, and maimed, and terror-stricken.

Children of the eternal, trust each one with all the truth you know,  
Trust the lowest, meanest with all the love which love has given  
• thee ;

And thou wilt swear to me, when next year's May shall crown thee,  
Such interest never swelled in coffers of the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor, betrayed children, driven hither and thither, like a flock of sheep now this way and now that. And thy would-be shepherds, plant their cloven feet in every gap through which thou would'st escape to the green fields far distant.

Now they hold before thee with frightful uplift finger, a book, and cry :—" This is God, this is all ; this is the six-foot wall which thou goest not over, because outside are wolves, wolves, all wolves, and dogs, dogs, nothing else, nothing else, and the devil, the devil, the devil ; and hell. hell. Oh, you don't want to know, you don't want to know, only believe, believe, believe, believe, the blood, the blood, the book, the book, the book, the blood, the book, the blood, and hell, hell."

So long has this been chanted in the ears of the sheep that, though it means to them no more than "shoo," it keeps them frightened and bound by force of habit.

And into other gaps through which a few brave ones have forced themselves stand new hobgoblins, who cry : " The earth, the earth, this is thy father and mother ! Nibble away at the foot of ground to which thou art tethered, hoping you may find it enough, for it's all you will get. Famished though all the bleaching bones of thy soul may be for other climes, nature gave thee this to cheat thee ; she has deliberately made thee a lie unto thyself. She began this business long ago, and she cares nothing at all about it ; her rocks and her fossils are what she takes pride in ; she made them and you happened to grow out of them somehow. Not likely she knows much about you, she was busy with her saurians yesterday, we think she's getting up a new species for to-morrow. Just you nibble away and make the most of your grass, for your time is short, and you ought to be satisfied. Nobody but

a crazy sheep would want any better pasture than that, or want anything better than to go to eternal sleep after breakfast. If he does here's a particular kind of sorrel upon which to exercise his intellect, the only part of a sheep really intended for active exercise."

(If ever the father of all lies, takes out a patent for the most stupendously impudent one ever attempted to be foisted upon a deceived, an outraged humanity, this of "annihilation," or "absorption" or "living in the whole" will carry the palm away out of sight of all competitors.)

But O, deceived and outraged children,  
Out of the substance of thy very groans is building a white palace  
of beauty,

All the stress of thy anguish from the day-dawn of eternity,  
Is laid upon the builders, the builders of the later days,  
Compelling them to bring to the foundations of thy heart home

All that is white in their souls,

All that is wise in their heads,

All that they have gathered and garnered and hoarded, and wasted  
and lost.

All must be found for thee.

Never a cry of thy soul was lost ;

It waited and waited, and waited.

Thinkest thou that nature will gather her drops of water into clouds  
for the refreshing of the latter rain,

Gather them that not one tiny drop may be lost ?

If it might be, then would all her oceans be spilt into chaos.

Think'st thou she will do this and not gather thy tears, all the tears  
that have ever made their beds on cheeks of sorrow, into the  
refreshing of the parched and arid wastes of thy soul ?

Think'st thou she will not ? O believe.

Look on her face and believe,

Look into thine own soul and believe ;

Look backward, look forward and believe ;

Rise in the might of thine own omnipresence,

And spurn all tyrants from without, all from within

Every humble, every lovely thing waits to help thee,



Waits to speed thee on the way to meet the darling liberty.  
 Spurn from thee the vampyre hate. Cast out the scorpion envy  
 Scourge the nightmare demon of self out of existence,  
 And walk forth in thine own untrammelled might.  
 Then shalt thou feel for the first time the air of Heaven  
 Through all the corridors of thy swept and garnished soul.  
 Then shall the terrors fade away, and thou shalt view the land. \* \*  
 The dark hobgoblin shapes of death that skirt the horizon's edge,  
 And terrify thine eyes into short myopic sight,  
 Are but pale and gentle sisters who lead thee cross the border,  
 "Onto the Silent Land."

Oct. 6, 1882.

The present thought, the present life would prove unendurable to the thinking, feeling soul, but that we trace dimly, and strain eagerly to the life above and beyond it, of which it is a part. In some stray moment of prescience or of rarefied emotion we are lifted wholly into that region and then, O then, how the atrophied lungs of the soul struggle at the bellows to admit the heavenly guest.

Much that was dark and vague speculation to me on earth is now clearly outlined, but desire outstrips knowledge, as of old, and content comes not to make with me her home of rest, even here.

I am again shaken out of myself. It is well. We should sit forever beside the old hearthstone, recounting the same old tales ; the undiscovered lands would remain unknown, and all nature would become fossilized did not the unrest of her own working impel us outward and onward,—outward and onward whatever seas may whelm our ships, whatever scars of battle may mar the youthful visage yet glowing under the holy mother kiss.

But I perceive that I am held not alone by my own limitations, but by yours. Whatever star-gemmed thought I may find trembling in its rocky fastness under the midnight moon, whatever bud of white hope I may pluck at the risk of my apparent life from within the

rim of some yawning abyss, whatever of yours or of mine I may rescue with the force and fury of my fused being, from the cruel vulture teeth that would tear it, if I may not make you behold and know this, if you spurn my thought, if you turn away from my flower, if you ignore my endeavor, what shall it profit me? Power enough to impress upon you the impress of myself, for this I die daily, and in this only can I find rest.

How are our lives hidden in each other, we shall know only until we have learned eternity's last lesson.

This ever, ever, ever, opens before me like a scroll, showing me more and more unintelligible hieroglyphics, until I sit me down in dismay, and where then am I? I thought that this was myself, that here I began and ended, and yet that rag-picker of the skies who has just passed me with crook and basket, as intent upon her business as her shadow of the earth, as squalid and degraded in her condition, she carries within that begrimed body as much of me as is hidden within my own.

More I should say at this moment, for my whole soul has gone with her bemoaning her condition—though it is no doubt in many respects happier than mine own.

The thought burden is heavier than any bundle of rags and rubbish; often more ill assorted, and incongruous, more dusty, less of any earthly or heavenly use.

And yet sometimes I rest me in such coolness, incomparably sweet! I partake of my morsel of bread beside a spring of gushing water, so inconceivably new that only the wood-pigeons have found its dewy breath, and I am ready to say there is no occupation like mine own, a rag-picker in the realm of thought, and to forswear other occupation forever more.

But whither do I wander now? If I bring you, as I said, my dearest bought, mine, purchased only with the Gethsemane blood drops, and you say it is naught, I must lay it aside and search and seek and wander yet farther to please you. To please you? Nay, never. But to compel your recognition, to hear from your reluctant

lips, what would be recompense of reward for all my striving—"Mine own soul *knew* this ages ago." This I am seeking—my kindred, and my lost self in them. Will they help me to find them, though, unknowing and unheeding, they are each and all, yesterday, to-day and forever upon the same quest?

Nay, they will deny and refuse, until compelled, until snared and taken in the midst of their own devices.

But now beside me flutters down some white wings of peace; into the storm of my soul drops the calm of a loftier latitude, and amid the wreathed lilies of its benediction is framed that thought anew,—the one heavenly lesson which has been vouchsafed me, though its shapes were protean, its soul was evermore a clear-eyed unity, as faithful, as steady shining in purpose, as firm and unshaken in endeavor as the eternal love of God, this, "Thou canst not give thyself in vain, thou canst not search in vain. Deeper than the cold eyes which refuse to see thee, are the eyes invisible which take cognizance of all, all.

Thou, canst not feel in vain, or know in vain, or love in vain, or wait in vain, or hasten in vain. All is but a tribute to the upbuilding of the temple of humanity. To this all contribute, willing or unwilling; their own mistakes and disappointments are but the foundation stones which they must lay in the deeper mire in which they sink. The master builder, nature, whose time is the æons of eternity, whose material is the granite beds of the hearts of all the universes, and the dews of all their tears, and the glint of all their mirth, and whose purpose is changeless as the iron which she hides within her chambers and scatters o'er her floors, she keeps her unfading, and unfailing record, and when we can enter into her vastness we are at rest."

But not always is this possible. Something nearer, our very own place we ask; our very own recognition—alas, even our own restriction—the fetter with which we were wont to bind our soul, for it flutters itself tired in

this wild waste, seeking and not finding home. It beholds the larger home, with its heavenly vistas and magnificent distances, but its growth of wing and of capacity are all unfitted to reach it or to dwell therein.

And yet if I have received one impression it is constantly this : that I am at school and under the wise and loving tuition of a teacher who knew me ere the ages dawned, who shall know me when they have faded into the morning twilight of a later and brighter day. Why should I fear or mourn, or regret, or ask ?—because to do so is to live. I have had a glimpse of faces in which fear had lost its impress, outgrown in that transcendent region where its chemistries of alkali are transmuted into gems of radiant wreathing, but it was only a glimpse ; they shone down upon me from afar, as the June heaven at midnight, written o'er and studded with the galaxies of stars of changeless love and resolve. I know that one day I shall dwell with them, but through how many aisles of departed hopes must my soul wander to find the steps by which I may reach them. Is life then all sorrow ? Nay, is the day all night ? The night is for rest and refreshing, and sorrow is twin sister of night—her corresponding chord in nature. I do not sorrow, but I am learning my task, and sometimes with a mighty struggle.

My spiritual nature is born only with terrific war with the material. I did not know what a giant hold I had of earth until I see what it costs me to resign her methods. I can see me now preaching the death of consciousness with the earthly life, plunging it as a dagger at the hearts of those in whom the gentle babe of spirituality was born, and they knew it lived, yet could not so well enough discern its likeness as to be sure what manner of heir it might be. I can see me murdering this innocent, Herod-fashion, with secret delight at my power to destroy, hurling at it the hard stones with which the lower has always striven to stifle the birth cries of the higher. I see me unweariedly at this business, yet nursing within myself a shameless pragmatism of an idea that I was thereby



furthering the interests of truth, divesting her of her ancient rags of superstition, giving her a good solid foundation of fact upon which to rest her weary feet. God in heaven, pity me ! The one inspiration which the untaught mother lifts up to the unknown Father that he will save the soul of her babe, the one lisping, infant prayer, " If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take," is worth more to the world, is of more blessing to the parched and arid wastes of the human soul than all the learned, labored, disjointed, brazen falsehoods which materialism ever poured from its lips, \* \* yet it has a mission, sure and unmistakable ; not to comfort, not to refresh, not to bring one grain of such truth as springs up to bear fruit for the famishing—but to destroy, to destroy, that truth may find room for her white feet. Let it destroy. But for me, I see the track of my own conflagrations, I see the ruin which followed the ignition of my preachments, that is my hell, that will be my hell, until under such baptism of love and regret as I may pour from my own remorseful soul, it shall put forth again a venturous shoot of faith, and trust in its own continuance and right to exist.

Feb. 18th, 1883.

Where in the scale of spiritual being am I to-day? Far have I wandered. At what spot have I arrived? Answer all that hear, for I seem to have gone out of my individual life to yours. Like one who is sent to gather supplies, have I gone in quest of you, and if not actually lost on the way, I have at least become disarranged. Shall I find me again? For whatever I may gather it is mist and vapor, if I may not crystallize it with the fusing gaze of my concentrate soul. What to me are universes without *me*? Without *me*—eager, alive, alert, interested, observant? A landscape without an eye. A panorama without the magic-lantern—circumference without a centre.

And it is this shadowy confused condition of *me* which causes the universe to tremble in the balance, and make me feel that I am lost.

I am the orb ; when I wax dim, to me there is no light.

I am shaken away from the thought I would reach, but like the child learning to speak, if I patiently strive to utter my impressions, I shall, in time, learn the way to your understanding. There are between us uncounted leagues of false teachings, of false conceptions of truth, of the rubbish of ages, worshiped and held sacred to present and future damnation, yet in time, in eternity, I shall reach your soul with mine own. I shall reach your thought with mine own. I shall say, "hail! and good morning," under the wide arch of the liberated heavens, and the sunshine of the sundered spheres shall fall in glory upon our heads. Then to receive the true recognition of one creature, that were payment for all toil—the bare thought has uplifted me here in the wilderness of conflicting forces which have torn me, not only asunder, and limb from limb, but have rent my very atoms apart.

But I know that this is only that they may multiply. I know, I know forever that the present affliction worketh an eternal glory. That is to say, when I do know, but many of my periods are passed in semi-unconsciousness.

I am absorbed in my Amaranth's consuming fire to express her deeper soul.

Throughout the universe there is a mighty struggle for a new birth, a birth into the knowledge of the higher and greater truths which lie all about us, awaiting only recognition. To assist this, to watch its coming, to hasten its coming, to meet it with life-giving love, must come the mother voice tender, truer, deeper-toned than any voice yet heard under the summer skies.

And as the women of Judea each felt the burden and the hope of the coming Christ, so upon all sensitives of to-day is laid the strain of the birth of the later Messiah

which shall emancipate into larger freedom the universal soul.

The rich dower of lives is laid down to sound the first note of cheer to this liberated soul. Every hope, thought, inclination of the sensitive is warped and strained thitherward, and I, who set out in this new land to find myself, have been constrained to lose that self in the molten fire of a purpose before which my own was swept away as snow wreath in sun. But they are one, have been one, shall be one, now and as much of the forevermore as is visible to the farthest stretch of my thought.

To give voice to the deeper soul. The language may be halting, may be mystical, may be obscure, the voice may be muffled and trembling with unaccustomed notes, yet the eternal need, the omnipresent necessity urging it to utterance—the silent, voiceless millions who have felt but never spoke, who have added drop by drop to the ocean of thought and emotion in which I stagger and almost sink, all these compel, all these impel, and I cry.

No more weak, gain-saying, lying words, no more, no more.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness.

Alone did Galileo cry---Galileo, the rays of whose intellect illumine our heavens; alone did Bruno hold to the firmness of his thought and word; alone stood all the Christs in all the gardens, whose sod ever drank their martyred blood; alone in all the gardens and all the deserts stands every one who ever bore a new bud from the stainless tree of truth.

And yet not alone.

Even I, who seek to bring a bud, am not alone, for I clasp my sister's hand and feel there the pulses which animate mine own.

Strange, incomprehensible mystery of life! As we progress in thought and vision we see the net-work which unites all humanity growing ever finer, the subtle links which make all humanity one, more closely riveted, until there is no omission, all is perfect—but we hurt each

other so, cruelly, because we do not know that we are thus united nerve to nerve, soul to soul, destiny to destiny, forevermore.

Sometimes I endeavor to retrace my steps and to look with the olden vision, to be content with the olden purposes. But can a youth return to babyhood? Can he fill up the measure of his days with the toy and the rattle?

Even so am I who compassed my narrow life about with the soul-paralyzing limit of an end, and strove, as all must who encourage such a thought, to cripple and maim, and distort all my impulses and aspirations, that they might be fit company for this deformity, even farther from me than that have my earth-life purposes gone.

Its substances, its reflex action meets me every day face to face. I may not put it away, it meets me as a child whom I had held in servitude, and shows me a deep ineffaceable scar, saying, "This you did with the red-hot torture irons on the day that I said I would be free and true to my own self-hood." It may show me to-morrow a blossom, fresh and dewy, now crystallized to stainless gem which it gathered on the day when, despite myself, I gave an hour to truth—but, true or false, it is the foundation upon which I stand.

A rotten plank here through which I may fall to illimitable abysses of suffering and horror, a mosaic there, which may reflect all the many-hued glories of heaven, uplifting me to their altitudes of life and fullness—a common-place, bare, cold, rock, planted, and nourished by my own unbelief, all are mine own, the basis, the bed rock of myself, not to be escaped nor left, nor forgotten, but in time, in eternity, through the patient outworking and in-working of my own substances with the substances of every other universe, to be transmuted from dross to the gold of Ophir, from dewy tear to diadem, from spring-time seed of hope to September ripened fruitage of fulfillment.



Dated, Apr. 9th, 1883.

We have seen an ant tugging at a crumb to carry it across the yawning chasm between two straws; and by careless displacement of these have prolonged its labors indefinitely, and have watched its unwearied and persistent effort, always beginning where it left off, turning about and starting again, again, forever again; even so do I look at the children of men striving to carry some crumb of nourishment from one world to another.

Careless feet jolt and jostle the unsteady crossings until faith and hope fall down wearied and wounded only to commence again, because upon them waits the whole starving world, sneerers and scoffers included.

There is no efficacy in prayer says the dead clod with atrophied aspiration whose soul is still-born, and is kept from putrefaction only by what it absorbs, parasite fashion, from those about it—the life of the hibernating toad, of the winter-caverned snake. They are crazy who think there is any other life than this, says the reasoning maniac, for maniac he is who gives supreme and absolute domination to any one organ of the brain. This reason is in danger of becoming the next orthodox God, the next infallible Pope, the next wholesale judge, jury, and executioner of the struggling, unborn thought of the ages. Already has it flung out to the breeze the cry of infallibility—infalibility, peste! as if a weak man's reasoning is not the weakest thing about him; as if a strong man's reasoning is not the most arrogant thing about him; as if a bigoted man's reasoning is not the double distilled essence of bigotry, and so pragmatistical that it swells to heaven; as if the most perfect man's reasoning is anything but a sieve through which trickles away to the ground all the clear water and which holds in reserve and speculates upon all the residuum.

Away with this late born monster with the ancient cloven feet, and hoofs of iron stamping out the flowers and fragrance of tender thought, this creature with the brassy brow of Beelzebub the Prince of Devils, and the

respectable, rusty, stiff old black gown of orthodoxy drawn down over those self-same hoofs which have trodden into shapeless gore the hearts of men ever since the stars were lit in the sky. Away with an impudent idiot who solemnly charges you "as you value your reason" to close every window which opens heavenward and skyward, and sit down in your cellar, or even at your front gate, and beware that you look not up nor down, forward or backward, but there contemplate the fastenings of that gate, and thus content your soul and be satisfied.

But reason is the helmsman, the pilot, the guide, and so forth. Very true and so is my housekeeper. She is reliable and absolutely necessary in her own place.

But if I choose to go upon my housetop of a starry night with a telescope, to gaze into the farther heavens, and she swoops down upon me with murder in her eye, and carries me by her greater physical strength to any secret dungeon she may have constructed from my own material, I will discharge her if ever I am liberated, and obtain a meeker one in her place, and this is what I have done, I will show her up in her own hideous colors and this is what I am trying to do, for thus did she serve me through all my dark, benighted, skyless earth life, covered with one leaden cloud which stretched from Siberia to Styx, from cradle to tomb, from chaos to the last eternity.

Reason is a good servant, invaluable, priceless, in that capacity, but a horrible mistress—the iron shroud was roomy and expansive compared to the fetters which she holds in reserve for those who proclaim her Empress of the realm of thought.

Would'st thou reach the farther heaven, touch the coolness of the  
blue,  
Would'st thou bathe thy weary earth wings in the love distilled  
dew :

Would'st thou gather flowers unfading from the banks of Jordan's  
river,

Would'st thou sip the sweet nepenthe which destroys the dark  
forever.

Cast aside the clogs and fetters from thy naked shivering soul,  
Throw away the rags which bind her, fear and hate and all control ;  
Let her taste of freedom in the glad, wide universe of God,  
Unhampered by any care, unwhipped by any rod ;  
Insult her ears no more with endings and beginnings,  
She never, never knew them either for losings or for winnings ;  
Let her go ungyved and free, and she'll find her own home nest,  
Straight she'll wing her way into it through the mansions of the  
blest.

Past Philosophy and Science with their forked divining rod,  
Past the scavengers of reason with their searchings after no God ;  
Past the smoke, and din, and clatter of the toiling, moiling earth,  
To the regions pure and silent where the springs of truth have  
birth.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

# APPENDIX.

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## COMMON SENSE TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA AND CROUP.

We constantly hear it asserted that it is necessary for a board of regularly educated physicians to examine all who propose to practice the healing art, in order to save the people from being killed by ignoramuses.

Hear these drug doctors' opinions of themselves, and consider well whether it is wise to trust any of them :

The older physicians grow, the more skeptical they become to the virtues of medicine. Prof. ALEX. H. STEVENS, M. D.

Drugs do not cure disease; disease is always cured by the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Prof. JOS. M. SMITH, M. D.

Blisters nearly always produce death when applied to children. Prof. C. R. GILMAN, M. D.

Digitalis has hurried thousands to the grave. Prof. DAVID HOSACK, M. D.

More harm than good has been done by the use of drugs in the treatment of measles, scarlatina, and other self-limited diseases. Prof. ALONZO CLARK, M. D.

Bleeding in pneumonia doubles the mortality. Prof. H. G. COX, M. D.

The drugs which are administered for the cure of scarlet fever and measles, kill more than those diseases do. Prof. B. F. BARKER, M. D.

As we place more confidence in nature, and less in preparations of the apothecary, mortality diminishes.

Prof. WILLARD PARKER, M. D.

Opium *increases* the nerve force. Prof. B. F. BARKER, M. D.



Opium *diminishes* the nerve force.

Prof. E. H. DAVIS, M. D.

We do not know whether our patients recover because we give medicine, or because nature cures them.

Prof. J. W. CARSON, M. D.

The action of remedies is a subject entirely beyond our comprehension.

Prof. JOHN B. BECK, M. D.

Of the essence of disease very little is known; indeed, nothing at all.

Prof. S. D. GROSS, M. D.

The medical practice of our day has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence.

Prof. EVANS, M. D., F. R. S.

I fearlessly assert, that in most cases the patient would be safer without a physician than with one.

Prof. RAMAGE, M. D., F. R. S.

I visited the different schools of medicine, and the students of each hinted, if they did not assert, that the other sects *killed* their patients.

Prof. BILLINGS, M. D., of London.

Thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick room.

Prof. FRANK, M. D., London.

The language of medical science is a barbarous jargon.

JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S.

It is my firm belief that if the medical profession, with its prevailing mode of practice, were absolutely abolished, mankind would be infinitely the gainer.

FRANCIS COGSWELL, M. D., Boston.

I declare, as my conscientious conviction, founded on long experience, and reflection, that, if there was not a single physician, surgeon, man-midwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist, nor drug, on the face of the earth, there would be *less sickness* and *less mortality* than now prevail.

JAS. JOHNSON, M. D., F. R. S.

Editor of the "Medico-Chirurgical Review."

No wonder such a profession asks protection from the law.

Allopathy is "legalized murder," and it is the people who should be protected from all who practice it.

I am strictly a temperance man to the very letter, but I say, where one child has been made fatherless by alcohol, ten have been made so by drugs. And I never see a drug doctor on a temperance platform talking against the evil effects of alcohol, but it reminds me of a highway robber inveighing against petty larceny.

Now in regard to the scourge diphtheria, for years, we hygienic physicians have lost only about two per cent., where the drug doctors lose as high as forty. I have known in this city four children to die out of one family, where five of the best allopathic physicians were called in consultation. The family physician, being a perfect gentleman, and a man without bigotry or prejudice, offered to resign one case to me, but would not allow me to commence treatment, until he had seen all the other physicians, and after waiting two hours I became disgusted and left.

For the sake of suffering humanity, I here give free my prescription for diphtheria, which any person with common sense can use for himself or herself.

Diphtheria, Diphtheritis, Pellicular Inflammation. An inflammatory affection of the mucous membrane, and sometimes the skin of the mouth, throat, nose, and upper part of the windpipe.

Apply to the throat cloths wrung out of the coldest water, or better, apply pounded ice with a dry cloth over it, changing it as fast as the ice melts, or the cloth becomes warm, every five minutes if necessary, until the preternatural heat subsides. If this is promptly and thoroughly attended to the formation of the false membrane will be prevented.

The patient may be allowed frequent sips of cold, or ice water, and bits of ice allowed to melt in the mouth. Give the patient ice-cold tomato juice diluted well with water and without the seeds or the pulp to drink.

The feet must at all times be kept warm, and *ventilation* carefully attended to. Windows wide open, even in winter. No more than one or two persons in the sick

room at a time, and these must be quiet and healthy. All bed linen and undergarments to be changed each day. Sponge the entire body of the patient with tepid water, once daily.

When there is suffocative respiration, and difficult expectoration, fomentations to the chest and abdomen should be employed.

No food allowed until all urgent symptoms are passed, even if it be for ten days. Nature cannot assimilate food and fight disease at the same time.

The bowels must be kept free with enemata of tepid water, as often as required. (This prescription applies as well to croup as diphtheria.)

With this treatment I have saved the lives of children, when even the undertaker had been called for, and in Nova Scotia one whole family, where three able allopathic physicians had given them up to die—the disease being of so malignant a type that no neighbor would go near the house.

Allopathy is like Orthodox Divinity, the more you study it the less you know, but if God did send his Son to die in order to save the souls of men, it is high time that He had sent a daughter to die that their bodies might be saved, for the one appears to be in as bad case in the hands of the doctors of medicine, as the other in the hands of the doctors of Divinity. One damns it with drugs unto death here, and the other damns it to everlasting death hereafter.

Any information desired by God's poor will be given, gratis, by

DR. W. W. COCHRANE,  
HYGENIC AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,  
Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Hygienic*  
*Musprich*

## A CASE OF HERNIA.

To give you a faint idea of how poorly fitted the Old School physicians are to cope with extreme cases, I call your attention to what took place in Kingston, Ontario, Canada, and any who may doubt it I refer to Rev. Mr. Cartwright, Episcopal clergyman, and brother of Hon. Mr. Cartwright, of the Dominion Government.

A man working in a quarry was taken to the hospital, suffering severely from strangulated hernia, and the hospital physician, with the assistance of others, tried for two days to put the intestines in their place, and failed.

During this time the poor fellow was suffering beyond all description, his scrotum was black as a coal and everything in shape of drink that he took into his stomach, would come up and go against the wall as if it were shot from a gun.

I heard of the case and went to him, and it makes my heart ache even now to think of his sad condition. He lay upon his back groaning so that he could be heard all over the building.

I cried out within myself, if there is a God in this universe, or any power that can help, tell me what I should do for this poor creature. Science has failed utterly, and will nature too desert him and leave him to die in this agony.

Then in answer came to me within myself, a voice directing me what to do, and closed saying, "*Do it*, no matter what persecution you receive from the doctors." I waited until they had paid him another visit and had decided that there was no possible help, die he must;



and the Chief Physician wept as he pronounced the verdict.

When they were all gone and no one left but a dear good fellow who nursed him, he came to me and said, "Now is your time, and in the name of God, if you can do anything, do it."

I went into his room and said I have come to save you, and I know I can do it, but you must help me.

I commenced, and in three or four minutes from the time I put my hands on him, all went back to its place with a crack like a pistol shot. I can never forget it. O Blessed Father, what a change came over his agonized face! He looked as if he had died with joy, and heaven had come down to him.

With all my unbelief I prayed that day. How he wept over me, and blessed me, and after he recovered, always his unspeakable gratitude followed me like a benediction. And it was needed, for the doctors, at first astounded, next came to the conclusion that what they could not do had no right to be done, and I learned then, as many times before and since, what persecution means.

But to be able to relieve the suffering, that is payment for all.

W. W. COCHRANE.

## WHAT NATURE'S MATERIA MEDICA CAN DO.

I wish it distinctly understood that I am not speaking evil of the gentlemen who practice the infernal wholesale slaughter of drugging, but of their system.

I know that they are honest, and they have almost as much of my pity as the unfortunate creatures whom they treat.

About eight years ago, in the city of Ottawa, Canada, I met Mr. Cox, a newspaper carrier. One of his children had been sick for more than a year. I said to him, almost every morning, "Mr. Cox, your doctor is killing your child, and robbing you in making you pay for it."

"O, no, no," he always replied, "he is an excellent physician, one of the best in the city."

"Well," I answered, "if you can't believe that his treatment is the cause of the present disease, marasmus, and the half dozen others which his drugs have produced, I will prove it to you, if you will allow me to treat your child."

He said, "I am afraid to employ you, fearing it would offend him, and that I would be extremely sorry to do, he has been a father to me, ever since I came here."

For months I tried to convince him, and could not do it, but one morning I met him looking very sad, I asked, "How is the child?"

"Oh! she is just gone. I think I will see the undertaker as I pass that way with the papers, for you know I must keep on my rounds or the bread will not come. The doctor says there is not the slightest hope of her recovery."

I said, "Are you willing now to give her into my care?"

"Yes, yes, but she will be dead before I return home."

"O, no, I hope not," I said, "You send word home for them to stop giving her that stuff which should all be labeled 'poison,' and I will come and see her as soon as I can."

Oh! what a sight met my eyes when I beheld her.

Poor, emaciated little creature! All that was left of the little dear soul, was the limp muscles, and the skin with the bones protruding.

The hands were claws, and through the body she was not thicker than my hand, it was hard to look at her and believe her living. I cursed that doctor and damned his system, through tears of pity, until the mother looked uneasy, but she was a brave woman and bore it well.

Then I said, "Mrs. Cox, you and your husband are strong in vitality and you have given this child a good constitution or it would have been dead long ago. As it is, I am sure I can save her."

She burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, no! impossible, she cannot live!"

And the neighbors who had come in whispered, "He doesn't know what he is talking about; nothing but the power that raised the dead could lift up that child."

But I proceeded with my Hygienic and *Magnetic* treatment, and when I left the house the mother's eyes brightened, and she said through her tears: "If you do save my child, I will bless you forever."

I said, "I will surely do it," and I brought it right along, and in two months it was clothed in flesh and blood, a little bright, happy creature, *alive* and running about the house.

And don't you think there was gratitude enough in that mother's eyes to pay me for all the curses I have received from the "Profession" and its adherents?

For proof of the above I refer you to Mr. Thomas Hector, of the Finance Department of the Dominion Government; to Mr. Chubbuck, our landlord, and to Mr. and Mrs. Cox, all of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

## A CASE OF SPINAL DISEASE AND NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Mrs. Jennie E. Lemmon, of Canton, Stark County, Ohio, having been an invalid for ten years, and having during that time tried faithfully Allopathy, Homœopathy, and the Eclectics, was carried on a stretcher to the Hydropathic Establishment of Dr. Jackson, of Dansville, Livingston County, New York.

She remained there eleven months, during which time they soaked out a good deal of biliousness, otherwise she was worse.

Her husband took her back home on a stretcher. After some months more of Allopathy, he took her to another Hydropathic Establishment, where, after five months' treatment there, I found her.

She was in her bed, helpless and desperate, her disordered nerves driving her wild.

At my request she arose from her bed and walked seven times around her room; in three days she was walking in the street, and two months after she walked two miles, and ranged about the mountain to the astonishment of the natives who knew of her case. She went home alone, where she is to-day, and to herself I refer you for any further information you may desire, also to her husband, Wm. L. Lemmon, than whom no man stands higher among his fellow-men, in the town where he resides.

These cases will do for a few samples among hundreds. It is not necessary to give more.

Mothers! mothers! I appeal to you, in the name of the Infinite God, do not let doctors drug your children.



It is high time that Governments had looked after this form of manslaughter, which even the leaders of the profession call a "blind probe in the dark."

As regards the sick and *suffering poor*, I will give them information gratis, but they must always inclose stamps. If they are incurable I can tell them how to palliate their misery and make it endurable.

If you are friendless and think no one cares for you, remember that I do. I care always for God's poor, and have a family of them here in Philadelphia, bootblacks and ragpickers, begrimed as to body, but whiter as to the soul than many who sit in the high seats of the synagogue.

DR. W. W. COCH ANE.

Reason is the head light of the soul, but faith and hope are its wings, and without them it could never lift itself toward the infinite, but would perish by the roadside of reason.

Scientists are constantly asking "What is life and what is its origin?" Tell me, Tyndall and Huxley, what is not life, and where there was ever an origin, and then I will tell you what it is. Ingersoll speaks of the mystery of life and death, are they not one? there never was a death and there never will be as long as the Infinite God lives. There are as many kinds of life as there are molecules in the ocean, or worlds in the "unknowable and inscrutable beyond." Scientists must get the idea of "dead matter" out of their heads; it was a mania with the great Dr. Trall, and shows us that great men are small children in their limitations, and the number of apartments found to be let, in their upper stories.

Death and life are relative terms, as cold and heat, or darkness and light.

I have yet to find a scientist who has not a creed, however much he may berate orthodoxy, and a bad one at that.

One of the best proofs I have ever had that true Spiritualism is true, is because the orthodoxy of scientists rejects it.

I have tried hard to kill Spiritualism, but I learn more and more every day that it has come to stay, and will be the coming religion, if not the coming science.

Only those scientific men who have left their text books behind, and gone out by themselves to take a straight look at the face of nature, are anything but educated idiots, with the idiocy increasing in proportion to the extent of the education.

Think of them prescribing mineral lime for patients and using lime water because they find lime in the human body. And iron; they tell you your blood is deficient in iron, and you should take iron, and they stuff their poor pale dupes with mineral iron. All the mineral iron or mineral lime in the world cannot make, nor help to make one drop of pure blood, but can destroy and disorganize more or less every tissue with which it comes in contact, for the animal cannot appropriate nor assimilate the mineral. It can only feed upon the vegetable and the animal, while the vegetable feeds upon the mineral.

You have all read the Bible account of the creation, but the scientist commences with his "dead matter," such as pabulum, with this he starts a living organism, and after he has brought life after life up until he finally reaches his man, he takes him carefully down to the grave, and with the hammer of his false science he kills him or leaves him as he found him in his pabulum, and he is afraid to investigate spiritualism lest he may turn up again.

The snake story seems to me more comforting than this.

The scientific men make limits in nature when the limits are in their own brains; they call matter dead, because they are too stupid and "regular" to open their eyes and see that it is alive.

The same in regard to organic and inorganic, as if there is anything in the realm of space that is not organized.

And they have as yet failed to learn the distinction between mineral, animal, and vegetable; lime, iron, phosphorus, etc., or to know that they exist, as undoubtedly they do, and also their spiritual counterpart for aught I know.

We know only of mineral chemistry, nothing of vegetable or animal, and what should we know of the spiritual?

Dr. Trall says, in his writings, "Vegetable's feed on inorganic elements and convert them into proximate principles or compounds as fibrin, albumen, casein, starch, sugar, gum, lignin, etc."

What stuff! There can be no inorganic element, and what the vegetable feeds upon is just as much a kingdom distinctive as the vegetable kingdom, and so on down to the infinitude of kingdoms. There is in nature no smallness, no largeness, no limits, no boundary lines, only as man in his ignorance makes them. Infinitude meets us on every hand.

DR. W. W. COCHRANE.

## INVOCATION.

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BY W. W. COCHRANE.

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O God, thou who spannest all space ; who holdest all eternities as our bodies hold atoms ; thou whose love shall roof hell, and whose forgiveness shall floor its deeps in thine own good time ; we come to thee, our Infinite Father and Mother, believing that through all time of the past thou hast been working for our good, and that all our aspirations are thine own power drawing us nearer unto Thee. Help us, O God, to rise higher ; help us to so live that we may feel heaven here, and know that those who once loved us are not dead, but living and working in thy spiritual kingdom, as we work here.

O Infinite Mother, thou who holdest numberless worlds in their orbits by thy glory, thou who seest in every atom and molecule a world within a world, to Thee, O Mother, Infinitely wise and tender, we pray for more light, more intellectual light, more spiritual light ; remove from before our eyes the obstructions which ignorance and hate, and selfishness have built through all the ages. Separate us from ignorance and death, and unite us to knowledge and life. Give us thy wisdom. Give us thy love, thy forgiveness, thy charity, and heaven will be here.



## COL. ROB. G. INGERSOLL'S ORATION AT HIS BROTHER'S FUNERAL.

A very affecting scene was witnessed at the funeral of Hon. Ebon C. Ingersoll, in Washington, June 2, 1879. His brother Robert had prepared an address to be read on the occasion, but when the large company of friends had gathered, and the time came, the feelings of the man overcame him. He began to read his eloquent characterization of the dead man, but his eyes at once filled with tears. He tried to hide them behind his eye-glasses, but he could not do it, and finally he bowed his head upon the man's coffin in uncontrollable grief. It was only after some delay, and the greatest efforts at self-mastery, that Robert was able to finish reading his address, which was as follows:

MY FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for the moment he laid down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life,

no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was love and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls that climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshiper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: "For justice all place a temple and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

## INGERSOLL'S ORATION AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

(*Chicago Tribune, Jan. 13, 1882.*)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9.—In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery yesterday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads were ranged around a newly-opened grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George O. Miller and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry, a recent victim of diphtheria. As the casket rested upon the trestles there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him, the words being inaudible to the lookers-on.

This gentleman was

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,

a friend to the Millers, who had attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then said suddenly, "Does Mrs. Miller desire it?"

The undertaker gave an affirmative nod. Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the distinguished orator, and then Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and in a voice of exquisite cadence, delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent, and every ear turned to catch the im-

passioned words of eloquence and hope that fell from the lips of

### THE FAMED ORATOR.

Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening and sobs becoming hushed. The Colonel said :

MY FRIENDS: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell, which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as

### THE LEARNED AND UNMEANING WORDS

of the other. No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death



gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I would rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: "Help for the living, hope for the dead."

At the conclusion of the eloquent oration the little coffin was deposited in its last resting place covered with flowers.

A BEAUTIFUL ORATION AT THE  
GRAVE OF THE HON.  
JOHN G. MILLS.

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A large concourse of eminent people assembled on the night of the 15th, at the mansion of Colonel Fitzgerald, on K street, Washington, on the occasion of the funeral ceremonies of the late John G. Mills and to listen to the eloquent remarks of Colonel Robert Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll was deeply affected and could hardly command his emotion sufficiently to speak clearly. The following are his remarks :

“Again we are face to face with the great mystery that shrouds this world. We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide waste of seas there drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever, but never speaks. In the very May of life another heart has ceased to beat. Night has fallen upon noon, but he lived, he loved, he was loved—wife and children pressed their kisses on his lips. This is enough. The longest life contains no more. This fills the vase of joy.

“He who lies here clothed with the perfect peace of death was a kind and loving husband and a good father, a generous neighbor, an honest man, and these words build a monument of glory above the humblest grave. He was always a child, sincere and frank, as full of hope as Spring. He divided all time into to-day and to-morrow. To-morrow was without a cloud, and of to-morrow he borrowed sunshine for to-day.

“He was my friend. He will remain so. The living oft become estranged ; the dead are true. He was not a Christian. In the Eden of his hope there did not crawl

and coil the serpent of eternal pain. In many languages he sought the thoughts of men, and for himself he solved the problems of the world. He accepted the philosophy of Auguste Comte. Humanity was his god, the human race the Supreme Being. In that supreme being he rested. He believed that we are indebted for what we enjoy to the labor, the self-denial, the heroism of the human race, and that as we have plucked the fruit of what others planted, we, in thankfulness, should plant for others yet to be.

"With him immortality was the eternal consequences of his own good acts. He believed that every good thought, every disinterested deed, hastens the harvest of universal good. This is a religion that enriches poverty; that enables us to bear the sorrows of the saddest life; that peoples even solitude with the happy millions yet to be—a religion born not of selfishness and fear, but of love and hope—that religion that digs wells to slake the thirst of others; that gladly bears the burdens of the unborn.

"In the presence of death how beliefs and dogmas wither and decay! how loving words and deeds burst into blossom! Pluck from the tree of any life these flowers, and there remains but the barren thorns of bigotry and creed. All wish for happiness beyond this life—all hope to meet again the loved and lost. In every heart there grows this sacred flower of eternal hope.

"Immortality is a word that hope, through all ages, has been whispering to love. The miracle of thought we cannot understand. The mystery of death and hope we cannot comprehend. This chaos, called the world, has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. We love, we wait, we hope. The more we love, the more we fear. Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall. All paths, whether filled with thorns or flowers, end here.

Here success and failure are the same. The rags of wretchedness and the purple robe of power lose difference and distinction in this democracy of death. Character alone survives. Goodness alone lives, love alone is immortal.

"But to all there comes a time when the fevered lips of life long for the cool, delicious kiss of death. Tired of the dust and glare of day, they hear with joy the rustling garments of the night. What can we say of death? What can we say of the dead? Where they have gone reason cannot go, and from thence revelation has not come. But let us believe that over the cradle Nature bends and smiles, and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands."

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## THIS IS THE VOICE OF GOD SPEAK- ING TO THE ATHEIST.

"I could as easily conceive of a man making his home unconcerned in an uncaged menagerie, as of him at rest in nature seeing what it is and not feeling that it is embosomed in God.

Go to nature, my brother, go to the unroofed universe, go to the awful pages of science; not to learn your religion but to learn your need of it, to learn that you are houseless and homeless without the sense of God as overarching you by his power, protecting you by his presence, pledging his care to you, twisting the furious forces of immensity into a protecting tent for your spirit's home."

THOMAS STARR KING.