SOUL!

THE SOUL WORLD:

THE HOMES OF THE DEAD.

Penned by the Rosicrucian,

P. B. RANDOLPH.

"I have stolen the golden keys of the Egyptians; I will indulge my sacred fury." — KEPLER.

"What is here written is truth, therefore it cannot die." — POE.

"I have found it! This night have I read the Mystic Scroll. The GRAND SECRET OF THE AGE stands revealed. It is mine! Alone I delved for it, alone I have found it! Now let the world laugh! I am immortal!" — P. B. RANDOLPH.

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DEDICATION.

To THOSE who think and feel: who are dissatisfied with current theories and rash speculations regarding soul: its origin, nature, destiny: who are wearied of the unsatisfactory platitudes of the Eolists, and desire a better ground of faith in Human Immortality,

This Book

is dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Some men are daily dying; some die ere they have learned how to live; and some find their truest account in revealing the mysteries of both life and death, — even while they themselves perish in the act of revelation, as is most wonderfully done in the remarkable volume now before the reader, — as, alas! almost seems to be the case with the penman of what herein follows.

The criterion of the value of a man or woman is the kind and amount of good they do or have done. The standard whereby to judge a thinker, consists in the mental treasures which during life they heap up for the use and benefit of the age that is, and those which are to be, when the fitful fever of their own sorrowful lives shall be ended, and they have passed away to begin in stern reality their dealings with the dead. He or she who adds even one new thought to the age becomes that age's great benefactor, to whom in future times grateful men shall erect monuments and statues. Well, here follows the work of a man, for *his* hand penned every line, and the ideas were born of *his* soul, notwithstanding his own disclaimer, for not every one can understand the mystical Blending by means of which he claims to have reached the *ultima thule* of human knowledge, and most readers, while revelling in the delights whereof so rich a store is laid before them, will insist that these glories were begotten of

his own soul. Be that as it may, however, here is one, who, measured by the standard of the world itself, merits a monument stronger than iron, more endurable than granite, the gratitude of every soul that sighs for immortality; for not a single new thought, but whole platoons of them, grand and magnificent, hath he here presented, a deathless legacy to the world; and by and by these thoughts of "Cynthia," these "Dealings with the Dead," will become a beacon on the Highway of Thought, and be remembered to the everlasting glory of the sufferer who penned them. Rest, Paschal, rest, my brother; thou brother and lover of thy race, for thy work is well done; thy thoughts can never die. The bad will hate, but all who love Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, will bless thee, and crown thy name with fadeless laurels.

G. D. S.

THE SOUL-WORLD.

PART I.

Dear Reader, your humble servant here presents you with a somewhat curious, novel, yet suggestive and thought-provoking work. So far as mere language is concerned, it might have been sent forth upon its travels up and down the world, clad in better raiment; but as I had nothing better than linsey-woolsey whereof to fashion its apparel, why, it must e'en take its chance in that.

A man's coat amounts to but little at the best, compared to the man inside it — and so of books. It is not always your gilt-edged annual that either carries the most precious freight, or does the most good in the world; hence, so far as the verbal clothing of my precious babe, this child of my soul, is concerned, so far as relates to the terms wherein that here offered is couched, nothing need be said apologetically. If the dress suits, well and good; if not, it is even well; the writer has done the very best that could be done; no one can do more. In making the assertions, the weird and strange revealments contained within the lids of this book, no one can be better aware of the risk encountered of being laughed at by the wise people of this wise age, than I am. Doubtless there are those who will cavil, deride, sneer at and condemn the author and the work: but what of that? My truths, if truths indeed they be, — and to me, they are intensely such, — will live. Why? Because they were chipped off the Rock of Truth itself, and therefore will, unquestionably, survive many a laugh, as have other truths ere now. They and their discoverer can well afford

being laughed at. The author feels that when the great reaper, Death, shall have done his work, these same truth-seeds will spring up into form, life, and beauty, — all for the gladdening of the people, — and this feeling, this inner prophecy of, and to, the soul, contents and satisfies the being. Friendly reader, when this body shall have gone back to the dust whence it sprung in the hopeful years gone by; when this soul shall be nestling in the bosom of its Saviour and its God, people who then shall read these pages will find, if not before, more in that which the heart-weary one has here written, than either a psychological romance, or the daring speculations of undisciplined genius.

The foregoing observations have reference more especially to the first part of this work, which is presented in the form of Revelations from the Dead. It does not owe its origin to what is ordinarily known as "Spiritualism;" it did not come either by the "Raps," "Tips," "Table-turning," "Speaking mediumship," "Writing," or in any other of the modes so commonly claimed for the mass of "Spiritual" literature, now so widely circulated and read. The process by which what follows came, is to me as weirdly strange and novel as anything can well be. I call this process THE BLENDING.

The people called "Mediums," a singular order among men, set forth that their bodies are, for the time being, vacated by their souls, and that during the vacation the soul of some one else, one who has died, and yet lives, takes possession of the physical structure, and then proceeds to give forth his or her wisdom or folly for the enlightenment or darkening of men's minds. Another class tell us that they are "impressed" by a departed one to give voice to the spirit's thought; others declare that they are "obsessed." Well, it may all be so, or it may not. I do not assume or presume to decide one way or the other; all that need be said on this point is, that this book does not owe its origin to either or any of these methods.

Machiavelli, the great Italian diplomat, is said to have gained a thorough and complete knowledge and insight of the state, frame of mind, and intentions of other men, through a wonder-

ful power which he, above most, if not all men, possessed, of completely identifying himself, by an intense desire and volition, with those with whom he came in contact. To such an extent and degree did he possess this power, that it was an easy task to circumvent and overreach most, if not all, his diplomatic opponents. He placed himself by a mental effort, and physical as well, in the exact position occupied for the time being by his antagonists, or the person he designed to read.

No matter what the mood indicated by the physical appearance, or the outward manifestation of what was going on within, away down in the deeps of being, was, he immediately moulded his features by the model thus furnished. "I am now in his place," said he, mentally, "and will see how to act, think, and feel, from his position; and, for the time being, I sink my own personality, my opinions, views,—in short, all my self-hood, prejudices, likes, dislikes, and all else beside; in a word, I transmute Machiavelli into the other man; which being effected, I shall be, to all intents and purposes, that other man for the time being, and of course will feel as he feels, see as he sees, know as he knows, and be impelled to action by the identical motives whereby he is prompted.

All the world knows that Machiavelli succeeded to a wonderful extent; and by this power of assumption, this easy, yet mysterious blending, he often, in fact nearly always, baffled his foes, and the foes of the State, so that now a successful diplomatist is said to be pursuing the Machiavellian policy.

Almost any person can make successful experiments in this —Science, shall I call it?— and will be surprised at the results. A man or woman appears before you with features bearing the impress of a certain kind of thought, and you can find out what kind by placing your own features, so far as possible, in the same shape; keep them thus for several minutes, and you will become absorbed in the same that absorbs the individual before you, and in a short time will become an adept in the art of Soul-reading.

Many men, and a still greater number of women, who possessed the power alluded to, have existed in all times past; but,

above all others, the age we live in has been prolific of such, so that now it is not at all difficult to find those who will enter at will, almost, the very abysses, labyrinths, and most secret recesses of your being. Indeed, persons abound in nearly all the great cities of the world who attain high honor and renown — to say nothing of the benefits of competence, and even wealth — by the exercise of this marvellous faculty.

There are many wise ones who admit the existence of this power, yet deny its attainability by the many, and who stoutly maintain that it is a special gift of the Creator to a favored few. Against such a verdict the writer begs leave most respectfully to protest; and these are the grounds upon which that protest is based: —

All human powers and faculties are latent, until time, circumstance, and discipline bring them out. All human beings are created alike in so far forth as the germinal powers are concerned. All men naturally love sweet sounds, and, if this taste be cultivated at an early day, are capable of musical appreciation, if not of vocal or instrumental execution. The seeds of all unfolding lie *perdu*, or latent, in every human being; they are the property of Soul; in Soul-soil they are imbedded, and from that soil they must eventually put forth the shoot, the shrub, the tree, the branch, leaf, blossom, and finally the fruit. Every faculty, strictly human, belongs to, and is a part of, every member of the species; and that — this fact being admitted, though any given one or more may be manifested most powerfully by some, and not at all by others — all of them are one day to be developed, called out, unfolded, in all, is a plain inference; nay, an absolute certainty. The power to see without eyes, demonstrated by scores and hundreds of clairvoyants, is *not* a gift peculiar to a certain man or woman, or to a certain order of people. It is a power that can be had for the trying, as any good mesmerist will affirm and prove.

It seems to me that the expression of the Crucified, "I and my Father are one," contains a direct affirmation of the possibility of this blending. God was to Jesus the very essence of goodness; Jesus strove to be also most thoroughly good, and

succeeded in reaching that point where Himself was in perfect blending with the entire universe of Goodness, and therefore with the Fount of all Excellence.

Perfect blending is perfect love; and whether that love be toward the person, the outer self, the body, or toward the soul, or the mental treasures, or the secret self of another, the results are in degree, if not in kind, the same.

Mental telegraphy will be a perfect success, whenever two persons can be found in whom the power of entering the region of Sympathia shall normally exist. A few can transmit thought to, and receive thought back from, others, even now; but presently scores of people will develop the ability.

Now, this blending is not a mere magnetic union of physical spheres, but is a Soul-process nearly altogether.

Love, in its essence, is a thing of the Spiritual part of us, though, alas! it is often put to base uses.

There was once, not many years ago, a woman to whom I felt such a love as that subsisting between affectionate sisters; for it was deeper, purer, calmer, than that which binds brothers together. In life, her soul drew near, almost fearfully near, to mine; she thought my thoughts, read my spirit, sympathized with me in all my joys, my sorrows, and my aspirations. Often have we sat beside each other, — that poor sick girl and I; and though no word broke the stillness of the sacred hour, yet not a region of our souls was there but was explored by the other; not a silent thought that was not mutually understood and replied to. Presently she died; the forms were forever separated, yet not for a day were the mystic soul-links which bound us together severed. No sister was ever more dearly loved than I loved her; and that love was fully and as purely returned. Everybody called her "Sister;" everybody felt that to them she was truly such.

Well, she died; and after a year or two had passed, I began to understand that at times her soul was near me, and many and oft were the periods in which I did not seem to be myself, but had an invincible conviction that I was Cynthia for the time being, instead of who and what I am. By and by there

came a consciousness of this blending, so deep, so clearly defined, so calm, that at last I began to appreciate a mighty, almost resistless Will and Purpose behind it all; for I was myself and Cynthia, — never simultaneously, as is asserted to be the case with many of the people called "Mediums," but in separate instants, — now her, then myself; at first very imperfectly, but gradually approaching an absolute and complete mergement of Soul.

This continued for nearly two years, at intervals, and after about eighteen months had passed, one portion of the process seemed to have reached completeness; for in a degree it changed, and instead of momentary, as before, the transmutations became longer, until at last, as now, the changes last sixty, and in one instance has reached two hundred and forty-five minutes.

It may here be asked, "Where are *you* in the interim?" and the answer is: "We are two in one, yet the stronger rules the hour."

It will be seen, therefore, that this condition is as widely separated from those incident to the "Mediums," as theirs is supposed to be different from the ordinary wakeful mood. *They* reach their state by a sort of retrocession from themselves; they fall, or claim to fall, into a peculiar kind of slumber, their own faculties going, as it were, to sleep. On the contrary, *mine* is the direct opposite of this, for, instead of a sleep of any sort, there comes an *intense wakefulness*. Nor is this all in which we differ; as are the processes and states apart, so also are the results different.

The revelations of spiritual existences, moods, modes, and conditions of being, as given by nearly every "Spiritual Medium" of whom I have ever heard or read, are, to say the least, totally unsatisfactory to the great majority of those who seek for information on the vital question of Immortality, — how, and why, and to what great end we are thus gifted and endowed?

Another, and equally important one, is that concerning the Soul-world, and the inhabitants thereof, — how they live, where they live, and to what end and use?

I believe that light is, in this volume, thrown on all these great and vital points; such light, indeed, as will be hailed and appreciated by all who read and think, as well as by those who read and feel, — two widely different classes, but to both of whom these pages are humbly, yet hopefully addressed.

The process, strange, weird, and altogether unusual, to which allusion has been made, went on for a long time; and by slow degrees I felt that my own personality was not lost to me, but completely swallowed up, so to speak, in that of a far more potent mentality. A subtlety of thought, perception, and understanding became mine at times, altogether greater than I had ever known before; and occasionally, during these strange blendings of my being with another, I felt that other's feelings, thought that other's thoughts, read that other's past, aspired with that other's aspirations, and talked, spoke, and reasoned with and under that other's inspiration. For a time I attributed these exaltations of soul to myself alone, and supposed that I was not at all indebted to foreign aid for many of the thoughts to which, at such moments, I frequently gave utterance; but much study of the matter has at length convinced me, not only that the inhabitants of the Soul-worlds have much to do in moulding the great world's future, but that occasionally they so manage things that their thoughts are often spoken, and their behests, ends, and purposes fulfilled by us mortals, when we imagine that we alone are entitled to the sole credit of much that we say, think, and do, when the fact is, we doubtless are oftentimes merely the proxies of others, and act our allotted role in a drama whose origin is entirely supernatural, and the whole direction of which is conducted by personages beyond the veil.*

Well, one day, it so happened that I repaired to a beautiful village in one of the New England States, on a visit to some very kind and well-beloved friends, — the brother and the sister of the rare maiden whose wondrous thoughts abound in the

* That many of them are inhabitants of other spheres, beings who never lived on this earth, I am firmly convinced. My reasons will be given in the sequel to this present volume.

volume now before the reader; and while there, the conversation ran on topics wide apart from either Mesmerism or its great cognate, "Spiritualism." During the time that had elapsed since my last visit to the beautiful village, some two years, Death had been busily gathering his harvests in all the regions round about; nor had he kept aloof from the house on the hill. No! cruel Death had been over its threshold, and Azrael had carried two precious souls over the Dark River. These were Cynthia and her mother.

After partaking of a sorrow-seasoned meal, mournfully, and with aching heart and tearful eye, we, the left-behind and myself, took our way toward the ground where lay the sacred form of her we loved so deeply, so fully; and there I wept, and the great salt tears bedewed the sod, — for, indeed, my heart, poor, weary, troubled heart, was almost breaking. Soon we returned to the house upon the hill, and I lay me down upon the sofa, near the window, — the very sofa whereon her sainted form was wont to recline in the days now, alas! fled, with her, forever and forevermore, — that same little sofa whereon she used to sit and converse with us, with her sister Clarinda, the gentle and the good John Hart, and her well-beloved Jonathan, with my humble self, and a few select and sober-minded lovers of the good and true; used to sit and converse upon the mysteries of the Great Beyond, and touching the realities of that other world, to which disease was remorselessly, and with relentless purpose, fast urging her life-car. . . . And I threw myself upon the sofa; and as I lay there, with closed eyes, I beheld the flitting ghosts of many a dead day, with all its troops of glad and bitter memories, when suddenly it seemed that I was no longer myself, — for so deep and perfect was the blending, that I had not merely an insurmountable assurance that my body contained, for the time being, *two* complete souls, but even the very thoughts, modes of expression, and memory of the departed one was mine; and yet this possession did not, for an instant, subvert my own individuality. I was there, and so was she. For the time being, we two were not merely as, but to all intents and purposes we actually were, *one*.

Arising from the recumbent position, my body assumed certain singularities of movement peculiar to her before she flew up to her home in the bright empyrean, and these words were spoken: "The experiences and history of a Soul must be written, for the benefit of the people. I, we, intend to write it. A book shall be produced, containing the facts of a living, dying, dead and transfigured human being — containing the reasons why men live after death, and the methods of their after life and being. This book shall contain an account of the experience of two human beings, — the one, while temporarily disenthralled; the other, when permanently so, — shall contain the experience of Cynthia during her passage from earth to the grave of earthly hope and being, and a history of what befell thereafter."

These were the spoken words. Once more I resumed my personality, and attended to the affairs of the busy world. In other days the promises were kept, and this first book was written.

Nothing further need be said by way of introduction to what follows, further than to observe that certain Soul-experiences, related in the second part, were mine, — the writer's, — while the reasonings are not wholly original perhaps; yet I do not know that they are *not* such, seeing that I never saw anything like them on earth before, albeit others have thought in the same direction. Wherever in this book the views of other writers are presented they are given as such with name and fame; the rest is wholly mine.

CYNTHIA: THE SOUL-WORLD.

I PURPOSE to say nothing whatever concerning my life as a denizen of the outside world, — of my existence or career while clothed with the garments of mortality. It is of my death that first I wish to speak, and of what took place thereafter, — of *where* and *how* I found myself as soon as the icy hand of Death had touched my heart, and frozen up my vitals. While with my friends, from whom the change separated me, I was, so far as frail mortals in my condition of bodily health can be, quite happy and contented, — contented to endure, with all possible patience, that for which there was no medicament, no remedy; and, all things considered, satisfied I lived, and in the self-same spirit died. Died? No; I am not dead! — bodies change; souls can never die. Why? For the reason that God, who, like human beings, is intelligent and immortal, can Himself be never blotted out of being. He is Mind, Memory, Love, and Will, not one of which can ever perish; and these being the attributes of man likewise, it follows that, so long as He exists, we must also.

In the year 1854, being ill of consumption, the person, an account of whose experience is given in these pages, although long previously somewhat familiar with, began to take an especial interest in the great subject of an hereafter, as revealed by what purported to be the spirits of departed men and women; and then, for the first time, as Death's cold presence sensibly approached me afar off, and the sense of GOING began to quicken in my being, I commenced seriously to speculate concerning immortality, and to pay greater heed to the alleged revelations from the mysterious Beyond.

By and by consumption so wasted me that I grew tired;

and finally a mist came before my eyes, and shut out the fields, the forests, and the faces of my friends, — my friends, — none dearer than whom were ever clasped to affection's warm heart. . . . . And so I slept, — but woke again from out of that strange, deep sleep, called Death. The awakening was *very* strange! — was such as I had never even imagined to be possible.

"Where am I?" was asked by myself of that very self. Not mine, but a lower, sweeter, more musical voice, soft and dulcet as the tinkle of a love bell, answered me from out a veil of rosy light that hung between me and whatever was beyond. "In the Divine City of freed souls, — the land of Immortal, but not Eternal rest." . . . . I felt, and knew that I was — dead!

As the sense of these words struck upon my soul, where this voice came from seemed very strange to me, for this reason amongst others: I had, to a certain extent, familiarized myself with Physics, and knew that sounds were supposed to be the result of certain aerial vibrations. Now, supposing this theory to be correct, it struck me that I, a disembodied soul, ought not to be competent to discern sounds, for there was neither tympanum to *receive*, auditory nerves to *conduct*, nor external ear to *collect* these waves of sound.

It seemed to me that one of the two prevalent theories must be false: either sound is *not* material, or that the Spirit of a human being *is;* — for I had not the shadow of a doubt but that I was really, and forever, an inhabitant of the soul-world. If sounds are material, how was it possible for me to hear them, being a Spirit? If a Spirit is but a refined form of matter, then the notion of its eternal durability is a false one, and there must come a period when it, too, like the body, must dissolve away. These things troubled me. I had passed to death, not as a sluggard, and careless of what might await me, but with every faculty keenly awake. Nor do I suppose five minutes elapsed after I emerged from my body ere I was perfectly alive to all that surrounded me.

I distinctly *saw* certain familiar things, and recognized them; but there was not any difficulty in comprehending the rationale

of this; for I perceived that solar light was not the only source of illumination the earth possessed. Indeed, there is no such thing as darkness. The life of all things is light, and although sun, moon, and stars should hide behind an impenetrable veil, yet the things of earth would still be visible to the sight of the soul.

There are two other sources of light; first, the electrical emanations from every material object illumine them, and whatever may be near; and second, the air itself, which fleshly lungs inhale, is but the outer garb of a finer and magnetic sea, which not only encircles the earth, but stretches away in all directions to the outer limits of creation; and in this all things are radiant, all things visible.

These observations were quickly made; and in an instant thereafter I turned toward the fleecy veil previously observed, and saw the figure of an old, gray-haired man emerge therefrom, leading by the hand a sweet and lovely girl, apparently about ten years old. The gleesome smile on that angel's face, the look of bland benevolence on the features of the man, surpassed aught of the kind that I had ever seen before. Both of them approached, and greeted me. I could not return the salutation, because the strangeness and utter novelty, not only of my new situation, but of my sensations, were such that it was impossible to act as in other moments I feel certain I should have been prompted to. The man spoke, and called me "daughter." The tones were precisely those I had formerly heard; and two things surprised me: First, their *serene* and liquid melody, — so very different from those one would naturally expect to hear from one of his appearance; and second, that very appearance itself: for both the man and child were clothed after the manner and fashion of the earth.

This was a matter of astonishment, for I had supposed that the clothing of the Spirit was vastly different from that of the body. Evidently the old man read my mind, and understood the cause of my perplexity. Drawing near to where I stood, he touched my forehead with his finger, and said, "Be clear, my child, be clear."

As if that touch were magic, there came an instantaneous change over me; it was as if I thought to the point I wished, and that with perfect clarity. Things, which a moment before were wrapped in the folds of mystery, now became transparent as the plainest I could wish.

As a matter of course, I took notice of the friends I had just left behind me, — yes, behind me, in what was now in very truth a far-off world, — even though not ten yards intervened between myself and the dear ones, who now mourned me; yet in presence of the fact that I have very momentous revelations to make, — revelations that will startle the world, — I cannot now stop to relate my emotions, my sorrows, or my joys, for I felt that at last I was in the realm of pure knowledge; and now feel that this precious opportunity must be improved to other ends than a mere recital of my emotions and sympathies, however acute and tender they may have been.

The communication between the soul-world and earth is far more difficult and rare than I had believed, or than thousands believe to-day. Much, I learned, that passes among men for spiritual manifestation really has no such origin, while many things attributed to an origin purely mundane are really the work of intelligent beings beyond the misty veil.

Long previous to my final illness, I had held many interesting conversations with my friends, concerning the higher life and worlds, and particularly with the one by whose aid I am now enabled to make these disclosures; and I had made a solemn compact, to the effect that if it were possible to return subsequent to death, I would do so, and reveal such mysteries as I might be enabled or permitted to. This resolution grew out of the fact, that not one of the theories, regarding the *post-mortem* existence of human kind, which I had ever heard or read, gave me the satisfaction that my soul desired. I suspected that many of the current notions regarding the lands beyond the curtain were, to say the least, largely tinctured with the mind of the individuals through whose lips the oracular utterances came; consequently I became, to a degree, suspicious of all modern eolism and eolists, because I feared their

inspirations had not so high and deep a source as they claimed, and is claimed for them.

My mind, in this respect, is still unchanged. The first lesson that flashed in upon me, after the mysterious clarification of soul to which allusion has been made, was this: People on earth spend a great deal of time in acquiring lessons which have to be unlearned upon their entrance on the upper life; — *must* be unlearned, ere they can advance far in the acquisition of the rare treasures of knowledge, to be found *only* by the true seeker, even in that mighty realm which constitutes the soul-world.

God has placed all true human joys, there, as well as on the earth, upon high shelves, whence they cannot be taken by proxy; they must be reached for by those who would have them; and the more precious the joy, the higher the shelf; — the more valuable the volume, the greater effort is required to obtain the perusal thereof. This is the first great law.

Now, in collecting what purported to be scraps of knowledge from the realm of spiritual existence, I found, on my entry there, that I had laid up quite a store of falsities in the magazines of my soul, — laid up great heaps of what I supposed were the gold and diamonds of supernal truth; but which, no sooner had I entered the portals of the vast temple of Eternity, than I found to be the most useless rubbish; and nearly all my treasures proved to be the merest paste and tinsel. The first thing, therefore, which the soul desirous of attaining real proficiency in knowledge has to do, is to *unlearn* its follies as quick as possible.

This process is called by a term signifying vastation, or throwing off. Some do this at once and with ease; others linger a long time in error, and only attain the great end through great trial and perseverance, just as persons on earth. My desire was ever to, and for, the truth; hence the process to me was one of comparative ease. The ideas which I had imbibed, and given my heart to, concerning matters spiritual, were the same that are still current amongst those who accept that which is known as modern Spiritualism. Succinctly stated,

they were these: first, The spirit of a human being is the product of the physical body; the human being is a triplicate, composed of soul, or the thinking principle, the body, and an intermediate link, called spirit; possessing all the organs of and shaped like the body, and which serves to connect this last with the soul while on earth, and being its eternal casket after death. The soul, spirit, and body are called into being at one time, and that upon the earth.

The spiritual body, like the physical, is subject both to waste and want, for which ample and due provision has by God been made. It has thirst, hunger, and amatory love, all of which have their appropriate gratifications in the Spirit-world. This spiritual world itself is on the surface of a zone surrounding the earth, at a distance of one hundred miles, more or less; above this zone is another and another, to the number of twelve; each zone is a "Sphere," and its inhabitants are divided off into classes, degrees, societies and circles. All the zones are diversified with real and absolute rivers, trees, mountains, lakes, landscapes, cities, and so on, just as is the material globe; and all these things are fixtures. Such, in brief, are the general ideas on the subject entertained by the people; and such as I had believed and conceived to be true. But when I came to pass through the change, and to realize the new condition, I ascertained that so far from being founded in reality, they were simply — nonsense!

According to the foregoing, which is confessedly the most popular conception of the realms beyond, and of its inhabitants, that world is scarcely better than the one that mortals occupy. These notions totally ignore Spirit; for, according to them, Spirit is nothing more than matter in an exceedingly refined, or rather, sublimated condition; whereas Spirit is no such thing. True, it animates material things, but itself is not material. It is above, beyond, and discreted from it. Like the asymptotes of an arc, it forever approaches, but never actually contacts matter. The same general theory accords mankind an origin here in space and time merely, and, at best, predicates but sempiternity, or a future endless duration for him; whereas, if

soul begins to be at all on the plane of earth and matter, it must have but a very ill-grounded assurance of an endless race. No, this is not correct; for soul, like God, is from forever in the past, to forever in the distance; and so far from originating on the earth, it has for myriads of æons sped its career through God's infinite Silence Halls, and now merges, whether for the first time or not is needless to inquire at this point, into the vocal Harmonead. In the life of earth, the soul awakes from its pre-state into one as different as can well be thought of; and at death it experiences another waking, quite as startling, but infinitely more grand.

The first lesson, then, that I learned was, that with a great deal of philosophy, I had but very little knowledge; and instead of finding the Soul-world analogous to the earth-world, in fact I found them vastly different, and possessing no one thing in common, so far as the surroundings of the spiritual entrant was concerned.

All that has been said required several minutes to describe, but not ten seconds to experience.

I looked toward the old man and the child, marvelling, as before observed, that they wore clothing after the manner of the earth-kin, and bore the appearance of extreme youth and extreme age. "Is it possible that *years* affect souls? Do we grow old, as well as need garments, in the other world?" These queries suggested themselves, and while present in my mind, the old man came to my right side, and took me by my left hand, while the little girl, Nellie, — I subsequently learned she had been called by the dear ones left behind her, — took my right hand; and both said, "Come, Cynthia, they await you: let us go to meet them."

I now made three important discoveries: First, that I was yet in the room where my breath had been resigned; that I was clothed in precisely such a dress as I had usually worn; and third, that, so far as I could judge, I actually trod upon, and walked over, a stratum of air, just such air as I had been used to breathe, albeit *that* was not possible any longer, for the reason that it was all too heavy for the respiratory apparatus

of that which now constituted my body, or, at least, the vehicle of myself, — the thinking, acting, living me. My method of locomotion differed essentially from that of my two companions, who did not walk, but seemed to glide along at will through that same air, which was to me quite palpable, for I distinctly noticed that its touch was of a velvety character, and quite elastic. My feet moved; theirs did not. And so we passed out of the house through the open door, — for a person had just entered.

From one or two incidental circumstances that took place, not essential to this narrative, and therefore withheld, I became convinced that unless some incarnate man or woman had raised the latch of that door, it must, so far as I was concerned, have remained shut to all eternity, barring wind, decay, accident, or an earthquake; for in my then state of enlightenment on the subject I saw no possible means whereby to effect our liberation. It struck me that unless some such agency as has been named came to our assistance, we must either make our egress by means of the chimney, or stay pent up there until the elements dissolved a portion of the edifice; or, supposing it to be proof against decay, a dreadful alternative, so it seemed, there we must remain for evermore. Subsequently I learned that even were such a thing possible, and I never got outside of that dwelling, yet it would be far less terrible than fear might lead one to imagine or suspect; for still there would remain, not only an infinity of duration, but also a universe to move and be in, quite as infinite in both extent and variety beside; for the Soul, I soon discovered, was a Vastitude in and of itself; and should it happen that not one of the moments of its mighty year be spent in the society of others like unto itself, yet there would be but little occasion for ennui; not one lonely minute need be spent, for all its days — if, for illustration's sake, I may predicate time of that whereof emotions and states are the minutes and the hours — might be profitably employed in visiting its own treasure-houses and in counting the rare jewels there stored away; besides which, it could perform many a pleasant voyage, visiting mighty continents, rare islands, won-

drous cities, and marvellous countries of its own tremendous being; ay! it *could* amuse itself for ages in merely glancing at the hills, valleys, caverns, — strange, deep caverns they are, too, — the oceans, forests, fields, fens, brakes, and marshes of its mighty self; nor would its resources be exhausted at the thither end of the rolling wave of Time; *because* time is not to the soul; its duration and successions are of thought, not seconds, — so wonderful, so vast, so illimitable, and, taken as a unit, so incomprehensible, save by the Over-soul himself, is the human being. Soul! thou august thing! Felt thou mayest be; understood by none save God; and, albeit we may explore a little of thy forelands, yet only He can penetrate thy depths; only He can trace the streams that water theé to their source, and that source can be no other than His divine heart, who, forever unseen, is never unfelt; an invisible worker afar off, yet near at hand; one who spreadeth the banquet, and prepareth the feasters, who worketh ever in secret, yet who doeth all things well! Soul! Mighty potentate! Victim at once, and victor of circumstance and time! Thou enigma, which millions think they have solved, even while thou laughest at them; who, imagining they have untied the knot, have not even found the clue! Strange riddle! Thing of which men think they are well informed; because they have learned a few of thy names, and can call thee Psyche, Soul, Spirit, Pneuma and Breath; word-names, which generally convey about as much of thee to the common understanding, as the name-words Algebra, Geometry, Music and Number, do to the barbarians who hear them pronounced, of the vast realities that underlie the sounds or the signs. Soul! Existence, whereof eolists and pedants learnedly prate and bluster in long phrase and loud tone, as if thou didst not command silence of him who would approach thee and seek to know the awful mysteries slumbering beneath thy titles. Soul! Whereof everybody talks so much, but of which even the wisest of either earth or heaven *know* so *very* little.

Well, in my ignorance, I felt that unless some one, some-

thing material, had opened that door, we must stay imprisoned there in that house upon the hill, forever and for evermore.

How little, how very little, I then knew or suspected concerning the mighty powers latent, and *never* yet fully unfolded in any human being, — no matter whom, no matter where located, how high in heaven, on earth, or deep down in the bottomless hell, or the blackest barathrum of the infinitudes of Possibility. No one save God can fathom the profounds of Soul. Why? Because, like Him, it is absolutely Infinite; Him, in Conscious Power — it, in Capability! Very imperfect still, and necessarily so, yet my notions of the Soul's powers were then exceedingly vague, crude, and undefined. In other and succeeding states to which I subsequently attained, much of this ignorance was dispelled by new light which constantly broke in upon my being.

And we passed beyond the portal of the house, myself crossing at the same instant its threshold, and that of Time; nor did I once cast a glance toward the frail and decaying shell from which a joyous thrill of superconsciousness told me that I had forever escaped; indeed, I had no disposition to do so, for the reason that new and strange emotions and sensations crowded so fast upon me that my whole attention was absorbed thereby; for they swept, like the billows of a wind-troubled lake, across the entire sea of my new-born being. One thought, and one alone, connected with earth, assumed importance, and that was associated with the physical phenomenon of dissolution, and it shaped itself in a hundred ways with the rapidity of lightning, — no, not lightning, but quicker, for *that* is very slow compared to the flashings and the rushings forth of thought, even in the earth-made brain; how much more rapid, then, from a source around which are no cerebral impediments to obstruct. "Death — this it is to be DEAD!" thought I. How blind, how deaf we are, not to see, and know, and hear, that all things tell of life, life, life — being, real and true; while nothing, nothing in the great domain of our God, speaks one word of absolute death, of a blotting out of Soul — Soul, which, while even cramped in coarse bodies, sometimes mounts the Capitals of

existence, and with far-penetrating vision pierces the profoundest depths of space, gazes eagle-like upon the very sun of Glory, laughs death to scorn, and surveys the fields of two eternities, — one behind, and one before it. This thing can never die, nor taste a single drop of bitter death! . . . How strange, how wonderfully strange I feel; yet these sensations are of excellent health, of exhilarant youth, of concentration and power; nor hath decreptitude or decay aught therein.

"I am not faint, but strong; not sad, but joyous." These were my observations on realizing the great change. Many a time had I read and heard of the capacity human beings have of experiencing joys purely nervous. Nearly all present human pleasures are based upon the fineness and susceptibility of the nerves to receive and impart magnetic impressions. My nerves had aforetime been made to tingle with strange, deep bliss when in the presence of those I loved, after their return from long absence; I had tasted the exquisite nectar from the lips of an innocent prattling babe, and had known the tumultuous thrill of friendship's joyous meetings; and yet all these were as blasts of frozen air to what now kept running, leaping, flying, dancing through me. It was the supremely delicious sense of being dead — the voluptuous joy consequent upon dying.

At first it seemed to me that keener joy or deeper bliss would be impossible for man or woman to experience than those that now were mine. After a while I learned better.

Mankind expand from the action of two principles, — Intellect and Intuition; the first being the basis of progression, the latter of development. Some, both in and out of the body, are built up by one, some by the other; and many rise from the combined action of both. Many of the dead pursue the triumphs of intellect and investigation, just as when on earth. These are the progressionists, — vast in number, great in deed, but constituting an inferior order, as they must ever be secondary to that vaster host and higher order who climb the ladder of intuition. Without egotism, then, but in all humility, I say that great joy was mine on finding myself numbered with the larger army. It was in allusion to the fact that all the learning

a man may acquire on earth really stands him but little on the other side, that one of old declared that in that upper kingdom the first should be last, and the last be first; for it often happens that one almost ignorant in a worldly sense may have the highest and the grandest intuitions of truth, divested of the thick coats wherewith learning often clothes it. People in whom intellect predominates over intuition naturally gravitate to their true position in the realms beyond. Their destiny is to be for a long time (and of such "time" can justly be predicated) pilgrims in the Spirit-world or middle state, whereas all in whom intuition is exalted, can not only be occasional residents, for redemptive purposes, of the outer Spirit-world, but are intromitted to the deeper and sublime realities of the Soul-world, — a world as much different from the merely Spiritual kingdom as are the processes of a musician's soul, when at high tide, superior to the mental operations of a midnight burglar. A veil divides those worlds as completely as does a similar one separate earth from Spirit-land. Two beings there may meet, one a resident of the Soul-realm, the other a denizen of Spirit-land; the former may be in close propinquity with the latter, and yet the spheres of their several existences be as far apart as is North from South. The one sees and knows only from appearances, the other from positive *rapport*. This fact at once explains many of the differences in the accounts which mortals receive, and unmistakably so, from the lands beyond the swelling flood, the kingdoms o'er the sea. My knowledge flowed in upon me through the channels of intuition, and through them I learned that the hyper-sensational joys to which allusion has been made, are ever experienced in exact ratio to the purity of the past record of the life. Those which I felt were only of the fourth degree, there being three beyond, though how mine should have been so intensified and deepened, was, and, for reasons plainly to be seen, must ever remain a mystery. The amount, degree, and even kind, of joy felt by any soul upon its passage over the Myst depend upon three things, and these are: First, the nature of the motives which, previous to the mortuary divorce, prompted to all or any action, either

toward the self, the neighbor, or society; Second, the amount of good a person has done on earth; and Third, the amount of use, in the higher sense, they may have subserved previous to physical dissolution.

Nellie and I, and the old gray-haired man who accompanied her, soon reached the road in front of the house wherein I had lived, and wherein I was born into a newer phase of life. While looking at my companions to find out whither they were going, the child, by the exercise of a power not then fully understood by myself, rose into the air a foot or more, laid her hand gently on my forehead, patted it tenderly, and said, "Come! We are going to show you your home, and then mine, and then *his!*" She said this with a smile, so pure, so radiant, that I instantly divined that there was truth in the theory that every one has a conjugal mate in the universe somewhere, albeit I shrank from and dreaded to meet *mine*, if, indeed, I had one, for I had seen somewhat of that which passes for love among men; and, while hailing and delighting in amicive, I felt a shuddering disgust at anything that assumed the form of amatory love. Love was admired, but its passional phases feared and despised. My tutelage was just begun.

The touch of the child's hand was as plain, palpable and physical as any touch ever felt before, — quite as much so as was that of the dear sister who smoothed my dying brow. "After all, then, spirits are material. I feel their fingers, see their forms, hear their words, and I am in all respects as nervously sensitive as ever in the by-gone years of sickness! Oh, this mystery of the double existence, which, after all, seems to be but two phases of a single state! when, when, shall it be solved?" This thought passed through my mind, nor can there be the least doubt but they both read it quite as well as myself, for the old man smiled gently and benignly, the girl with half-concealed merriment and glee.

I now passed off into a strange and peculiar state, but whether what followed resulted from the touch or not, it is impossible to say. At first I was seized with an intense desire to know more of what must be called my *physique*, and a rapid

inspection revealed the fact that I possessed, all and singular, the organs in the new condition, that had been in the old. There were my hands, — real, actual hands, evidently, — but they were very thin, pale, emaciated, wrinkled, and of a decidedly blue, consumptive caste, — precisely as they had appeared every day for the past long months of pain and misery. My hair was long, and in all other respects as before; my feet felt tender; nor was there any difference between my then and prior state, except that a nameless, thrilling joy pervaded me, and which left absolutely nothing to be wished for in that respect; for as the mouth of every nerve drew in the magnetic essence in which I floated, it seemed as if living streams of sense-joy rushed through every channel and avenue of being; and it struck me that if there were no other reward for having lived and suffered, yet that the sensations consequent upon physical death would fully compensate a life of agony. All the dead people are not thus favored. Up to the present I was an inhabitant merely of the Spiritual world, but had not yet entered upon the vast domains of the realm of Soul. There are two worlds which it is possible for man to step into from the portals of the grave, as all will be convinced who either study the subject or give this introductory work a careful perusal.

Soon a sense of vacuity stole over me, and brought the realization, that having passed through two worlds, I was rapidly approaching one still more wonderful and strange.

Many a time had I been mesmerized by friends, in my far distant-dwelling, by my well-beloved brother J. in particular, who all sought by that means to alleviate my sufferings; and not seldom had I passed into what is popularly termed the Superior State;* and the feeling induced by Nellie's touch was

* My researches have proved to me, that in nine cases in every ten, taking an entire average, the sleeping subject never once actually enters the domain of Spirit at all, during the trance; but instead thereof, roams and revels in the Fancy Realm of his own, or some one else's soul. A suggestion — either spontaneous or accepted — serves as the hither end of a clue, the line reaching just where the partially freed mind chooses to

akin to that, but was far more profound. First there came a sort of mental retrocession, consequent upon my previous intellectual activity. The soul-principle seemed to bound back from its investigations of the previous moment, to a pinnacle within itself, from whence it as rapidly sunk down into one of the profoundest labyrinths of its own vast caverns.

Down, down, still lower and deeper into the awful abyss of itself it sank, until at last it stood solitary and alone in one of its own secret halls. The outer realm, with all its pains and joys, cares, sorrows and ambitions, hopes, likes, antipathies and aspirations, all its shadows and fitful gleams of light, was left behind, and naught of the great wide world remained; for its lakes and green trees, its gardens and its tiny brooks, its beetling cliffs and radiant sky grew distant, very distant, until at length a cold and chilling horror crept over me, and suggested that perhaps, after all, the fearful doctrine *might* be true, which declares that some human beings are God-doomed to annihilation; and the anguish that this conceit brought with it was almost unbearable, even by a free-born soul. But, thank God! this last folly of the philosophers — last and greatest save one, — the doctrine that "whatever is is right," in every and all senses — is a libel on Himself and His goodness.

Finally it seemed as if my being had been concentred or focalized to a single point, and even that soon faded out, and an utter blankness enveloped my soul. How long this continued is impossible to be told, but the next experience was that consequent upon a series of sudden thrills or shocks, like unto those which a person receives who takes hold of the conducting knobs

direct it. Frequent repetitions of the exercise of this organ of spectral illusion lead directly to bad results, for the illusions soon impress themselves as realities, and the grossest and most absurd fanaticisms result; as witness the thousand phases of spiritual belief. In addition to this, the habit of mesmerizing, or being mesmerized, is a ruinous one to all concerned, producing pestilence and moral death. True, where both parties are good and pure, no harm may at first ensue, but at last an abnormal susceptibility results, by which any man or woman may be led into "the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell." I speak of course concerning indiscriminate magnetizing.

of a highly charged galvanic battery, or rather when touching the cup of a Leyden jar. These instantly aroused me. I started up as from a death-stupor. But what a change, if not in myself, at least in my surroundings! I was in the centre of a new, but limited world. Around me was an atmosphere of mellow rosy light, different from any ever known to me before, — an atmosphere, radiant, sweet, soft, and redolent with perfumes of an order and fineness surpassingly grateful. I was in the Soul-world, — *my* Soul-world: a realm whereof God alone was Lord, and I His tributary Queen. The feelings consequent on this induction were strange, but pleasant.

The thoughts that now arose were not as formerly, mere shadowy forms, inconsistent and impalpable, nor was the scene of their action within the head; true, they were born there, but that was all. They were no longer subjective merely, fleeting and ephemeral, but were objective, positive and real. I saw, but not alone with eyes, for the simulacræ of the objects witnessed within that sphere, even the faint outlines of the most far-off memograph, seemed to stream in upon me through a thousand new doors, and I appeared to acquire knowledge by two opposite methods: first, by going out involuntarily to whatever was to be known; and second, by absorbing the images of things, — just as the eye absorbs a landscape.

A person beholding me at that moment would have concluded, and rightly too, that I had just arisen from off a sort of cloud-couch near the centre of the sphere, toward which my face was turned. On that couch I beheld the exact image, not of my person, but of the clothes, the resemblance of which to those once worn on earth, it will be remembered, had so greatly surprised me in the earlier part of this experience. While yet I gazed upon that ghost of a dress, it slowly faded into nothingness. Desiring to know the rationale of this occurrence, it came to me that the worlds are not only full of objects, but must necessarily be still more full of the images thereof, — images which fix themselves more or less permanently on whatever plastic material which they may chance to come in contact with. Sometimes the lightning will pass over a body or object;

and, in passing, will fix and bring out into visibility the images of things already there. Nature is full of mirrors. This is the memory of Matter, — the photography of the substantial universe. Memory is but the photography of soul. Everything that strikes the eye, or the senses in any way, leaves an exact image of itself upon the cylinder of Retention, which cylinder winds and unwinds, according as it takes on or gives off the impression, whatever it may be. Thus the image of a tone, a sound, a peculiar trill, as well as of material things, can be, and are, photographed upon the soul. Nothing is lost; not even the myriad images floating off from all things about us day after day. The amazing beauties of a snow-storm, a sleet-shower, an autumn forest, a rich garden, the countless flowers on which man's material eye never rested, are all safely cared for by Nature's Daguerrian Artist, and they float about the material worlds until sometimes the frost will pin a few of them to the window-panes in winter, or they are breathed through the spiritual atmosphere into some poetic soul, who incarnates them in canvas, marble, or deathless verse. This revelation, of course, proves that there is a higher world than most men have yet dreamed of, and that, too, right around them. In fact, all things and events are but a simple process of what may be called Deific Photography. All forms, all things, all events, are but God's thoughts fixed for a time. These mental images go forth in regular order, and constitute the sublime procession of the ages, and all human events and destinies are but the externalization of Deific fore-had thoughts. Here is the rationale of vaticination or prophecy. Certain persons are so exalted, that moving in the Spiritual atmosphere, which contains the pre-images of approaching events, they read a few of them, and lo! in the coming years the occurrences are enacted; for the spiritual phasmas have taken form; the reflected image of the Deific thought has at last passed through the dark material camera, been fixed by a law of celestial chemistry, brought out to the surface, or "developed," by the grand manipulators of Nature's laboratory, and lo! anew the world and age rejoices, though individuals and communities may mourn.

There is truth, therefore, in the doctrine of fore-ordination. But the truth is general always, and not particular, for while the current and area of events are pre-established, still every soul, in any and all its states, has an absolute sphere of self-itivity; the law of Distinctness permits it to take the utmost advantage of conditions for its own improvement. For instance, take that which constitutes a peach-tree, or a rose, give it and its successors the best possible chance to unfold its latent properties, and the rose or peach principle will put forth, in the course of two generations, a forest of beauties, an ocean of perfume, a mine of loveliness, which, judging the plants by what appeared originally, they never contained; and yet nothing is more certain than that every plant, even the prickly pear, the bristling thorn and unsightly thistle, contains the germs of a beauty too vast to be comprehended by mortal man. In the succeeding pages there is an account of God and Monads which will add much to the needed light on this subject. I cannot express them now for lack of suitable conditions, which can only be had in the midst of religious calm, holy solitude, and beneath a more sunny sky than bends over us at the present writing.

As the appearance of my dress faded away, and the truth just faintly limned, flashed across me, I began to realize somewhat of the majesty of the thing called soul; and saw that, while the dress was a mere spectral garb, so also were those of the little girl and the old man: they were illusory, — mere will-woven garments, — nothing but appearances. And yet, had I been questioned in regard to the matter, while in my previous state, I would have freely sworn that all I saw was real, — for in my then unenlightened state they were so. This suggests the subject of insanity. A man may be in a state wherein he can only behold appearances. To him they are real, to some one else they are false, while to those who can look over the entire ground both would be deemed right and both wrong. Man is of birthright a creator, and the law of Distinctness forces his creations to resemble himself. If he is poor and lean, so will be the world he fashions around him voli-

tionally, or which shall be his natural and spontaneous out-creation. The highest happiness of man is found in the act of creation, whether it be poem, picture, engine, system of thought, or anything else. Hence the enfranchised soul, dwelling in its real world, on the thither side of time, has the power of assumption to a degree commensurate with its desire for wisdom, its determining motives, the good it has done, and the ends of use it has accomplished. It can, therefore, assume any form it pleases; but for the purpose of wrong-doing, or concealing its identity, it is utterly powerless in this respect; so that while it may masquerade as much as it chooses to for its amusement, that of others, or to instruct; yet A must be forever known as A, nor can A ever pass for B, save in cases of insanity, wherein A has a firm conviction that he is really B, in which case, and for redemptive ends, he is sometimes recognized as B, till his cure is effected. It is in accordance with this law of distinctness that the righteous dead, who do really sometimes come back on visits to their former homes, always appear to men clad as they used to be when incarnated. They are compelled to this course by an integral law of soul, so long as there are any on earth capable of recognizing them, or so long as a good descriptive portrait may exist. If the likelihood of identification does not exist, then the spirits may assume such instructive or beautiful forms as are either the spontaneous expression of their interior state, or as their goodness may suggest, and unfolded wisdom prompt.

Some of my readers may feel disposed to inquire, "Where was my soul when it made these interesting discoveries?" The response is: NOT IN SPACE, not in TIME; for I was in a CONDITION above and beyond these, just as tune is above tone, or as meaning is above and beyond the mere sound of the words conveying it. I sustained the precise relation to time, and space, and matter, that heat does to cold, light to shadow, shape to essence, phantasmata to reality, bulk to number, number to mass, or any two antithetical things whereof men may have ideas. I had become a resident of a new universe, differing as greatly from that upon which man's vision rests, as that itself

is different from dream-land. My glad soul had crossed the shores of time and distance, and the barque of its existence was fairly launched upon the vast ocean of a new eternity.

O ye babblers of vain philosophy, who nurse folly for aye, and call it wisdom, ye who are so deeply engrossed in nursing your pet theories, — theories planted on nothing, and reaching nowhere, — what know ye really of the other stages of human existence? Nothing! Ay, truly, nothing! and echo, hollow echo, gives back — nothing! Ay, verily, nearly all your crude speculations and smooth plausibilities are as void of reality, are as hollow as is the shell of an echo when all the sounds have flown! Your fine-spun hypotheses, concerning the origin of the human soul,* its nature and the mode of its existence subsequent to physical dissolution, are too meagre and unsound, — ay! void as is a vacuum of substance and solidity; nor with all your loudly trumpeted knowledge of the state and status of the soul after its departure from the barbarisms of earthly life, to the true social state in realms where civilization is first truly known, have ye much else than the faintest glimmering of the great reality. Philosophers! Verily, much learning hath made you mad; else would ye have assigned the human soul a better than a merely sensual heaven, where lust should be freely sated, and where appetite and its varied gratifications constitute the sum total of enjoyment. What splendid conceptions! What a magnificent destiny! How worthy of the human soul! How great a reward for years of agony! O philosophy, how very lame thou art! Thou tellest man, through thy oracles, that the spirit-home is situate upon the upper surfaces of sundry zone-girdles of the planet; and by the same rule we may expect thee to describe God as being so many cubits high, and so many yards across the hips! Nay, thou mightest as well describe a thought as containing just so many cubic inches, and deal out music to us by the quart or gallon! Philosophy, thou'rt sick!

* Which it is firmly believed is herein briefly stated for the first time since the world began. The meagre outlines hereinafter presented, are more fully drawn and *demonstrated* in the succeeding volume, "AFTER DEATH."

else thou wouldest have found a better adapted home for immortal beings than an electric land formed of the rejected atoms from the various earths. To thee, and in thy light, an oak-tree is but an assemblage of material atoms; a rose, its thorns, leaves and moss, are only such; the wild tiger of the jungle, the humped-backed camel of Zahara's sands, the sportive lamb, unsightly toad, the serpent in the grass, the dove in its cote, the flitting bat, and the flap-winged night-owl, the majestic giraffe, and the beauty-plumed warbler of the forest, are to thee but mere forms of exuberant life; mere natural products, the spontaneous gifts of an all-bounteous, but intelligent, non-conscious natural force. Panthea! Shame on thee, Philosophy, shame, because with the open book before thee thou hast steadily refused to read, nor ever even dreamed that each one of these things indicates the stage of outgrowth to which a monad — constituting its spiritual centre — has arrived on its journey from God, through Matter, back to God, through Spirit! It hath never struck thee that each of these things, and all other objects in the vast material realm, constitute single letters in God's alphabet,* and a letter too, having a fixed and absolute meaning, significance, and unalterable value. Weak man! thou dost not even imagine that all these things are of thyself — thy kind — abiding the epoch wherein they *will*, as thou hast already sprung, leap forth to light, and new, and proper human life. Thou dost not realize that they are latent, while thou and thy kind are active, self-moving thoughts of one great eternal thinker! Thou hast not yet learned that every living thing, vegetable or sentient, is a temporary home of a mighty monad. "But do *you* not know that scientific men have created conditions which have produced independent, and therefore unknown, undreamed-of forms of animal life, as the *acarus crossi*, and others?" This objection does not invalidate the truth, nor weaken the force of the statement. All things have a use. Nothing has been made in vain. Even the most disgusting traits in animals

* God said, "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End." How beautiful, how grand is the light thrown on this sentence and its deeper meaning, by the few lines to which this note is appended.

are matched in the human; and the poverty and squalor, the obscenity and loathliness of many human beings rival, nay, surpass their correspondents in the lower sentient world. Nature is a system of precise conditions; nor dare you say that there were not conditions that befell a monad or monads, in which the eternal law did not demand and secretly force the effort of the chemist, which resulted in the productions of an acarus, which may have afforded the necessary requirements of various monads, or human germ-souls, in one point of their career.

All matter is alive with imprisoned spirit; every globule of this latter, unique, and existing in innumerable folds, contains a monad, a germ, concealing within itself capacities quite infinite in number and power. During its long probation it ever seeks to escape its outer bonds, just as certain shell-fish and serpents cast their old envelopes. But in every stage of its unfolding, every monad expresses a lesser or higher phase of the one great thought of God — Personality, Coherence, Power, Unity. All the characteristics of the floral, vegetable and animal kingdoms are but elements of something higher, afterwards expressed in the human. Thus a fox means shrewdness, — cunning, low cunning; and that some men have not yet outgrown their recollections and applications of fox-craft is self-evident to the most casual observer. The ass is the natural symbol of patience, the cat of duplicity, the lion of firmness; an elephant stands as generosity, the horse as pride, the peacock, vanity, the dog, affection; and so on through an infinite scale of variations. All living things are but developing monads, at whose bottom slumbers what will one day be an imperial human soul! And these monads develop off their surfaces continually; the longer and more varied the process, the more beautiful the grand result at each successive stage. Thus the monad whose highest manifestation, ten thousand years ago, may have been a thistle, perchance looks up to heaven this day from the glorious eyes of a rose-bush, or a dove. The great truth seems never to have been apprehended by the great army of those who have made thinking a business; that

while beasts, trees and flowers are not, *as* such, endowed with a specific immortality, yet at every stage of their being they constantly give off images of themselves, which are and ever will be immortal. These images constitute the pictures of the Soul-world; but the essence, the innate force that developed that of which they are the representation, returns to God whence it started, a full and human regal soul. Thus it is seen how and why man is the culmination of nature, and is brother to the flower and the worm.

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,"
> All sentient things the body, — man the regal soul!

No telescope has yet enabled man to count the rounds in the ladder of luminous worlds; no microscope reveals the mysteries imbedded in a grain of wheat. Still he *may* count them, if he will; may delve into their secrets if he shall so elect; yea, if he will but listen to the fine voice speaking up from his inmost deeps, he may learn somewhat of the

STORY OF A MONAD.

"Up, up, up, there in the steep and silent heaven, there shines a radiant sun, more glorious than even a seraph might tell. Its essence is not matter, but spirit; and from its surface there go forth three kinds of light: the one in rays, another in waves. Condensed, the former becomes matter, and the latter is the ocean in which it is upborne, — in which the worlds are floating, and in which all things have a being. Ay! all things ride upon the billows of this infinite sea, even as a shallop or an egg-shell sails upon the tiny wavelets of a lake. The third substance given off from this great sun goes forth in corruscations. The first kind of light proceeds from the surface, the second from the interior, the third from the very heart of this infinite centre, — or from God's body, his spirit, and his soul. The first is pure fire, the second, pure life, the third is the sea of monads. Every scintilla of that which proceeds from the soul of this sun

(like that which proceeds from a human brain in action) is a thought, shot out into the vast expanse, but destined to return by another pathway, not direct, but circuitous and spiral. Well (says the voice speaking from within to the philosopher who is listening to the revelation), I was one of these monads, and found myself enveloped in a myriad folds and firmly imbedded in a granite rock, where I remained shut up for long ages, pining constantly for deliverance from the thraldom. Even then I found my monad heart pulsing with a divine life, and ardently longed to celebrate the knowledge; for I knew I came from Deity, and longed for my return.

"My first recollections are of a fiery character, for my dwelling was in the very nucleus of a comet that had just been whirled into being. How? I cannot now stop to explain. Only this will I say: with me there were myriads of others, — for in every molecule of spiritual and material substance was imbedded one of my brethren, all longing to escape and return to the heart of God, whence we had been sent forth to perfect his great design.

"The comet cooled, became a world, and finally an earthquake threw the block of granite, wherein was I, to the surface; and, by and by, after waiting many ages, I found room to move, and did so. The result was that we — the other monads and myself — changed our outer shells into moss. The moss died and left us free to try what further we could do; for be it known that our forces had not yet been fairly called into action. The next change was a higher one, and afforded scope for the display of a higher order of power. This time I became a plant; and the next time a plant of a higher character; at each epoch losing one coat,* until at last I could be plant no longer, and so was forced by a law within, as well as laws without myself, to become the centre of an animal. And so I ran the gamut of

* An onion is a familiar analogue. As the process went on, the monad lost layer after layer, each one developing higher forms of excellence and beauty than the preceding, — yet the same monad still; each layer demanding and creating, so to speak, its proper requirements and conditions. Here is the germ of a grand system.

change through countless ages; every new condition being more and more favorable, brought out new properties from within me, and displayed new beauties to the sun's bright eye. I was still a monad, and will ever be such in one sense, albeit time, after reaching my human form, will be of no account, — only states. Something whispered me that I should ever advance toward, but never reach, perfection. I felt that, monad though I was, yet at my heart, my core, my centre, I was the germ of an immortal human soul, and that that soul itself was destined to throw off form after form after its material career was ended, just as I had all along the ages. And thus I passed through countless changes, exhibited a million characteristics, until, at last, I who had at first worn a body of fire, then of granite, then of moss, now put on a higher and nobler dress, and became for the first time, self-conscious, intelligent, and, in a degree, intuitive both as to the past, the present, and the future. And all these infinite changes were effected by throwings off, in regular order, just as material suns throw off ring after ring, which in turn resolve themselves into planet after planet. During all these transmigrations, my monad body was active, my monad soul quiescent, but ripening all the while; first in plant, then in the lower and higher forms of fish, reptile, bird, beast, and mammal, — quadruped and bimanal. Thus I had reached the most distant prophecy of what I was hereafter to become; and, as it may interest you to learn the steps by which I ascended, from the pre-human to the very human, I will recount them in general. The list is, therefore, as follows: the first approach to the man was, when I found myself successively animating, as a central life-point, the forms of Simæ, Satyrii, Troglodyte, the Gibbons, Hylobates, and Cynocephalii, passing through the specific forms of Coluga, Aye-aye, Banca-Tarsier, Maholi, Lemur, Loris, Diadema, Indrus, Marikina, Marmoset, Dourocouli, Saimari, Yarké, Saki, Couzio, Cacajou, Sajou, Sakajou, Araquato, Meriki, Coitii, Marimondi, Charneck, Drill, Mandril, Chucma (baboon), Wanderoo, Bhunder, Togue, Mona, Quesega, Colubii, Budong, Entellus, Kahaw (developing the human nose), Gibbon, Siamang,

the Hylobates, Orangs, Chimpanzee, Gorrilla, Nschiego, Troglodyte, Kooloo Kamba, Barbeta, Aitcromba, Hamaka (Troglodyte of Mount de Garrow), Neg, Bosjesman, Hottentot,* Negro, Malay, Kanaka, Digger, Indian, Tartar, Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, Arabian, Greek, Turk, German, Gaul, Briton, American! There's the list in general terms; specific explanations are not needed at this point. The last eighteen are strictly human, for at the point (Neg) I ceased to develop animal; and, in passing through that highest form of animal existence, I was impelled one step further, and lo! the first course of transmigrations were ended; I awoke to a consciousness of self, and man, the immortal, stood revealed!

"Thus I supply the lost links, O Philosophers, which connect you with the worlds above, around, and below the plane on which you move."

[NOTE. — The exact order is not stated, for there are many intermediate links connecting the Simiæ with the Lemurs and Troglodytes, or with that portion of the genus of the Quadrumana comprising the Gorilla, higher Orangs, Nschiegos and Chimpanzees; yet the chain itself is, generally speaking, quite correct.]

*This theory *must* be true, for an astonishing confirmation thereof is not only found in the marvellous resemblances between human and animal features, but in the still more wonderful fact, that the human fœtus assumes at various stages of its increment, successively the appearance of moss, lichen, gelatine, reptile, bird, beast, and so on, all the way up to its final human form, and if the gestation in even a perfect female be interrupted at a certain stage, the child is born with the characteristics which distinguish the animal whose natural place upon the ascending plane is that at which the gestation was disturbed. The facial angle of some persons is precisely that of the Lemurs; the human Lusus Naturæ, so called, invariably resemble some beast, bird, reptile or monkey. It is but a few years ago that a negro woman of Charleston, South Carolina, was delivered, not only of what looked like a monkey, but which *was* a monkey out and out. The woman had never seen a monkey in her life, so that this was not a case of mere mother-marking, but gestation was interrupted in some respects in some way, at about the nineteenth day after conception, while it went on normally in other respects. An additional proof of the truth of this development theory is seen in the fact that ordinary parents often produce extraordinary geniuses; thus another negro woman of the same city produced a boy by a black and ignorant father, who is to-day one of the most extraordinary musical geniuses the world ever saw.

Thus is completed the outlines of the history of a human soul. Let us return to the awakening. . . . . I now realized that the Soul and Spirit-worlds were far different from each other, for the former is WITHIN, but the latter, like the planetary worlds, is WITHOUT; not in the sense of in the house and out of the house, but rather in the sense of in the bed and in a dream, — not exactly, but analogous. The fact is, mankind, albeit many know it not, are living upon the confines, at least, if not occasionally full residents, of two or three worlds at the same time, — worlds which impinge upon, and interlace each other, just as fine spirit contacts rough matter; and yet, while this fact is so, it happens likewise that in many respects these worlds are as wide apart and distant from each other, as is Pleiades from Mazaroth, or distant sun from twinkling planet; for the reason that states, not miles, separate the denizens of either. Those whose being is in accord with the vast Harmonead move alike upon the shores of each sphere of being, whence they can catch the echoes and footfalls of the pilgrims on both banks. Most people are familiar with the stereotyped assertion that "Man is a microcosm — a universe in miniature," than which nothing can be more correct and true. The body is not the man; neither is the nerve-centre of his brain that which constitutes his personality, any more than the central spiritual sun around which all material systems revolve is the supreme God himself; for even as Deity dwells within the centralia of that august luminary, so also does the very man himself hold his court within the bosom of that magic sphere which exists within his skull. In the subjoined description of the student (see Part Two of this volume) the sentient and conscious point is spoken of under the similitude and figure of a fiery globe. The likeness is imperfect in some respects, for not only is man a world within himself, but he is an entire system of worlds, each one of which is perfect of its order, full and complete. God is at once a centre, a Republic, and a King. So also is man in a finite degree. His faculties may be said to constitute the distinct members or States or nations of the great confederation, whereof the supreme Ego is sovereign Lord and Presi-

dent, — one, however, who can, if it so elect, assume and wield despotic power over all within the great domain. So far can this power be carried and exerted, that pain may be overcome, and even death itself be kept at bay. The WILL is Lord of man's accidents and incidents, and if his reason guide it well, nothing can withstand its force.

As stated previously, all foregone thoughts and deeds of mine became objectified in my new sphere, or on what I can find no descriptive term good as that of Memorama, for such it truly was, — and the fact of its existence at all ought to become a significant one to mortals, for even as their deeds and thoughts shall be on earth, even so will be the delights or agonies consequent upon their inspection of these memory tables on the other shore, whither all must go, whether the voyage be agreeable or not. Memory constitutes the basis of man's heaven or his hell. On it is founded the superstructure of his sorrows or his joys, and woe be to whomsoever shall read, and, reading, neglect the caution here imparted. I give it in all love, for I know its immense importance.

My thoughts and actions — even the minutest — passed before me, across the polished surface of my enclosing sphere, standing out in bold relief. The pictures incessantly altered their aspect, or gave place to new ones, but there was something which did not change, but on the contrary seemed to gather weight and durability all the while. This was the attention point, — the focalization of all the soul's observant powers, — nor did it undergo any permutation whatever. I stood, as previously intimated, in the centre of a crystalline sphere. It was translucent, but not transparent. Nothing beyond its glory-tinted walls was discernible, but all within it stood revealed in grand and cryptic light, which, as already observed, appeared to proceed from my own head. The vertical diameter of this sphere was not more than fifty yards, its horizontal one somewhat more, — for its form was slightly ellipsoidal. Its floor was as a polished mirror, reflecting not only my own image, but those of all things else within its beautiful walls. In this mirror-like surface I beheld my person and features most distinctly;

and it was quite a matter of surprise to discover that I was, without the slightest effort on my part, completely and beautifully clothed in garments of a fashion and style which, of all others, I should have selected, had opportunity for so doing been presented. Here is a new mystery of the Soul-world which may well engage the attention of Psychologians. Depending from my neck and shoulders was a long and flowing robe, apparently seamless, and woven of lightest gossamer. The fore-arms and left shoulder-joint were bare, and I noticed that they, as well as my hands, had lost the sickly caste, and shrunken, shrivelled appearance formerly characterizing them. Now, to my great delight, they were fair, plump, and of the most dazzling and voluptuous mould and proportions. As I made this happy discovery, there flashed across me something of the deeper meanings slumbering beneath the phrases "love, loving, and lovely;" and I could comprehend why one person should become so *en rapport*, so obsessed with, and possessed and absorbed by, another, as to lose not only all self-control, but self altogether. I could now understand why the most loving must ever remain apart, even in the most interior communion on earth, until there are no dull senses to be bridged, and understand the amazing difference between a love that seeks its solace through sense, and that which brings souls together. While people are enwrapped in flesh and blood, love is often obliged to express itself in modes distasteful to its higher nature, and unworthy of itself. Not so in the Soul-world; for there the very joy (magnetic, if you please) which one lover feels in the mere presence of the other reaches a point of fulness, completion and intensity that mere nervous filaments are incapable of conveying, mere nervous exhalations can never give. No body is capable either of giving or receiving, even with the strongest efforts of will, even a foretaste of the joys which the soul, freed therefrom, can and does spontaneously. The keenest Sybarite, the finest-nerved voluptuary, can have no adequate conception, either of the nature or the depth of the joy imparted mutually by two loving souls in the higher worlds. Love, I have said, I knew but little of, and cared less for, previous to my departure;

but now, as I gazed upon myself, and realized for what I was intended, there arose a something within assuring me of my boundless, limitless capacity to and for love. And then the gentle hint of Nellie came back, and had the mate assigned me then appeared, I do not think he would have met a very cold reception. Thereafter all this ended as God decreed it should, — rightly.

Around my waist there was a zone or belt of blue, which kept the fronts of my open robe together, and then fell floorward in two knotted tassels on the left side. The throat and upper portions of my bosom were covered with what bore the appearance of finest lace, whiter than the driven snow. The hair hung in luxuriant curl-tresses adown my back and cheeks, which latter, as disclosed by the floor-mirror, were no longer sunken, sallow, or emaciated in the least degree; on the contrary, they were round, full, white, fair as the cheeks of daylight, and suffused with the softest and most delicate tints of the newly-opened blossom of the peach-tree. The teeth! — I had teeth — were ivory-hued, large and even. The eyes were larger than they had ever seemed before; their lashes were long, dark and drooping; and they were shaded by a brow far more delicate and finely pencilled than they ever were on earth. My stature was a trifle less, apparently, than when incarnated, and there was a health, vigor, and freshness, which reminded me of the early days, ere woman's estate had come with all its cares and toils, its miseries and deep griefs. About my head there was a shining band, like unto the spirit of a silver coronet, pearl and diamond frosted, and flashing back the light from a thousand jewelled points. In the centre of this zone was a triangle of ruby hue, surmounted with the cipher "R," and in its centre was a crystalline globe, winged, and bearing the motto, "TRY."

Curiosity is the soul of advancement; it is a female element almost exclusively; and though all else forsake woman, curiosity never will, either on earth or anywhere else. It prompted me to the investigations above recounted, and to others which followed hard thereon. *I wondered how my feet and ankles*

looked! The desire was no sooner formed than gratified. The latter were encased in proper attire, but the former not quite so, for instead of a shoe, as I expected to find, there was only a sort of sandal, — a mere sole, light and graceful, fitting perfectly, and seemingly kept in place by narrow red bands, which were laced to the ankles and over the foot and instep. The bands themselves seemed to be of a material no coarser than cords of braided light. Such, in brief, were the revealments of the mirror. "Mirror!" exclaims the reader, "why, mirrors are adapted only to solar light, and that which proceeds from material combustion. They reflect from their polished surfaces, according to the well-known laws of optics, which laws cannot possibly obtain of the strange world of which you were then an occupant, — which realm lies above and beyond the sphere of their action or influence; how then could you see the image of yourself?" Again: "If the first suit of apparel in which you found yourself after death were only mere appearances, of what nature or character were these last? If the spirit of a human being is, as we are led to infer from your narrative, in nowise physical, or even hyper-physical, as the Spiritualists assert, — and they claim to know all about the matter; if it is only a phantasmal projection from the VERY SOUL, — an out-attachment of the supreme self, how do you reconcile your statements concerning 'blue-cast hands, wrinkled epidermis, shrivelled appearance,' and so on, with your subsequent assertions that they afterwards became fair, plump, and beautiful? Do shadows grow? Do phantasms avail themselves of the law of increment? Please explain; clear up, elucidate!" REPLY: These are the very points concerning which the people need light; for assuredly that which they have heretofore received, instead of illumining the subjects under consideration, have tended directly to increase the already dense obscurity, and only rendered the darkness still more palpable and dense. In order to a clear conception of what lies before us, it will be well to remind each other that both soul and body act under the impetus of two distinct codes of law, the one volitional, the other mechanical, and therefore involuntary. An illustration of both is seen in

the case of a man who, either reading a book or earnestly conversing as he moves along, takes no notice whatever of passing persons or things, and yet pursues the direct path, nor once misses his way. Both laws are operating simultaneously. The bodily powers are under the same government; for the heart beats, digestion proceeds, and all the functions of the physical economy are carried on by a power lying altogether back of will. There is also another law, which from voluntary, at length comes to manifest itself altogether involuntarily. I refer to the law of Habit. Now, that this law governs both soul and body is proved by a simple reference to the swearing man, who also drinks liquor, chews tobacco, falls asleep at a given hour and wakes up at another. Whosoever hums a tune often will at length be haunted by it, and cannot rid himself of the tormenting tune-fiend by even the most strenuous resolve and effort to do so. It, like a fever, must and will run its course. We also habituate ourselves to certain forms of expression and ideal associations. Thus much by way of preface.

Now, it was the involuntary obedience of my soul to the Habit-law, that caused it to array itself in the semblance of the old and well-remembered dress. The law of the association of ideas gave the "blue cast," the wrinkles, and the emaciation which so surprised me.

Presently, however, I passed under the operation of higher laws of nature, and more interior ones of my own immortal soul. One of the first, and most important of these last, is the law of Vastation, — whereby the soul throws off the old loves, preparatory to entering upon new ones. Its first involuntary act, in the second, as in the first case, was to clothe itself; but no longer subject to the old law of association, and coming under a new one, it rejected the things of memory, and assumed the garb corresponding to its new-born loves, — all in conformity to a law within itself. [In dreams, the garb and surroundings are typical or symbolic of mental, moral, and esthetic states; therefore it is possible to construct an exact science of dream-interpretation.] And the drapery assumed was not merely the result of caprice or an involuntary fantastic taste,

pride, or vainness, but was the legitimate and orderly result of the triple law, whose elements are fitness, expression, and correspondence. The white drapery symbolized, if not my absolute purity, at least my aspirations thitherward (and this explains why all men and women array their breasts in white bosoms, frills and laces). The bandeau, the zone, girdle, jewels, all symbolized an affection, aspiration, or quality of the inner being; and as these latter change, so also do the former. The law is imperative, because it is a thing of the soul itself, whose external manifestations invariably — in the Soul-world — represent its inward states, moral, religious, and intellectual.

In the light of this explanation, therefore, no one need marvel at the radical changes in my personal appearance. We shall throw much more light on the general subject when next we treat of the mysteries of being. The present undertaking being merely prefatory, as a matter of course, confines us to the mere superficialities of a realm whose vastness exceeds all human conception. In reference to the wrinkles of my hands, and their sudden disappearance, enough has been said; yet for the information of whoso chooses to profit by it, I will merely add here, that as Time only affects man in his outward relations, it cannot, of course, bring wrinkles on his features, for souls do not grow old by years; albeit they do grow old by experiences, — without reference to duration, but only as to depth and intensity. A single week of mental agony will ripen a soul far more than would fifty centuries of clock-beats, passed free from the sorrows aforesaid.

Let it not be forgotten that there are two distinct and dissimilar worlds beyond the grave, nor that I had rapidly crossed from the first to the second stage of my transmundane existence. One of these is the mere external world of Spirits, wherein a life analogous to that of earth is for a period led by the inhabitants thereof. The other is that, concerning the mysteries whereof I am now treating.

Millions of beings there are who, although disrobed of fleshly garments, are yet pilgrims in search of the Soul-world. The

latter is divine and interior, the former natural and merely Spiritual. A man on earth may gaze on the surface of a picture, or mechanically read a book, and yet find nothing therein; whereas either of these may lead another person not only into their own beauty-depths, and into the soul of the painter or the author; but they may serve as clues which his soul may seize on and follow into realms never even imagined to exist by the poet-painter, or the painter-poet. So also the mere mortuary fact by no means serves as a free ticket or pass into the grand Temple, at the mere vestibule of which grim Death lands those who take passage in the phantom shallop, whereof himself is pilot and steersman. The mere post-mortem existence does not necessarily entitle one to all the privileges of the Temple, nor make one a resident of, or even spectator of, the worlds of Soul. True, there will occur a change in all, whereby they can pass the mystic ferry; but this change must be worked out from within, and in no wise depend upon outside influences; it must be volitional, not mechanical. The ferriage must be paid in well-wishing and better doing. The life beyond is a real one, compared to which that of earth is a mere shadow, and the form of government is an isonomous one; equal rights, equal laws, impartial justice, administered, not by external agents of an outward power, but by the very constitutional delegates from the secret soul itself; for no justice is so very just as that which each soul, by virtue of its own nature, administers to itself, and through which its lower becomes subordinated to its higher and nobler faculties, qualities and powers. And this is the law that keeps many a one from entering the sacred penetralia until properly disciplined and prepared for the change.

I wondered at first why these truths were not more generally known and appreciated by the people, who, because they have an intellectual perception of the fact of immortality, call themselves "Spiritualists;" but as the veil was slowly drawn away, and I saw that much that had to me appeared real, proved now to be but seeming, there was no more marvelling. There was, still is, and for a long time will be, four sorts of Spiritualism

in the world: First, a mere bodily sensitiveness, nervous acuteness, and susceptibility to magnetic emanations and impressions, out of which arises a great deal of the stagnant filth and social corruptions so prevalent, the debaucheries and license, and great evils which pain so greatly the hearts of true men and women. Second, a Spiritualism of the brain alone; a cerebral quickening, a hot-house ripening of faculty, which gives rise to much talking, and sometimes leads to the discovery of many of the elements of the great principia underlying the Sympathiad, and prophesies the good time that is yet to be. Third, "compact" Spiritualism, or that wherein and whereby a certain class of sensitives, be they male or female, become the dupes of their own folly, and the victims of disembodied maniacs, lunatics, and self-deluded denizens of the middle state; Spirits who wander on the outskirts of three worlds, without a permanent resting-place in either. These have been useful, however, inasmuch as they have called, and even compelled, attention to phenomena which they produce, and which cannot be explained away, nor accounted for, save by admitting two things: first, that immortality is a fixed fact; and second, that it is possible to bridge the hitherto impassable chasm which divides earth from regions which lie beyond. The fourth kind, and truest and best, indeed that which only is truly spiritual, is the growing up into a spiritualized, out of the merely physical self-hood; and this growth of soul necessarily admits the subject of it into the mysteries of being, precisely in accordance with the degree of the person's own unfolding. It is the offspring of good resolutions, well and faithfully carried out; ignores pride, talk, lust, hatred, envy, malice, slander, and all else which characterizes the other three sorts. Immortality is to such not an acquired, but an intuitive fact. Such Spiritualists are good, moral, humane, charitable, merciful, kind, and true; religious, Christian in deed as well as name; and such as these are never pulling down, but ever building up the Good, the Beautiful, and the True; and, when such an one dies, his or her stay in the Middle State is very

short, for they have paid their ferriage, and are speedily intromitted to the mysteries and grandeurs of the world of Soul.

Such an one is unfolded; and by this term is not meant that state to which a man arrives after packing the contents of two or three libraries on the shelves of his memory; by that term is not meant the condition of one who has arrived at honor and distinction by dint of mere acquaintance with learned authorities, and the accumulation and piling up of knowledge of various common and popular sorts; for it frequently happens that men and women, who are very ignorant of all these things, — and who, so far as they are concerned, are not "progressed" at all, — prove on trial to be far more "unfolded" than thousands of those who have grown gray in the service of Letters, and who have, by persistent assiduity, succeeded in transforming themselves from human beings into locomotive encyclopedias, splendid to look at, interesting to dine with and talk to, but cold, unheartful encyclopedias after all. Education is often a mere mechanical mastery of useless abstrusities; coins, which on the social counters jingle well, but which are not over and above current in the far-off worlds, where a boor's earnest prayer weighs far more than the ornate, rhapsodical orisons of scores of learned pedants, who, to judge them by their language, take God to be a school committee rather than a loving, tender parent.

Thus I found true, what had previously been surmised, that a person may know but little, yet approach much nearer the Divine than one who has more brain furniture with a great deal less heart.

It was revealed to my understanding that the great law of Vastation, by whose operation the monad developed moss, threw it off, and brought forth something better and higher, until at last the conscious point — the truly human degree — was, after the lapse of ages, reached, did not cease its functions even after the death of the body, albeit its mode of action was somewhat changed and modified; for now it was observed by me, that while the soul may, both prior and subsequent to death, draw in knowledge from without, — inspiration, progression, procession,

— it may also expand from within, and enter consecutively domain after domain in the Soul-deeps of its almost infinite being. This is aspiration, unfolding, — development; and ever will the immense, the immortal thing, continue to vastate the bad, the ill, imperfect and untrue, so long as any of such remains to be thrown off, as it has been doing ever since the clock of Time struck one upon the bell on Eternity's tower! It will continue the process until that tower itself shall topple and fall with hoary age!

The figure of an onion, though a homely, is, nevertheless, a good one, inasmuch as it offers a familiar illustration of the monad; for, first, there are the two or three external skins, after which comes layer after layer, until at last we find a centre, which centre contains an invisible, because a spiritual point, which constitutes the germ or seed-principle, containing, latent in its bosom, countless acres of onions, that are and are not, at the same time, fields of plenty, seeds of mighty harvests, which only need the necessary conditions to prove their power and develop their capacities.

Philosophers have long sought, with their crude plummets, to sound the bottomless abysses of man's immortal soul. Spiritualists, in their turn, have tried to do the same, ay! and loudly boasted of their success. Success, forsooth! Why, their lead, even when all the line attached thereto was well run out, rested on one or more of the very topmost ledges of the unfathomable and vast profound, their weights only lodged on the upper crags of one or more of the tiniest mountains, whose heads are upreared from the floor of the great ocean Soul. Proclaiming man to be a world in miniature, they have, in their treatment of him and his, not only belied and stultified themselves, but have shown that, after all, he was to be classed with "all other worms of the dust," — a semi-voluntary automaton — a skip-jack, to be coaxed, wheedled, and driven, just as circumstances might dictate and decree. Theoretically, to them, he is a God; practically, a mere machine, whose office and function it is to eat, drink, be merry, sleep, wake up, labor, and beget his kind, whose destiny, in turn, it is to repeat the same

identical round, with perhaps a few trifling and unimportant variations, totally forgetful or unconscious of the fact, that when pronouncing him to be a microcosm, they were uttering a sentence brimful of God's everlasting truth. Philosophers have a bad habit of saying one thing and meaning another; for while loudly declaring, they never yet have fairly believed, that howsoever vast the universes without may be, yet all and each of them grow diminutive and contracted when compared with those that exist within the Soul. Nay, they have never realized that all that has a being outside of man is met, mastered and overmatched by an infinite universe from *within!*

Crime! folly! — what are they? Philosopher, answer thou me! "They are, they are — they are — well, I can hardly tell *what* they really are." I will tell you: these things frequently mark the career of the "Progressed" man, — *never* that of the developed or unfolded one, — and in all cases are either the result of impulse, Spirit-obsession, or of a bad calculation. When nations merely "Progress," every jail-yard has its gibbet; when the people are "Unfolded," temples for God-worship take their places. Philosophers try to explain away all crime and evil, knowing it to be real; yet at the same time treat the doers of ill-deeds as if they were not fitter subjects for soul-hospitals than for thumb-screws and disgrace. They forget that society gains nothing by making a man think less of himself! Instead of pursuing really reformatory methods with those who are vicious or whose souls are sick, they have favored the policy of revenge and atonement, and adopted the *lex talionis* instead of the *lex justitiæ*, — as Common Sense, if nothing else, would ever seem to dictate, counsel, and approve.

The Social Sympathium is yet to be. Discord rules the age. The human soul is unbalanced. Equilibrium and Virtue come together. By and by Philosophers will realize this truth. Men who gaze intently on the wonderful perfection of the outer Sympathium, and realize its vast excellence, constantly fail to recognize the fact that the inner world of man would be the same were but Charity and kindly dealing, in thought as well as act, to take precedence of Suspicion and Punishment. As yet

the world is but a baby-realm. There are no real saints therein at present, for the reason that the currents of the time are not adapted to the floating of that species of craft; nor will the social garden produce that sort of fruit until it is well subsoiled by charity-ploughs and common sense. At present, probably but few men or women live on earth, no matter how abstemious they may be, nor how correct and staid their deportment, but in whose hearts lurk many a thistle seed, ready to spring up and pester the world whenever bad conditions shall call them into active life; nor can there be a pure saint, until every one of these seeds shall be deprived of life. Then, when this is done, no matter what the soil may be, it can produce none but beauty-laden forms of excellence. When the great truth is made apparent to the people, that the greatest sin a person can possibly commit, — taking the future as well as the present into the account, — is the sin against him or herself, society will rapidly purge itself of wrong, and there will be fewer bad memories to haunt and terrify them after life's troublous drama shall end, and far fewer leaden-hued pictures be reflected from the mirror-floors of the world of Soul.

Wealth, the possession of riches, is, on earth and in all human society, the universal passport to honor and distinction. This is one of the fallacies of man, and the greatest; but the good deeds done to the neighbor and the self are hereafter changed into a kind of coin readily current in the lands beyond the tomb.

Now, no one thing yet unaccomplished is more certain to come to pass, than that this lesson will yet be learned by the people. When it *is* mastered, there will be far less strife for the honors and emoluments of office, and the universal cry will be, "Whom *can* we get, whom shall we persuade to be our Ruler, President, or King?" "Whom can we employ to fill those offices?" instead of "Vote for me!" as now. Mankind on earth do not, as we of the Soul-world, seek for joys that are pure, and purely human, too; they do not, as we, drink from chalices at whose bottom no dregs are found after the ruby wine has been sipped. Alas, no! but instead, they seek for such joys as are absolutely sure

to leave a sting behind, and Repentance, Agony, and Remorse are the terrible triplet they are obliged to nurse, for oh, *how* long! This is moral and spiritual suicide, — so far as supermundane joys are concerned, — suicide, slow but sure; and such souls, on entering the Middle State, are poor and thin and lean and powerless, for deeds or thoughts either good or great; and memory reflects back but few, if any, pleasant images, but, in lieu thereof, presents for inspection and as food for contemplation, an array of barren mountains, fierce whirlpools, crags toppling over into dreadful darkness, beetling cliffs, from whose bald summits the vulture and the night-owl shriek and scream. No pleasant pasture lands begem the picture, no sweetly-singing rivers of delight; but only things of weirdness, rage and fury, set as centres into pictures representing boisterous and tempestuous seas, cold and dreary ice-islands or desert sands which swallow up the sunshine, the moisture and the rain, but never smile with a single green or lovely thing. These are symbols and similes of the Soul's states, and are the legitimate and inevitable out-creations of itself; but, thank God! not of its inner deeps, else the universe might well run mad, and every living thing curse its God and — die. True it is that none of these frightful things are the results of the natural and unbiased choice of any human creature, yet they are none the less real in the second stage of existence, for the reason that Destiny forever compels a man to be himself. Sooner or later he will bring himself voluntarily to acknowledge, bow, and bend before it; and the instant that he does so, the grand Vastatory law comes into play, and he slowly emerges from Hell, and takes the road to Heaven!

So far in human history on the earth, the Devil has proved a failure, — utter, total, and complete. Not so Evil. This latter works out its mission well, even if it does no more than to convince man that his only, best and truest friends are himself and the Infinite God whose child he is.

In the higher realms, to which mankind is destined, his actions are never the result of an applied force from outside himself; but when voluntarily submitting to the pressure from

within, he is irresistibly led from bad to better, and from better to BEST. Reaching this point, he no longer rebels, — not against God, but against himself, his higher, nobler, better nature, — but giving up all of mere self, begins to desire nothing so much as to love and be loved, to serve God and minister unto others' good; and at last finds himself standing in the Door of the Dawn, having emerged from the Hades of his own and others' making, and stepped into his house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, — house-spheres such as I have partially described, prepared for, and in, and of him, from the foundations of the Ages, — houses which are indeed builded upon very pleasant spots, on sunny glades and love-tinted hillocks on God's Eternal Domain, — houses, too, which men often refuse to enter and occupy till after the lapse of years of misery spent in the horrid caves and unsightly huts dug and builded by themselves.

All these things flashed in upon my soul, as I stood gazing into the mirror on the floor, and upon the vivographs of Memory gliding by upon the walls, in which every event of my life, no matter how trivial, was clearly represented. Not a good thought or deed, no matter how private, — not a single sin, no matter how venial, — but was there reproduced for my inspection and instruction, moving, with all their foregone accessories, across the walls of that magic globe. They were living icons, perfect rescripts, of all foredeeds, thoughts, actions — and transcripts, all too faithful, of the volumes of my memory. Soon all this passed along, — the last scene being that of my death within the chamber of the house upon the hill. Scarcely had it vanished, whither I knew not, than a blank section moved across the line of vision, almost instantly succeeded by a Phantorama still more wondrous and imposing. Instead of representing myself alone, this second picture revealed the results, both direct and indirect, of my personal influence upon others, whether exerted in a domestic, social, or professional capacity. I could not help being particularly struck with one tableau, which, as it embodies a moral lesson, I will here stop to briefly describe: —

I saw myself in the act of warm disputation with a friend, on a subject well calculated to elicit the best thought of the best thinker. I had the right of the argument, and this was so apparent that my friend with whom I was arguing lost temper. At the time of the occurrence, I took but little note of the matter, not deeming it a subject of very great importance. Now, however, I saw, what surprised me greatly, that this mental excitement had reacted physically, and, in running its course, brought on a slight inflammation of the brain, — a sort of slow but positive fever, which, while not confining the patient, yet affected both soul and body to a great extent, and so modified the cerebral constituents, that the immortal soul, therein dwelling for a season, could not thereafter manifest itself as formerly. I now realized that chemistry, in the higher sense, was an efficient force in the human mental, as well as in the material economy; that changes in the physical cells of the brain could be made by intellectual excitations, and that these in a great measure affect the mental and physical operations, even to the extent of a complete *bouleversement*. In consequence of the change effected in the individual alluded to, projects of various kinds, previously determined on, had to be given up, — for which reason the entire current of a life was turned completely; nor is it for me to say whether greater good or ill will be the ultimate or final result, for the reason that as yet I can neither see the origin nor end. These are only known by the Infinite One above us and beyond. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, that had I known what weight inhered in words, whether lightly, harshly or kindly spoken, especially to the sensitive and susceptible natures of many of earth's pilgrims, never would I have uttered a syllable without well weighing the possible consequences thereof; especially would I have kept back all which bore the slightest resemblance to heat or anger. Oh, what a wondrous thing is a human soul! Until now it was not clear to me that, by virtue of both a static and dynamic law of the universe, human happiness is derivative, and ever depends upon the amount and kind bestowed upon or imparted to another. The law is dual, that is, it works both ways; for

even as a man or woman finds joy in the act of causing or of bringing joy to others, so also the misery and woe which A may cause B, C, D and E to feel or undergo, not only reacts upon A by force and virtue of the great Sympathia, but it is utterly impossible for A to be happy, so long as the least trace of his or her action *mauvaise* remains with B, C, D, E, F and G. Nor is this all; for if these last persons act badly toward H, I, J and K, said actions being the legitimate result of A's, originally, upon B, C, D, E, F and G, then A cannot escape the consequences, no matter how distant or in whatever corner of God's universe he may be, or in whatever crevice of the great creation he may seek to hide. A wave or ray of agony from B, C, and the rest of the alphabet, will finally reach him! A lash from the great whip of conscience or remorse will fall on him, when rocks and mountains, though heart-implored, refuse to. Until the law of compensation is satisfied, he shall never fail to hear, peeling into his soul from the lacerated hearts of others, the terrific sentence: "Thou art the man! thou hast done it! Pay what thou owest!" If the reflections shall prove to have been good instead of evil, then the words which shall be heard will be: "Even as thou hast done it unto the least of these, my servants, thou hast done it unto me. Well done, thou good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord! Take up thine abode in the mansions of bliss, prepared from the foundations of the world!" The coin of heaven is ever stamped with the seal of a person's deeds, be they good or evil.

This Soul-law is well illustrated by an incident which occurred to me, the writer hereof, Paschal Beverly Randolph.

Many years ago, when a mere lad of ten or a dozen years, I lived in the metropolis of America, where also I was born. One day several lads of us were playing at ball in a street then called "Chapel," but since known as West Broadway. In throwing the toy at one of my playmates, it missed him, and crashed through the window of a shoe-mender's shop, the proprietor of which became greatly enraged, and in a paroxysm of fury not only cursed and swore most dreadfully at us, but also

seized the offending ball, and threw it on his burning grate; we, poor mourners, in the meanwhile looking down into the fiery grave of all our sport. Tears, expostulations, and entreaties were all so much wasted breath, and proved utterly unavailing. The ball, unfortunate ball, was irrevocably doomed to an igneous tomb; nor could all our prayers, joined as they were, to abundant offers on our part, and that of several pitying onlookers, to doubly pay the cost of the demolished glass, soften the obdurate heart of the revengeful cobbler in the least degree. Burn that ball he swore to; utterly consume it he vowed to; and most religiously he kept his promise.

The ball was burned, but as the smoke of its substance, — the remains of two worn-out stockings and an India-rubber shoe, — and of our torment, went up towards heaven, there accompanied it a most dire threat of vengeance from out my boyish heart, — proud, indignant little human heart, which then, for the first time, swelled almost to bursting with vindictiveness and rage. In my paroxysm of fury I swore a *vendetta* more fierce and terrible than that of the Orsini against their mortal foes, the Borgias of sunny Italia. I resolved to kill, slay, totally extinguish the whole race of cobblers, — but that one in particular. His doom was, to be killed, slain, cut to pieces, remorselessly and cruelly murdered, after which his soul was to be eternally damned, roasted, stewed, broiled and grilled for evermore, upon the gridirons of the infernal pit, — all for burning a sixpenny ball! For ten long days and nights I pondered on the subject, and sought to contrive means whereby to carry out my philanthropic design. Having heard and read of battles, bloodshed and gory fields of human slaughter, wherein he who did the most murder was the greatest hero; having heard and read of human butchers and butchery, my heart had turned from the one, and I shuddered at the picture of the other. Now, however, all these images of horror returned. I still hated them, but of all others, it seemed to me that that ball-burning shoe-mender was the most atrocious fiend that ever trod the earth. In my boyish frenzy I vowed he was an ogre, giant, demon, and all else that was horrible and bad, to rid the earth

of whom would be doing an especial aud particular favor to God, nature and human kind. Amidst all the scourges and pests who had ever trod the earth from Ghengis Khan to Lord Jeffries, not one loomed up who was half so criminal, half so deserving of the intensest scorn and maledictions of the human race, as was that unfortunate and guilty cobbler. We resolved that he must die, and die by powder and fire; but in consequence of the fact, that the explosive grains were rather unpopular just then, while both guns and pistols, fire-crackers, double-headers, and torpedoes, being strictly prohibited by — the constable round the corner — we concluded to defer the execution of the malefactor till the ensuing Fourth of July, then a matter of some eight months distant. But at last, it came. Our revenge had slept, but was by no means extinguished. The ogre dwelt in the same place still. The hour for dire retribution drew fearfully near, and at length arrived. The cobbler's doom was sealed. Our maleficent congress — boys, all under twelve — had resolved that he must die, then or never, so far as we were concerned. Pistols and powder being still as scarce as ever, we assailed the enemy with a large string of ignited Chinese crackers, in lieu of guns and bullets, — articles *de campaign*, — not procurable, owing to the limited resources of our combined exchequer.

We suffered a defeat, — a rout, total and complete, — nor did one of us escape what the cobbler called a "welting," for our shoulders tingled many an hour thereafter from the application of a strip of leather, wielded by the stalwart right arm of the vindictive man. Now it so happened that, nearly opposite the scene of this farce, there stood a tall flag-staff, — "Tom Riley's Fifth Ward liberty pole" it was called, — and with this pole is associated, not only the moral of my story, but also one of the most singular experiences ever undergone by a human soul, while incarnated in a tabernacle of flesh and blood, nerve and sinew, muscle and matter. After mutually smarting from the application of the cobbler's "welt," we took counsel and refuge beneath the liberty pole aforesaid; and the last I remember of the affair is, that, while gazing upon his triumphantly retreating

figure, it struck me that the very quintessence of my felicity on earth would be achieved could I have the exquisite joy and unsurpassable pleasure of hanging him to the weathercock on the summit of that flag-staff. This would be to me — to us, a very heavenly state indeed. And so I hung him, in fancy, to the north corner of the vane, enjoyed his imaginary struggles for a while, and then went home. . . . . Years passed. My childhood's troubles were forgotten, and man's estate had come, with all its griefs, cares, and strifes, and, from a student of revenge, I became one of the science of Forgiveness. During one of these latter years I became interested in the question, "Has man a death-surviving soul or not?" and to the solution of this great problem I bent the entire force and energy of my mind, not hesitating to make all sorts of experiments that held out a hope or possibility of my reaching a definite conclusion in regard to the subject. In pursuance of this grand object I one day made an experiment which, in some respects, was but too successful; it was not by means of drugs or potions, magnetism or spiritual circles. At the end of one of these experiments I became totally lost to the external world, its surroundings and influences, and found myself in the world of Spirit, — in the midst of a vast and boundless Chaos, in which no sound struck upon me save the rattling of the bones of a huge and ghastly skeleton which swayed and swung to and fro in the bleak air from the point of a vane on the top of a vast pole, itself the very spectre of the one on which, mentally, I had hung my mortal foe.

Attracted irresistibly by the ominous sounds, I turned my gaze toward it, when instantly the horrible, ghastly thing became endowed with life and speech, — ventriloquial power of speech, — and it shrieked into my startled ears these terrible, these ominous words: "Wretch, look upon the work of thy hands! Here didst thou place me in the years now gone, and here have I hung and swung; here must I hang and swing during many and many a coming age! Gaze upon this cord — look on it; think of it — placed around my neck by you — by *you!* The flesh once with these bones which now rattle in your

ears — *your* ears! — has, by the elements, been changed and dissolved into atoms — do you hear? — into atoms finer than the flecks of light in a sunbeam, — ay, finer than the scintillations of yonder star, the point of the buckle of Orion's belt; and that star is an eye, and it *watches* you — watches *you;* and, as you see, is the only one in your horizon from zenith to nadir. That star is the sentinel appointed by *Him* to see to it that you escape not the doom — the doom! Ha! ha! ho! ho! Yes, it was I — *I* who burnt your ball, in revenge for which *you* burnt your soul! — you burnt your *soul!* Ha! ha! ho! ho! And that soul must burn, and keep on burning, in its own self-kindled flames, until their fiery tongues shall have licked your joints — your *joints*, your marrow — your very *marrow*, and keep licking them until —"

"In God's name, what, and when?" I tremblingly inquired. And, from between the chattering, clattering, horrible jaws of that ghastly thing, there hissed back this answer: "Atom by atom, the elements whereof my body was formed shall once again cleave to these bare bones; and, of their own volition, persuaded thereto by the spectacle of thy agony, softened by thy prayers, quit their gambols in space, their festive sport amongst the star-beams, and rearrange themselves into the original flesh, and blood, and nerve, and cartilage, and lymph, and muscle, wherewith these bones were clothed once upon a time in the dead years of an infinite Past!"—"But," I cried, as the sweat of agony seemed to ooze even out of my spectral cheeks, "there must be some mistake. The crime imputed was never committed by me. I never slew you, nor any one else. True, I remember you, but I only" — "Wished and willed to do it!" shrieked my tormentor, from the gibbet; "and whatever the soul strongly wills is done, so far as human responsibility is concerned. You wished and willed me to be here; and here I am, by virtue of a great and mighty law. Hast thou not heard the law laid down, by the sufferer of Calvary, 'Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery in his heart,' and must pay the penalty therefor? And thinkest thou that this is the only application of the great law

of justice and compensation? Fool! know that thy crime is just as great as if thou hadst, with thine own fingers, put the cord of murder about my *neck* — about *my* neck! The crime-thought is as great as the crime-act. So it is with thee, thou murderer! Man is judged from the desires and motives of his heart, whether these be for good or ill, and never from or for his act alone; for the reason that actions are often the result of an instanteous impulse, external pressure and circumstance; but motives are the creatures of will, the perfect offspring of desire!" I groaned in agony, an agony so great that it burst the bonds of sleep, and I awoke from that which was not all a dream. It was an awful lesson, and taught me how to become a wiser and a better man.*]

Such was the terrific experience of P. B. R., and I feel that I need say no more on a point that it so very forcibly illustrates. . . . .

Still the phantorama glided past upon the wall, revealing many a new mystery, and showing me that every human being is more or less responsible for the result of personal influence exerted upon others.

Much rare and valuable knowledge flowed in while I stood there, in the centre of the magic sphere, gazing on the second vivorama, or living picture, delineating the results of my influence on others. Many and many a strange scene passed athwart that globe's interior; and I saw not only what the result of my influence had been, but also what would have resulted had my action, in a given instance, been different from what it really was. Thus, I saw that had a cross word been spoken to a child, whom I had endeavored to soothe by kindness, that child would have been led to restrain himself, instead of, as happened, taking advantage, and attributing my complaisance to fear or something akin thereto. I saw, on that mystic scroll, the simulacræ of every person I had ever known,

* This fearful apocalyptic vision occurred on the night of Feb. 3d, 1861, and was the means of inducing a train of thought and feeling in my mind that resulted in conversion from all sorts of philosophism to a belief in the pure and sweet religion as taught by Christ. — P. B. R.

and found that there, in the Soul-world, people and things passed at their true, and by no means at a fictitious value, as men and money do on the earth. All mankind are divisible into seven great Orders, to each of which there are three sub-orders or classes. I shall speak of the Orders, not of the classes. Many of those who, when living amongst them, I had ranked with the highest, I now found, in this place, where the secrets of all hearts are in very deed laid open, really belonged to a far lower plane, and *vice versâ;* for many a civilizee and aristocrat was now found to belong to the order of barbarians; whereas, not a few of those usually considered low were seen to be better unfolded than thousands with loftier pretensions. Will it be credited, I even found the purest virtue in one whose occupation was harlotry! Once upon a time, long before I passed through death's cold river, I was walking through a beautiful grove, hard by my dwelling-place, the house upon the hill. It was a gala day, and hundreds had gathered there to celebrate the noon of summer. Mirth, gayety, and sport ruled the hour, and my soul was very glad.

Amongst the rest who had gathered there, were several females, whose trade was Sin, and who I supposed came there for their horrid purpose. How mistaken was I! At that time it did not strike me that beings so lost *could* have a pure thought, or in any way be tempted to quit the hot pavements of the city to spend an hour in God's great Temple, amidst its living columns, — the stately forest trees, — without mischief and wrong-doing in view. I looked upon them, especially her with the pale, thin lips, and large, drooping eyelids, with utter loathing. And thus I passed them by; years fled; never again did I think of them — much less that such creatures could have aught of goodness in them, or feel the need of God's sunshine, or of a bath in his pure ocean of fresh air. In life they were forgotten, but now, as that mystic diorama moved forward, I saw that very scene in the grove reproduced in every minute detail. There sat the courtesans, there walked I past them; and as she of the large blue eye looked up toward me, with a mute demand for one sympathetic glance — one kind word —

only one kind word — I turned heedlessly away; and, in doing so, I now saw that a wrong thing had taken place; for had I spoken kindly, they might have been saved from ruin, so far as the world is concerned — utter and complete. Then, when it was, alas! too late, I saw how very easily I might have melted and won the heart of the woman with the thin, pale cheek, and she would have become a ministering spirit for good to many and many a lost and degraded one. I now saw her antecedents, — a young girl, a tender, loving daughter — fair, beautiful, and sensitive to the last degree. In her home misery reigned; no work for the father, no bread for her little sisters, a sick mother, and the storms of winter howling in the streets, and the cold wind, sleet-laden, searching for nooks and crannies, that it might freeze the little hands and make the pale lips blue.

And then father took to drinking, and the pampered servants of the rich lordlings of the great city drove her with the large blue eye from their doors; and she was hungry, *very* hungry; and then the foul fiend tempted her to accept a handful of silver from — a male! for MEN never do such things, — things so infernal, so hideous, so ineffably mean — in exchange for her body! . . . And so she sold it — again, and again, and again! Great God! she was obliged to sell it, or starve in the midst of the granaries of Plenty! Starve herself? Yes, but not *only* herself, — that were easy, — but the mother who bore her, in agony; the father, whose reason had for a time deserted its throne; the little ones, clustering about the scanty fire in the little tin stove, — these, all these, must eat or die! "The Poor-house!" A *poor* refuge indeed! for although *they* may have been better off therein, would *she?* Doubtful! for — well, never mind what! She sold herself for bread!

Presently work came, but the stain was on her. She had run down a declivity so steep that she could never clamber up again, unless some friendly hand be stretched forth to help her. And such hands are *very* scarce. And now I saw what good might have been done, in the days gone by, had I "only thought."

This scene passed across the walls of my sphere; and then there came after it a large blank space, and this taught me that

it indicated that somewhere in my life there had been a corresponding omission. "What can it have been?" Scarce had this query been framed, than there appeared a picture, which need not be described, but the sum of whose teachings may briefly be stated thus: *I had never married* — had never been hailed by the dear titles "Wife" and "Mother." I had therefore failed in the one supreme womanly duty. Nor can any soul be fully filled with joy who neglects those great commands of God and Nature. Children are the crowns of Heaven; nor can any one — man or woman — taste the serener and the sweeter joys of Being, who has failed to love and be loved, wed and be wedded; for this is one and the chiefest of means whereby the soul becomes mellowed, and fit for higher uses in the Soul-home. For these reasons, my joys, though great, were not equal to what they might have been; and yet, take it all in all, provided the entrance into the upper land is made with a clear and healthy conscience and a fair record be left behind, no sense of clearness, lightness and joy can equal that which is experienced subsequent to the first awakening after Azrael's decree has severed the marriage between matter and soul. The Senses! Roses emit sweet odors, grateful to the nostrils; yet not all the perfumes of the Gulistan is worth one inhalation of the celestial aroma in which the spirit of the good man or woman floats when once fairly over the barriers which separate the worlds. Color! I never knew the *music* of hues before I passed away — never conceived of the sublime mysteries, nor realized the great glory whose temple is the chalice of a flower. Touch! Ah, what language, what pen, what tongue can describe the deep raptures of a soul, when God's sublime atmosphere first laves the immortal being! The highest, keenest nerve-joy the body *can* experience must be very, very dull and tame in comparison; and so on through the Sense-gamuts of Earth and the hyper ones of Spirit. Yet only the good enjoy these pleasures. Sin and pollution, whether of thought or overt act, detract from the senses and susceptibility to pleasure in both worlds alike; and so absolutely true is this, that sin and folly ought to be shunned by the people, if for no other than the selfish desire of being

happy from one's self. It is better to live right, die right, and be right after death, than it is to purchase transient pleasures on earth by drawing too largely on the bank of life, to find one's drafts dishonored at the counters of the world above. Suicides and voluptuaries are on an equality up there. Both are only half-men, half-children, half-women; nor can they taste of the higher raptures, unless they grow to holiness.

After a while there ceased to be any more pictures, and I became aware of the fact that an unseen force was at work on the *outside* of the globe, evidently endeavoring to break it down, or in some way force a passage through its walls. What this something could be, was a mystery, just so long as I vehemently desired to know, which of course I, like others under similar circumstances, did. I could not, while thus endeavoring, obtain my desire, and therefore I naturally began to wish that Nellie or the old man would come, because, in spite of my matchless surroundings, I felt quite human in the midst of Spirituality; and the sight even of another than myself would have been a solace and a consolation. No sooner had my mind placed itself upon a new object, than I made two new and important discoveries: First, that loneliness or solitude is one of the most terrible punishments to which either God or man could ever possibly condemn a sinful human being. God pity the lonely man or woman! Oh, it is very dreadful to be compelled to exist alone! — and there are thousands who walk the great world's streets, who move along in the very midst of a Solitude as deep, silent and fearful as that which prevails in Zahara's desert wastes, where human footfalls never disturb the awful stillness of the hour. There are those who travel up and down the world's highways, upon whose soul no glad sounds ever fall, and who appear to be condemned to loneliness, as if they were thus expiating some awful penalty as an atonement for great and undreamed-of crimes, committed either by themselves in some pre-existent state, or by their ancestors when the very world was young. There are those who, while all about and around them are merry and jocund as the bees on a May day, are themselves as far removed from the pale of human sympathy,

and as utterly ALONE, as if they were shut up in some rock-ribbed cave in the heart of Mont Blanc or the Mountains of the Moon. Oh, it is a fearful thing to be shut out from the great Sympathia, whose function is to blend in one the chords of all human hearts! It is a sad fate indeed to be obliged to live amidst the clamor and the clang of discord, when all other souls are dancing to the glorious sounds of the great Harmonead; yet many such, ay, far too many such there be, who are thus cut off, shut up, barred out. They *might* have been let in, had the father given the mother a smile, a caress, a blessing, at the proper moment, instead of a frown, a rudeness, and a secret curse, as is, alas! too often the case; and yet nothing is more positively certain than that somebody must answer to their own souls, their own consciences, for this most fearful entailment of misery, loneliness and woe. See! yonder is a woman — a wife — big with a man-child, who will ere long see the light; but she is miserable — is lonely; is perchance cursed for becoming — a mother; and so she frets and mopes and pines — all the while paining to be delivered of her misery and child. At length it sees the day, the sun's bright laugh meets no responsive smile from its pale, thin, tiny lips. It mopes and grows, but is prematurely old at ten years, a man at fifteen, a mournful pilgrim at twenty-five, and an old veteran at thirty years! Who's to blame? Somebody! else God's justice is, like man's, a mockery!

Brother or sister, who readest these pages, wouldst thou know one of the grand secrets underlying the constitution of the great Brotherhood of Crime? It is because man is a social being, has a mortal and invincible hatred and repugnance to solitude, feels the need of associates and sympathy, and will have both if possible, even though obliged to seek them in the very midst of hell itself. Didst thou ever observe that the majority of spiritual mediums are men and women who are sensitive, lonely, bereft and forsaken? Well, look around, and thou shalt find it so. And these, failing to find sympathy on earth amidst their fellows, search for it in the awful labyrinths that underlie the tomb, and from the Middle States vast hordes of semi-

infernals come trooping at the heart-calls of these wretched ones, who are thus preyed on by vampires from both Eternity and Time; for embodied wonder-mongers sap them dry, and wear them out, while disembodied demi-devils delude them, until the fair Soul-garden either becomes an arid waste, or teems with thistles, thorns, and all unsightly and unseemly things. When such victims cry aloud unto God, and keep crying, He will send His good angels to comfort, save, cheer and protect.

Reader, wouldst thou know why millions of women, fair, lovable, and good as ever God's sun shone upon, yearly rush down the mountain's side and plunge neck-deep into the swamps of prostitution and infamy? It is because their human hearts yearn for sympathy, pine for love, long for something good and kind; which failing to discover and obtain where hope has told them such things were, they seek for it, at last, in the horrid belly of social damnation. Their motto, "A short life and a merry is better than a long and lonely one!" tells too truly the story of many a poor girl's heart. My God, my God, have mercy on the lonely ones! for thou alone knowest that many and many a sin against society and thee is committed by such and others, not of settled purpose of ill-doing, but because urged on by sheer despair. Many a crime has been committed from a mental aberration caused by the horrors of loneliness. Human tribunals take but little, if any, account of a criminal's antecedents and surroundings. He or she is judged too harshly, in the main; and thus it will be until mankind learns a deeper lesson of wisdom than yet presides over its courts and councils. Only God can truly know a heart; and whilst this fact is so clear, it is better to err on charity's side, if error must enter into the account at all.

In prison there is at least a community of punishment, and the sense of this goes far to relieve the tedium of incarceration; for, bad though it be, many a one has found it preferable to the perpetual and dreadful solitude to which liberty condemned them.

Why are there such vast numbers of deserted wives and hus-

bands? — so many ruined and cheerless hearths and homes? The answer is, because neither of the heads of the household has even dreamed that the companion had rights which the other was bound to respect; and the greatest of these rights, and the one most disregarded, is the right of being loved by that other — loved tenderly, truly, kindly, humanly. The parties to the domestic compact have severally failed to realize what common sense ought to have suggested from the first, — that human happiness is never direct, but is always reflected. When the married find out this great law, and practically apply it, society will redeem itself from all hatred and harlotry, license and libertinism, free-love and folly, madness, murder and meanness. Ah! friendly reader, it is a fearful state, that wherein a woman's or a man's true and generous love and sympathies are driven down and beaten away by those to whom they naturally cling. It is hard to have their human kindness misconstrued, and to have his or her affection crushed by the heedlessness or lack of generosity of those who ought to leap, and hail it with all true human thankfulness. God knows that there is too little real affection in the world, and it is very hard to have that little forced back upon the full, true heart from which it was sent forth on a mission of goodness. This sort of thing it is that freezes up the spirit, and makes man and woman lonely hermits in the very midst of the teeming hives of human life, society and effort.

It is a terrible thing to be compelled to eat your own heart — to be forced to consume one's self — to hear the harsh, brutal and unfeeling tone, when one should listen to the dulcet notes of generous affections; for they freeze and chill the spirit, and warp the very ligaments of Soul. These sad things must be atoned; the vicarious sacrifice must be self-made by the doer thereof, — persons who unthinkingly tear down and wreck their fellows, every soul of whom might be builded up, made strong for the Right, and emulous of all great and good and noble thoughts and deeds which God's human children have ever done, — and all by kindness, open-hearted conduct and friendly cheer. Heaven! how much misery and crime might be stayed by one

kind and loving word! How many are at this day wading through Perdition, as they tread the pavements of the world's broad streets, and all for want of one kind word! Wrote Milton: —

"———— Devil with devils damned
Firm concord hold. Men only disagree."

There is much pith in this couplet, which is far from being *all* poetry, — that is, if a judgment must be predicated upon what the worlds have witnessed of warfare, robbery, slaughter, and rapine, all along the track of ages. Earth is, then, something worse than hell itself! It ought to be better, for hell cannot be purged nor the Middle State become pure, until earth is purified, and the daily delegations sent across the dark River be of a better, purer and nobler mould than now.

I remember to have dearly loved the Apostles' Creed, especially my own rendering thereof: —

"I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Church; . . . . the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection; . . . . the communion of saints; the life everlasting." Glorious creed of glorious fishermen — repeated daily by millions! But do these millions *really* believe the words so freely spoken? Go ask their conduct in the world's busy market-places, where human bodies and human souls are as so many counters in the scale, — not negro bodies and souls, but those of lordly bankers, and moneyed magnates, who serve as waiters in Moloch's temples on the four shores of the two great seas. Pity it is that people do not believe their own religious creeds, for if they did there would be fewer lonely ones on either side of the grave.

Sung a poet, quite as good, if not so great, as Milton: —

"If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields of glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song or story:
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

"If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in *bonds* and *deeds* fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal:
If men stored up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If 'yours' and 'mine' would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

"If more would ACT the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it by rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheathe its knife,
Till good became more universal:
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone in truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

"If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
To violate their kindly feelings:
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would *strike together* and restore it;
If Right made Right in every fight,
The world would be the better for it."

Ay! that it would, and *will*, brave lover of thy race, when more shall live the spirit thou hast breathed. But Faith is not yet dead; Hope still lives in human hearts; Charity is beginning to be a power in the world, and these three — blessed three, — will yet work out the world's salvation. Strong hands, clear intellects, willing minds, are all that is needed to develop true human individuality, a thing of the future; and then a man and a woman will pass for the self-displayed value, the intrinsic worth manifested by Action. It is not me they hate and ill-use; it is the fictitious personality they have given me. They will not take me as I am, but insist that I shall be what themselves desire I should be; and in crushing, slaying, killing this phantom which they choose to attach to my name, they are, alas, crushing, slaying, killing me! [These words were uttered

by me, P. B. R., an almost broken-hearted man; they were true, and true not only of me, but of many a lonely and sensitive one beside.]

In the days when common sense shall reign, the diseases of the social body will be eradicated, and then the loneliness of talent and genius will be exceptional to the rule, instead of the reverse, as in these lonesome latter years. If men could but realize that every human groan echoes up through all the starry vaults, even to the eternal throne itself, they would not cause so many as they do, especially when they discover that every one of these groans must be expiated by the causer thereof If men knew that every pang endured by a human being on earth sweeps like a whirlwind of agony along the telegraphic lines of infinite space, and that not a soul in God's vast domain but must feel the effects thereof in accordance with the Great Sympathia, — itself the nervous system alike of God, Nature, and human kind, — they would heartily strive to lessen the amount, and banish all anguish and its producing cause from their midst.

The human race is a mighty harp; touch one string rudely, and all the others vibrate; and the finer the chord, the more it responds to the shock. When Jesus groaned on Calvary, the pain of his body and soul was shared in by every creature beneath God's Infinite heaven; and the agony thrills still go sweeping through the worlds, and will, until all mankind shall go its way and sin no more. No human body is healthy so long as a single atom of disease lurks between the granules of a bone, or between the cells of the most unimportant viscus; neither can society be calm, or the race be happy on either shore of eternity, so long as one unholy man or woman lives to mar the harmony, and be a discordant note in the Great Sympathia. Thus we dwellers of the Soul-worlds are impelled to action in behalf of our brethren below, by the first and greatest law of the universe, — self-preservation; for in making man abjure his errors and turn toward the Right, we lay the surest and firmest foundation whereon to erect the great Temple of Purity, wherein all alike shall worship God, do well, and think

no evil. The discovery of this great principle of unity, the acquisition of the positive knowledge that every sensation, painful or pleasant, experienced by any, even the most distant, low and degraded of the species, was necessarily shared in by all the rest, surprised me greatly; and from finding that the finest-nerved and most sensitive were also the most unhappy, I was led to infer the existence of a great Vicarious law, whose elements were Sympathy, Compensation, Distribution. True, some may pass through life, and apparently escape its action — but not forever. God has said substantially, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" and borne they must be. Sensitives bear the greatest portion of misery, and their fate seems at first sight to be a hard one, — a life all full of tears, groans and sorrows; yet the law of Compensation is operative in all stages, phases, and planes of being: —

"And he who the weariest path has trod
Shall nearest stand to the throne of God."

There are seasons when men and women of certain mould, without the least apparent cause, are plunged into the very midst of the blackest barathrum of misery and woe, and who ten times a year pass through the body of a death too fearful in its agonies to be even faintly imagined by those of a different make-up. They complain, and are met with the stereotyped: "Fancy! Hypochondrias! Delusion!" Delusion, forsooth! Is that pale and haggard cheek, that pain-thrilled sea of nerve, those drops of almost bloody sweat, that utter prostration of soul, a mere delusion? Will the hypothesis of diseased nerves, liver, heart or stomach account for these things? To the looker-on of surface, Yes; to the student of the soul and its mysteries, No! There is a deeper cause, a higher power in operation. Will the theory of physical disease account for the instantaneous plunging of a man or woman into the deepest anguish who, scarce ten seconds before, was in the enjoyment of perfect health of spirit, soul and body? Never! What means the terrible weight of woe which suddenly leaps upon the soul of the

sensitive? Whence comes this ocean of mental pain and half-sense of retribution, knowing themselves innocent and spotless of all wrong? I will answer. At that moment some one, somewhere, is undergoing all these pangs from apparent cause: The wave of pain has gone out, and, like the needle to the pole, flies directly to those whose position on the plane of the great sympathetic nerve of the universe fits them to receive it. Some one else receives it in turn; but it becomes less intense, degree after degree, until at last only a faint and tiny wave reaches the foot of the throne.

"Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabacthani!" groaned the dying Christ; and the throes of his agony went pulsing through the universal human heart, till the most majestic prince of Seraphim quailed with agony. Even so, still, as in the days of yore, is operative the same great vicarious law.

When the suffering soul turns itself to God, relief comes, but not an instant before. This latter law — for it is one — was well known in ancient times, and amongst the higher classes of the Orient is so still. It and its operation is well set forth by a modern poet of Islam: —

"'Allah, Allah!' cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like honey grew.
But at morning came the Tempter; said, 'Call louder, child of Pain!
See if Allah ever hears, or answers, "*Here am I*," again.'
Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.
Then before him stands Elias; says, 'My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?'—
'Ah!' he cried, 'I've called so often; never heard the "Here am I;"
And I thought God will not pity; will not turn on me his eye.'
Then the grave Elias answered, 'God said, Rise, Elias; go
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe.
Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That *his* prayer, "Come, gracious Allah!" is *my* answer, "Here am I!"
Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"

I do not say, nor did I discover, that all sensitives, at all times, are the mystic sympathants of those who suffer; for such is not the case. Much suffering comes to them from other causes and sources; yet that a great deal of mental agony *does* come from the source stated, I became perfectly convinced.

The last twenty years, I also saw, — by the action of a retrospective faculty of my soul, then discovered and applied for the first time, — has been productive of more misery than any period of equal length since the world began; for the reason, among others, that the people's nerves and brains are keener, fuller, quicker in action, and more alive to sensations than in the years precedent. The mental and physical culture of the people has been such, that not one civilizee in five thousand enjoys good health in either department of common human nature. Much of the misery extant in the world to-day is solely attributable to the extraordinary sensitiveness now characterizing such vast numbers of people; and which morbid condition — for there are two kinds of sensitives, the natural and the hot-house growths, the last of which I now allude to — owes its origin to, First, a general overworking of the brain, to the total neglect of the muscular system. Second, improper diet, in time, kind and quantity. Third, heedlessness in clothing, in reference to color, texture and amount; carelessness in regard to heat, light, cold, sleep, and physical magnetico-electrical influences. Fourth, personal magnetic influences. Fifth, the metaphysical nature of modern thought and study. Sixth, irregularity and excess, extending to all things connected with human existence, by reason of which the funds in the bank of life are exhausted at the very time they ought to be most plentiful. Seventh, modern spiritualism, which, by reason of its intensity, attracts and absorbs nearly all human attention, to the exclusion of everything else; causes people to exchange common sense for "philosophies" not half so useful; induces a sort of intellectual fever; lifts a man above the earth; makes him forgetful of his body, by holding up his spirit to his view; promises to set his feet on solid rock, and ends by, as it should, throwing out the factitious props and stilts whereon he has

stood to catch glimpses of what lies on the other side, and letting him fall back upon his own resources finally.

All these things, the last included, previous to its ultimate effect, have, by inducing morbidness of thought and sentiment, principle and feeling, unfitted man to either live or die. The result has been, the development of a sensitiveness so acute, that persons are enabled to penetrate the surface of both things and people, and the result of this involuntary inspection is the discovery that there is many a rotten spot in the fairest-looking fruit — many an unworthy motive underlying the fairest pretence — nothing but duplicity where friendship was thought to dwell — lust and passion, under the guise of esteem and love — and many more such unveilings of the seeming, and disclosures of the real. This sensitiveness is morbid, but its revelations are, alas! quite frequently too true; and the effect it produces is an inveterate suspicion of all things and people, and an utter loss of confidence in the entire human race. This is the hidden reason why a certain order of those who call themselves Spiritualists are so unhappy and discontented; and it is this also that has suggested the ten thousand and ten panaceas for all the ills of life now so freely scattered up and down the walks of the social world. To this cause is to be attributed the thousand mad Quixotic schemes for rejuvenating the world, — from "Free-love" to "Angel-movements," "Woman's Rights" to "Land Reform." This it is that separates people — engulfs thousands in the sea of idle and useless speculation — entangles thousands more in the meshes of sophistry, under the name of "Philosophy," — wise and otherwise, — and this it is that makes people lonely, and throngs the ways of Earth and Spirit-land with pilgrims of Solitude, surrounded by millions.

It is never your boisterous, jolly, rubicund subject who reaches the penetralia of things, and who thenceforth casts off the world in despair, declares the play of life is only a dismal tragedy, and becomes at heart a hermit of the misanthropic order. Oh, no! far from it! Such belong to the first or lower orders of men; *they* can find company anywhere, at any time. Careless they, no matter whether it rains or shines; it's all the

same to them whether school keeps or not. Of those who receive little, but little is expected. It is your fine-nerved people, the really great-hearted man or woman — those who pertain to the second or other and higher orders of mankind — your natural aristocrats of the Soul-worlds — when they get there — who on earth suffer greatest and undergo the most.

This general information came to me as I flitted on by the home-sides of those whom I loved, and who, in turn, loved *me*. *Loved* me! What a world in a word!

In the preceding pages I stated that there were two draughts of knowledge which came to slake my deathless soul-thirst, while I waited and wished for Nellie and the old man who went with her. The law of soul is this: any question, the answer to which can be comprehended by the asker, may be propounded to itself in the absolute certainty of a correct response, provided the knowledge it conveys be adapted to the ends of good and use, to either the neighbor or the self. This is an integral law of the very being, no matter where that being may be located. On earth men are not pure nor properly situated; hence it is far more difficult for them to elicit the required knowledge than it is for those who are not embodied; yet the law is as operative on the lowest earth as in the highest heaven. In accordance with the principle laid down, that which I have faintly set forth came to me; but the second lesson, which seemed to be a sequential suggestion of what I thought was an attack upon the external wall of my inclosing sphere, conveyed wisdom as well as knowledge, the good of which will be seen by those who carefully analyze it.

My glance now fell full and direct upon the point where the disturbance of the crystalline barrier was greatest; and while wondering if it could withstand the effort made by some power on its exterior to breach it, or whether it would remain intact until my wished-for friends arrived, I began to study its composition. It was evidently not material, and yet it was something quite as substantial. Among men the surrounding envelope of the body is called the "odylic sphere;" yet odyle is material, therefore this could not be formed of that. It was not soul-

substance, because it was far grosser, and served a greatly inferior purpose. It was not spirit either. Here then was a demand for useful knowledge; nor was it long ere that demand was fully supplied; for it came to me that embodied man represented God in his threefold nature, Body, Spirit, conscious Soul or Thinking Principle; that each of these must essentially differ from the others, and in a scientific sense be high, higher, and most high; and that, too, not by reason of continuity or rarefaction, but by disparates and insulations. Now, all three exist in, of, and constitute the same individual; wherefore, there must be at least two substances, differing in toto from the three primaries, yet of a nature enabling them to cling to and connect the principals. What were these two substances? At a glance I saw that the materials of a human body gave forth an atmosphere which serves to connect it with the life, or materio-spiritual part of man, and ties each by soluble links to both the material and spiritual worlds. This is the odylic sphere. What connects soul with spirit? The second glance revealed to me the fact that every monad, carnate and conscious alike, embodied or free, mere monad or developed soul, was surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, unique, single, atomless, homogeneous, and elastic. This envelope is very ethereal, and is called Ethylle; it connects soul with spirit, and unites all three worlds, body, soul, and spirit together, and constitutes not only the spheres, but the "Personal Nebulæ," out of which the immortal spark creates its surrounding sphere or world, when disembodied, and whereof it, while in the flesh, erects its stately *chateaux en espagne*, — its castles in the air. Here was a new solution of a mystery that had troubled not only myself, but many a philosopher, and a solution, too, in perfect and strict accordance with the principles of the Great Harmonead; for the Nebulous Ocean inclosing the Spacial Halls of Deity, wherein roll the starry systems, is the ethyllic envelope of the Eternal One, is the material whereof he, through his servants, the Forces, fashioneth the mighty fabrics now floating in the azure.

Following hard upon the last great discovery, came another,

not perhaps so sublime, but quite as useful; it was this: The mental effort whose results have just been recorded, had the effect of uplifting my soul, and firing it with ambition to such an extent or degree, that, seeing how little I knew, and how vast the fields of the unknown were, I regretted my poor, weak human nature, and, almost hating it, became impatient of restraint, because I could not take wing, and, flying to the Grand Centre, merge my being into that of God himself, and thus become all-knowing, all-Being, all-Life. I was beset with the same sin that hurled Lucifer down from the empyreal heights of the vast heaven; and like him, too, most bitterly did I regret my daring; for almost on the very instant that this sacrilegious thought took possession of my soul, my mind lost its clarity, my vision became dim and misty, my equanimity was lost, and was succeeded by a state entirely different —a sort of childliness of feeling. Almost instantly my soul lost sight of the magnificent field just opened to its inspection, and was forced, by a power not then understood, to turn completely round, and direct its gaze earthward. Resistance being vain, I did so, and observed directly opposite the point of attack, upon the sphereal wall, a window-like opening, through which I looked down the vista of a lane of light, bounded on either side by an impenetrable amorphous wall. One end of this lane terminated on earth, the other in the Soul-world; and from the peculiar nature of the lesson shortly conveyed, I became aware of two things; first, that neither knowledge nor joy ever flow into the secret chambers of the soul, unless the receptacle vessels therein are duly prepared to receive them; for although knowledge may become a thing of memory, yet it can only remain stored up like corn in a granary, and never become of positive value, or serve as soul-food, until that soul itself is in a condition to digest and assimilate it. Secondly, there could no longer be a doubt but that I was being practically instructed by an invisible being of masterly wisdom and accomplishments; and from the nature of the emotions within me, to which this thought gave rise, there was but little if any doubt that this invisible teacher was the mysterious "Him," to

whom Nellie had so mischievously alluded, when she invited me to come with her.

If a woman is loved, no matter where she be, no matter by whom, or where the lover may be, she knows it instantly, without being told of it. It comes to her just as naturally as the vapors sail before the summer breeze. I *knew* that somebody loved me; and that, although unseen hitherto, that "some one" was loved by me. The telegraph of Affection is swifter and surer than that of electric batteries, and every true woman knows it, no matter whether she be dead or alive.

As the sense of this flashed over me, my heart went up to God in *such* a prayer of gratitude as only they can feel and know whose deathless yearnings have been fully satisfied. My soul rejoiced in its new tutelage, and it praised God for this sense of the presence in action, if not in sight, of one who took an interest in clearing my pathway to Wisdom's coast, thus early on my everlasting journey toward the shores of the Infinite Sea, — a revelation concerning which will appear in the sequel; and one, too, compared to which, the grandest and most beautiful things contained in the present volume are comparatively trivial.

The further end of the lane of light terminated at a spot where was being enacted a scene of a drama wherein the actors were denizens of three worlds, — Earth, Soul-world, and Middle State. The lesson taught me was, that very often organization, to a great extent, governs and determines human destiny.

Before a vast audience, on a Sabbath night, stood a lonely man, — one with massive and active brain, but thin, weak and puny body, — therefore an unbalanced character. The woman who seven and twenty years before had given him birth, had imparted her own sensitive nature to her child; while the man through whose agency God had incarnated the lonely one, was of an ambitious, affectionate, but passionate and passional nature. The son thus congenitally biased and tainted had grown to man's estate, and from various social and other causes, he being a *sang mêlée*, had suffered to such a degree that his

soul was driven in upon itself to a great extent; which, while rendering him still more sensitive and morbid, also caused his soul to expand knowledge-ward, become wonderfully intuitive and aspiring, yet bound up by the affectional nature within his own personal or individual sphere. But such souls resist this damming up; hence occasionally the banks overflowed, and he became passional; forgot his dignity; was led to believe that whoever *said* love, *meant* love; was beset with temptation, and yielded, until at last his heart was torn to pieces, and his enveloping sphere became so tender and weak, that it could not withstand any determined attack thereon; and thus he, like thousands more whose spheres are thus invalidated and relaxed, became very sensitive to influences of all sorts and characters, and a ready tool and subject for the exploitations and experiments of disembodied inhabitants of the Middle State. He became a medium! Of course this circumstance and qualification necessarily threw him into the society of those who accept the modern theurgy.

In proportion to the self-abandonment and personal abnegation, the degree to which the will is vacated, do such persons become good mediums. The more immersed in the theurgic studies and novelties they are, the more they lose themselves, and their value ceases to be individual, but only representative. In the last sense they inspire a liking in the minds of others, but in their former capacity, none so generous as to really love and pity them; for, being perfect automata, subject to any and all sorts of influences, they become all things by turns, and nothing long; hence they are accused of inconsistency and everything else, by the very people, to serve and amuse and instruct whom they have vacated themselves, and consented tacitly to be drained of the last drop of man and womanhood by harpies and vampires from both sides of the grave.

The man before me had been guilty of this supreme folly, and, like many a score of others, had failed to realize that no man or woman can ever be loved alone as the representative or official, but only *as* man or woman; nor that the more one merges him or herself in an office, the more one sinks the indi-

vidual in the representative, the less are their chances of being either loved or respected. This is one of the reasons why mediums are, as a class, unhappy and discontented, always craving love and sympathy for their own sakes, and never getting either. *As* mediums and speakers, they have friends and admirers by the hundred; but let their gift be lost, or themselves be demented or driven into some silly act, and, lo! the "friends" drop off like rain from a roof. Of course, there are those who will deny this; but it is true, nevertheless, and will remain so, until these sensitives learn the lesson of self-conservation, and exchange the passive for the active mediumship—the BLENDING for their automacy.

Let it be observed, that every human being is surrounded with an atmosphere emanating from themselves, and that these enveloping auras are charged by the man or woman with all the qualities, good or bad, pertaining to the individual. Thus, a person's sphere may be full of snakes (figuratively speaking), asps, spiders, toads, and all manner of foul, vile, and venom-meaning things; while, at the same time, the speech and external conduct of these same persons may be of the blandest kind. Now no sensitive can long associate with such without the imminent danger of foul contagion; which, to the extent that it affects them, is INSANITY. Let one of them be in company, pure, good, honest and true, and they will be the same; let them mingle with Atheists, Harmonialists, Infidels, Free Lovers, Catholics, Protestants, Philosophers, Scientists, Christians, no matter whom, and straightway they become tinctured with corresponding sentiments and opinions. Nor is this all; for people from the transmundane worlds are attracted to persons of corresponding sentiments, as well as to those who, not so, are yet magnetic sensitives, and most gladly avail themselves of the presence of such, to give forth their opinions on everything in general and nothing in particular. This explains why a certain class of mediums blow hot and cold as the days go by; for scarce an hour in the week are they properly themselves, but nearly all the time are representing somebody else,

either in or out of the body, to whose magnetism they have ingloriously succumbed.

I was speaking of spheres which encompass individuals. They, as all other things in the great Harmonead, are rhythmical. Men and their spheres, like musical notes, are of varying quantity and value. Some are whole notes, double notes, halfs, eighths, sixteenths, thirty-seconds, sixty-fourths, and so on. The last four sorts are plentiful; the first three are rather scarce. The last can never approach the value of the first, albeit they will reach to heights and values infinitely beyond where they may chance to be at present; but when they reach the point now occupied by notes one, two, and three, these latter will have attained a vastly higher place on the infinite scale. Nor is this all; for the law of physical gravitation has its correspondent in the psychical realm. A stone let fall from a height reaches the ground at a constantly accelerating rate of speed, which speed is itself determined by the greater or less amount of density and weight contained within a given bulk. Thus a cubic inch of cork will be longer on the journey than a corresponding cube of solid steel. And so with the human soul. A, B, and C, being more unfolded at the start than E, F, and G, by reason of better antecedents and conditions, will, for all eternity, widen the distance at first separating them. To return. The human notes (and those of spheres), like their correspondents of the musical staff, and of color, are governed by a law of their own. A perfect human society would be perfectly melodious and harmonic, for the reason that every individual would fill his or her proper sphere, and to which they are constitutionally fitted and adapted. Illustration: The sphere of A is sympathetical, and accordant with and to that of C and E, though not with B and F (the law of thirds and fifths), but these latter will accord with other notes, with which also A can assimilate perfectly, and thus the entire human scale can affinitize, and would, were it not that many uncongenial notes are huddled and jumbled together in that utter distraction and confusion called Society. The sole cause of all the dissatisfaction and discord in the world is to be found in the fact, that human

notes, like musical ones, often occupy wrong places on the leger lines of being; and all that is needed to set them right is not, as many world-savers imagine, a complete destruction of the existing system, but merely a little judicious transposition, to be effected by the great transposer, Common Sense.

As I gazed through the lane of light upon the man before the audience, I saw that he, like others, was a good note, capable of filling an important place in the Harmonead, but he was far from being in the right spot, and for two reasons; one of which was a too violent ambition to know mysteries beyond him, and to change sinners into saints by eloquent speech; hence he, like myself a few moments before, became impatient, the result of which was a self-doom to lower planes of thought, act and observation. I found that he was unsuccessful also from another cause. Believing himself to be right; that his knowledge was real; that his intuitions were reliable; and, knowing that many fields lay open before his soul for exploration which were sealed to others, his spirit grew restive from neglect, and the lack of attention he thought his truths demanded; and, from the height of power, he fell to abjectness, because he could not, would not, pander to the popular taste and fancy. This last was a "sin" in the right direction truly; but one that took many a mouthful of bread from his wife and little ones, who had been well fed, clothed and cared for, if the spirit of pride had given way to policy, imposture and craft; three counterpoints which would have brought out, set off and relieved certain beauties whose effect would have been "Popularity" below, but regrets, deep and bitter, in the Soul-world. Fool was he, or was he not, for refusing to ring the dull changes suited to the edification and advancement of so-called "Philosophers and Reformers," people who hold Jesus up to ridicule, and speak of God as "The chap supposed to dwell beyond the stars"! No! His true place was as the centre of a few prayerful souls, and the wielder of the pen for God's sake, instead of being the mouth-piece and oracle of and for those who next day would not only forget, but previously curse him for his pains.

It came to me that such is the fate of nearly all that class of persons who cultivate spiritual acquaintances at the cost of loss of will and complete self-sacrifice. These people, at best, are only the ephemera of the age, and well it is that such is the case. They are sneered at, vilified, scandalized, and traduced — sapped of the last drop of vitality, and then exultingly laughed at for being such fools; and when the days of hardship come, but very few of those for whom the tremendous sacrifice has been made, will go to their relief. In fact these human-looking and humane-talking people can stand the self-immolated victim's grief and sorrow very well indeed. The rising tide may engulf the lonely ones, and not a hand of them all be stretched out to save. True, such conduct is in strict accordance with the way of the world, but it is a very bad way, and those who follow it will pay for their folly in the coming ages.

Instead of using these unfortunates in this manner, the true motto and resolve of every one should be: "It may be that God or Destiny is working out some deep and instructive problem, through that man or woman, for the world's best good. It is well to be on the safe side, and therefore best to treat them tenderly and kindly; for it may happen that it shall be said to us hereafter: "Even as ye have treated the least of these, my servants, ye have also treated me!" It will be pleasant to know, in the upper worlds, that you have dried some tears and bound up some bleeding wounds in the lower ones.

Thus I stood and viewed, at one glance, both cause and result. The man's body was haggard, his spirit very, very weary, and the enveloping sphere was literally torn into shreds. These spheres can only be kept intact and entire by the exercise of an active will; but this man's will, like that of vast numbers of the mediumistic class, — the automata of the dwellers in the Middle State, — had slept, and that so soundly that nothing but the echoes of his own misery could break it. Such people let things take their own course, or else rely on Spirits and earthly friends, instead of on themselves and Deity. They pursue the ways of such a false life, heedless of the inevitable consequences of sorrow and disaster that must ensue; they forget that to be

even a moderately talented man or woman is infinitely preferable to being the mere machine and mouth-piece of the loftiest seraph in the great Valhalla of the Skies — and that, too, for reasons plainly discernible.

I saw with grief and consternation that not one medium in every ten had a perfect envelope, — else they would not be so easily influenced by mortals, nor obsessed and possessed by the dead people from the mid-regions beyond the earth.

Through these openings the bodies and souls of mediums may be and are attacked, the remnant of will destroyed or lulled, the moral sense stupefied, and the entire being subjugated by spectral harpies and human ghouls, who wander on either bank of existence.

Good spirits do not break the sphere! They approach the crown of the head and infuse thoughts, else blend themselves with the subject, but never by destroying either consciousness or will. Evil spirits attack the lower brain, the amative organs, the lower passions, and force the spheres of their victims. In a similar way the bad people destroy and ruin good ones.

Many people, when reading the Scriptures, are inclined to explain away many things as "poetry" which ought not to be so interpreted. Thus the first chapter of the book of Job contains the following assertions, which it would be well to read oftener and more carefully: "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Satan here undoubtedly means an evil chief of the harpy bands infesting the borders of both worlds, whose sole delight it is to circumvent God and man, and bring all good things to an evil end. Whether this state of things shall continue, depends not upon God or the devils, but upon man, and his actions, influence and aspirations. Those ill-meaning ones who live just beyond the threshold often attain their ends by subtly infusing a semi-sense of volitional power into the minds of their

intended victims; so that at last they come to believe themselves to be self-acting, when in fact they are but the merest shuttlecocks, bandied about between the battledores of knavish devils on one side, and devilish knaves upon the other; and between the two the poor wretches are nearly heart-reft and destroyed.

For every ill there is a remedy, God-sanctioned and provided; and the only one in such cases is the reintegration and rejuvenation of the will, and the repairing therewith of the disrupted sphere. The way that end is accomplished is through the instrumentality of prayer and a persistent exercise of will. No person, who is at all reasonable, will for one moment believe that any of the profounder mysteries have yet been revealed by the class of spiritual beings who rap, tip, turn tables, and entrance mediums, — the effect of all of which should only be to merely call attention, in well-regulated minds, to a new class of demonstrative evidence of the soul's immortality. When the intercourse between the two worlds shall have become normal, healthful and regular, the earth's inhabitants may look for light from beyond, of a nature and character far, very far above aught that yet has come; and that much of the coming light will reach the earth in the same mode as that which is herein given must be apparent, because the process is a normal and healthful one, producing satisfaction and content instead of doubt and distrust, as has been the case heretofore.

Mankind in either world are as yet only on the borders, — the very edges of being and of knowledge, — and men must and will come *en rapport* with the higher life only by living correct lives below.

The first step toward this normal inspiration and enlightenment consists in gaining a complete mastery of the self, the purpose, and the will. The man or woman who believes what any spiritual being may rap, tip, talk out, or write about, merely because *it is* a Spirit, has not yet left off childish things. In the coming time men will derive information directly from the Soul-worlds, and not by the proxy of tables and spirits, as now.

The course here recommended is the true and only one capa-

ble of effecting the redemption and liberation of the obsessed from the terrible thraldom to which, by their own unwise action, they have been subjected. The sufferings of the class alluded to ought to be prima facie evidence to themselves that their methods of dealing with the dead are not the proper ones, nor such as should be adopted by any sane or rational being. Their miseries, as a general thing, are severe enough to excite the pity and commiseration of even a fiend; yet scarce ten in a hundred of these self-immolated victims receive even the poor meed of thanks, much less food and raiment, for their toil and pains. By self-abnegation and resignation of the will, they have brought their misery upon themselves, by opening their spheres for the free entrance of whatever apocryphal philosopher or saint, whose identity they can NEVER prove, may choose to accept their invitation; and after displacing their own common sense, substitute a very *un*-common kind in lieu thereof. It is only by an assertion of self, of will, — a persistent upbuilding and reparation of the shattered fabric of their personal spheres, — that the evil can be kept distant and the good be attracted and entertained. The great mass of obsessing and demonstrating spirits are from the Middle Kingdoms; some of them are very powerful, and are scripturally spoken of as "Princes and Powers of the Kingdoms of the air." The better class are denizens of the pure Soul-worlds, which is as far removed from the Mid-region as light is from shadow. It is only by beating them off, that mediums can ever hope to regain their self-control, establish a communion with the divine City of pure souls, and successfully pass through the body of their double death, into the calm, sweet and holy atmosphere of the blissful regions which exist above.

Millions there are, around whose hearts the tendrils of fondest love do cling, whose happiness is centred in some dear one's heart, and to whom life were a dreary waste and barren, were they deprived of the sweet and cheering presence of their lost ones, at least in memory. The question of questions to these is, "Shall we meet again? shall the broken links be reunited in the lands beyond the River? When Death shall have

sealed us apart, comes there ever a time when that seal shall be melted, and we loving ones clasp each other in a fond embrace?" Such are vital questions, to which different answers must be given.

One of the secrets which I soon discovered in the Soul-world was that consanguinity, although a very strong bond of union between people, is by no means the strongest. Those souls are nearest who occupy the same position on the plane of development. Thus it often happens that brothers and sisters are really less related than the same persons are to the most distant strangers. Children are often born of the same parents, whose appearance, conversation, deportment, constitution, habits, disposition and proclivities are as different as different can be. Such relations have nothing in common, save that the monad constituting the soul of each becomes incarnate in the same matrix; that is all. All monads vary; some are more unfolded and unfoldable than others, and while the intrinsic quality of each corresponds, yet conditions may cause a higher expression of one than another, or that same one under different circumstances. Thus a monad, be it never so ripe it itself, is *forced* to surround itself with certain spiritual and material envelopes, furnished by the father, on its passage from his soul-cells to the gestative chamber wherein it clothes itself with corporality. Now, whatever clings to the monad on its passage is totally external, and is charged with the man. If he is a sot or libertine, blood-thirsty or ambitious, cheerful or despondent, these states are impressed upon all his juices and fluids, nervous, physical or spiritual; and the envelopes of the *commissioned* monad, partaking of these impressions, subsequently develops in the *same direction*, and, on the principles of attraction and impression, affect the fore-future of the contained monad or germ-soul. That this is true, and that all the ill is impressed externally, is proved by the fact that a couple may have children during one decade, wherein the parents live upon a low external plane, which children will be angular, and manifest any but lovely and genial traits. The same persons, during the second decade, may reform and become deeply moved with relig-

ious sentiment, such as expresses itself in prayer-meetings, singing, and violent faith-practice. The children born under this reign will be deeply excitable, fervent, ambitious, sensitive, boisterous at times, and, as a general thing, superficial and changeable. During the third decade, when common sense, practical rationality, and just and noble views of life and its obligations shall have taken the place of their previous state; when cleanliness, light, air, and sunshine, daily-acted prayers instead of loud-mouthed lip-worship, constitute some of the elements of their religion; and when their bodies have become purified by proper living, eating, drinking and labor, their children will be born with larger brains, better bodies, nobler appearances; and their career through life will correspond. All this is as true as the Eternal Gospel, and shows that, although ill and evil are deeply rooted in the human soil, yet they are by no means ineradicable.

All men know that they often feel more love and friendship for strangers than they do for their own blood brothers; and friendship, when real, and not based upon physical properties, or selfish motives, is a thing that unquestionably survives the ordeal of the grave. Persons *thus* bound together will and do meet, whether of the same lineage or not. But it often happens that the best of earthly friends belong to and represent two distinct orders of soul; and it may be that they pertain to orders so widely separated, that on earth, as in the heavens, they must lose each other, and strike hands and hearts over a gulf impassable by either. Do you not see hundreds of proofs of this all around you on the earth? A tender, gentle, delicate girl often clings, with all the desperate energy of idolization, to some rough, coarse, uncouth, unkempt and brutish fellow. The love of that poor heart will redeem that man from many a horror in the Middle State, and ensure his speedier entrance into the lovely gardens of the Soul-world! The same principle is demonstrated even among the animals, between opposite species of whom the fondest attachments often exist, as is seen in the Happy Families of menageries; the love of a lion for a tigress, a cat for a rat, a horse for a hog, a serpent for a rabbit, and,

last and greatest, the love of the dog for a man, — an affection so deep and pure, that it puts that between human beings to the blush of shame by comparison; for the dog — generous, noble dog! — everywhere sacrifices every other love, and devotes his entire being to the services of his human friend.

Dogs and birds abound in both the Spirit and the Soul-worlds. In both they are representatives of states — loves, affections — and are found in the former realm quite as often as in the latter, for the reason that the coarsest, most wicked, and brutal man, he who most violently hates his kind, yet must, and *does*, and will love something, and the dog is almost universally that object, else a bird or fowl; for how often do you see the drunkard followed by his faithful cur, and how frequently the hardest man in a community lavishes the most tender care upon a fowl — a game-cock, a parrot or canary — sweet, beautiful, lovely canary!

The first reply to the question, "Shall we friends meet again?" must be answered affirmatively. You will *meet*, but whether ye *remain* together is another question, and depends altogether on the rapidity with which the one shall unfold and develop up to the point occupied by the other. But, if the one friend belongs to one order, and the other to a higher, then the electric chain of unity will connect ye over the vastest ocean of infinite space. Everything moves in elliptical orbits in the material, spiritual and affectional realms alike. In the Soul-world the foci of this ellipse are Memory and Hope. The lines constituting it are also the lines of the great Harmonead, — the vast Sympathia; every human being, good as well as evil, is located on its plane, and along its wires forever is flashing love and well-wishing, and every heart *must* have its pulses quickened by the warm magnetic outflow. The sun's heat falls at an angle which enables Nova Zembla's icebergs to laugh at his efforts to melt them; they have laughed these myriad centuries; will laugh, perhaps, for hundreds more; yet the sun is patient, still shines on, and with such a steady radiance and blandness, that the frozen North begins to quake with apprehension lest its reign be forever closed; for somehow it begins to feel that

the question of its regnancy is only one of time, and that heat *is*, after all, more powerful than cold, love than hatred; wherefore it must one day yield, — resolve its ices into liquid flow; cause its frozen heaps to ride upon the waves toward the steaming seas; relieve the poles; let the earth swing round, and all surface-earth smile with green gladness. So with the worlds beyond. The rays of goodness have long shone upon the evil ones of the Middle State, and have bounded off again. Still around go the flashes again and again; for neither God nor true human souls grow tired of loving, even though that love be repelled seven, seventy, or seven myriads of times! Around goes the flash, and at every circuit *some* good is done! Navigators tell you that every year the number and bulk of icebergs from the Northern oceans increase in number in the Southern seas. Every one of them is a victory achieved by Persuasion over Force; and even so the population of the realms of the Soul-worlds is constantly increased by the accession of people who, having got tired of Hell, voted it unpleasant, and have deemed it expedient to emigrate to Heaven, — a land which, they have learned from missionaries, abounds in milk and honey, and all good things whatsoever. Every one of this host of emigrants is an accession to the Good, and a loss irreparable to the Bad! Every one is a symbol of the victory of Right over Wrong. By and by there will be a total depopulation of the Middle Kingdoms, and their places will be supplied with something better; and the sooner mankind cease to do evil and learn to do well, the quicker will this much-desired hegira take place.

Pure love changes males into men; and when men become what they are capable of in an upward direction, the Middle State will cease to be replenished by such as love ill.

Of course, in a work professedly dealing with and explaining the principia, like this, it is impossible to enter fully into specialities; that task is deferred till another occasion.

No truer saying ever was uttered than that God helps those who help themselves; — a work which every one, especially the mediumistic class, are especially called on to perform.

There being two sides to everything, there is the same to mediumship. The non-injurious kind is that which I advocate, and it consists in the Blending process already alluded to and explained. No possible harm can result from it. On the contrary, the popular sort, originating in the Orient long centuries ago, and now revived in these latter days, can but be injurious to the last degree, because it consists in the usurpation of the living by the UNKNOWN! There *is* a better way — a safer road, a thornless route — by means of which to reach all the knowledge, and far more besides, which is sought to be obtained by the other practice. That surer means does not consist in an abandonment of self, or stultification of the moral sense and will, nor in Mesmerism, or the use of "circles," — the pestilent things, — nor in the employment of any unhealthful means, but in an increase and strengthening of will, and consciousness, and moral purpose; not in a *loss* of consciousness or responsibility, but in an intensification and growth thereof. This better sort of Spiritualism is based upon the heart and soul; not, like the other sort, upon the nerves and body. This better sort protects the sphere from the attacks, amatory and cerebral, to which the acolytes of the other kind are subjected. If people went direct to God for enlightenment, instead of to spirits, who so frequently deceive, there would be much less, in fact no evil at all, resulting from the intercourse over the bridges of Time and Eternity; and, by firmly relying on Him whose very existence thousands of the inhabitants of the Middle State deny and scout the bare idea of, people would not only be able to preserve their odylic spheres intact, but would be protected from the diabolic influence and machinations of the harpies who infest the Threshold, and frequently deliver long and sounding platitudes from the lips of shut-eyed members of the two sexes; for they are not men and women yet, by a great deal. No one is, who yields the will and resigns both soul and body to any spectral experimenter in phreno-mesmerism who may chance to flit along, in their excursions "up and down the world," and who are continually "going to and fro therein." Reasonable people, whether of earth or higher worlds, are beginning to weary of seeing and hear-

ing sensible-looking men and women, with closed eyes, pacing up and down a platform, and, with folly-driven tongue, giving vent to "philosophy" which neither God, angels nor men can comprehend a word of!

Before long, something of the realities of the soul and its hidden history will be known, and then ambitious mouthers will no longer split the ears of the people with senseless harangues —*olla-podridas* compounded of moonshine and nonsense— pseudo-philosophic hash, concocted of fish, flesh and fowl, most *foul*, gammon of Bacon and Swedenborg essences, whereof the great Seer is as innocent as Peter the Hermit was of slaying Abel. The time approaches when a better state of things shall exist, and more rational views of human immortality be entertained by the masses. People have made a great mistake in supposing that all the high-flown stuff spoken, written or printed, as emanations from the worlds beyond, were really true; for much of it originated in the brains of the deliverers thereof, whilst more of it is but the result of tricky exploitations of disembodied wags, or downright evil spirits. Another and very popular error is, that the advent of Spiritualism constitutes the opening dawn of a New Dispensation; that it is to supersede Christianity, or to become the *nucleoli* of a new order of sects, or even the nucleus or pivot of a single one. No, no; Spiritualism has not yet produced fruit in the souls of its believers, at all to be compared to those growing on the tree planted on the stony heights of Calvary nearly two thousand years ago! It is, in itself, powerless to supersede a system so infinitely grand and sublime as that founded by the twelve fishermen and their illustrious Lord. Nor is such its mission. Supply and demand wait ever upon each other. The sense of human immortality, in community, the wide world over, had grown dull, vague and indistinct, lulled by the droning music and somnifying humdrum of theology. Churchianity to a great degree had usurped the office and functions of Christianity, and the sense of an hereafter had so nearly died out, that bad advocates of annihilation preached and printed their infernal libels on the corners of the world's highway, and millions began to seriously

question wherein man was entitled to what animals were not; while philosophic hucksters still, with quirk and grimace, howled forth "Books proving God a myth, Christ a bastard, the Bible a lie, immortality a lame delusion, and virtue mere nonsense!" And then these peddlers bawled: "What pre-eminence hath a man above a brute? Wherein is he better than the dogs which perish? Who knoweth the spirit of a man that it goeth upward, or the spirit of a beast that it is blotted out and goeth outward like an extinguished lamp, or downward like a lead to the bottom of nonentity? Come, buy my books! come, buy my books!"

Surely here was a demand for light upon the tremendous question, "Are we to be, or not to be, when life's fitful fever is o'er?" Here was a question requiring the lips of the infinite God to answer — and He did! for with the weakest instruments He confounded earth's greatest and wisest men. Through a harlot's daughter was met and vanquished all opposers of His truth, that "Death was not the destiny of man;" through a barber's clerk was revealed the Hierarchy of the vast Heaven; through a country-school teacher was declared the Order and the Majesty of Being; and through the agency even of the wicked dead was demonstrated man's continued life! Spiritualism came, not as the superseder of the Christ, but as the final demonstrator of His truth. It came to transfuse new energy into man and man's religion; it comes to point the better way, and to foreshadow the radiant glories now beneath the horizon; it comes saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord — make His paths straight by straightening thine own!" It comes to infuse new and glowing hope in every heart bowed down; and from the hill-tops and the valleys of the world alike, it points man's vision upward, and bids him, in the midst of all his trouble and sorrow, to "Remember, God is there! up there! In the steep and radiant sky He paints the picture of the YET TO BE, and sending spiritual duplicates thereof to His children in their deep sleep, bids the dreamer behold them, treasure their memory, and to live — live highly, purely, nobly, manfully! Live, live, and die no more forever!"

Spiritualism — true Spiritualism — is one expression and

element of the soul of the age, — an age whose body is exceedingly corrupt; and it so quickens the intuitions of some of the watchers on the tower, that they can already see the glimmer of the rising sun of gladness, — a sun, too, whose glorious beams will dissipate all the fogs and mists now bending over human heads, and shutting out the light of higher heavens than optician's glass can ever reveal. Ay, truly do some behold the hither end of the bow of promise, and these are singing the song of approaching joy: —

"The wiser time will surely come
When this fine overplus of night,
No longer sullen, slow or dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.
In that new childhood of the world,
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins be hurled,
And Labor meet Delight half-way."

There can be no doubt but that the days of Evil by God are numbered — those arising from obsession included.

Gazing still adown the lane of light, I saw that a process had been commenced in the soul of the man upon the stage, who was about to address the assembled crowd, — a process, too, which would ultimately set him free, — for already his sphere indicated the beginning of the reparatory action; and in precisely so far as he helped himself, and shook off the influence of others, just so far did one or two attendant and radiantly bright beings, of a high and pure order, assist and protect him; and, gazing upon the scroll of his destiny, I saw that in a few years from that day he would complete his apprenticeship, and stand before the world no longer an automaton, but a firm and solid-minded man; that, no longer lecturing upon useless metaphysical abstractions, he would, for three years, preach the gospel of truth and true Christianity, with a power and effect never to be attained by human machines, but only by good, well-developed, unfolded, and harmonic souls.* . . . . Slowly

* The reader need not be told that this vision was my own, nor that the entire revelation is *my soul's* experience; its reasonings and its results all,

the opening through which this great practical drama was seen, and its beautiful teachings conveyed to me, closed up, and once more I stood solitary in the midst of my aural sphere. Looking now toward the point wherefrom I had turned a little while before, my eyes observed that the apparent attack upon its integrity was still going on; but this was mechanical only, for my mind was dwelling upon things of far more interest and importance. Amongst other lessons gained during the brief time that I had been dead to earth, alive to a higher existence, was this: The terrestrial world itself is really spiritual, could mankind but perceive it. For instance, every tree, shrub, flower, plant and animal is not only possessed of an ideal and thought-representative value, but they are themselves essentially spiritual; for the bark, and leaves, and woody fibre, the flower-petals, and all that physical eyes behold, are not the things they seem, but are merely the outer-coats and coverings, the cloaks and garments which the things themselves put on; the nature of the external form being determined by a law integral to the very thing itself, just as a picture is merely the physical embodiment of an idea in the artist's mind. Unfavorable conditions cramp some trees physically; but burn the wood, and the spirit of the tree is as perfect as the Infinite One could fashion it. So also with human trees. Interiorly, many men and women are better than they seem, and many are worse. Still, be it remembered, that beauty and symmetry is natural to trees, even though storms, and snow, and fierce winds dismember and render them hideous; so also virtue and goodness are natural to the human soul, while vice and deformity are artificial and conditional acquisitions. A man may lose an eye, leg, arm, be disfigured by accident or disease to an extent that

all the product of his inner being whose hands pen these lines, — even the Cynthian, Nellian and the Thotmorian experiences are all my own, — and that this book, like Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," is a revelation of truth under similitudes; — the *dramatis personæ*, the out-creations of my own immortal soul; that the experiences were subjective-psychical, and in no sense material, imaginative, borrowed or invented. Mystics will understand the process. — P. B. R.

will render him hideous to all embodied beholders; but let him die, or, while living, be gazed at by spiritual beings, and his legs, arms, eyes, — the whole man stands revealed in all his true proportions. A man's spiritual form may be cut, shot, or slashed through ten thousand times, yet never a bullet or knife will injure him; and this for reasons already set forth in earlier pages of this book. This discovery gave me joy, indeed; for I had known some whose disfigurements had pained me exceedingly. No maimed forms ascend from gory fields of battle; no crippled people inhabit the Soul-worlds. Thank God for that! True, in the regions midway, there are many who, being insane, or immersed in phantasies, insist on appearing as they were on earth, or even in worse plight; but this is not necessarily so, any more than the grimaces of a clown or mountebank are the natural expressions of his features. By this time I had also learned that, with the exception stated previously in reference to the essences of things, the two worlds — earthly and spiritual — were in scarce any one thing alike, as had been taught by those whose books upon the subject I had lost so much valuable time in reading — finely written and eloquent books, truly; yet, after all, I found them now to be filled with —

> "Rich windows that exclude the light
> And passages that lead to — nothing."

My experience demonstrated that the two worlds are not equal, continuous, or even resemblant. In fact, they, being disparates, many failures must necessarily be made in attempting, in the present state of the languages at least, to convey adequate verbal representations of things above to those below, — not with the colloquial and literary, nor even with the aid of modern philosophical, scientific, metaphysical nor theological technics now in use amongst thinkers. But the people are longing for information respecting the soul's condition subsequent to its departure from the rudimental scene; they want to know what a soul is, where it goes, how it gets there, and what are its environments thereafter; consequently the essay to im-

part the required information must be made, even at the risk of adding to the hundred failures already made. The word VAST, for instance, when I apply it in the description about to be given, is not to be understood in the sense of enormousness, but in a different one altogether. Well, then, in a short time, the side of the sphere yielded to the applied force, and broke completely in two from top to bottom, and the two sides instantly thereafter resolved themselves into a vast archway, — vast in beauty, grandeur, color, form and symbolic meaning. Toward the inviting passage thus presented, as if impelled by an invisible, but powerful force, I slowly moved involuntarily. Upon reaching it, the entire sphere seemed to draw into me. I stepped over the threshold; turned to look at it — but, lo! it had vanished.

This taught me a lesson. I saw that if one chose to do so, he might, while on earth and in the Middle State, draw his sphere within him, and lie concealed in the deeps of his own being, unreadable by any save God and the dwellers of the Soul-world. This is effected at first by strong efforts of the will, — both Napoleons are illustrative instances, — which, soon becoming a habit, is effected by the soul mechanically. At first, upon finding myself alone, and my sphere absorbed, I could not comprehend the celestial magic by means of which it was effected. No opportunity, however, was then afforded for investigations of the mystery, for a crowd of new marvels rolled on me in such quick succession, that all my soul became at once deeply engaged. My vision was clear, distinct and far-reaching, and thousands of objects existed upon all sides to attract it. The scene was the realization of the fairest, brightest Arcadie of which rapt poet ever dreamed. Hundreds upon hundreds of the most beautiful of human creatures that imagination ever pictured were there, in all the glory of a *fête* in Heaven. Not a line of care or sorrow traced its course upon a single cheek or brow of the vast multitudes who thronged the glades and gardens of that wondrous realm. It was the actuality of the fairest ideal of earth's noblest poet, and something more; for there was a nameless something about it that earth

can never give. Magnificent and lofty trees, the movement of whose very leaves was sweetest music; streams of living water, whose ripples flashed back ten thousand magic hues of loveliness, to a stately but unmoving Sun in the mid-heaven; flowers of rare conformation, whose colors and fragrance put earthly roses to the blush, unfolded their glory-cups to God's bright sentinel, and praised His name in incense-offerings; bowers of shrubs, resplendent meadows, stately groves, adown the sylvan glades of which scores of merry children trooped, and soul-wed lovers wandered, were a few of the things upon which I gazed in a raptness whereof poets may conceive, but which to colder souls will be mysteries for long. Splendid palaces towered in the distance, while near at hand, on the green banks of many a singing brook, numberless cottages gemmed the scene. Even animals were there, — some of familiar and well-known forms, some of new and singular shape and peculiar grace. Birds — rare birds, of the most brilliant plumage, played amidst the trees, and warbled songs of strange melody and meaning. Such, and a thousand other things beside, not one of which I had ever imagined to exist, were constituents of the scene upon which my eye now rested for the first time. Taken as a whole, the entire vivorama was, in its nature and effect, at that time, incomprehensible, and at first somewhat oppressive; but this latter feeling was very ephemeral, and gave place to a delight at once pure, deep and unalloyed.

When this scene first burst upon me my attitude was one of unmingled surprise, and I retained it all the while my soul was drinking in the glory. Casting my eyes groundward, the vision rested upon an opaque, cloud-like soil; and while inwardly wondering whether the soil was really what it seemed to be, or not, I heard my name called in well-remembered tones. Turning hastily, I found the sounds came from a grove hard by, whence three persons were seen approaching me. They drew nearer, and I had no difficulty in recognizing one of the comers to be Nellie. I knew her by her general air, not from the appearance of her person; for that was entirely changed, and no longer appearing a mere child, she looked to have reached the

happy medium state wherein the girl just begins to be the woman. She was very pretty when she had assumed the status of a child, but *now* she fairly blazed with a beauty most transcendent. By her side moved a young and noble-looking man, yet one around whom there floated an atmosphere of Power, Will, and Intenseness, that inspired me at first with something very akin to awe.

His garb was decidedly oriental, and became his features wonderfully, while at the same time it imparted a freedom and grace, that added to, instead of detracting from, his dignity. Observing that I scrutinized his apparel, he smiled, and glanced sidewise at my own. I did the same, and it flashed upon me instantly that instead of being habited after the fashion of the Occident, I to others must present the appearance of a sultana of the ancient East. Again my eye met his, and in that meeting there was a mingling too, for I felt and knew that he was mine, and I his own; that we two were henceforward to be as one, — for a period at least, if not forever. Poor me! — I did not then know how long "forever" is. On earth, in love affairs, the term means two months, more or less. It stands for a longer period here, yet does not include the categories of all the eternities — quite. I had forgotten that states constitute the marks of duration in the Soul-worlds, and not the tickings of a clock; but so inveterate is the force of habit and ideal associations, that at first it was almost impossible to predicate sequences upon anything else than lapse of time, or to dissociate the memories of the past, and the menstruum of the events whereof they are the shadowy records, from the realities of the then present, and the action of the New Principia operative in the Soul-world. Besides this, I had been theretofore deeply tinctured with the folly-essence, so much of which has been distilled by modern eolists, and would-be philosophers, to addle the brains of sensible people, and to dilute what little of common sense themselves — the eolists — might chance to possess. I had with thousands of others believed that the doctrine of "eternal affinities" was true; and that every one would somewhere meet with a congenial partner, in whose society all the

coming cycles of Time would be joyously passed. I have outgrown that folly long since. The doctrine is a false one, for this brief reason: God alone is infinite. No human being is infinite, save in capacity for acquirement; therefore the human soul must be fed by that alone which is superior in its nature, at every stage of its growth, progress or unfoldment; for which reason no one soul can forever supply the demands of another. No two souls develop in equal or parallel lines, or at the same rate, for which reason one *must* outgrow its affinities for another; besides which marriage in the Soul-world is an entirely different institution, as to its nature, condition, purpose, result and effect, to what it is on earth. Lust and passion, selfish interests, and ten thousand other things pertain to marriage on the earth, which enter not at all into that of the loftier stages of human existence. On earth, at best, love and affection are plebeian. In the Soul-worlds they are imperial! In the former these things go begging; in the latter, never. On earth the person loving often embalms the loved one in his or her own sphere, and then clings to the worthless thing thus infiltrated, thus loving the self and not another. Being therefore all on one side, there is no mutuality. Such is not the case in the Sunny Land!

The glowing son of the Orient drew near to me, and I to him. Our spheres touched; they blended — and in an instant I knew more of what love and tenderness really meant, than in all the long years I had lived before.

When first gazing on my reflected image in the floor-mirror, I had suspected the nature and fervor of the regal passion; but now, as he touched me, as our spheres blended, and strange thrills went bounding and dancing through every avenue of my being, I realized that not one half of the reality had ever been imagined, even in a remote degree.

Among people of the higher orders in human society, the testimony of the "hear-says" is not regarded as being of the most satisfactory or convincing kind. This book, and those which are to follow it, is, and will be, addressed only to those who think and feel for themselves; are intended for those who

can pierce through the mere formalism of narrative and statement, to the solid principles underlying them. And for this reason, therefore, have I forborne to repeat many strange and wonderful things told me by him who now stood at my right side notwithstanding that such repetitions would be deeply interesting to those people who believe they have immortal souls, but are not quite certain of that fact. It is better to tell what I saw, felt, learned and experienced, than to relate what others told me.

I may remark, *en passant*, that the sentence "Stood by my side" appeared to be well founded; for although I knew my comrades to be spirits, yet they were to me quite as really and palpably human, as was the mother at whose dear breast I drew in life many a long year ago.

Mention has been made of the fact that knowledge comes to a person in the higher life just in proportion to that person's fitness for its reception, the Use in the great economy which it will subserve, and the Good that it will do. I was now in a condition to be taught, and therefore the doors of the soul's knowledge-chambers were swung wide upon their hinges, so to speak, and into them the following answers flowed naturally and sweetly, in response to self-propounded questions concerning all that had transpired since my emergement from the interior of my personal into the general sphere of that portion of the immense Soul-world wherein I now found myself. It has already been stated, and understood by the reader, that the sphere in which the memoramic tableaux moved across its diameter was the personal out-surrounding of the individual. Precisely the same, with the exception of being on a vastly grander scale, was this new Soul-realm whereof I had become an inhabitant. The fact is, I had been in it from the dawn of the second hour of my disembodiment, only that the opacity of my vision and the walls of my sphere had prevented me from realizing it, just as a person with nebulous eyes is unaware of the glories of a landscape in the midst of which he stands, alongside of a friend whose eyes are clear and good, and whose

soul fairly dances with rapture as he scans the sea of loveliness which is all shut out from the other.

All truths go in couples. I had just discovered one, and its mate very soon thereafter appeared. It was this: What I had thought to be an attempt to break down the walls of my circumvallated sphere, proved now not to have been the work of another, but was the result of the operation of a natural law of the soul, — that of INTROMISSION; but which law does not act until after certain others have effected peculiar changes in the individual, — just as grace and resignation succeed the tumult and agony of repentance and remorse. This law of intromission finds its humble analogy in the grub and subsequent gold-winged butterfly; and also in the chick, whose tiny bill perforates its hard surrounding stone-and-mortar sphere, — for it batters and pecks at the sides of its prison-shell and cell when the process of incubation is nearly finished, whereupon the bird enters upon a new phase of existence; and so also does the human soul, when *its* period is completed. All Nature is a system of births.

These things are stated and these principles laid down, in order to undeceive those who have accepted as true the many crude and materially defective hypotheses purporting to come from "Royal Circles" in the Soul-world, through scores of modern eolists. My design is to show the rightly dying what they must expect when rightly dead. True, there is an increasing number of Spiritualists and others who accept the revelations of mediums on the principle, *interdum stultus bene loquitur;* yet there are others who accept nine-tenths of what purports to come from the worlds beyond merely because of its claim. Truth will bear its own weight; if not now, then in the course of coming time; still it is ever and always best for every one to reason well on every proposition or statement offered as coming from the world of spirits, — this book's contents, of course, included. Amongst other notions, which, along with my co-believers on earth I had imbibed, was that which declares the Spirit-land to be a fixed revolving zone, — a sort of second edition of the earth and its adjuncts. I had expected to find

my last home on one of those aerial belts, occupying space just as a town or city does. What an error! No two antipodal things can be more unlike, — for I found that all the untold magnificence that now lay outspread before me was, just as my former sphere, but the general out-creation, elimination or projection from the countless hosts of beatified and radiant souls who dwell together and create their own scenery and surrounding, just as a man creates *chateaux en espagne*, only that in this latter he exists forever on the *outside* — in the former, dwells *within* them. In other words, the realm whereof I was an inhabitant was not physical in any sense, nor were any of its subjects or objects; neither were they phantasmal, but were spiritual, in the sublime sense of that much-abused term; and although not permanent or fixed, as is a town on earth, yet were none the less true and real.*

In order to better comprehend what sort of a place is that world wherein I met Nellie and *mine*, it will be well if the reader remember that everything save thought is perishable. For instance, you have a thought of a pink satin dress, made up in a peculiar style; your father has a thought of a new cottage, complete in all its parts; your brother invents a new-modelled carriage for your mother's use; while your farmer invents a new building, which will serve at once for carriage-house and barn, — and all four of you forthwith proceed to realize your several ideals; and in a month the new barn stands upon the brookside, the new cottage peeps forth from its bower of elms, the new carriage rolls along, and in it, clad in your

* Since this was written the author has had *hundreds* of experiences, the result of which was a modification of the above views in reference to the dwelling-place of souls, all of which, up to 1865, he embodied in a book, — the *sequel* to this one, and published in a Chicago paper in that year, and in book form in 1867, — "AFTER DEATH; or, the Disembodiment of Man." Eighteen months after the book appeared, the world received A. J. Davis' "Stellar Key," a work on the same subject. Thank God, *mine* appeared first, else I should have been accused of stealing; but I accuse no one of stealing from me, even if there was thievery — *which there was, and is!*

P. B. RANDOLPH.

pink satin, you enjoy a ride with the dear old mother. Three days thereafter the cottage and barn catch fire, and the dress and carriage become ashes, and so do all your patterns and models; yet your thoughts are living, still fresh as ever, and all that is necessary is for all four of you to once more embody them in material garb, and in another month a stranger, having seen the first and not knowing of the catastrophe, would swear that what now he beheld was the same formerly so much admired — and he would be right. The ideas are the same, albeit the material raiment is not. John Doe is still John Doe, whether in rags or riches; why not, then, John's thought be the same?

It will be well to remember that GOD IS A THINKER — that the vast material universe is the visible result of a single effort of a single faculty-organ of the Deific brain, and — tremendous thought! — that faculty-organ will yet make myriads of new movements, each one followed by results still more stupendous and magnificent than the vast array of starry suns which now light up the Halls of Silence and of Space! Again: the spiritual, or rather the thinking, part of man is all there is of permanency about the human being. His body is the sport of Death, and his aide-de-camp Disease! but his soul can never be touched by the former, nor forever be harmed by the latter! for soul is not to be *permanently* injured by any power subservient to the infinite God. All there is of man is his thought-power; the THINK is himself. By this we know him; and he who gives forth most of himself, if he be bad, does the most injury to the species and the world. If he be good, such an one lives longest in men's hearts, on historic page, and in the traditions of the race.

The Spiritual Universe! What a mighty conception! And yet, even that, grand as it is, — for all the material globes of space, chained together, are, after all, but a mere little island floating, like a bottle, upon the crest of a single wavelet of the Infinite Sea! — yet even that Spiritual Universe itself, with its amazing SOUL REALMS, made up of countless Soul-systems, each of which latter is composed of the blended spheres of innumer-

able millions of separate dualities, — even all this — all these, I say, are but the result of a single effort of another distinct faculty-organ of the GREAT BRAIN; yet even this grand result will be surpassed by every one of the myriad efforts that same faculty-organ is destined to put forth. And when it shall have moved more times than there are stars in the sky, grains of sand upon the sea-shores, leaves in the forests, or aspirations in the human soul, — greater than all, — the end will not be even foreshadowed, nor God's laboratory one whit exhausted! Man himself, generically speaking, wherever localized beneath the bending dome of the imperial Heaven, is but the result of another single effort — of another single organ of faculty. For although man is nidulated in, and developed to, personal distinctness through matter, yet the very nature of the thinking principle at once forbids the assumption that it sprung from any combination of material essences, howsoever subtle they may be, and at once explodes the spiritualistic doctrine that matter continues on into spirit. No; soul is discreted from matter by a gulf so wide that an infinite vacuum exists between the coarsest soul and the most sublimated ethereal vapor that ever resulted, or ever will result, from molecular attrition or chemical resolution. Individual monads — all men and women — are scintillas or parts of this third great thought of the Mighty Thinker, God; they are corruscations from The Over-Soul, while Matter is constituted of ethereal emanations from God's Infinite Body. Now every existence represents a thought of Deity; so also man thinks himself in his actions, and fills the world with his thoughts, variously clothed; some in iron, steel, wood, paper, ivory, cloth, palaces, engines, ships, houses, parks, gardens, and so on; so, also, after his disembodiment, will he surround himself with soul-created forms, whose aspect, shape and texture depend altogether on the cleanliness and purity of the loom wherein these mental fabrics are woven. The sole difference between the creations of the mortal and *post-mortem* artificer is, that instead of arraying them in gross or coarse material, as on earth, he in the Soul-worlds fashions the garments of such stuff as thoughts themselves are made of; or, to

give it still clearer, each thought possesses an inherent vitality of its own, as also form, proportion, and coherence. Thus, if an engineer thinks a locomotive, all he has to do, in order to impress his thought on others, is to give it a suit of iron, brass and steel to wear, and, lo! all the world hails, and triumphantly acknowledges the worth of the offspring of his deathless soul.

Just as soon as the man has placed metallic parts where only mental ones were previously, all the people see it, feel it, know it to be an engine, — that is to say, an incarnate thought of a certain engineer.

Now, take notice, all ye who think that the combined glories of the separate sections of the great Soul-world are constituted of the *general* projections of the disembodied order, or section of an order, that compose the society around whom the sphere is seen. There are myraids of these societies; and no one belonging to society A can enter the sphere of society B, notwithstanding both may belong to the same general order. True, people can visit each other there as well as anywhere else. But visitors may not be equals for all that. In each society will be found those who love and affect birds; and just as sure as he or she has a bird in the soul, just so sure will that bird be born thereof, and become, to all intents and purposes (except begetting its kind), a veritable bird. Others love trees, rivers, castles, brooks, hills, dales, vales, vineyards, gardens, groves, cottages, palaces, mountains, animals, and so on, through an interminable list, and interminable combinations of what that list may contain.

Whatever be the ideal of a man or community, just so will be the out-sphering thereof. Thus, Mohammed (and the Orientals generally) loved woman, for the sake of the sense-gratifications she was found capable of imparting. Accordingly, when his soul was transfigured, it went directly to that section of the Soul-world where were congregated those like unto himself; and, when he came back, he fired his partisans with the deepest and wildest enthusiasm ever known on earth, by telling them that the women of Paradise were fairer than the full moon,

more lovely than the dawn, and that every mother's son of the faithful should be rewarded there, for all their earthly sorrows, by the absolute possession of the moderate number of seventy thousand houris.

Mohammed was *not* a liar nor an impostor; he told what he believed to be truth. His houris, like the birds and beasts just spoken of, were out-creations of the sensualistic mind of the sphere into which he rode on the saddle of Al Borak. Every man or woman's mind is an empire, and the higher the position each occupies upon the plane of the Harmonead, the more extensive is the domain over which they hold imperial sway. The same laws which govern an individual also rule a community; for a man is a man only to such extent as he prophesies and represents something higher and better than the present status. The observance of law, by persons and *en masse*, may be voluntary or habitual, or not. This being understood, it is no marvel that the things resident in the general mind should be objectified therearound, as in the case of a single person, nor that in the former as in the latter case the things thought of should be present, as well as those which are purely symbolic and representative of the general state, the general love, the general affections and aspirations of the general mind.

As this and similar light flowed into my soul, that soul involuntarily thanked the Giver for such amazing exhibitions of his loving kindness and careful providence. I could now understand many things that were before quite mysterious, and, amongst others, why Nellie and Mine had at first shown themselves to me under the guise of Youth and Age. It was to all the quicker win my esteem and confidence, each of which are prime elements both of friendship and love. Previous to my change, I had often tried to analyze this last-named sentiment or passion (as you will), as it exists amongst the people of the world. The result of that analysis was, "Love is a mixed passion; its orbit is elliptical; friendship is at one of the foci, and lust at the other." Now, however, as my enraptured vision swept the plains of immortality, I found that in the Soul-world

it was something more,* but that its essential earthly character remained the same in the Middle State — or merely spiritual kingdom. With penetrating glance I swept the fields of earth, and the result was a complete conviction that ninety-five one-hundredths of that which goes by love's tender, gentle name was a compound of three constituents, — Parentalism, Amative desire, and the softer element, Friendship. Hence sex, and what comes of it on earth, is at best but the most coarse and external expression of a great soul-law, which can only fully demonstrate itself in those who are in no one respect abnormal or diseased. Sex really means more than people even remotely suspect. In the Soul-world it does not serve the same purposes as on earth. *There*, sex is of mind; on earth it is of the body mainly. I had supposed it to be a fixed physical principle; and so it is, but it is also something more, — for in the higher realms of human being, where everything expresses itself as it really is, and passes at its true value, it is found that many who, as if by accident, had worn the physical characteristics of one, were really, at soul, of the opposite sex. For instance, Male means Energy, Wisdom, Knowledge, Power, Creation, USE; Female is the synonym of Music, Beauty, Love, Purity, Harmony, GOOD. Now let two such meet in the Soul-world, and if they are adapted to each other, their spheres — nay, their very lives — blend together; the result of which is mutual improvement, purification, gratification, enjoyment, and happiness, — which state of bliss continues until new unfoldings from within shall unfit them for the further continuance of the union; whereupon there is a mutual separation, — not because they love each other less, but some other one the more; and that other one, be it male or female, is certain to be ready for the reception of the new love. There is no jar, no ill-feeling, no discord about it. Some of these unions may last for what to man may seem to be long ages, but what the final result will be I have not space here to mention.

* In the succeeding volumes the reader is carried into a new Soul-region, of which Love is the key; and then the world will see what a vast deal of knowledge exists of which man has never heard.

It often happens that human bodies are so diseased, and by malpractice so distorted from their true uses, that pure and genuine love cannot express itself — wherefore it soon becomes a sealed mystery, and Passion usurps Love's holy throne. He or she whose nerves have become ruined, either by grief or excess, opium, rum, tobacco, Mesmerism, Oppression, Neglect, and things of that order, can never taste the ineffable joys of love that attend on those who in such regard are healthy.

Love has become either a boyish or girlish sentiment, else a sort of spasmodic fever, which possession speedily and forever chills.

In human society it has become a purchasable commodity. Women sell themselves for gewgaws — for a home — to escape parental tyranny and unjust espionage. Men buy them, and think they are gaining love, — not realizing that joys or pleasures bought at *any* price are not the realities for which the bargain was made, but only counterfeits, which all too soon demonstrate their own worthlessness. Buy a woman! purchase a man! bargain for love! How much is Sunshine worth a quart? How does Goodness sell by the barrel? It is very easy for either man or woman to buy each other's garments, but the souls beneath them must be won by wooing. Physical possession never yet satisfied a soul, and never will. Soul naturally shrinks from scales, weights, measures, and yard-tapes; and it quite as intensely despises all protestation. Why? Because pure love is undemonstrative. Demonstration proceeds from volition, but love flows from a fountain altogether back of will. People may be proud of their *property*, but the human can have no true, deep joys, save such as spring from love, pure, strong, earnest, spontaneous and reciprocal. Whatever is not thus based is distasteful to the soul in its higher moods. Joys of a tumultuous character, such as spring from impulsiveness and passion, are both short-lived and exhaustive; and the pestilent brood of anger, jealousy, hatred, disgust and trouble, ever and always follow in their train, — priests of Misery, prime ministers of Evil! On the other hand, pure, manly, womanly, *human* love is recuperative, re-creative, — is a virtue-exhilarant, tonic

of good, vice-dispellant, and health-promotive; while contentment of heart, peace of mind, security, trust, calmness and serenity are its attendant ministers. God, who made us, well knows that there is more of good than evil in our hearts, by virtue of our ancestry, — Nature and Himself; yet, for His own grandly purposed end, He permits us all to wade to Heaven through the malarious swamps of Hell! — permits us all to experiment and suffer, in order that we may grow powerful and strong, and thus be fitted for the tremendous destiny that awaits all who wear the human form on the thither side of Time. People feel before they think, and the act of one single impulsive moment not seldom enshrouds an entire life in gloom. Have mercy, therefore — always! Mere thinking without feeling is quite as bad, nay, worse; for it freezes up the fountains of the soul! Something will grow and blossom even on an arid desert; but the iceberg is never gladdened by the presence and growth of one green thing upon its crystal sides — not even moss. So with soul! It is bad to sin from impulse, but far worse to do wrong from settled purpose. There are two classes of persons who err. Those who do so from no evil intent at heart soon vastate their load, and become residents of the Soul-world; those who sin from the head pass into the Middle State and become the infesting demons of modern spiritual mediums.

The deepest wrongs of human existence are those against the inward soul and sense of right. Illustration: Whatsoever earthly couple shall assume the dreadful responsibility, not only of imbittering each other's lives, but of incarnating a family of souls in discordant bodies, inevitably fashion a hell-sphere for themselves in the Middle State, whence they shall not go forth until the uttermost farthing is paid. The recent partial uplifting of the veil separating earth from regions beyond has had the effect of removing the sense of accountability from the minds of a great many people, who, having conversed with the dead through raps and tips, and hearing no valid accounts of a burning lake of literal fire and brimstone, straightway fall to laughing at the Devil, and snap their fingers

at the bare idea of Hell. If they could but realize that Devil means Badness, and Hell is the synonym of suffering and self-inflicted torture, the laugh would not be quite so loud and long, nor the finger-snapping near so frequent, as at present.

Such persons reason very superficially, — in this respect following the lead of some of their self-elected Prophets, Regents of Hell itself, and Earthly Prime Ministers to all the chief fiends of the Middle States, — and leap to the conclusion that all a man's sins are atoned for while embodied; that he is not to be punished at all after death; and hence they cut off all restraining cords, give a loose rein to boasting and lying, and solace themselves and blind others with the absurd sophism that "Whatever is, is right" — murder, robbery, concubinage, divorcing two, three, or a dozen, for the sake of obscene dalliance and semi-legal infamy — are just the thing to rid the world of evil and make society a bond of fraternal fellowship! And such a system dares to call itself "Spiritual," "Harmonial," "Reformatory"! It does. But, thank God! the days of Pseudo-Spiritualism, in whose train myriads of insanities, wrongs, irreligions of all pestilent sorts, non-immortalism and a host of importations from the pit, follow as harlots follow an army, scattering death, horror and devastation on every hand! Yes, thank Heaven! the false will soon be succeeded by a true and godly Spiritualism; and instead of being possessed and obsessed by the maleficent harpies from the mid-region, as is too often the case now, people will be enlightened, instructed, and saved from ruin, instead of being plunged therein; for the noble, the true, the religious and pure spirits, from realms where God's presence sanctifies all hearts, will come to aid man in his hour of greatest need. The true spiritualization will bring peace on earth and good-will among men, instead of hatred between couples, and absurd envyings and jealousies amongst mediums and believers; it will effect the destruction of all spiritualistic and philosophic pretence, the current sophistry of "All-rightism," pretentious cant and mock philanthropy, whereof so much now floats upon the surface of the singular sea called, falsely, "Spiritualism." A man is no more a Spiritual

ist because he believes in a physically demonstrated immortality, than a child is a horse because born in a stable.

If people cannot be Spiritualists without submitting to the pestilent control of wretches from the Middle State, or without losing conscience, virtue, and moral cleanliness, they had better let the whole subject alone, and rest as contented as may be with the faiths and creeds bequeathed by their ancestors. It will not do to meddle with things so mysterious as Spiritualism, in its nature, influence and results, unless perfectly fortified in God, with a strong and holy purpose and a resolute and unbending will.

As I gazed out upon the surrounding glories of my new world, I could not forbear or repress a desire, if possible, to take one glance at those who yet dwelt in infamy, although disembodied. This wish, though a silent one, was perceived by him who stood near me. Sadly, mournfully, he gazed down into my soul, made no reply in words, but slowly placing me between himself and Nellie, who had been joined by one to whom she was very dear indeed, directed our steps towards the pleasant grove before alluded to. Passing swiftly through this, we soon came to its outer verge, from which, to my utter astonishment, we could look down into a very gulf of horrors, as if from the edge of a frightful precipice. I knew that I stood upon the borders of THE MIDDLE STATE. Believing that more is to be gained by descriptions of the good and excellent than by exciting the horror of deformity, I forbear, in this introductory volume, to recount the terrors of the awful Hell of the vicious and the self-damned soul.

Suffice it that I beheld scenes of lust, insanity, debauchery, and all vileness, sufficiently dreadful to appal the stoutest heart of any, save one who dwells in the same awful phantasies, insanities and evils. Around the heads of those who wandered up and down its noisome lanes and alley-ways, were wreaths of twining, writhing serpents, instead of crowns and coronets of light. There were many who believed in literal hells of fire, and such were surrounded by spheres of flame, and therein must burn and suffer so long as the fearful phantasy shall last, and

till they be redeemed by self-effort. Drunkards, libertines, gamblers, — all evil things and persons were there, along with atheists and other intellectual sinners. On an eminence in the midst of the deepest and most fearful hell, I saw the exact image of one of earth's so-called great philosophers; and it was given me to know that the man there represented was doomed, when his life on earth shall be ended, to expiate his terrible offences against God, nature, religion, and his own conscience, and his fellow-men, by mental sufferings too terrible to be adequately described.

"Men know the right, and well approve it too;
They know the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

So with the philosopher. The man knew better than he taught; and when he dies, unless he shall repent, his doom is a hell whose terrors are indeed fearful; nor will he be able to emerge thence, before the cries of his scores of thousands of deluded victims, some of whom have been driven to vice, crime, insanity and suicide by his execrable teachings, shall be changed into appeals to God in his behalf.

One of the punishments after death consists in atoning for one's bad and baleful influence while on earth; and the more extensive this has been, the more fearful the penalty self-inflicted therefor. The man who has taught millions that God is a revengeful being; that He ever stands ready to hurl ruin and destruction on the world, — to rain literal fire and brimstone on the earth, and thus frighten people into woe and insanity, — must abide the consequences, and in the world beyond be compelled to face the dreadful music himself may have evoked. And so with others, let their influence be what it may. Eternal justice rules the destiny of mankind; and sooner or later its behests must and will be accomplished.

I turned in affright from the horrible scene, but not without reaping a mental treasure from what I had beheld, both of the Soul-world and the Middle State. It will be remembered that I had asked certain questions which were not responded to. These questions and others had been uppermost in my mind

all along, and now as our faces were once again turned toward the bright scenes of the Soul-world, I realized that neither it nor its fearful antipodes were absolute fixtures or fixities. The human soul is kaleidoscopic. The scenes it forever conjures up before it from out its mighty deeps, and by which it is surrounded, are constantly and forever changing; no matter whether its locality be on earth, in the mid-region of the great world's atmosphere, on the confines of the two great states, embodied or free, or whether it be a dweller in the city of divine souls, the law is the same and incessantly operative. Change is written on all things; and although in essence soul can never alter, yet its moods and phases constantly do, else Hell would be a permanency, Earth stand still, and Heaven itself grow monotonous. In accordance with this principle, therefore, no scene in the Soul-world is a permanency, but as soon as one has produced all the joy it can to those from whom it is an outgrowth or projection, it changes, but ever toward the higher and more resplendent.

One question there was, of great weight and importance, which I asked of my soul, and to which a response after a time flowed in. It was this: Do spiritual beings live eternally as distinct entities, or are they after a time absorbed into Deity, as the higher Brahmins and other orientalists maintain? The reply to this was: Reasoning from what any human being *knows*, no matter how lofty he may be in intellect, the decision arrived at must be conjectural at best; for whether we are to be forever, can only be known to Him who taketh no one into his counsels. But reasoning from what we already know concerning the nature of soul, mind, thought, and capacity, the inference is plain that no absolute absorption will ever take place, but that the double-unit man will forever preserve his distinct and marked personality.

Are idiots immortal? *Answer* — All that is born of human parents, all beings who took their external forms through the agency and channels of the male brain, nerves, prostate and testes, and the female matrix, are *necessarily* immortal.

Question — But animals have been impregnated by male

brutes of the human species, and human females have borne offspring to brutes, — if human medical testimony, and the confessions of parties implicated are to be credited; but whether such cases have or have not occurred, suppose it *were* to take place, would such offspring, whether begotten of or by an animal, one of the parents being undoubtedly human, be immortal? *Answer* — As monsters, no! Idiots, both of whose parents are human, are essentially immortal. Idiotcy is but another name for weakness; and a monad having once put forth its powers sufficient to build itself a full human body, no matter how imperfect, must necessarily put forth more of its inherent energies, if not in one world or sphere, then in another, in the nurseries of the Soul-world; and as it grows strong it gradually approaches the point of self-ness — the Ego will be attained. It is only a question of time and condition. Not so with semi-brutes.

Question — But women have conceived from human union, yet, owing to some accident or fright, have brought forth monsters. Are these immortal? *Answer* — No thing that is not *human* is immortal, in the sense of self-poisedness and self-presence. If these monsters are cerebrally human, and their malformation be merely limb-distortion, then that thing is destined to supermundane existence.

Question — But human bodies, though brainless ones, have been born of women? *Answer* — Well, they are not immortal. Violent chemical action *en utero* has destroyed the conditions of successful monad-gestation, while perpetuating the vegetative *fœtal* life. Of course the thing is soulless.

Question — But the mortal *had* begun to put forth its energies. What, then, has become of it; is it forever blotted out of being? *Answer* — There stands a human female, but the body you see is not herself. The soul is her, not the flesh it wears. The monsters treated of in medical works are but the product of body — not of soul. In order to an immortality, the germ or monad must pass from the spiritual atmosphere interflowing the material or oxygenic one, into the nostrils and brains and soul of a male, thence through the parts and processes already men-

tioned. Now the human form born brainless is of the nature of an abortion; and the question arises, are abortions immortal? The answer is: A human germ, when first planted at the gestative centre, undergoes a variety of rapid and extraordinary changes, assuming successively the typal forms of all the lesser orders of animated nature, from the jelly-fish to the perfectly human. In some women these processes are pushed with extraordinary vigor and speed, so that at the end of a very short period the *fœtus* possesses all the requisites for permanency except physical vigor. If then abortion takes place, the nursling is provided for and grows to comparative perfection in the Soul-worlds of course. Such beings constitute a distinct and separate order of souls, and are, by the great soul law, condemned to come to earth, and by association and affiliation with embodied persons, through magnetic *rapport*, experience the pleasures and pains of self-development. These spirits will be treated of hereafter, when I come to write concerning "THE REALM OF THE FAY."

But to our subject. If abortion take place before the monad has, in the womb, put forth its powers to a degree wherein the human characteristics rise above *all* the lower forms, before its shape is *perfectly* formed, then immortality does not follow.

But what becomes of the monad, the germ, the human point, the divine spark, the pivot? *Answer* — It remains with and in the *fœtal* body till dissolution and decay shall set it free. Whereupon it floats again in the spiritual atmosphere, until it is inhaled by a human male again, whereupon it is, perhaps, and perhaps not, sent forth upon its mission once again.

Question — We sometimes see double men, as the twins of Siam; and others still more remarkable, as one body with two heads; are there two souls also? *Answer* — Every true human brain contains a true and independent human soul. All men's brains contain vast numbers of monads; hundreds of these seek incarnation *on every occasion*, but only one or two, very rarely three or more, succeed at *that time!* The rest, those that fail, float about as before.

Question — At what period of life do men begin to attract

these monads? *Answer* — At puberty, owing to peculiar chemical changes in the physical constitution; and females are capable of receiving and nursing them when a corresponding change has taken place in them.

Question — Can impregment ensue without physical contact? *Answer* — Yes; by aid of artificial means, a monad may be successfully introduced, and life ensue; but a very weak and imperfect life it must be, of necessity.

Having once entered upon this grand subject, I determined to make the series of questions nearly, if not quite, exhaustive; and, therefore, continued my inquiries, receiving answers as before; for, be it again repeated, no well-meaning human being can possibly ask a question, the answer to which is not recorded somewhere upon the secret tablets of the soul. In response to further interrogatories, many grand truths came flowing forth into the halls of consciousness; and, amongst other things, I learned that the purpose of sex on the earths was pure cohabitation, in proper human and God-sanctioned marriage, with prolification, or soul-incarnation, as the result. But I also saw that this purpose was accomplished on earth, and that *that* use of sex was ended at death; that it absolutely does *not* exist in the Soul-world. But in the Middle State, as a terrible phantasy, lust and all other abominations abound; and I saw that one great cause of the moral looseness of thousands of sensitive-nerved people on earth resulted from the infernal possessions and obsessions of their persons by delegations from those realms of darkness and — to all but themselves — unmitigated horror. A sensitive man or woman — no matter how virtuously inclined — may, unless by prayer and constant watchfulness they prevent it, and keep the will active and the sphere entire, be led into the most abominable practices and habits. Many of these denizens of the mid-regions of space are insane,— in the higher sense all are so,— and to them lust and its gratifications, dram-drinking, and malpractice of all sorts, is a reality, although to others they are cruel phantasies. The belief of these unfortunates results from their former habits, voluntary self-illusion, and their old memories and associations, and they are devil-

kings, gamblers, and keepers of seraglios — something on the same principle that a straw-crowned maniac is to himself, and other of his ilk, a regal and potent brow-gemmed monarch,— a species of insanity generally the result of personal excess and congenital disease; and one, also, that it is very difficult to cure, either in the Spirit-world or anywhere else, for the reason that no man can be healed, morally or physically, from or by external applications; the re-creative work must be commenced and carried on from within, or not at all.

Are the destinies of all human beings parallel? *Answer* — No. On earth there are seven distinct orders of mankind, and so there is beyond it. It is difficult to name these last without resorting to Oriental terms; but, as these will serve to convey something of the truth, I will attempt to classify them as follows: 1st, Spirits — Angels; 2d, Seraphs; 3d, Arsaphs; 4th, Eons; 5th, Arsasaphs; 6th, Arch-Eons; 7th, The Antarphim.

Is this all? No. For the highest of the last five orders ultimate in a Perfection whereof the human mind cannot conceive. They become Deions, — a supreme order of creative intelligence and energies, whose power, in combination, is only second to that of the Infinite God Himself. These constitute the towering hierarchy of the supernal Heaven. Their number is infinite. Nor hath ever a man born on earth reached nearer their glorious state than the second on the list (Seraphs).

They are creative energies, you say; if so, where is the field of their activities? *Answer* — The Amorphous Universe, circumvolving the material creation!

Is space then bounded? Yes!

By what? I have just answered.

But what proof is there that this tremendous statement is correct? *Answer* — The nebulous masses revealed by the telescope; masses constantly being ladled out, so to speak, of the immense sea of nascent matter, by the awful powers to whom that mighty task is assigned, and by those same powers changed or condensed into fire-mist, cometary bodies, suns, planets, life-bearing earths!

Then man is, in very deed, almost — a God? — You have said.

He creates worlds, and becomes the deity of his creation? — Man is a godling!

These were a few of the answers that came to me, as we turned from the precipice, and moved once more toward the sylvan grove!

Measured by earthly clocks, I had been but two hours in the Soul-world, but felt that I had endured for centuries.

I soon discovered the reason of this. There is, as said before, a great sympathetic chain extending from soul to soul, over and through all past time, and up to God likewise; and on the plane of this great Sympathia, at every point, some one stands; that some one can scan the past, the present, and the future, just in proportion to his or her unfolding; and the true blending of that soul with some other puts this last in possession of all the other may have attained. I loved and was loved by one who stood high thereon, and the intuitions of my soul were quickened by his presence.

Purity is the price of power. . . . . Years of earth have passed since that auspicious opening of the inner life. Much greater and higher knowledge has since flowed into my soul, portions of which will, ere long, be given to the world by the same pen which indited every line this book contains — save the preface. At present I am, with *Mine*, endeavoring to gain wisdom, as hand in hand, heart bound up in heart, and soul blended with soul, we together are happily, joyously, climbing up the sky.

Future generations will marvel at the bigotry and stupidity of the wise men of the nineteenth century, just as we do at the absurd folly of the crusades, or the wars of Troy. Much more will they marvel at the astonishing inconsistency of the teachers of the day. Here, there, all over, everywhere, we are told that the Jews killed God, because God wanted to make better people of them, and establish a belief in human immortality. After they had slain the incarnate Deity, we are taught the people repented of their terrible crime of Deicide, and during

nineteen hundred years have been professedly trying to make amends by proclaiming the very doctrine which they killed him for inculcating; and yet, when men rise in their very midst, — men who *can* tell the wondrous story of life beyond the grave, they are hounded down to the bitter death, utterly neglected, or else maligned, — and by the very ones who believe, or pretend to, just as they do.

It is not a pleasant thing to be endowed with the gift of under, over, intra and far-sight of soul, for the "people" cry "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and *do it!* Yet these identical seers, who of all others that have lived since the tragedy on Calvary, possess the only power and methods of substantiating God's lessons, and demonstrating what the blind world has but made rough guesses at, have been ever martyred, instead of being met and hailed with gratitude and joy. Instead of that the world does its best to injure and destroy both them and their testimony, yet nevertheless, so long as God will give me strength, and the earth afford me means, I will never cease my efforts until the last disease is conquered, the last crime committed, the last injustice done, the last mass said, the last skeptical doubt removed, the last thief or criminal born, the last gallows erected, and the last victim strangled. I will not stop till the last war is fought, and the last false doctrine is dead, the last badly-organized child has gone to heaven, and universal good reigns over every field of earth.

The inquiry is often made, Suppose that seership is true; what then? *Cui bono?* The sapient (sap-heads) philosophers who propound such queries remind the writer of a story told with infinite gusto by Layard, the explorer of the ruins of Nineveh, a city built some thousands of years before "the good old days of Adam and Eve." The story is told of Imaum Ali Zade, a Turkish cadi. Mr. Layard, in his Oriental explorations at Nineveh and Babylon, addressed certain inquiries to this cadi, in reference to the commerce and antiquities of the city in which he resided. To these inquiries, the Turkish philosopher replied by the following letter. It is easy to imagine the flickering expression on the face of our conservative friends as they

read this letter, not knowing at first whether to laugh at the stupidity of the Turk, or to compliment him as a pious Oriental philosopher, who has forcibly expressed his own sentiments in reference to the folly of modern science.

"My illustrious Friend, and Joy of my Liver:— The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ships, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

"O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

"Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done; for the speaker is one, and the listener another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and contented in none. We, praise be to God, were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

"Listen, O my son! there is no wisdom equal to the belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of creation? Shall we say, Behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it.

"But thou wilt say to me, Stand aside, O man! for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest thou art in this respect more learned than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for

that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly? or wilt thou seek paradise with thine eyes? O my friend! if thou wilt be happy, say there is no God but God. Do no evil; and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come. The meek in spirit(*El Fakir*),

"IMAUM ALI ZADE."

Mankind clothe their ignorance by the all-comprehending term, *mystery*, which is but another name for ignorance. When they find a subject baffling their powers of comprehension, they are ever ready to exclaim, "It is a great mystery, beyond the ken of reason, and it is a great sacrilege to attempt to reveal it; for God has concealed it from human effort." Alas for human ignorance! crushing the millions down, down the dark and loathsome ways of death. Alas for human weakness! grasping the shadow, while the substance passes by unobserved.

If we live long, we shall know much. The world is better than it once was; it is worse than it will be by and by.

One Monday morning, while sitting in a friend's office, the writer was *en reverie*, and called for a reporter to take down what he was about to say. The reporter took his seat, and gave forth what Albro called "the following beautiful portraiture of coming time on earth. It will be seen that *the reverist* is reading from a paper, the date of which is A. D. 3869; and the article which he is reading is copied from another paper, found in a bottle floating on the ocean, the date of which was A. D, 2869. It is the poetry of prophecy." At least, so said the paper it appeared in.

"To a certain few who are blind to the facts of progress, who do not see that the world moves with a rapidity never equalled since creation, it will be strange, and yet 'tis true.

"The article is evidently a part of a letter from one friend to another. A portion of the silk on which it was printed had been so defaced by the ravages of time that it was exceedingly difficult to decipher the contents; and therefore we are compelled

to omit the commencement of the letter and can only present a portion of its conclusion.

"We present our readers this noon with this rich relic of antiquity, being a part of the contents of a news journal printed on silk in the olden time. Its date is Feb. 8, A. D. 2869, exactly a thousand years ago, this being Aug. 5, A. D. 3869. We make the following extracts for the purpose of showing our six millions of readers the wonderful contrast between the present condition of the human race, and the astonishing barbarism (which, by the way, was at that time, 2869, regarded as the very essence of civilization and social perfection) of that dark age.

"Our readers will notice the tone of pride in which the writer speaks, when contrasting the age in which he lived with the uncouth barbarism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But here is the article: it speaks for itself: —

"'Ah, my lovely Zolivia! would that I could spare the time to fly to thee on the wings of love, that I might drink in the soul-floods ever gushing from the snowy fountain of thy gentle spirit! but, alas! it cannot be. Zolivia, my lovely one, the soul of thy Dalvin yearns to be free from the thraldom to which it has so long been subjected; and he longs to sleep, or, as the savages of the nineteenth century used in their ignorance to express it,— die. In the dark ages whose history I have lately been reading, my Zolivia, men lived to an astonishing age, because they were so utterly ignorant of the laws of life and development that they plodded on through sixty, seventy, and, in rare cases, even a hundred years, ere they completed their outer spiritual growth, which is essential to a passage over the river to the first form of the second life. Their ignorance, my lovebird, was such, that diseases and frightful disorders without number afflicted them; and a healthy human cranium was scarcely ever seen, and, consequently, a perfect human pleasure seldom if ever enjoyed or experienced: and, as a further consequence of their darkened state, they were subject to mental disorders of the most terrible kind, among which, as I learn from the perusal of their history, were two of a peculiarly distressing nature. These were, first, a strange fatuity, which caused them to

imagine untold perfections residing in a kind of earth, or lustrous metal, which they called gold; the same, Zolivia, with which the worship-temples of our cities are built. This strange disease, which so sadly afflicted the barbarians of the nineteenth century, affected the eyes in such a manner, that nothing was regarded as beautiful unless it had a yellow hue; and, strange as it may seem to you, no man had influence, or was considered even respectable, unless he possessed a large amount of small medals made of this yellow earth, together with large bundles of sheets of paper adorned with pictures, and which were called bank-notes. These pictures, instead of adorning the walls of their dwellings, were kept securely locked in ponderous iron trunks, called safes.

"'The second disease to which these poor creatures were subjected, and which affected the nervous system in a most singular manner, was one known as political ambition. After a man had, by the exercise of what was then known as meanness, but which has long since become extinct in the human breast, — after he had accumulated a large bundle of these pictures to which I have alluded, the back part of his brain became inflamed; and then the strangest vagaries took possession of his mind, and he would place himself in a position where all the people could see him, and beg of them to lay him in a bed made of small bits of paper, called ballots, and attempt to carry him thereon, into a place more or less elevated, called office, where he was generally treated as a lunatic, and became the gilded slave of the very men who placed him there. The disease sometimes lasted for a very long time; indeed, very frequently for a whole life, but was sometimes cured by saline draughts, or a bath or two in a river whose waters were salt.

"'The people would occasionally place the patient in a wherry or boat, and then row up the stream, where the bath was taken, and convalescence generally followed. Let us return. I stated I was weary, my Zolivia, but I know that I shall soon pass through the transition, my lovely one, and, in my new form, will often visit thee, and avail myself of my privilege to sometimes bear thee with me to the halls and temples in the

spirit-realms of Jupiter and Saturn. It is thirty years, Zolivia, since my birth on earth, and I am growing old. I have recently taken a retrospective glance down the dim vista of the past, and have been comparing our present condition with that of the people of the dark age of the nineteenth century, as I have told thee. They had a species of animal, called the horse, in those early times, which has long since become extinct. They also had machines called locomotives, which, considering their ignorance of mechanics, were very ingeniously constructed; they were impelled by vapor, and roared and rumbled over the surface of the earth at the rate of fifty miles an hour; rather slow speed for these days of aerial navigation. Then it took more than a week to cross the sea, from the European to the American continent, a journey which we now make in forty hours. They also transmitted thought through metallic wires in those days, Zolivia, which they call telegraphs. It is amusing and instructive to think of the imperfection of everything in those days; our rapid means of personal transit and of thought-transmission in this present year, 2869, and the snail-like paces of 1869. At that early date, men slew animals called oxen, sheep, and swine, for food. Statues and pictures of these singular-looking beasts may be seen occasionally in our antique museums. There is but little room for wonder or surprise that the human soul failed to develop its powers under the influence of such horrible food; for we in this age, Zolivia, realize the truth, and know that the soul and body, fed on the aromas distilled and extracted from the blood and gore of slaughtered brutes, cannot reap the fruits which the intellect and soul of man was intended to from the glowing realms of love and wisdom beyond the azure skies. We know, Zolivia, that the soul can grow, expand, purify, and become melodious, only when sustained by the fine electric, magnetic, odyllic, and edeonic aromas which evolve from the finer department of the floral, faunal, and fruitful kingdoms of nature, in the lower and upper realms.

"'In those days of human infancy, my gazelle-eyed Zolivia, men failed to realize that the stupidities, ferocities, hatreds,

and, in fact, every quality of every brute, was and is incarnated, condensed, and crystallized in the flesh and essences of the physical structure thereof. We in this age know that man is not sustained by flesh or substance, but by the essences, or protoplasmal aromas thereof, which are by the stomach extracted therefrom, and which there assimilate with and form part of the blood, and then, by virtue of still more important changes, pass to the nerves, and, still refining and ascending, become the pabulum of the human spirit itself, — the protoplasm of the immortal soul.

"'History informs us, my precious one, that the ancient people of the nineteenth century were savages, barbarians, selfish sycophants, and fawning knaves, because, my love-light, the essences of the flesh they ate contained and imparted the qualities of the beasts that furnished it. In these days (2869) we reject such things, and, as a consequence, need not the aid of metallic wires to transmit thought, but do it by the exercise of clarified mind.

"'In the nineteenth century (the night-time of the human mind) mankind required a materio-tangible and sensational proof and demonstration of the fact of immortality. What an astonishing statement! and yet it is true. It makes us smile, when we look back and realize their astonishing obtuseness. It is amusing, Zolivia, when we picture to ourselves spirits, angels, seraphs, edeons, arsarsaphs, being actually compelled to make noises on tables, or to clarify portions of the brains of certain persons called mediums, in order to prove man an immortal being. This state of things has long since ceased, my best beloved, and men know better than to saturate their forms with poisons. Men no longer inhale the smoke of a burning vegetable called tobacco, or of a gum called opium, as they did in the dark ages of the nineteenth century. They no longer drink chemical liquids and fiery compounds known as tea, coffee, wine, and alcohol; nor do we subsist upon roots which grow in the ground, for those were evidently intended not for man, but for the beasts which lived in those days, and which were pro-

vided with horn-like protuberances, wherewith to dig them from the soil.

"'We now inhale pure air, and are not poisoned by the rarefied and partially burned oxygen of stove-furnished rooms; nor do we waste our physical powers and excellences for the sake of a passing moment of pleasure, which is false, fleeting, evanescent, and hollow, and consequently do not sap the foundations of life, from which flow the finer emotions and feelings of the spirit.

"'But our education commences in the bodies and souls of our parents years before we are born; consequently, we have none of the strange-looking men which people of the dark ages of the nineteenth century called physicians, or doctors, who were endowed with a knowledge of the science of poisons; for it is a fact, Zolivia, that whenever a man or woman became poisoned, those persons straightway administered poison still more deadly than the original; yet, in spite of all this, the people lived to the astonishing age of sixty, seventy, and sometimes eighty or more years. This resulted, however, from the fact that men took more care of their bodies than their minds; for if, like us, they knew how to expand the soul, and fit it for the skies, they would sooner have left the earth, and mounted aloft to a happier home.'

"Thus ends the part of the letter we have thus far been able to decipher. We have engaged the services of an eminent cryptographist, who will furnish further translations at another time." Thus ended the prophetic revery.

Probably, in the days when this prophecy shall be realized, we shall know more of the infinite resources of the soul than we do to-day, and, perhaps, have an understandable theory as to *how* it works its wonders; till we do have such a theory, let us be content with receiving facts.

It is possible to gain our ends by humoring the whims of some one who interests us; and children, sick people, and the insane, are not seldom favorably affected by condescension on our part; for wisdom very often *stoops* to conquer prejudice.

In the years during which the writer of these pages has been

associated with certain clairvoyant phases of life, a very strange and singular fact has in a thousand instances presented itself to observation, with the persistent and regular recurrence of a mathematical law. That fact is this: I have never known a real and earnest-souled seer, male or female, old or young, physical or mental, but who has been forced to travel over the very hardest and most thorny of life's roads; and in exact proportion as such ones were sensitive, and susceptible to magnetic and supra-mundane influences, just in that precise ratio have they been made to suffer; nor do I believe any class of people on earth, taken individually and together, have ever endured such terrible and long-continued anguish as they. It seems to be an almost universal rule, if not law, that such persons are forced to walk graveward through swamps and over lanes, where every footfall is accompanied with horror and attended by pain, — the twin gorgons ever hovering about the head of genius, come it in whatever form it may. Most people admire men, women, and works of genius; but very few know practically, sense, or realize the fearful price at which the thing called "genius," and even ordinary mediumship, when genuine, is almost invariably purchased.

When a man begins to think, in right-down earnest, then there is hope of that man; but whoever can and will not think, proves himself a fool, a bigot and an ass.

"I will reveal to you an arcanum! The soul of man is a substance, soft, plastic, yet enduring, and every human experience actually engraves itself upon that substance, and when in life the soul becomes positive to its body, and conditions, it can at will read this vivographic writing." This is the philosophic explanation he gave me.

The human mind is so constructed, that it is susceptive of varied influences from every department, from every element, from every principle, from every nook and corner of the boundless and illimitable univercœlum.

The great majority of men move on a plane, where elemental forces of material nature impinge upon their being, and give direction to both thought and action. Consequently, such

minds can take cognizance only of outer nature, and the phenomena attending them.

A small minority of the race have ascended to a higher plane, where idea is first distinctly perceived; and consequently, such are moved upon by the waves of mentality flowing from the earth-educated mind. It is the transition point between materialistic mind and the purely spiritual.

A small minority of this last-named class become fascinated and influenced by thoughts which are partly spiritual and partly mental, and, being dazzled by their brilliancy and power, yield thereto as to a guiding star; and, the power being new, they worship at its shrine.

These minds are constantly perceiving dim rays of high truth. But, instead of leaping up towards the light, they plunge down to the reservoir of earth-evolved thought, and soon became lost in the mazy labyrinths thereof.

Another minority of minds, having passed beyond this entire plane, perceive spiritual light in its purity, and become the subjects, or mouth-pieces, of supra-mundane and trans-earthly mind; and that which comes to earth through these instrumentalities is invariably harmonious, and consistent with itself and the great principles of nature.

Vast and mighty is the human soul! What is that mysterious thing? Where shall mortals look for the dwelling-place of that occult principle, whose powers are not limited by time or space? But who shall tell us where it dwelleth? It sendeth forth energies beyond the outer limits of space, and reacheth even unto the illimitable vortex of the august soul of the living God. The human soul hath ever lived. Time never was when it had not a conscious being, — conscious only in its inmost essence, ere it fell, as a raindrop, from the pulsating soul of its Father, God. He, she, it, or Deity, ever was, and ever will be; and the deep depths of God's soul conceived the thought of creating, like unto itself, that which would infinitely represent and correspond to the still more infinite over-soul. When *it*, *he*, *she*, or God, *order*, *life*, *intellect*, *law*, *will*, *melody*, *matter*, and *harmony* conceived this thought, the fiat went forth, and

the circumvolving spheres were convulsed with the tide which rolled over, and laved the shores of the boundless realm of infinitude; and forthwith the material realm was ushered into being. I tell thee that matter is but a form of mind. There are higher and lower degrees of mentality, which, when commingled, constitute that domain known as *substans*. This material realm, being subject to that superior to itself, gave birth to worlds. The refining processes, acting through illimitable centuries, produced organic material form, stomachs fitted to receive directly the same substances, which, without it, would have ultimated themselves into gross matter, digested and refined the receptive cells, and man became a living soul.

Now, this is the origin. We will now endeavor to discern a portion of the nature, first, of God, second, of matter, and third, of man. In other words, man is the crystallization of the waves of thought which proceed from God; hence, never can reach Deity, for the reason that the sphere which emanates from God is less refined and perfect than God himself, as is self-evident.

Man, throughout the countless eternities of progressive unfoldings, can never reach the intra plane, or can never enter mentally within the vestibule which leads into the temple where dwelleth Allah, God, Power, in *esse;* for the simple reason, that being composed of the outflowings of Deity, and that, too, in their lowest form, it follows (and here is a new philosophical truth) that man's proclivities, tendencies, and aspirations will be forever, — not to God, but to the outflowing attributes, powers, and essences which proceed from God in rays. Intra Plane is a term signifying the inmost essence of spirit. In man's progressive unfoldings there are varied and various degrees of excellence, refinement, enjoyment, power, and capacity, — human, spiritual, angelic, celestial seraphic, intra, — each a discrete remove above the other. The edeonic plane of being is that point of progression which man reaches on his upward journey, when all his powers, capacities, qualities, essences, and attributes coalesce, and mind becomes a unitary

kingdom, instead of a confederacy of faculties, governed by a master principle, or king faculty; and is that point where man ceases to be moved by material essences, forces, and powers, loses his attractions for matter and the outgrowth of matter, and commences the movement on the other plane of the universe, and describes an angle with his previous progressions, and begins to develop the deific qualities which have thereunto lain dormant within the inmost recesses of the secret soul.

Now, these rays are so infinitely prolific of such super-celestial perfection, happiness, wisdoms, and melodies, that man will always feel the affinitized relations subsisting between them and him. As a child, when grown up, remembers only certain features of the mind of his parents, and feels attractions thereto, and affinities therefor, constantly ascending the plane of being, the receptive vesicles of the human soul will be enlarged and expanded; and therefore the soul will forever drink in new powers, in exact proportion to its expansion and expansive capacity.

God dwells in the midst of the profoundest depths of the intellectual and spiritual universe. He emits, hourly, countless myriads of distinct rays. These rays are attributes and powers, laws and principles; and every human soul that is born has a peculiar affinity to one of these rays. Now, this fact discloses a grand arcanum.

The ray strikes the soul at a point, and diverges triangularly, and widens the field of observation, as procession goes on, and progression does its work. Therefore, no human, immortal being will dare come in conflict with any other immortal soul, nor will one human being dwell in the same physical inmost self-heaven of another; but each will be a complete law unto him or herself, positive, or negative. From the positive ray, man derives wisdom; from the negative, woman love. The spheres blend, for the divergences of the female and male souls perfectly correspond, and the celestial marriage takes place. Now, all men correspond to some principle-ray from God, some attribute and perfection of Deity. A man dies on the earth, he enters the upper world, meets his other self, and they two

become one; being the completeness of the second stage. Now, mark you, that *one*, also, corresponds to a positive or negative principle, and it progresses to another sphere, where the duality positive meets the duality negative; and so on, *ad infinitum*, until God, or Deity positive, produces a God infinite, negative, and the unitized democracy of humanly developed gods shall be complete, and correspond to and receive direct rays of living light from the God positive of all gods.

The nature of mind is the nature of God. I wish you to understand that I refer to a union of the mental, psychical, and interior attributes of the unitary solidarity of humanity, and not to a blending of forms, or coalescence of individualities. Soul will ever expand through, first, the universe of life, which will occupy its entire attention till it shall pass the seventh realm, the lower plane of which it now occupies (that is, referring to the universe of life); then it will describe an angle in its career, and enter the universe of order, at which point of its progress it will faintly discern its ultimate destiny, which will be but begun when it reaches that point; and it may take millions of years for the human race to reach it. Here it shall cease to be human, so august and sublime will be its power, and begin to realize its God-like and true deific nature. At the end of its journey, it will pause awhile, and arouse to the exercise of creative energy.

Three great truths,—

1. That man survives the ordeals of disaster and death.

2. That all of us are much higher than our lives; that all our evil is on the surface, our priceless value deep within.

3. That our external acts, thoughts, selves, worked out even to the best advantage, are very insufficient tests of what we really are. You have yet to learn, that, in spite of death, a man's a man, all the way from time to eternity, and will be so forever and forever more! You have yet to learn that human beings must talk wherever they may be. They have vocal organs, while on the earth, adapted to the requirements of their earthly or carbonaceous existence. So, in the higher life, they have organs adapted to their better condition.

Nearly all peculiar traits of mind, morals, and person, are, to a great extent, transmitted from parents to children; sometimes directly, but more frequently in a modified form and degree. Occasionally, a trait of the parents will become a positive quality and characteristic of the child, sometimes amounting to a passion. Fathers not unfrequently transmit themselves almost wholly to their children; but, more frequently, qualities, passions, virtues, and personal traits are inherited from the mother.

In my world-wide practice, I have steadily refused to become a detective, because I once knew a splendid man, who was an incorrigible thief, made so because the mother who bore him wanted, longed for, what she *could not* obtain when pregnant with that son. And so are all prostitutes made, and all other morbid people.

Probably no era of the world's history has been so replete with evidences of man's immortality, or so full of testimonies to the fact that this, even with all its amazing achievements, is but the beginning of his career of greatness, whether viewed with reference to a *post mortem* existence, an active life beyond the grave, or the possibilities and probabilities of the race on earth.

Of all that has had a tendency to startle men, revolutionize previous methods of thinking, and to effect radical changes in mind, politics, morals, and religion, unquestionably the greatest, most potent and subtle, wide-reaching and radical, has been that grand movement, whereby, to the minds of millions, man's continued existence after death has been physically and sensibly demonstrated.

Let a man be talked into a belief in a hereafter, and, ten to one, he backslides in forty days, becoming a candidate for reconversion just as fast as his mind expands. But let him be handled but once by a well-assured ghost, and its effect will cling to him forever and ever; for any man, once convinced of the truth of spiritualism, may, indeed, recant his "philosophy" ten times over, but he *cannot* recant his own personal experience; for a genuine spirit-rap, once heard, never ceases to echo through the vaults of the soul, and will echo evermore.

How strange a thing is human nature! We never half value a thing or person until they are either lost to us forever, by death, estrangement, or disaster, or we feel that we are threatened with the loss; then, but not till then, do we realize the enormous strength of the fibrils love and friendship have wound about our hearts; and this is true, even though the object is known to be unworthy. Mothers are notoriously most fond of such of their children as are blemished mentally or physically by nature. If we but slightly love an object or an individual, that love will quickly double its volume, and intensify itself, if but some one makes war upon it. Many a man will curse his horse, country, or wife, and keep doing it, year in and year out, quite as a matter of course; but, just let some one else do the same thing in his presence, and he's ready for a fight on the instant. When the writer of these pages had crossed the desert, and reached Jerusalem, he had not seen an American in ten months; and when, in honor of his arrival in the city of Jesus, Mr. Olcott, the American consul, commanded his K'vass to throw the stars and stripes to the breeze, and their glorious folds waved upon the wind from the summit of Zion's holy mount, there ran through his soul a stream of fiery love for that banner, and the land it represented, that all earth's waters could never quench. Like all others, he had underrated America. Now, after ninety thousand miles of travel, he had learned to love her; for she is the best land God's sun ever shone upon, — *if one's skin is fair*, — *as times go!*

"Theories which thousands cherish
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;
Creeds and dogmas all shall perish;
Truth herself can never die."

PART SECOND.

THOTMOR—THE SPHINX.

THE DISENTHRALMENT.

THE DUKE. Good Palmer, is thy tale so wondrous strange?
PALMER. Else had I not sought auditor so wise.
'Tis the best legend ever yet was heard,
Unless I mar it sadly in the telling.

SOMETHING very unusual has taken place within a little while; what it is can scarcely be told, can only dimly be understood, and still more vaguely conveyed to others. This change, this mysterious something, pertains not to body, but to soul, to the inner person; and while the flesh-form is apparently as ever, the strange inhabitant thereof is conscious that it is not as of yore; — nay, has passed, as it were, within these few latter days, into a new mood or phase of its wonderful being.

But a little while ago, the world — this stony world — was far dearer and more highly prized than it is to-day; and this for the reason that not now, as then, does the airy dweller of the body-house look out upon it as of yore; — no longer glances over its mountains, vales and salt seas from the windows near the ground.

It grew suddenly tired of the weight, and gloom, and lead-heavy air — air so light distorting, which circulates just above the surface — just high enough to be breathed by those who move along the by-lanes of Vanity Fair; and the Soul took a key from its girdle, and therewith unlocked the door which alone had prevented its ascension to the upper story of the Temple:

and it saw the steps leading toward the Dome — and they were broad, inviting, well carpeted and lighted. Up the steps it went, and presently reached a lofty apartment, within which there fell a flood of glorious effulgence; and this light was clear, and pure, and pearly white; and it streamed into the apartment, — this upper chamber of the soul, — through a glorious arched window, toward which it drew near, and lo! all the world looked different, as did the stars that hung out upon the night, and the beautiful pale moon, and God's rockets — the meteors — *so* beautiful!

There was an occupant of that chamber, one who had been slumbering on a couch therein for many, many years; but the grating of the door upon its rusted hinges and the rattle of the keys disturbed this sleeper, and woke it up. The being was a female — so very beautiful that I loved her from the first, for she was *very* beautiful, and came to me, threw her fair white arms about my neck, kissed my forehead tenderly, told me that she had slept too long, pent up in that chamber all alone.

And I loved her dearly, because she was so very pure, so virginal, so fresh and innocent, and withal so *very* beautiful! I asked her name. "It is Devotion," she replied. Then folding me to her bosom, her tender, loving bosom, she gently drew me nearer to the window, pointed down toward the ground, and said: "The air is thick, and dank, and dark, and dense, and very murky. It is difficult to catch a glimpse of the bright orb of the heavens, or to feel his genial ray down there, in that thick and heavy air; but here, up here, the atmosphere is purer, and, if you look well and steadily through that pane, you will see the Spirit of God as He moves across the mighty deep!" And I looked. A great Glory was at that moment marching across the whole bright sky — a mystic but a nameless glory — and the night was very grand; the emotions it awoke were very soft and tender, so that tears welled up at the sight from the heart of Devotion, and suffused her beautiful features. O magic tears! One pearly drop fell on me, and lo! the icebergs of my soul were melted, and — I wept; — and the waters, as they flowed, swept away many an obstacle that had thereunto im-

peded and obstructed my vision, and soon I was able to see the Spirit of God in everything that He had made. Seeing which, the Beautiful Maiden gently chided me for so long delaying the *coming up the stairs* and the entering of that wondrous upper chamber whose windows look out upon the world below and toward the God above. And she told me how happy I might have been in the years agone, had not the lower strata of the atmosphere hurt my vision, and if I had unlocked the great door sooner. I asked the lovely one to reveal the methods by which, when I descended again, the recollection of the present golden hour might never be effaced. Sweetly she answered: "All that is necessary is to look toward the Dawn, and

"When the dance of the Shadow at daylight is done,
And the cheeks of the Morning are red with the Sun;
When at eve, in his glory, he sinks from the view,
And calls up his planets to blaze in the blue,
Then pour out thy spirit in prayer.

"When the beautiful bend of the Bow is above,
Like a collar of light on the bosom of Love,
When the moon in her brightness is floating on high,
Like a Banner of silver hung out in the Sky,
Then pour out thy spirit in prayer.

"In the depths of the darkness unvaried in hue,
When shadows are veiling the breast of the blue,
When the voice of the Tempest at midnight is still,
And the Spirit of Solitude sobs on the hill,
Then pour out thy spirit in prayer.

"In the dawn of the morning when Nature's awake,
And calls up her Chorus to chant in the brake,
'Mid the voice of the echo unbound in the woods,
'Midst the warbling of streams, and the foaming of floods,
Then pour out thy spirit in prayer.

"Where by the pure streamlet the pale lily bends,
Like Hope o'er the grave of affectionate friends,
When each star in the sky to the bright fancy seems
Like an island of light in an ocean of dreams,
Then pour out thy spirit in prayer.

"When the Tempest is treading the paths of the deep,
And the Thunder is up from his cloud-cradled sleep,
When the Hurricane sweeps o'er the earth in his wrath,
And leaveth the footprints of God in his path,
Then pour out thy spirit in prayer."

And I prayed.

Since that day, Feb. 4th, 1861, Devotion has been the solace of many and many a weary hour; for when grief and pain and sorrow with their train afflict the soul, it remembers the key-note and the key, and that glorious upper chamber, with the great Glory that swept the heavens, even from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

These were the circumstances which brought about the change. It gives a singularly sweet and placid conviction that my long, long night of pain-life is nearly past, the agony-hours nearly at their close; and so, feeling now emboldened and nerved to the task, the fulfilling of a design long entertained, I determined to mould into the following form certain of my experiences.

In presenting what follows, wisdom dictates the narrative style rather than any other, for the reason that it is better calculated to entertain, interest, and instruct the reader.

Not a few people, nor those of the least informed class either, entertain many serious doubts as to the nature, perdurability, immortality, and eternality of the human soul. Of the last, probably no one in the body can ever be absolutely certain and assured; but of the former, all may be; not, perhaps, by means of what herein ensues concerning the points named, but by reason of that greater knowledge whereof what follows is the key. I present the subjoined as seriously as could anything be. To my soul the truths here revealed, transcribed from the experimental knowledge-tablets of that very soul itself, are priceless, and worth as much more than what people generally receïve and accept as truth, from sources whose external manifestation is through the "Spiritualism" of the day, as these last are more valuable than the mere guesses at the truth of immortality, current previous to the advent of "The Fox and Fish Dynasty."

Some six hundred and fifty years, more or less, before the

birth of Jesus of Nazareth — praises be to his name forever! — in the thirty-fifth Olympiad, or about two thousand five hundred years ago, there lived in the East a famous philosopher, known to us through history as Thales, the Milesian; and there is no doubt but that he was one of the first, if not the very first man of great mental rank and caliber, who publicly taught the doctrine of human immortality.

Doubtless the same general train of reasoning resorted to by Thales was nearly, if not quite, identical with that which constitutes the basis of nearly all human hope to-day, if we accept the modern "Spiritual" theory, which, while very comforting and satisfactory to great numbers, is far from being so to millions more; for there are quite a number of questions which a doubting man may ask of those who predicate an hereafter upon the evidence furnished by the "Spiritualism" of the day, which those who are asked are not able to clearly and satisfactorily answer. To many, the reasoning of the "Spiritualists," like that of the ancient, amounts to "It is quite possible that human beings are immortal;" and that is all. Many a man and woman are dying daily deaths from the fearful doubts that constantly arise as to the truth of the Immortality of the Soul; doubts, too, that will still insist on coming up, in spite of the startling phenomena of the "manifestations" whose origin is attributed to disembodied men and women; they still leave an aching void, — a void which I am about to attempt to fill; and, I believe, successfully.

After the great Milesian, came other philosophers — men of genius and intuition — who had dim and indistinct glimmerings of the great truth. Feeling, rather than seeing, that there must be a life beyond the body, they strove to impress their convictions upon others; yet the sum total still amounted to but a probability, at best. As a result of the great search for light upon this mighty subject, many glimmerings of the truth were seen, but they were glimmerings only. By and by came Plato upon the stage of the world's theatre. He produced "Phædo," — a great work, considering the times in which it first saw the light. It still remains so; and yet so acute is the logical fac

ulty of the people of the present era, that even that work fails of convincing. It is, viewed by the modern light, far, very far from being a satisfactory performance, considering the immense importance and sublimity of the theme it professes to treat; yet, nevertheless, Plato did succeed in convincing many of the people of the by-gone ages, as well as of the present, that he had indeed struck the golden vein at the bottom of which the wondrous jewel lies, and in establishing a crude conviction of that great truth, which the present century will doubtless have the supreme honor of perfectly demonstrating. In the final conclusion, to which the world will shortly come, the author of these pages firmly believes that the elements herein given will enter as integers — as a portion and part absolutely essential to the perfect structure.

Plato, not unlike many of our modern savans, seems to have been sorely troubled — not so much in proving the immortality of the soul, as in assigning it a proper habitation after death. But the soul, like the body, must have a home, he thought, and so he concluded to locate that home within the boundaries of the "New Atlantis Isle," situated, nobody, not even the great thinker himself, knew where. The same difficulty presents itself to-day; a thousand theories, or, more properly speaking, hypotheses, are now afloat on the surface of the general mind, concerning the locality of the Divine City of Spirits — the home of departed souls. The great majority of these suppositions are too material, crude, shallow and baseless, on their very faces, to even challenge the attention of a thinker for a single moment; others are too far-fetched; and not one of them all is there but presents itself in the face of a dozen objections, from every one of ten thousand objectors.

That this assertion may not appear groundless, and seem to be dictated by improper reasoning, let us merely glance at the three theories held by the people who claim to know most about the matter — "Spiritualists." One of the lights of that class gravely informs us that the spiritual world is located quite a distance on the other side of "The Milky Way;" he and his disciples affirm that spirits can and do come back to earth

daily; that our desires draw them, and that they being there, and feeling us draw them, instantly quit the land of bliss, and flit toward us, accomplishing the distance in "no time at all;" which very indefinite period we may safely assume to be three or four hours, more or less. Now, light coming from the nearest fixed star, at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a minute, cannot reach us in less than *eighteen years;* while light from any star on the further side of the same great belt of suns requires a period of time too vast for us to comprehend, ere it can gladden our eyes.

The Spirit's dwelling, according to this school, lies *beyond* even those vastly distant orbs. Supposing, however, that it exists in the neighborhood of the nearest star, any spirit who gets here after a journey of three hours, must travel through space at not less than the rate of *twelve thousand three hundred and eighty-seven* MILLIONS *of miles* DURING EVERY SECOND *of the awful journey!* — a speed that would annihilate any being less than God himself. What an idea!

The next theory is, that the Spirit's home is on a sort of aerial belt circumvolving our globe. Said belt is fifty miles thick; spirits live on its upper surface, which is very like this earth, seeing that it has cities, houses, streets, waters, oceans, rivers, trees, beasts, birds, and reptiles. At the poles of the earth, according to this school, there are certain openings or large holes, through which the spirits come and go just when it suits them so to do. When they depart hence, they go "head up," of course; and when they come to us, they must approach "*head-foremost*," or with their feet toward their home, — a very immodest way for *some* spirits to travel, if the dignity of their sex is still retained, and a very undignified mode of travelling for the philosophers and magnates who so often talk to and *at* us, through the lips of modern eolists.

This theory is somewhat unsatisfactory, but mainly on the ground of its materiality, for it seems to make the second life but a new edition of the first one. Of the two, the first theory is incomparably the most magnificent and grand. The fault is, that it is too much so; for it removes us at one leap from the

condition of humanity, and at once endows us with the attributes and power of veritable gods.

The next hypothesis concerning the matter is, that this world (our globe) is, and must, and will for all eternity be, the abiding place and scene of activity of all mankind, who ever have been or will be born on it, through all the past and all the future ages. According to this school (if I may so dignify it), Spirits are here dwelling amongst us, taking note of all things that occur, — are eating, drinking, and doing all that we do.

Now, there *is* common sense and reasonableness in these latter notions; for of the many guesses at the truth, they come nearest to the mark. The faults which this theory has, are, however, very bad ones; for, first it materializes the soul; second, it confines it here, nor even permits it to leave its prison, to roam the starry fields; and, third, it does injustice to God and His omnipotence, inasmuch as it practically doubts His providence, limits His power, and assumes that He was incompetent to provide *spiritual* homes for spiritual beings, and was compelled to make this a double world. If a spirit occupies any space at all, then if this theory be true, not only is the surface above ground one compact mass of Spirits, but they form piles extending far higher than our loftiest mountains; for, since men have begun to die, they have continued to pass away at the rate of scores of millions every year for at least a hundred centuries.

I could not help disposing of this doctrine by means of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, for it was, and ever will be, totally unworthy of any more respectful treatment; and yet, as said before, it contains far more truth than the others, as will very shortly be, if not already herein seen.

People who lived in the days of Plato, Thales and the great men of the olden time, could not have the same notions that we have; could not understand many of the wonders which we, in this age, fully comprehend. They could not conceive of a balloon, railroad, locomotive, steamship, photo-picture, or telegraph, for the very plain and simple reason that the human brain had not, as a general thing, then unfolded many of its

wonderful and mighty powers. Its immense capacities were as yet nascent, latent, still. True, the seeds of all that it has since proved were there, but in embryo only. In other words, the soul had not the requisite brain-organs, through which it could familiarize itself with all or any of the marvellous things just enumerated. So now, in these days, men and women worry themselves a great deal concerning the *locus in quo* of their fleshless friends, about the Deity or no-Deity question, and a hundred others of the like, not the least important of which is that concerning the nature, origin, and final destiny of the soul itself. Presently, in the years of the race, if not in those of the individuals on earth to-day, the requisite brain-organs will be developed, the proper function of which shall be the furnishing of the soul with what it wants, in order to take notice of, and comprehend the principles underlying its own existence, here and hereafter. Till then, the facts it sees must be admitted, even while many of the bases of these very facts remain involved in impenetrable mystery. It must take many things for granted — its own immutability included — in many instances, without any very perfect or intimate *knowledge* of the *why?* — on the *cogito, ergo sum* principle.

To return to the ancient philosopher: It may be remarked that, although he had a vague notion of a conscious life of the soul subsequent to the dissolution of its corporeal investiture, yet, unquestionably, the sort of *post mortem* existence which he conceived, and Immortality — as the brightest intellects of the present age understand it — are two very dissimilar states or modes of being, and widely different in principle, value, nature, and results.

It may be well to present an abstract and brief chronicle of the Platonic idea, in order to clearly indicate the divergences.

To say nothing concerning Plato's doctrine of the Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of soul from body to body — (which doctrine contains some truth, as doth nearly every notion man entertains, and which took its rise in the plains of Chaldea, was there found and adopted by the great Zerdusht, or, Zoroaster, from whom Plato borrowed it) — we will merely

glance at certain others of his recorded opinions. According to Plato, the soul is double, that is to say, both material and spiritual; all souls pre-existed; originally they were inhabitants of Heaven, a place somewhere in the sky, whence they emigrated to the earth; their sole mission is to become "developed," which process is effected in this wise: Each soul must animate successively a prodigious number of bodies, every stage of their career occupying not less than a "period," which may be set down as one hundred years, and must be repeated an incalculable number of times; they then return whence they came — to Heaven; are permitted by the gods to remain there for an allotted term, after the expiration of which, they are again compelled to go forth and occupy successive bodies, as before. Consequently, all human souls are, according to the Platonic theory, destined to nearly an everlasting repetition of the same general processes, are fated to an almost endless round of defilements and purifications; of returns to Heaven, and dismissals to earth — not to speak of sundry sojourns in very bad localities on the route.

Plato taught that these souls do not entirely forget their experiences, joys, sorrows or ambitions, hopes, cares and anxieties, — in short, none of their varied experiences during the several incarnations; and that all, or any portion of human knowledge, at any given point of time, was not the real acquisition of the *present*, as it seemed, but was composed merely of the memories, or reminiscences of innumerable past careers, — the present recognition of facts and incidents which transpired in some pre-existent stage of their tremendous career. That these are truly magnificent notions, scarce any one who can truly grasp them will deny, even though to some persons they may appear to be the very quintessence of poetry. Transmigration, in some form, has certainly *been*, if not hereafter to be, the lot of man. I do not believe the Platonic conception of this great truth to be the correct one, nor that man will ever undergo the doom again; yet, that the soul has reached its present through many an inferior state is a self-evident fact to me. At all

events, a formidable array of reasons might be presented to account for the faith that is within me.

This idea of Plato's completely antagonizes two of the most celebrated dogmas that ever held the human reason captive: the first of which is the famous "Monad Theory" of Leibnitz, albeit he came very near the truth, as has been seen; and the other, the modern doctrine, that souls, like bodies, are formed, made, created here; and that their origin is a common one — *en utero*.

Before the conclusion of the task assigned me, I shall have occasion to revert again to both of these latter doctrines. At present, let them pass.

Plato maintained that the soul was *Divinæ particulum auræ*, an emanation from God Himself, a portion of His immaculate Being, detached for a time only, and that after innumerable transmigrations it is reabsorbed into Himself again, and loses its own distinctiveness. Of course, this notion, if it be true, instead of proving immortality, as Plato supposed, in fact disproves it altogether; that is, if immortality be conceded to be a continuance of personal identity, and an individual duration, subsequent to the demise of the physical body. Immortality means a continued existence of the personality, and not a mere survival of the varied *elements* whereof a human being is composed. The particular Deific emanations which constitute the souls of A, B, C and D, respectively, as soon as they become souls, are beings totally distinct from all else that exists, and must forever remain so; and "soul" can be predicated of either, only as beings thus separate, and therefore immortality can be the prerogative of man only so long as God and man are not blended into one single Personality. So long as each soul shall think, feel, suffer, enjoy, cogitate, and have a continuity of self-knowing, just so long will it be possessed of an invincible conviction of personal identity, under which circumstance alone, and only, can its immortality be truly predicated and affirmed. But should any soul ever be reabsorbed into Deity — again become a portion of Divinity — an utter, total, and complete annihilation of the *individual* must ensue; and that destruction

of the human selfhood would be as effective, utter and complete, as if the varied elements entering into it as constituents were whirled absolutely out of the universe and into a blank nothingness.

A tree sawed into planks is a tree no longer, although the wood, so far as mere essence is concerned, remains as before. The tree *as* a tree is ruined forever, albeit the wood of it may endure for centuries. To sum up: All the theories of the Platonists, the followers of Thales, and the disciples of every one of the ancient philosophers, as well as those of scores of the modern "Spiritualists," especially of that peculiar school who prate of immortality and annihilation in one and the same, the very same breath, are unsatisfactory; for, after all, their boasted demonstrations of immortality amount, in their final results and effects upon our minds, to but very little more than pleasing hopes, and fond desires, and longings after immortality! In what follows I have endeavored to solve the problem, in a somewhat novel way, it must be admitted; yet I am in earnest, and have worked up the materials at my command in the most effective manner that was possible.

THE DISEMBODYING.

The belief in ghosts, spirits, apparitions, wraiths and doubles, is almost universal. Millions of people affect to disbelieve in them; and yet, deep down in the soul-caverns of these identical millions may be found all that exists in the minds of the most credulous. Disbelief in such things is very near akin to the asserted creeds of atheism. Thousands there be who in *words* deny the existence of a God; and yet, let any one of these loud-mouthed sceptics become racked with a real genuine, old-fashioned toothache, and ten to one he cries out "O Lord!" fifty times a day, and as often in the night begs God to have mercy upon his rack-tortured jaws. The fact is, there never yet was, there never will be, such a *rara avis* as a

genuine atheist; and, in spite of all protestations to the contrary, there are but few who do not believe to some extent in the existence of spirits. As with the rest of the world, so with myself; for, notwithstanding the chronic and hereditary scepticism of my nature, a scepticism as unbending as iron, as inflexible as stone, I, from early childhood, entertained a certain vague, indefinite belief in the existence of the spectral gentry of another world; yet with this belief there was not the least realization in my mind that the objects of my belief had the faintest or most distant relationship to the human people in flesh and blood whom I daily saw about me. There was nothing very singular in that, however, for I merely resembled the millions of to-day, who, while entertaining the most undoubted, and, in some respects, salutary belief in ghosts, yet practically seem not to have the most distant idea that in so doing they are fully accepting the mystic's faith, — that these self-same ghosts are but the spirits of mortals who dwell beyond the veil.

Even in my early days I strove, by inquiry and by reading such books upon the subject as fell in my way, to find out whether this earthly life was the only allotment of man, — poor, care-ridden, unhappy man, — or not. Child as I was, I felt the incompleteness of all subsolar things, and longed to know if our experiences here were or were not all we had to hope for, or look forward to. The belief in ghosts did not help me any: for that ghost and spirit were synonymes never once struck my mind. To the innumerable questions propounded by me to my elders, in the expectation of eliciting satisfactory replies, the old stereotyped response was given, — to wit: Mankind have souls, and these souls live when the body is dead and returned into the dust of the ground; but what the soul was, whence it came, what was its nature, form, shape, and size, and whither it went after the loss of its body, I could gain not the slightest information; for every answer given me was as unsatisfactory as would be the Platonic theory to a modern philosopher of the transcendental order.

After a while these repeated failures produced their legitimate

fruit; at first, a little doubt crept in, and challenged all I had gathered. It grew apace, and finally settled into a sort of atheism, from which I was happily rescued by my sister Harriet, and the good old Father Varella, a Spanish priest, by whom I was duly baptized and received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, in my native city, New York. How long the connection lasted cannot now be told; but something that occurred disgusted me, and forthwith the Pope had a new foe in my humble person. Years of doubt again succeeded after this relapse, during which the belief in ghosts grew stronger and still more strong. My mind became subject to certain peculiar states, — a sort of *raptness*, so to express it, — a condition precisely identical with that now claimed by thousands in the land to be spiritually induced. The supposition that it is so, *may* be correct, and it may be that this condition is the result of the development of a new sense or faculty in the mind. It matters not which, albeit I am inclined toward the latter hypothesis. In these states, to which I became at times subject, it seemed to me that I held converse with the ghosts, but for a long time was totally unable to realize that they were human spirits. Much of the history of my psychical life has for years been before the world, and therefore need not to be repeated here; consequently we will pass over several years, to the date of the first occurrence of the "Rochester Knockings." At the first opportunity that offered itself, I went to Litchfield, Michigan, at which place were two females in whose presence the strange noises were said to occur. I heard them, believed they were produced by a power outside and independent of the girls, yet could hardly realize that human souls, disembodied, were the makers of the sounds.

The result was an increased and intensified study, not only of the soul itself, so far as was possible by aid of an active intellect and quickened intuition, but also of its modes of action, its phases, and its moods. And, oh, how my spirit loved to dwell upon its possibilities! Was there any person in the country reputed to have a wealth of knowledge on matters pertaining to the spirit, I spared neither trouble nor expense; but went forthwith

to glean what I could from his or her precious stores. Of the "rappers," "tippers," and "table-turners," I soon became wearied; for, as a class, they amounted to but little, and, with one or two exceptions, proved unworthy of confidence.

At last I went to visit a city in New England, where was published a paper devoted to the illustration and diffusion of spiritual light, the editor of which soon became interested in me (for people said that my ghost-seeing faculty was real, and that I had given incontestable proofs, not merely of the power indicated, but also of what they were pleased to call clairvoyance). While sojourning in this eastern city, I came across a series of crayon sketches, copied from an old English work by their possessor, illustrative of certain portions of the processes of cosmical formation, according to the Ignigenous Theory. One of these drawings represented a vortical sun, discharging from itself countless hosts of lesser suns, — a world-rain from the eternal cornucopia. The idea, if it be *but* an idea, is a magnificent, ay, a tremendous one, and it attracted my soul very strongly. Many and many an hour have I sat gazing raptly upon that bit of pasteboard, which to me told a story too supremely vast and grand to ever find expression in human types or language; and often have I been lost in the lanes of the azure, when striving to reach that almighty centre of flaming fire, whence starry systems rain down like snow-flakes in the wintry days!

This particular crayon set me to thinking in right good earnest; as a result of which, it appeared that my psychical vision became intensified. Test after test was given of this power, until the list rolled up from tens to hundreds, and people said, "If these descriptions of dead persons, whom you have never seen when living, and whom you profess to behold now, are not proofs of both the immortality of the soul and the ability to scale the walls which divide this from the upper worlds, what in Heaven's name will prove them? It *must* be true that you, and hundreds of others as well, do really penetrate the heretofore unlifted veil." The display of these powers satisfied others, but to myself they still remained the weary, weary A's and the

barren, barren B's; for, notwithstanding all that I had seen, heard and read on the subject of the soul's continuance, it was utterly impossible to actualize or realize my theoretic belief; and this, too, at the very time that scores of persons, through the practical display of what I can but regard as a mere phase of psycho-vision, were triumphing in a firm, solid, unshaken belief in an hereafter; — singular, was it not?

That the soul can, at times, act independent of the body, I am firmly convinced. We see daily proofs of it in the mesmerist's art, in mental telegraphy, and in various other ways; this has long been an accepted fact. How often do we suddenly think of a person, who instantly thereafter enters our presence, his spiritual part having preceded the physical! How often do we visit places during sleep which, in other days, we recognize externally! How frequently we dream of persons and things unknown to us, and subsequently encounter these very persons and things when wide awake! Many persons possess this power of independent soul-action, and can exert it at will. The writer has often done so.

The experience about to be related occurred at a period when the sceptical mood was on my soul; and it overtook me as I wandered distractedly on the borders of the region of Despair. But this experience, strange, fearful, and even terrible, as portions of it were, had a beneficial effect; for it lifted my struggling soul to heights of grandeur and glory, from whose sublime summits my vision swept the plains of immortality, and pierced the arcana of death itself!

Had the wisdom-lessons taught in this immense experience been duly profited by, as they ought, I should have escaped many and many a bitter hour. But, like the majority of people, I refused to learn in any but the severest of all schools.

It so fell out upon a day, that, having taken my usual seat before a copy of the marvellous crayon previously alluded to, and which I had rudely sketched, I became impatient at my continual failures to comprehend the subject it represented. Generally this had not been the case. My mind, on that morning, was unusually clear and vigorous; and yet, despite all efforts, I found

it utterly impossible to comprehend the stupendous conception, — the Birth of a Universe. At last, heart-faint and sick at my failure, I abruptly rose from the chair, resumed my walking apparel, left the room, and strolled carelessly and mechanically up the street, and continued listlessly onward, until I found myself beyond the outskirts of the city, and entering the open country. It was a bright, sunshiny day; and after wandering about for nearly an hour, and beginning to feel a double oppression,—fatigue of body, for it was very weak and slender, and despondency of spirits,— it struck me that I would turn short to the right, and lie down for a while beneath the grateful shade of a natural bower, on the borders of a forest clump, hard by. This I did; and having reclined upon the rich, green turf, under the leafy canopy afforded by the trees,—rare and stately old elms were they,— abandoned myself at once to meditation, speculation and repose. How long I thus lay it is impossible to tell; it may have been one hour, it may have been two or three: all that I remember of the outer world of wakefulness is the framing of a series of questions, and, amongst others wherewith I interrogated my deepest soul for responses, were these: "What is the immortality of man? What is God? Where does He dwell? Is the life hereafter a continuance of this, or is it entirely different? Can it be only a shifting of world-scenes, or is it a change as widely apart from our earthly state as is this last from the existence before birth?" These, and many similar questions my soul propounded to itself, and sought, by an intense introversion of its faculties, to reach the penetralia of its being, where it instinctively felt convinced that all the momentous answers were already registered. Long and persistently was this endeavor continued, until, for the first time in my life, I became aware of something very, very strange, and supremely interesting going on within me. This sensation was somewhat analogous to the falling off into a deep sleep, only that it was the body alone which lost its outward sensibility: it was the physical senses only that became slowly and gradually benumbed and sealed, while the mighty senses beneath them appeared to intensify themselves, draw together, and coalesce

in one grand All-sense; and this continued going on until it reached a strange and awful degree, and a sensation as of approaching death stole over, and, for a little while, frightened and alarmed me.

With all the clearness of reasoning that I ever possessed, I applied myself to the work of fathoming what all this meant; but the more strenuous the effort, the more signal the failure. Finding that the phenomenon taking place within was governed by a law which pertained to soul-life alone. and that my ignorance of that mystic realm was too great and dense to permit a full comprehension of the enigma, nothing remained but to submit and learn, as time wore on; and, accordingly, giving over all attempts to shake off that which, by this time, held my entire being within its mighty and resistless grasp, I abided patiently the result.

Slowly as moves the ice-mounds of Switzerland came the sense of coldness over my limbs; inch by inch the crafty hand of Mystery gained firmer hold. The feet, the limbs, the vitals, grew cold and leaden, until at last it seemed as if the ventricles of my heart and the blood within them were freezing, slowly, surely freezing; and the terrible conviction forced itself upon me that I was gradually, but positively — dying!

Soon all sense of organization below the neck was lost, and the words, "limb, body, chest," had no meaning. This was also true of the head generally, but not of a something within that head. The bodily eyes and ears were the last to yield themselves up to the influence of the strange, weird spell.

With a last, perishing effort, I strove to look forth upon and listen to the sounds of the world, now perhaps forever being left behind. What a doleful change in a few brief hours! Where all had been serenely, calmly beautiful before, nothing was now visible but the huge, gaunt skeletons of forms I had seen glowing with living verdure but a little while ago; the sunlight was changed from silver sheen to a pale and sickly yellow, tinged with ghastly green. The overhanging branches and profuse foliage of the trees hard by had altered their every aspect, and from stately monuments of God's goodness had

become transformed into spectral obelisks, upreared on the earth to tell the future ages that He had passed that way in savage and vindictive wrath, once upon a time. When I lay me down and gazed up into the beautiful heaven, the fleecy vapors were playing at cloud-gambols on the breast of the vault; but now they were turned into funereal palls, heavy, black, and gloomy as are the coverlets of night; and the busy hum of myriad insects, and the gentle murmur of the zephyr moving through the bushes, no longer pleased the ear by their soft, low buzz, but smote upon my parting soul like a last and dirgeful knell; while the warblings of the plumed songsters of the wood sounded to my soul like the sepulchral chants of eastern story. Very soon the deep black pall, hung out upon the face of heaven, began slowly and remorsely to come down, down, down, until my nostrils snuffed the vapors and sensed the odors of the grave. The far-off horizon began cautiously to approach me, shutting out first one window of the sky and then another, until at last but a little space of light was left; and still the cloud-walls drew nearer, nearer still; the darkness and the fetor grew more fearfully dense by degrees; I gasped for breath; the effort pained me, and was fruitless; and the horrible agony consequent thereupon, for one moment re-illumed the brain; and the dreadful possibility, nay, the probability, that I was to die there alone, with no loved hand to smooth my brow, no lip to kiss me "good-by," no tearful eye to watch my parting hour, sent a thrill along my brain almost too intense for endurance. The conviction that I must perish, uncared for by kind friends, out there in the wood, beneath the blue sky and the green trees, seized upon my soul, and the cold beads of perspiration that oozed from my brow and trickled down to the ground attested the degree of mental agony I was undergoing. "Good-by, all ye beauties of the sense-world! Farewell, all whom I have loved or been loved by!" I mentally said; and then, by a strong effort of will, nerved my soul for its expected flight. Soon there came a thrill, a shudder, an involuntary "God, receive me!" and I felt that I was across the Misty River, and stood within the awful gates of — ETERNITY!

The majority of people imagine the Soul-world to be *spacially* (to coin a good word) outside of this sphere; and so it is, in one sense; but in another, it is not. A notion of what I mean may be had by comparing the other and higher with certain phases of the true dream-life. The scenes of action of either are totally removed from both time and space, and yet the events of each are actual experiences of the soul; for even in dream-life we suffer and enjoy quite as keenly as in the wakeful world of grosser sense. A woman who sleeps and dreams finds herself in two widely different states within the four-and-twenty hours. Now, the normal spiritual state is very like a prolonged dream-life, to which our world-sense or earthly condition is just the same as is spiritual clairvoyance to an inhabitant of the physical body; that is to say, it is possible for spiritual beings to become *en rapport* with this earthly world, and the interests, persons and things thereof; but this is not their normal state or condition, any more than the clairvoyance, induced mesmerically, is the normal state of the subject possessing the faculty.

It requires long and persistent effort to induce a condition in a human being which will for a time intromit him into the greater or lesser Soul-worlds; and just so it is no easy matter for the inhabitants of those higher and highest worlds to become *en rapport* with this.

These remarks are introductory to what follows.

After the first great thrill of terror had passed over, I became comparatively calm, and soon lost all consciousness whatever. Not a sensation ever felt before in all my life was experienced now, but a new magazine of emotions seemed to have suddenly been opened in the depths of my being, and began to usurp the places of the old ones.

Some years subsequent to the events now detailed, I read the wonderful experiences of several persons, who had experimented with various drugs, — De Quincy, Gautier, Bayard Taylor, Dumas pere, Ludlow, and others, — but nothing described by them; nothing described by similar experimenters in the orient, beneath my own observation; in short, nothing I had

known, seen, read, or heard of, at all, in the slightest particular, resembled the wondrous and mystical experiences of my soul upon that memorable afternoon, — nothing of them at all resembled the sensations to which I awoke under the trees near that eastern city. Gradually the sense of *lostness*, which for a time possessed me, passed away, and was succeeded by a consciousness altogether distinct from that of either the dream or the ordinary wakeful condition. Not a sensation ever previously experienced — not even in the very soul-vaults of my being — now swept the nerve-ocean within, to solace, actuate, or annoy; but instead, there came an indefinable PLEASURE-SENSE, — a sort of hyper-sensual ecstasy, by no means organic, but diffused over the entire being. I have every reason to believe that this feeling is *always* experienced by the newly dead. Persons who have been resuscitated after drowning, suspension by the neck, and asphyxia, all unite in testifying that, so far as their experience went, death was a pleasant feeling, and its joys supreme, even in what to spectators may have seemed the terrible passing hour. This sensation, like all others, cannot be verbally described; it was as if the keenest pleasures known to us in the body were infinitely prolonged and *strung out* over the entire nerve-sea, instead of a single organ or two.

I cannot perhaps convey my meaning to some people better than by saying that the sensation was akin to the feeling of an instantaneous relief from the most excruciating pain, — the toothache, for instance. I was not, at first, conscious of possessing a body; not oven the ultra-sublimated material one of which we hear so much said in these latter days; but a higher, nobler consciousness was mine, — namely, a supremely radiant soul-majesty.

My ears did not hear; but Sound, — nature's music, — the delicious, but still melodies of earth and space, and all things else, seemed to pour in upon my ravished soul, in rich, full streams, through a thousand avenues. The eye did not see, but I was all sight. There was no organ of locomotion, as on the earth, nor were such needed; but my spirit seemed to be

all motion, and it knew instinctively, that, by the power of the thought-wish, it could reach any point within the boundaries of earth where it longed and willed to be; but not a single yard beyond it. Let it be here distinctly understood, that the condition in which I now found myself was precisely the same as that of the higher class of spiritual beings, when they are in the peculiar state wherein they can for a limited period, and to a certain extent, become connected with this world, wherein they have once lived, and from which they have passed over the bridge of Death to the brighter realms beyond; in other words, I was connected with two worlds, and the states incident to the residents of both, at one and the same time.

Distinctively and most clearly does memory retain all the marvellous changes from the pre-state of that auspicious afternoon.

What is especially remarkable is, that the condition was so peculiar, that the freed soul could, and did, after a time, take close notice of material things, even while that same soul-gaze penetrated the surface, and beheld their essences. The vision was not bounded by the obstacles which impede ordinary sight. Every object was, more or less, transparent; and one very singular peculiarity of all bodies, of whatever kind, was this: the trees, stones, hills, mountains, everything, appeared as if composed of absolute *fire*. A certain object I knew, from its shape, to be a large tree, with brown bark, white wood and green leaves; yet none of these colors were there now, but, instead, the trunk appeared to be a huge cylinder of gray fire, not in one mass, but in interwoven streaks, all actively flaring upward, and bound together by a circle of brighter fire (the inner bark), which in turn was encompassed by a dull brown band of faintly flickering flame. Each leaf was also nothing but a vari-formed disk of purple and orange fire. Thus it was with all that I beheld.

Fire, in some form, constitutes the life of all beings, of whatsoever nature; of this I am firmly convinced. These strange sights caused me to reason in this wise: "If dull matter is so filled with the divine luminescence, what must be the appearance

of a human being? Surely a man must present an astonishing sight! Of a certainty," said I, "this must be Eternity, and I am now a free soul! Oh that I might behold another soul than mine, and learn somewhat of its mysteries, and reach the understanding of a few of the deeper things of its nature." Scarcely had this desire taken form, than a sense of involuntary motion took possession, and I felt myself slowly and positively rising in space, at an angle of eighty degrees with the horizon. Amazement! The sensation was not unpleasant; but as the ground receded apparently, the novelty of the situation produced emotions that most certainly were It is impossible to describe one's feelings; nor shall such an attempt be here essayed. Suffice it, therefore, that I rose to such a height, that, judging by the faint gleams of the earth-fires in the hills, and the indistinct shimmering of the city itself, I conjectured, that when at the highest point, not less than five miles, in a straight line, separated me from the peak of the tallest mountain within sight. Having reached this altitude, I began to descend the opposite arm of the triangle, whose base was on the earth's surface, and reached the ground in the neighborhood of a city in central New York, distant from my point of departure not less than two hundred miles. Of course, it was impossible to even conjecture either the means by which this journey was accomplished, or the motives prompting the weird power which effected it; but whatever be the reasons of my coming, one thing is certain, — here I am, and nothing remains but to abide the issue, whatever it may be, thought I.

Even during the mental perturbation, which was the natural result of the extraordinary circumstances in which I was placed, the question-asking faculty and propensity of my mind — one of its leading traits — found sufficient time for exercise; and many were the "whys," "hows," and "what fors," which causality propounded, but to which at first there came no response. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the strange processes by which knowledge flowed in upon my soul. It seemed to be absorbed. Knowledge, all knowledge, may be said to float in the spiritual atmosphere underlying the coarser

air men breathe; and in certain states, reachable by every human being, this knowledge is drawn in involuntarily, just as salt absorbs moisture.

Near the spot over which I hovered [for the spirit cannot touch gross substance directly, but moves along on the surface of an aerial stratification near the earth: these strata are about sixty feet apart, and there are transverse, vertical and other lanes leading in all directions through them] stood a house embowered in trees, and in this house was a "study," and in that study I saw the object, above all others, which had been the theme of my longing prior to the commencement of my aerial journey, namely, a man; and that man was apparently educated and refined, — for near where he sat stood a library of books, one of which he was at that moment engaged in reading. The title of the book was "Neander's Life of Christ."

Calmly read the man; still more calmly I observed him and his surroundings; and the result of these observations was a firm conviction that the theories propounded by Newton, and generally admitted to be true, concerning light, color, and sound, are not correct, or even approximately so.

No amount of disbelief on the part of others, no amount of cavilling, nor reasoning can ever convince me that the experience now being recorded is anything less than absolute fact, — the direct contact of my inner being with the truths here related: hence I hesitate not for an instant in challenging the guesses of even a Newton, and offsetting against them the results of my own personal inspection of the phenomena whereof his Principia treats. In the first place, there are many different kinds of light: in the present instance, there are two sorts in operation; first, the rays of solar light fell upon the printed page, and with it a still finer, and more subtle, white and velvet light, from the eyes of the man himself; which proved to me that men gain a knowledge of external things by means of an absolute and positive irradiation from the soul itself, whose seat is in the central brain; and this, through the medium of the optic nerves, retina, and other delicate organs. In proportion to the central power of the soul it suffuses and bathes

everything in, and with, a subtle aura; and this aura is that mysterious telegraphic apparatus, by means of which it issues its behests, and receives information.

While gazing upon this beautiful sight I *distinctly heard a bell ring;* and yet that bell was not sounded within two hundred miles of the spot where at that very moment the body of the writer lay wrapped in a death-like pall of insensibility, as was proved by the actions of the man within the house, near which I stood, investigating the sublimest of all phenomena,— namely, the Human Soul, its phases, modes and nature.

The student instantly laid down the book and rose to his feet; not, however, to respond to the ringing, but to bid his three or four little mischief-loving prattlers be quiet, make less noise, put aside the hand-bell, and not disturb him by its tinkling.

All this was deeply interesting; but what most attracted my attention was the discovery of the fact that sound was not, as thousands of scientific men have asserted, a mere vibration of aerial particles, but, on the contrary, was, and is, a fine, very fine and attenuated substance, which leaves any and all objects that are jarred or struck; and leaves in greater or less volume, in pointed pencil-rays, single rays, broad sheets of various shapes, and in undulatory waves, according to the nature of the object whence it flows, the force of the blow struck, and the character of the object used in striking. It would be quite worth the while for our *savants* to make experiments to verify, or, if possible, refute these statements.

The man resumed his seat; and I saw that from his internal brain there proceeded to the outer ears innumerable fibres of pale green light, and that the pencil-rays and sheets of sound, which were at that moment floating through all contiguous space, came in direct contact with the terminals of what —for want of a better name — I will call fibres, or, more properly, fibrils; the contact took place within the rim of the external ear, and the sound was instantaneously transmitted, or telegraphed, along the auditory nerve to the *sanctum sanctorum* of his very soul.

The question naturally arises in the reader's mind at this point: "How was it possible for *you* to become cognizant of *sound* under the very peculiar circumstances and conditions by which you were surrounded for the time being? *You* could not hear by means of the outer ear and auditory nerves, for it is plain, if your story be indeed a recital of actual events, and not merely a splendid philosophical fiction, that your material hearing apparatus had been left behind you, in the body, beneath the trees on the outskirts of the New England city?" A very fair question this, and one demanding a fair answer. To it I reply thus: The human being, externally, is a multiple thing, at the bottom of which lies the invisible soul: Soul is the thinking, feeling, knowing essence; spirit is its casket; the body but its nursery-garments, the clothing of its juvenility. By means of the body, the soul, in which alone all power and faculty inheres, is enabled to come in contact with the material world. By means of its inner or spirit-body, which is but an out-creation, it holds converse with the worlds of Knowledge, Spirit and Principle. The fibrils alluded to are not mere emanations from the physical brain, or its ganglia, but they are wires, one end of which is eternally anchored in the very soul itself, which latter is, of course, *the* man *per se*. The wires, though passing through, are by no means rooted in the corporeal structure; hence, the man or woman, without a flesh-and-blood body, experiences but little, if any, difficulty in hearing sounds made in this material world. As it is with regard to hearing, so also it is, to the same degree, with reference to the power of seeing the corporeal forms of earthly things. The perfection and ease, however, with which this is done, depends upon the normal condition of the disembodied man himself. If he or she, as the case may be, is sound, sane, clear, and morally healthy, its powers, as with one yet in the flesh, are augmented and positive; therefore it can, by processes already sufficiently explained see, hear, feel, and even read, not only books, but the unexpressed thought of a person still embodied with whom he or she may for the time being be in sympathetic contact. Very seldom, however, can the recently dead do these things with the same

ease and facility that others can who have been over the river a longer time. This I have abundantly proved; and this, too, explains a point which, as certain believers in the Spiritology of the day inform me, has puzzled thousands of investigators, *i. e.*, why some of the dead people, with whom they claim to hold very frequent converse, can only be communicated with by means of hard labor on their part, while others readily understand and respond. Some can faintly, others clearly, see and hear; some can correctly read people's thoughts; others cannot, and must be addressed vocally; others still require all questions to be written, in order that they may *see* and understand. The faculties and powers of dead people are doubtless as varied, dissimilar and unevenly developed as are those of persons on the hither side of Time.

The study of the human soul is a great one, and entirely worthy of a life's devotion. It has been mine to seek the solution of many of its mysteries, and in a few instances success has crowned the effort and rewarded the laborer. The final answer to the question is this: the sounds were conveyed to my inner being directly, and without the need of any flesh-and-blood organ of sense. Let us now turn toward a far more sublime mystery, namely: THE VERY SOUL ITSELF.

THE WINGED GLOBE—SOUL.

With unmingled astonishment I gazed upon the man as he sat there in his quiet study. I had often been told that man was a microcosm, or a world in miniature; but closer observation proved to me that he was more than that,—for, instead of a world, he was a universe of worlds and mysteries, a few of the latter of which were comprehended by me for the first time.

Standing thus, I reasoned after this wise: "Unquestionably all the faculties and qualities pertainining to man, as we find him upon the earth, are the results of a design on the part of the august Mind which placed him here. The purpose and function

of these faculties and qualities are to subserve man's best interests, his proper unfolding, and the divine purpose — here; and, doubtless, when by death he shall be transported elsewhere, to meet a new destiny and act in a new drama, other qualities and faculties, adapted to his changed position, will be given him; or, if already latent, will be duly brought into action. Perhaps their seeds are already planted in him; if so, they will assuredly spring up at death, blossom in the Soul-world, and bear golden fruit in that place, and at that period of the infinite year, when God shall so ordain it. We none of us know what we fairly are; and no one, not even the loftiest seraphs, can tell positively what we shall be; yet, that man is *re*-served, and will through all his trials be *pre*-served, for some great, some yet undreamed-of destiny or end, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Nor will this final end be the mere eternal dwelling in the Valhallas, of which we sometimes dream; nor in the "spheres," about which "spiritual mediums" so glibly talk, nor in the gold-paved cities whereof we so often sing. Our final destiny is none of these. Beyond all question, much of the knowledge acquired in the earth-life will be found at death to have served its purpose here, and will never again come into play.

Not a single one of the grander, more noble longings and ambitions of the soul can find their field of action here; but they are deathless; and as God has provided a supply for every proper demand in all things else, so He has in this instance; and therefore, though the aspiring soul may pass away with its strong wings drooping, and weak for want of exercise, yet up there — in its grand heaven — the air is pure and the field immense, the mountains tall, and the oceans wide; and the eagle soul shall essay its loftiest flight, and grow stronger from the trial. What a person acquires here is but a prophecy of harvests to be reaped in the great hereafter.

Man is really a unitary being, but seemingly is duplex, and even multiple; but this is seeming only, for in fact there is but one real sense in man, — which truth I learned as I gazed upon the student in the chamber; and that sense is intuition, —

the human sprout of an infinite and God-like faculty, dormant in most people, yet incontestably destined to an immense unfolding in all; albeit, it is so deeply buried in some that it can only express itself through organs. "And God said, Let us make man in our own image;" and so he made him; but God is ubiquitous, omnipresent, omniscient — man is not; and yet, if Scripture be worthy of our regard, and Progress be not a sham and delusive dream, the tremendous prophecy implied in the line from Genesis just quoted is certainly to be realized; and man is destined to move, through thorny fields — and slowly, it may be, yet *still* to move — towards UBIQUITY and OMNISCIENCE! Intuition is the sprout of which they are the full tree. True, man shall never reach absolute godhood, yet ever will he move toward it.

"If this be so," says the caviller, "and God be stationary, and not an advancing Being, there must come a time — even though when many a yet unborn eternity shall have grown hoary with age — still there *must* come a time when man *will* overtake Deity; and there can no longer be a God!" Specious this, very! Why? Because God, though not a progressive Being, as we understand it, yet is infinite; and man must ever be finite. God's omniscience is what the word proclaims it, — all-knowing; but man shall be much-knowing. He is forced to approach Perfection in straight lines, and when he shall have attained immense power in any given direction, there will still be forever germinating new faculties, before the untold millions of which there shall ever be an infinite stretch, a limitless field, an endless road. God also is kaleidoscopic; and, supposing it were possible for man to reach the point of greatness at which Deity is to-day, yet one exertion of His volition — and lo! He presents a new aspect to the wondering souls of infinitude, more marvellous than before, and reveals points which will place a new infinity between man and their attainability; and so for all the epochs yet to be, — epochs whereof eternities, as we understand them, shall only count as moments in the everlasting year. Death is but an awakening, and there are to be myriads of these.

All this I knew and felt; all these mighty foreshadowings flowed into my soul, as, with clarified intellect, and spirit bowed down with awe, I stood gazing at the man within the chamber. More: Reason, the king faculty given us here, was only intended to act as our pilot through life, and will have fulfilled its main office when we step into the grave; but very soon after we step out of it, on the other side, the UNION OF THE SENSES begins to take place, and the SENSE — whose elements are the senses — comes into play, — the all-absorbing Intuition. This uni-faculty is not a thing of earthly origin, though it here deepens and grows strong; it was an integer of the original being — became a part of the soul at the very instant wherein it fell from God; it is a triple faculty, and its *role* is Prevision, Present-knowing, and Reminiscence.

The skin of a man is not himself, although whoever sees one, recognizes *something* human. Beneath this skin is the muscular system, interlaced with a magnificent network of nerves, all in the form of, yet by no means the man himself. Next we come to the osseous system, — the skeleton, — the God-fashioned framework of the house he lives in, and a house only; one, too, that is often let to bad tenants, seeing how zealously they abuse it and batter down its walls. Now, when we see a skeleton, we know it is something that points toward the human, yet do not for that reason, even momentarily, confound the bones with the individual; for we instinctively know that the wonderful occupant of this bony edifice is, and to bodily eyes will forever remain, invisible. Whoever looks for a man must go below and above skin, flesh, muscles, and bones, to find him. Well, let the searcher enter the domain of the senses, — a country that lies a long distance beyond the nervo-osseous land. Ah! here is the man, somewhere in this region of sense. Let's see! one, two, three, five, or a dozen, — no matter about counting them, — yet nowhere in all this region have we found or can find the man. We are certainly nearer to him than we were awhile ago; yet, not finding him, we conclude to go a little further in the search. "He dwells in the faculties." Not so; try again. "In the passions." Further

still; not home yet. "In God-like reason, and the quality-parlors of virtue, aspiration, expression, — each one step nearer the goal." Go a little deeper, and in the centre of the brain you will find a WINGED GLOBE OF CELESTIAL FIRE, IN WHICH DWELLS THE MAN! — his part of God crowded into less than three square inches of surface. Here is the seat of the soul; here is the Grand Depot, at which all the Nerve, and Thought, and Knowing, Thinking, and Feeling trains, and telegraphic lines converge and meet! This Winged Globe is a House of Many Mansions, eternal in itself; and the principal parlor, in the grandest palace of them all, is devoted to the Peerless Power — INTUITION! Born in man, it often lies *perdu*, or latent, till the final passage, and never bursts into full activity at once, save in very rare instances, as in the case of those wonderful genii, Newton, La Place, and men of that order; and even in these it is only partially active. It requires peculiar *conditions* for its expansion, just as the reasoning and other faculties require time and exercise. The soul is really a divine monad,* a particle, so to speak, of the Divine brain, — a celestial corruscation from the Eternal heart; and, for that reason, an eternal existence, immortality being its very essence, and expansion constituting its majestic nature; and the Soul, this monad, was once an integer of God himself, — was sent forth by His fiat, — became incarnated and an individual, separate and distant from, yet having strong affinities for, all things material, stronger for all things spiritual, and for its brethren, and an attraction toward its ultimate Source stronger than all else beside. Here, then, I lay bare the very corner-stone of the splendid Temple of Progress, whose foundations are laid in Time, but whose turrets catch the gleams from the Eternal Sun of suns, whose warming rays diffuse themselves over every starry island in the tremendous Ocean of Being!

Intuition is but an *awakening* of the inmost soul to an active

* Monad, — first definition, an ultimate atom; a simple substance without parts, indivisible, a primary constituent of matter. Second definition, — a monad is not a material, but a formal atom, it being impossible for a thing to be at once material and possessed of a real unity and indivisibility.

personal consciousness of what it *knew* by virtue of its Divine genesis.

Suffering appears to be one means toward this awakening, and the consequent intensification of the individuality; and the passions of man, labor, and evil, are also agents to this end.

Man is beset by evil on all sides, doubtless to the end that, in shunning it, and conserving the selfhood, he may effect the earliest possible completion and rounding out of his entire being, and, consequently, be all the better prepared to encounter the immense destiny that lies before him in the Hereafter. . . . .

And I gazed upon the man within the chamber; the weather to him — but not to me, for I was totally unaffected — seemed to be oppressively warm; and it was exceedingly difficult for him, after a while, to overcome the somnolent or drowsy influence thus induced, and prevent himself from falling asleep. However, he made strenuous efforts to conquer the tendency, and for a time it was mastered; but, in the struggle between himself and the slumber-fay, a secret was disclosed to me, and another beautiful arcanum of the human economy revealed.

The student of these pages will remember that erewhile I mentioned the astonishing fact — one of great value to all who think — that I was as a perfectly disembodied soul during the experience now recounted, and could and did behold, at one and the same time, both the external and the essential part of whatever my glance fell upon. The reader will perhaps arrive at a clearer understanding of what is here meant to be conveyed if this double power be thus illustrated: A person may look through one glass vase at several others, many colored, within it, the last of which contains the image of a man, in still finer glass,— his eye resting upon the surface of each particular vase, yet at the same time penetrating and grasping the whole. Thus it was in the present case: I saw — and what obtained of that student in the room obtains of all immortal beings — the clothes; beneath the clothing his body; and interfilling that, as water does a sponge, I beheld the spiritual man.

Here let me define a few terms: Body is that which is purely material, corporeal, dense, weighable, atomical or particled;

spirit is a thing of triplicity; in the most external sense, that which interpenetrates, flows through, from, and constitutes the life of material existences is spirit; second, the great menstruum in which the universe floats and has its being is spirit, but vastly different from the foregoing; and third, the mental operations, as well as their results, are spiritual — a man's thought, for instance. Great care must be taken to distinguish these last two from the first, which is the effluvium from, or surrounding aura of all material forms and things. Soul is that more stately principle *and* thing which thinks, feels, tastes, sees, knows, aspires, suffers, hates, loves, fears, calculates and enjoys.

Hoping that these definitions will be retained, and that my meaning only will be given to the terms used, we will now proceed. I became a rapt observer, not of the man in the study, as a person, but as a rare mechanism. The clothes he wore emitted a dull, faint, leaden-hued cloud, perfectly transparent, and extending about three inches from their surface in all directions. His body was apparently composed of orange-colored flame, and its emanations reached to the distance of fifteen feet on all sides; it penetrated the wood-work, walls, chairs, tables,— all with which it came in contact; and I noticed two facts: first, that its form was an oblate spheroid, and, second, that a portion of it adhered to whatever he touched.

Thus it is true that a man leaves a portion of himself wherever he may chance to go: this explains why a dog is enabled to trace his master through the streets of a crowded city. . . . . When the man rose to silence the noise of his children, I discerned the form of this sphere, in the centre of a similar one of which every created being stands. Its poles were the head and feet, and its equator, whose *bulge* exceeded the polar dimensions about one-fortieth, was directly on the plane of the abdominal centre. This sphere penetrated that of the clothes, and, although it was so marvellously fine, still it, like its exemplar, — a large soap-bubble, — appeared to be particled, or heterogeneous. Within the physical body of the man there was a second, — itself constituting another human form, like the vase within a vase. The substance of this last was beautiful and

pearly; its mass was apparently in perfect coalescence, — indivisible, atomless and unparticled. This was the man's true shell, — his house, his home, — the outbirth of, but not the man himself.

And now the question is asked me: "What constitutes the *ego;* what is the man?" The answer is: Soul is a thing *sui generis*, and unique. Sight, taste, and the senses generally, are some of its properties; — reflection, reason, and fancy are a few of its qualities; — judgment its prerogative; — physical scenes its theatre; — earthly experience its school; — and the second life its university, whence it will graduate to — what? This shall by and by be answered. Time is but one of a vast multitude of other phases of existence, through which it yet must pass. We know something about its propensities, powers, methods and qualities; but only a very little about the soul itself. We realize somewhat of its accidents and incidents, and not much else beside. Most assuredly, modern "Spiritualism" has not added much to our knowledge; it may do so in the future, but some of us do not like to wait.

The human being may be likened unto a circular avenue, divided by a central wall, which separates the known from the unknown. We begin at the centre of this wall, our conscious point, and look toward the outer edge of the circle; we see one hemisphere, and one only. What pertains to the other hemisphere, — the one *behind* this conscious point? Make the trial to ascertain what lies on the thither side; seek to fathom the soul within you, and what results? Why, the wall is reached, nothing more; you strike it, think it, feel of it, but cannot recede from nor look behind yourself. But that there is a greater mystery behind than the one before you is proved by the fact that your entire being is but the result of an infinite, propulsive power, which whirled you into being, but will never hurl you out. There *is* a point reachable, quite beyond that of outer consciousness.

Well, the man strove to baffle the tendency to somnolence. His brain was one living mass of phosphor-like luminescence; there was a large and brilliant globe, apparently of white fire-

mist, encompassing the head. Its centre rested exactly on what anatomists call the *corpus callosum;* and this body — this central cerebral viscus — I affirm to be the seat of consciousness, — the blazing throne of the Immortal Soul!

On other occasions I have beheld similar bright globes of what can only be compared to pure fire. Others claim to have witnessed the same; they have described it, and uniformly, nay, invariably, locate this ball on the precise spot indicated. The volume of this singular *something* varies in different people, from the bulk of a large pea to some three or four inches in mean diameter, in which latter case it, of course, has only its axis in the place indicated, while its body penetrates the circumjacent brain. The effulgence, as the volume, also varies in different persons. In some it is, comparatively speaking, no brighter than the flame of a good candle, while in others it is an infinite intensification of the dazzling radiance of the Drummond or the calcium light. In the man before me this globe was nearly a perfect sphere; in other instances I have observed its shape to be somewhat angular. The better the person, the greater the intelligence (intuitive, not mere memory-learning), the larger, smoother, and rounder is this wondrous Soul-Sun. This central globe is the sun of the microcosm; a duller globe of fire, situated behind the stomach, in the Solar Plexus, is its moon, and the phreno-organs are the stars; the Passional organs are the planets; the Sensations are the meteors, etc., etc., there being not merely a perfect correspondence, but a wonderful similarity, complete and full, between the universe without and the universe within.

In the student I beheld the operations of this great mystery; whenever the drowsiness came over him, — and he exerted his will to keep it off, — I noticed that one side of this winged globe (for there were two wing-like appendages attached thereto, something like the connections of the *uterus*) would collapse, and straightway a perfect stream of radiant fire-flecks went forth in the opposite direction, like spark-rays from the sun. These corruscations sped through all parts of the brain, causing it to sparkle more brightly; they ran along the nerves, leaped to the

muscles, and diffused new life and animation throughout the body, — which being accomplished, the globe resumed its former shape again. This struck me as being at once both sublime and curious; but something still more so now took place.

As I observed above, when he strove to keep awake, the globe became indented, *from the outside*, which was generally smooth, — albeit a countless multitude of filmy rays of light streamed forth in all directions, — the surface meanwhile retaining its polished, burnished, and ineffably dazzling general appearance.

The man laid down his book, lifted a pen, dipped it in the inkstand, held it over the table for a while, and appeared to be concentrating his thoughts; and while he did so the winged globe within his head began to enlarge until it occupied not less than four times its original space within the brain. This it did gradually, and as gradually resumed its former bulk; but, in the mean time, his hand had flown over the paper, and the man had indited A THOUGHT! Anxious to know what this thought was, I looked upon the paper, and was surprised by observing a very curious phenomenon. The words written upon the paper were: The ancients were far behind the moderns in general intelligence, but far, very far beyond them in isolated instances of mental power. Probably the simplicity of the lives of devout men of yore had a powerful influence in bringing out the concealed treasures, and in developing the extraordinary conceptive power which not a few of them undoubtedly possessed. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Job, and the great Cathayan have never been equalled, in their several specialties, by men of later times; it is extremely doubtful if they ever will be. Really great men are few and scarce in any age, but popular men are plentiful in all eras. It is only the sad-hearted man — he who stands and walks alone in the crowded cities of the world, shunned, laughed at, derided, scorned and unsupported — who succeeds in engraving a name upon the walls of Time; and of all that ever lived, Jesus, the Nazarene, looms up in such magnificent proportions, over the edges of the dead years, that we instinctively know that he was a real personage, — one who lived and loved,

suffered and died with, for, and among men; and we reject the absurdities of Strauss and the cavillers, and triumphantly proclaim that Jesus was not a myth. He sought to do good, and not to merit the plaudits of the mob, or of those who rule. A popular man is one who keeps just within the front ranks of the human army, leading it whither its fancy and whim may at the moment prompt; but a great man is one who volunteers to become the pioneer of the race, and is, at the same time, the Herald of the coming age of Goodness. He feels the pulse of God in his heart, — and he KNOWS to live and lives to KNOW. We are approaching an era when human genius shall be the rule, and not the exception, as now. When the day shall dawn, the earth will fully blossom. It has painfully labored heretofore, and brought forth abortions, — perfect, seemingly, to their contemporaries, but, in view of her yet untested energies, abortions still.

Now, the ink had scarcely dried upon the paper, and yet the dark violet of the aura, emitted by it when in the inkstand, and which rose from the paper wherever the pen touched it, was almost immediately obscured by a far brighter one, which proceeded from the general writing; by which I discovered that THOUGHTS WERE LIVING THINGS, ENDOWED WITH A BEING IN THEMSELVES! This thought was really a part of the man himself. I beheld a small cell within the winged globe open, and emit a line of fire, which leaped to one of the cerebral organs, passing up one of the fibrils and down the other, thence to a nerve along it to the arm, the pen, and to the paper, where it became diffused and sealed in the inky letters. And at that moment it came to me, from the far-off regions of Positive Knowledge, that, should the paper containing the ideas be burned, yet the THOUGHT itself could never perish, because it was part and parcel of a Soul; but it would float about in the human world, — at some time be absorbed into a human soul, undergo a new gestation, and in due time be born again into the conscious realm around us.

Much more the man wrote; but at length his weary task and the sultry weather overpowered him, and, rising from his seat,

he closed the blinds, threw himself upon the lounge, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. While watching the process, I became aware, for the first time, that I was being practically educated by a glorious being, — an inhabitant of the Soul-world, — whose presence was now made clear, direct and palpable. This bright one conversed with me by a process not easily explained, but an idea of which may be gained if we call it *infusion of thought*. His lips moved not, and yet the full meaning he intended was transmitted, even more perfectly than if by the use of words. Such beings *can* speak, but not so effectively as by the silent language.

The object of his visit, he said, was to instruct me in certain essentials with reference to future usefulness on my part, but principally that the world might gain certain needed light upon the soul, and its career, through a book or books thereafter to be written. His name, he said, was RAMUS; that, in history, he was best known as Thothmes, or Thotmor, and that he was an Egyptian, of the second dynasty, — a king, and the greatest of the line.

This was all I learned of him at that time; for, after the brief introduction, he pointed toward the man upon the sofa, and bade me "Look!" The man was wrapt in deep sleep, and the winged globe within his head was rapidly altering its shape. First, it flattened out to a disc; this disc concaved toward the skull; then it put forth a point in the direction of the *medulla oblongata*, into which it rapidly passed, entered the spinal-marrow, and ran along the vertebræ until it reached the vicinity of the stomach. Here it left, and instantly immerged itself within the solar plexus. The man was in a death-like, dreamless slumber. "The soul," said Thotmor, "has gone to infuse new life throughout the physical body, in doing which it also recuperates its own energies. Souls can grow tired, but they find rest, not in inactivity, as doth the body, but by a change of action. The mathematician, weary of figures, finds repose by performing chemical experiments, or in studying music. That man's soul is now supplying fuel to the body, by converting the essences of his system into the pabulum of life. Presently its

task will be finished, whereupon it will again resume its seat upon the regal throne of its own mighty world." . . . .

Thotmor ceased to speak. I turned from the sleeper in wondering awe, and, guided by the rare being at my side, felt that I was once more rising through the air.

TRANSMIGRATING—THE SOUL.

Turn where we will, ask whom we may for information, we are sure to be met with the stereotyped "Know thyself." As well tell me to leap over the salt sea! I ask all mankind, the ocean, land, air, sun, moon, stars, history, — everything else, both material and mental, sacred and profane, — to point me out a single human being who really knows himself, or even approximately so. Where, I ask, is the wonderful mortal — tell, oh, tell me where? — and from hollow space the echoes mock me — where?

To know one's self! The words are easily spoken or penned; but to *do it* is, of all things, the hardest and most difficult; for this very selfhood's personality is, beyond all others, the special acquaintance of whom we know the least.

The sentence "Know thyself" was written over the porch of an ancient temple. The man who placed it there must have been deeply spiced with satire and cynicism, else he certainly would have assigned mankind a task less arduous, — a task compared to which the twelve labors of Hercules were mere child's play. Now, although this feat may never have been accomplished, still it lies within the range of the possibilities; and in declaring that a man may, by study, find out both himself and God, I fly in the face of current philosophy, and deny the truth of the noted dogma of modern sophists, that "It is impossible for a man to explore the labyrinths of his own nature, — a principle cannot comprehend itself." Why is the logic of this doctrine faulty? Because, first, God can certainly comprehend man. All there is of man is mind; all there is of Deity is the same. A principle thus comprehends itself.

Man is God's image, and can do on a small, what He does on an infinite scale; and the only difference between Deity and a full man simply is, that the former can comprehend the parts of the realm separately and together, while the latter can only grasp each truth as it swims to him on the rolling waves of Time's great sea; yet, so far as he goes, he comprehends himself. The day will dawn when, looking back at what he was, he shall fully understand the mystery; and as he advances, he will continually read the foregone scrolls, while new accrements of being will ever be his, — each one in turn to undergo the scrutiny, each one to be fully understood, and so on forever and for aye. Were it not so, Being would be worthless, and our existence a dreadful farce. Secondly: Intuition has already been proved to be the shoot, of which Omniscience is the tree, — which fact disposes of the absurd dogma just quoted, and forever.

There are two mighty problems up for solution. These are: "What and where is God?" on which I intend to write some day; and the other is, "What is the Soul?" which I am now partially solving. This last has proved itself to be the profoundest of all questions, and very difficult of solution; but only so because investigators have mistaken their vocation, and analyzed a few of the faculties, qualities, and affections of the mind, — all the while imagining the soul itself to be under their microscopes, — whereas the soul was calmly, placidly looking on, and wondering why they were so busily intent upon examining the furze and bushes, instead of the deep, rich soil whence they sprung.

Faculty, Fancy and Dream-life are but three of the Soul's most common moods; and yet metaphysicians have confined themselves to but little else than their analysis. These are but three little rays from amidst a multitude of others, proceeding from one common source; yet, if even these were all analyzed, understood, and known, the great centre whence they emanate would still remain as great a mystery as ever. Nearly all that we know of soul is really not of it, but of its methods of display.

There is something more of man than life, limb, sense-faculty,

affections, feeling and sex. There's a depth beneath them all, and into these deeps I believe it possible to dive, and to bring up many a pearl, and crystal, and grains of golden sand from the floor of his being,—from out the silver sea of life, whose waters flow soul-ward, and have their rise beneath the throne, whereon sitteth for evermore the Infinite Eternal,—the great I AM. Aye, it *is* possible to know one's self, notwithstanding that, to ninety-nine persons in a hundred, there seems to be an impenetrable cloud, circumvolving them,—an obscurity, thick as darkest night, hemming them in on all sides. Yes, thank Heaven! man *can* untie the gordian knot, and triumphantly pass the Rubicon, but not over the bridge of mesmerism, obsession, drugs, or any of the ordinary means usually resorted to; but through the continued exertion of STEADFASTNESS, ATTENTION, PURPOSE, and WILL,—the four golden posts to which are hung the double gates, which open in both worlds.

Souls are, of course, the subjects of number, and in this sense are "particles,"—souls of course being plural; yet soul is not, for although you may subtract forty-eight from forty-nine, and leave a remaining unit, yet that unit is absolutely *one;* and you could no more dismember it than you could find the lost particles of dust upon a midge's wing. Spirit is substance in absolute coalescence; matter is substance whose particles never touch each other; and soul is a developed monad. A thought of a house is, until that thought be actualized,—surrounded with matter conforming to its shape,—a monad. There was a period when God was alone: He thought, and the product of that thought is the material universe, as we see it; He thought again —and lo! those thoughts, each one complete in itself, took outer garments, and became human beings. Far off, in the past eternities, God's thoughts went forth; these were the monads. First, they entered into lower forms, then higher and higher, till at last they reached organizations adapted to the perfect ripening of that which had all along been growing. The ripening produced Intelligence; that intelligence is the soil, out of which Intuition grows; and what this last advances to, we already know. How long, and through what countless numbers

of diverse forms, these transmigrations lasted, and passed, it were impossible to tell. We all have indistinct retrovisions, flashes of back-thought, dim and vague reminiscences of a pre-state of existence; and we also know that there are marvellous resemblances between men and the animal creation, just as if the soul, on quitting an inferior for a superior form, retained something of its former surroundings and characteristics. Some men physically resemble the ox, lion, tiger, dog, owl, bat, deer; and we know that myriads resemble in their mentality the traits of character, habits and dispositions pertaining to all these animals, and others, as the fox, snake, eagle, peacock, swine, and so on to the end of a long chapter. "When I was a flower," said a little child. That child had an intuition of a mighty fact!

Now all these astonishing likenesses are not accidental, but exist in accordance with the great law of Transmigration. Mind me: I do not say, or believe, that any man or woman was ever a dog, viper, vampire-bat or tiger; but I do affirm that the monads, which now constitute their souls, once sustained a very close relationship to the beasts of the field, and have not yet got rid of the effects of the alliance. This is a matter too clear to be disputed: else why these very remarkable resemblances? I know that some people will "pooh! pooh!" at this idea; but that won't account for the *likeness!* A man never was a dog or an owl; yet that both dogs and owls were originally made, in order that the human monad, in passing a sort of gestation period in them, might be ripened slowly, and prepared for what he is now, I have at present no manner of doubt. Indeed, human bodies, both physical and spiritual, are but other and higher forms, to which the Winged Globe, Man, has transmigrated in its passage from minus to plus — from bad to better, and from better to best. A dog, owl, bat or human body is only so much matter; and the sole business of "matter" is to furnish so many different sorts of huts, houses, and palaces for spiritual tenants wherein the primary schools may be attended by the regal student Soul. I *know* that even the disenthralled spiritual body is itself but a mere vehicle of Soul, on its next upward

transmigration,— is still but an adjunct, an out-projection of, and scarcely second cousin to, the tremendous mystery — Soul — the Winged Globe within it. We know that man can live without his carbonaceous body, which is but an incidental assumption in his career, a sort of garb, worn at the longest less than a century; that this period is scarce one second in its immense year; and that he can see without eyes, and know without cerebral organs.

It is an axiom that whatever has one end must also have another; now, if a human soul has its first beginning here, nothing is more certain than that it will have an end somewhere. But the soul is mind — mind is God — and God is eternal. He ever existed, and ever will; and the monads, the germ-souls here developed, and hereafter perfected, are also eternal; they existed in all times past, and can never cease to be, for their very nature is Permanency. All bodies here or elsewhere are but accompaniments, instruments, tools of the royal spirit in one or more of its multitudinous phases of existence, — that is to say, it creates, uses, and puts them on to serve its purposes, till it can afford to dispense with them: for human existence is a synonyme of Eternal Duration, is an immense circle: a circle is but an infinite polygon; and bodily vehicles serve the soul's purposes during its passage over a very few of the straight lines whereof this polygon is composed. And, beyond all doubt, the period will arrive,— it may be away in the far-off eternities,— but nevertheless *will* arrive, wherein the soul will dispense with all these characteristics of its juvenility. No one associates legs, arms, eyes, stomach, or sexual organs, with the idea of God; why, then, should such things be eternally predicated of man, who is fashioned after the model of the Infinite God Himself?

The body of man is a greater thing than any object on earth beside; is far greater than even the physical world in which he lives, because it is the master production of all the elements and forces in that world. The spiritual form that man assumes, and to which he may be said to transmigrate after the physical decease, is of far more importance, and altogether greater than is his previous physical and material structure. A single

faculty of his measureless soul is infinitely greater than the spirit, nor may even an archangel comprehend fully one of these faculties, at a glance, in view of its limitless and expansive power. From one point he may comprehend what the faculty was and is, but not what it can be; yet the soul itself has untold myriads of these; and only God Himself can embrace all at one mental grasp, — He alone can fully and perfectly know a soul as it was, is, and is to be. This does not conflict with previous assertions that a soul *can* comprehend itself; for God's omniscience embraces the past, the present and the future; man only seizes upon the first two. Virtue and Vice, and the organs it now uses, are but incidents in the career of this UNDER-GOD. These things are of time, are transitory and fleeting; but the man is *forever!* In view of this, what is a vice, what is accident to this majestic being,— the perfected work of the viewless Lord of Infinite Glory?

They are but flecks upon the rose-leaf, atoms on a moon-beam! The immortal man is not fashioned of such material as can be forever marred by vice, forever happy in what now constitutes the virtues. Its destiny is ACTION, and in the perpetual transmigrations, contrasts and changes of the hereafter, it will find its truest account, and the proper subservience of the purposes of the awful WILL which spake it into being. "Rest for the weary," is there? There is no rest! MAN CAN NEVER REST! God does not; why, then, should he?

The immortal spark within is a thing of ceaseless activities; not in sins and repentances, but in noble aspirations and high and lofty doing. Great God! I cower in the presence of the tiniest soul ever spoken into being; for I feel, by reason of the great UNVEILING that occurred upon that wonder-filled afternoon, that, insignificant as it may seem, yet within it there are energies that now lie sleeping which shall one day awaken into Power, Beauty, and most surpassing Glory. Hell is its experience of the unfit, improper, and untrue; but its wings are too powerful not to lift it, in triumph, above the flames and the deepest pit of all. Earthly virtues are the offspring of contrast; vice consists in bad calculation, and both will prove in the great

Far-off to have been but the disciplines ordained to fit it for the business of Good and Use on the other side the curtain;— and I clap my poor weak hands in gladness! Who with true heart can help it?

Man is supremely greater than, not only law, that he has found it convenient to violate or conform to, but to any and all that it is possible for him now to conceive of or imagine; because, in the order of the great Unveiling, he will discover and come under the action of new ones, as the Night of Time moves toward the Dawn.

Those who go about in the exercise of benevolent offices are not always the most virtuous; nor are they who heal the sick and give of their abundance to the needy; for all these things are often done for fashion's sake. But the man or woman who ever acts up to the highest conviction of Right and Duty, even though rack-threatened, is the most virtuous; because in so doing the great design of God, which is individualization and intensification of character, is all the sooner carried out.

Human beings, male and female, talk much of virtue, which means strength, and loudly boast its possession; yet how very few there are who will stand up and face the music which their very talk may have evoked! How they shrink when the storm comes down! how they cower when bitter denunciation and abuse pours in upon them from the ramparts of the world! All hail the glad and coming day, when we shall be what we ought! When he who wears the garb shall in very deed prove himself A MAN, the most glorious title on earth save one, and that one is — WOMAN!

Once in a while we are greeted by the magnificent spectacle of a female who dares to stand up and practically vindicate her escutcheon, not in loud talk and "strong-minded" diatribes against what exists, but in her daily-lived truth, and the practical knowledge of those tender virtues which so endear all true women to all true men. And whenever such a woman crosses my path, I rejoice; I rejoice in the presence of such a fact, and fold her as a sister folds another to her soul. People are false to the light within them. It is a great thing to be true to self,—

to stand forth the champion of your noblest thought, when all fingers point at you with scorn, all heels are upraised to crush the sweet life out of you, and when only God and your own stout heart are on your side. To do this, — and, thank Heaven! some there be who dare it, — is to be more than human; is to be divine; and this heart-wrought divinity allies us to the immortal gods. This it is that I call virtue.

THE ASCENT.—MARVEL: THE WOMAN.

As previously stated, it was not possible for me to understand the nature of the mysterious power by which, in company of the peerless being, Thotmor, I volitionless clove the ambient air. "Oh, it was a projectlon of your soul," says the modern novitiate of the mystic school. Not so, friend; for the Ego then and there ascending, under the influence of a power similar in kind, but immensely superior in volume and display to itself, was not a mere psychical phasma, — a thing of *appearance* only, and possessing no substantiality of its own; it was no flimsy projection from the fancy-faculty; was not a meaningless substance-void image of myself. It was no mere subjective state objectified, but was indeed my very self, wearing the body of immortality for a time, during which certain lessons must be and were learned, fully and practically, demonstratively and perfectly, so far as the lessons went. The man himself, and not his mere shadow or ghost, was there, in proper form and essence, to the end, no doubt, that the mysteries there learned might be given, as they now practically are, to the world of thinkers.

As I, or rather we, ascended toward the zenith, it began to rain; but this did not incommode us, nor in any way hinder the ascent, which was continued until it became necessary to penetrate a dense region of thick, black, convolving cloud, that was now rolling up in vast and heavy masses from the northern verge of the immense horizon, driven by the fierce breath of a mighty blast. Looking earthward, it seemed as if the deep,

black night was suddenly going down; the wind howled through the buildings, and the trees shook, as if with mortal fright and terror; the sorrowing clouds shed great drops of tears, as if mourning in comfortless grief over poor human frailty, while the soughing and the sighing of the sea was a fitting sympathium to their forlornness and despair.

Thicker rolled the dense black pall over the face of the vaulted heaven, hiding all its glories, and shrouding it in the very folds of gloom, whose density was only relieved when the broad glare of the lightnings rushed out upon the sky. The sheets of flame were of various colors, — violet, green, white, red and purple. The three former appeared to issue from the earth's surface; the others, from the space above and immediately around us. There were occasionally lines of purely white fire, and these took the forms of chains, every link of which carried ten thousand deaths along with it. These came singly; and sometimes two separate lines of fire would leap out from the bosom of the clouds simultaneously, but from opposite quarters of the gloom, — in which case they appeared to meet in anger, like as if two angry gods were warring with each other, and their junction was instantaneously followed by the most terrific bursts of thunder that ever fell on human hearing since the mighty worlds were made.

I shook with mortal terror; and this terror increased and intensified into positive, almost unendurable agony, as crash after crash of horrible roaring, rolling, bursting god-cannonry swept down the vast concave, drowning the clangor of the mad winds, which were rushing and rumbling through the spaces, striving desperately to rival and surpass the awful voice of the electric god himself. I felt that I was lost; and in that moment of anguish, from the deeps of my soul, there went forth a prayer to Him whose presence and majesty was then recognized, with heart bowed down, and with a fervency never realized before. I feared to be swept into nothingness by the tempestuous breath of heaven; I feared to be hurled into destruction by the driving blast! But no; for *seemingly the wind passed through me, just as the electric current passes through*

human or any other material bodies, and touched me not destroyingly. The fiercest wind that ever raged can never blow a shadow from its place, neither can it in any way blow away a spirit! for the reason, amongst others, that spirit is not matter, any more than is a shadow or a sound substantial, as this last word is generally defined; hence wind, which is a material substance, can in no wise touch it. And so I was not blown away before the driving gale.

"But suppose a column of wind, just three yards square, and moving at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, sweeps toward the very spot on which a human spirit stands, or is; it cannot turn this wind aside: How, then, could anything remain unmoved?" This is the question; now the answer comes. A bar or column of sunshine streams through the air, and its volume is just three yards square. It will require something far different, and much more powerful than a column of air, moving at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, to blow away that sunshine, or to drive a hole through it; yet the sunshine would still be there, and so would the wind! This is my answer to *that* objection. I lifted up my soul in unspeakable thankfulness and adoration, as I realized that spirit was superior to matter, even in its most subtle and rarefied forms — superior even to the glaring, seething, melting, white fire of the clouds, when the lightning furnaces overflow with fervent heat!

Safely, slowly, majestically and holily we passed through this terrible battle-ground of the elements; and to a question internally framed and put, this answer was given by the illustrious being at my side: —

"That you might practically realize the indestructible nature of the human being; that something of human majesty might appear to your understanding; that you might be shown somewhat of the dignity of being, and the royalty of things, elements, laws and principles, hast thou been by me brought hither. This is merely a first lesson, — the mere Alpha of knowledge; but others far more important are yet to follow. Fear not!"

But this last injunction it was utterly impossible for me —

and would have been for any human being under similar or analogous circumstances — to obey or do; for what with the dizzy sense of height, the sensations attendant upon the movement through space, the glare of the lightning, the elemental strife, the perfect obscuration of my dwelling-place (the earth), together with an indefinable dread of a something impending, and which I might never be able to comprehend, — this, all this, had the effect of almost palsying every faculty of being, and blanched my very soul with fear; for the rush and crush, the horrible din of the tempest and the thunder, made terror my constant associate. It was as if the trial hour had come; it was like the breaking up of mighty mountains; it was as if a hungry earthquake were feeding on a world! Instinctively I looked to Thotmor for protection. He smiled at my weakness, and bade me remember that a greater than himself was present. Yes, I realized then that God was there, and I was safe; for He smiled between His frowns, and whispered, "I AM HERE!"

. . . . . In other days, when I gave my soul and body up to the guidance and control of invisible beings, whom I did not know, whom I did not stop to prove and identify — apocryphal persons, at the best — persons disembodied, if indeed they ever wore clay upon this footstool — beings who seek their own amusement at the expense of human dupes — beings who take supreme pleasure and delight in the exhibition of human weakness — beings who silently, but surely, infuse the most deadly and destructive venom, in the shape of philosophic assurances — beings who mock at our calamity and laugh when our troubles come, both of which they themselves bring to pass — beings who persuade people to believe in all sorts of inanities, dictate senseless platitudes, and encourage persons to believe themselves philosophers when they are only — fools! I repeat, when in other days I yielded to this evil influence — in other days, when both God and Thotmor were practically ignored and forgotten — in other days, when the pride and power of eloquence turned me from the USEFUL — an eloquence weird and almost magic, that welled up through my soul and went forth from eye and tongue and pen, and drew my soul from God, —

there came occasional twinges of regret, and an assurance that, in forgetting to profit by the teachings of that afternoon, I had bartered off priceless joys for the empty bauble, "worldly fame and ephemeral glory," — that for the hollow music of man's praises and a few claps of the hand, I had given up the key to the magnificent temple, one of whose apartments I that afternoon entered for the first time. Great God! how I *have* suffered for that foolish estrayal — that fearful *lege majesté* — that silly vanity and supreme folly!

We rose above the fierce turmoil, and for the first time a fair opportunity was presented for a closer scrutiny of my guide. As I drew nearer to him he said, — not in words, but in the silent language used by the higher citizens of the Republic of Souls, — "All thoughts have shape: some are sharp, acute and angular, many-pointed, and exceedingly rough. These cut and bore their way through the worlds; others are flat and disc-like; these are thoughts that must be incarnated in matter ere they become useful; their mission is to be SEEN; others to be *felt*. Some thoughts are light and fantastic, like bubbles on the sea; they are beautiful while the sun shines, but the very ray that reveals their beauty also seals their doom, — for the heat kills them; they burst, and forever disappear, being hollow and of but little substance; other thoughts are round, heavy, and solid as a cannon-ball, and like them, too, their mission is to batter down the mounds erected by unwise men. Words are but the garments of thought. Geometry is the Soul of all Sciences, — order, symmetry, and form! Everything, line, point, shape, angle and figure, corresponds to something in both the Spirit and the Soul-world (the outward and inward Soul-life), and are, independent of magnitude, absolute and arbitrary symbols, embodying an absolute and fixed principle; and every line, dot, point, shape or angle has a fixed definition in the lexicon of the Starry Heavens." What a stupendous revelation is here! What an astounding idea! For, if this statement be founded in truth, of which there can be but little if any doubt, what ages must elapse ere we be fully able to read the myriad volumes of God's great library, — the bound-

less Universe of form, color, and sound! All pure and good thoughts, being themselves full of symmetry and beauty, can only be outwardly conveyed or expressed; if by the voice, by harmony, music and rhythmical speech and sound; if by the pen or type, only in characters themselves geometrically perfect and harmoniously so.

"Now," said Thotmor, "you have seen much — heard much. I have just given you a key, and to prove your proficiency in learning, I propound a question. It is this: What thinkest thou of Nature?"

Now I, to whom this was addressed, could not precisely comprehend what he meant by "Nature;" but naturally supposed that reference was had to the elemental disturbances and the fearful exhibition of material energy we were witnessing, and which was at that moment unabated in the least; for the storm still raged with as much fury as ever, — not over the same portion of the earth, it is true, but in its own track, as it moved on its southward march. I, therefore, answered in the same silent language, "that, in view of all that had just been witnessed, it was evident that an overruling power existed, ever wakeful, ever on the watch; that His power was exercised for the greatest good of all the creatures of His love; and that God worked mysteriously through Nature, expressly to effect the good of human kind." To this general answer he responded: "Right; but what think you of Nature?"

Here was a repetition of the identical question already propounded. It caused me to ponder a little more deeply, and after a while, thinking that this time he was perfectly understood, I replied: "It seems to me that what we call 'Nature' is simply God in action; and that God in the sublimer sense is Deity in repose."

"Apt learner," said he, "right again. But what thinkest thou of Nature?" Now here was the same interrogation a third time repeated. I now determined to study well ere venturing to reply. This I did, all the while upborne on the air by a force whose nature was not easily understood, but which I inwardly resolved to investigate and explore. The resolution

was, as will be hereafter seen, most faithfully kept, with results highly gratifying and satisfactory, which will be presented in the sequel to this volume.

While delving in the mines of my soul for a proper answer, I took notice that we gently floated off and upward, at an angle of fifty-one degrees with the horizon. The storm was going in one direction, and we in the other; so that in a little time we were entirely beyond its influence, as was also that portion of the earth over which it first began to rage. There was no standard by which the rate of our velocity could be measured; but it must have been prodigious, judging by the rapidity with which the mountains, rivers and cities of the earth seemingly swept by us, — for indeed there was at this point of the experience but very little, if any, sense of motion, — no cutting of the air, no hissing as we passed through it; but it seemed as if we were in the centre of a large transparent globe or sphere, which itself moved on as if impelled by a force entirely superior to that which governs rude matter. The earth itself, from the elevation we were at, seemed to have lost its general convex shape, and now looked as if it were a huge basin, so singularly did it appear to concave itself. Instinctively I realized that this was the appearance it would naturally assume to a person who looked upon it through bodily eyes from the great height at which we now were; but it was not so easy to understand why a spirit whose sense of sight was unimpeded by physiological organs or conditions — a spirit to whom the electric atmosphere, which lies embosomed in the outer air, served as the vehicle of ocular knowledge — should behold it in the same way.

But while studying the answer to the first problem, the solution of the second came to me, and I saw that the similarity of phenomena, viewed from opposite states, was attributable solely to the former habitudes of my mind, and to the association of ideas.

Thotmor saw my embarrassment, and the conclusions on the subject to which I had arrived. "Right!" said he. "But," — Ere another moment elapsed I replied: "I think that Nature is

a system of active forces, ever radiating from God as beams from a star; that they go out, and as constantly return to the point whence they emanated." — "Paradox! Explain!" — "I mean that," — here a sudden thought struck me, and I said to the guide, "You have not dealt fairly by me; you are not Thotmor, an Egyptian of the early centuries; on the contrary, I am convinced that you have disguised yourself, and for certain reasons and purposes of your own assumed another name. You are — I feel perfectly convinced that you *must be* Socrates, the philosopher, come back for a time to pursue the old and honorable avocation, — the teaching and enlightenment of the ignorant; for Socrates alone, of all earth's great children of yore, was the one who taught by asking questions of such as sought knowledge and wisdom, where he sat to dispense them. Am I not right?"

The rare being gazed tenderly down into my eyes, and his countenance glowed with a radiance quite glorious and divine, as he replied: "Yes. — No. I am Socrates and not Thotmor; and still am Thotmor and not Socrates. Here is another enigma. Do you comprehend? TRY; for remember the human soul is infinite in its nature! Its capacities are boundless. You aspire to comprehend the mighty secret of the TRINE. You seek to become an acolyte of the imperial order of the Rosy Cross, and to re-establish it upon the earth; and no TRUE ROSICRUCIAN dares shrink from attempting the solution of the mysteries and problems that human minds in heaven or on earth may conceive or propound. Our motto — the motto of the great order of which I was a brother on the earth, — an order which has, under a variety of names, existed since the very dawn of civilization on the earth — is 'TRY.'"

Again the same method; again this strange, weird being not only provokes to mental exertion, but reveals a clue to millions of profound and priceless secrets!

He is then the great Ramus, the imperial lord of an imperial order, that great and mystic brotherhood at whose power kings and potentates have trembled most abjectly: And this lordly being condescends to teach a few of the mysteries of Being to

my humble self, and through me to the world. How wonderful! How my soul rejoices! Verily, from this day forth I will endeavor to prove worthy of the kingly favor.

This was my resolve; how it was afterwards forgotten has already been stated. Men ever neglect and forget their best friends! But even this forgetfulness, so I have been told, was foreseen; it was known long years ago that the painful career since accomplished was the decree of a power above my feebleness, and it was known that all the terrible sufferings, trials, temptations and repentances were to be instruments toward high and noble ends, not yet wholly, but to be wrought out in His own good time, who doeth all things well.

And now, on this tenth day of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as I look back over the ruins of the dead months, I resolve in my soul to TRY — and, as near as may be, to approach the standard of goodness and use: for these are the ends sought to be attained by the Order.

To resume: In reply, I said, "Yes, you are, this time, fully understood; you are Thotmor, but adopt the methods of Socrates, because they are best calculated for the purposes of teaching; and these methods are" — "Wisdom's, and were applied practically by the great teacher," said he, interrupting the sentence, and completing it for me, but not quite as I had intended.

"Now, scholar, answer the first question, and tell me what you think of Nature?"

"I think that Nature is an emanation from the Glorified Person of Deity! Tell me, truly, *is* God a person?"

"As certainly and truly as that you are an individual, just so certain and truly is God an absolute Being,— not a mere king, who, seated on the Throne of thrones, watches the procession of the worlds; but the INEFFABLE ONE is a *working God*, who pursues His march across the vast Eternities, reducing Chaos as He goes, and leaving a train of luminous worlds behind Him. You shall know more of this hereafter. Go on: tell me what you think of Nature."

"The principles, I think, are radiations from Jehovah; the

purpose and design of this irradiation must be to perfect the universal organism; by a commingling of forces and elements, by mutual and diverse action and counter-action, the end sought is doubtless attained; and it is through the same agencies that He reduces to Order, Law, and Symmetry the — "

I could go no further, for the reason that my conception and descriptive power had run against the wall. He saw and pitied, while he completed the sentence for me: —

— "*Nebulous systems, which lie beyond the pale of the inhabited and waking Universe of Forms.*"

Whoever reads these pages, and clearly comprehends the meaning of the last fifteen words, can but agree that here was a stretch of thought amazing, and absolutely awful to even contemplate. They distinctly imply that God is still making worlds, — worlds hereafter to be peopled with glowing forms of a life, intellect, and beauty, that shall put to the blush the highest ideal of the loftiest seraph, now in being, when the present Universe shall have died of hoary age!

Yes; Thotmor's thought is a vast and mighty one. Do you not think so, my reader? Try to compass and master this idea, so terrifically great and sublime, and you will forthwith coincide with me.

What becomes of many of the ordinary conceptions of God's character now extant among even the philosophers, — conceptions so unjust, puerile, and even contemptible, as many of them are; what becomes of them all, in the presence of the estimate of the great Creative Energy just conveyed to your brain? They fall and sink into utter nothingness, while this one looms up before our mind's eye in proportions majestic and grand. We catch an intuitive glimpse of its outlines — its edges; but the whole thought is too great for our puny brains to contain. Try to master it, and ere long your soul, like mine, will fold its wings in presence of its majesty.

— "The Principles and First Elements, after performing one round of duty, return to the Fountain Head, become newly charged with portions of His essence, refilled with the Deific energy, and then go forth again to complete and finish what,

under a less perfect form, they have before commenced; for all principles and elements are at bottom only one; but one which acts under a thousand different forms; all science is based on Music or Harmony; Harmony is but Geometry and Algebra — these are but Mathematics; this is but one branch of Celestial Mechanics, which in turn is only Number, but number in action;" said the august presence at my side, as he completed the magnificent lesson, — a lesson so full, so pregnant with meaning, that my reader will not soon exhaust its treasures, even though he most persistently may "TRY."

Still benignly gazing on me, Thotmor said, "What thinkest thou of Nature?"

Great God! that identical question a fourth time! How is it possible to answer it? I felt that, clear as my intellect now was, it would be sheerly impossible to proceed one single step further in definition, and was about to abandon the attempt, when a voice, sweeter than the dulcet melody of love, softer than the sounds to which dreaming infants listen, more persuasive than the lip of beauty, whispered: "*Try! the Soul groweth tall and comely, and waxeth powerful and strong only as it putteth forth its Will! Mankind are of seven great orders: the last and greatest are the Genii of the Earth, the Children of the Starbeam, the Inheritors of the Temple. Weak ones can never enter its vestibules; but only those who Try, and, trying for a time, at length become victors and enter in. Man fails because of feeble, sleeping, idle Will — succeeds, because he wakes it up and ever keeps it wakeful!*"

In an instant I turned to find whence these *spoken* words proceeded; and a sight of rare, surpassing beauty, such as ravished every sense of my inner being, fell upon my gaze. A female of regal aspect floated on beside the form of Thotmor; her radiant mien, beauty of form, loveliness of expression, and the grace of her every movement, were such that the language we apply to embodied woman can never convey an adequate idea of the peerless queen before me. It was from her lips that the spoken words had come.

As I gazed in utter bewilderment upon the houri, Thotmor smiled, and said: —

"This is Cynthia, whose sun I am; my moon she is; she is mine — I am hers — WE ARE ONE! On earth her body sleeps; here her soul is awake, and tuned to the melodies of Heaven. We are working for the world, and in that work find pleasure and excellent joy; but we only reached the bliss by trying. Do thou the same, and tell thy earthly brothers to do likewise!"

Thus recalled to mental effort, I strove to conquer my admiration for the woman, and address myself to thought; albeit the task was *very* difficult.

We are human beings still, whether in or out of the body; and the same surmises, guesses and wonderments possess us, wheresoever we are. Thus, I could hardly help envying the Egyptian his glorious prize, nor wondering if he did not see much trouble and come to deep grief on her account. Certain it is, that no man on earth could rest quiet with *such* a treasure of beauty under his care; and it struck me that, even in the Soul-world, all people could not be free from *all* the human passions, as we know them here below; and that jealousy *might* disturb the Oriental's peace of mind, I could scarcely doubt.

He saw my mind; and, turning to the full moon of beauty who clung to his side, said to her, "Answer for me!" She did so, and said: "Purity is the soul of Beauty, Symmetry is its spirit, and Justice is its body. Every human being, in the Soul-world or elsewhere, loves nothing so well as to be well thought of by all other human beings. Ambition, Emulation, and Personal Joy are the three bars which constitute the pivot of all human character. The bad passions, as envy, strife, anger, lust, and revenge, on earth, not only destroy the body, but also mar the spirit. Every one of these, and all other evil things, thoughts, or deeds, inevitably leave their marks upon the soul, and deep, sad marks they are.

The law of *Truth*, the law of *Individuality*, and the law of *Distinctness* (by means of which the man is rounded out into a perfect character, and is afterwards kept for all eternity totally distinct from any other being in all the universe), reign in the

Soul-world; nor can they ever be broken or evaded; — consequently, there can be no mistakes in regard to *Identity*. Cynthia is Cynthia, Thotmor is Thotmor, Clarinda is Clarinda, and John is John; and all must remain so till the end of the ages. It is so now, whatever it may have been in the ages wherein the angels fell.

"On earth, the real thoughts and sentiments of a soul are hidden beneath the garniture of language and assumption; not so here in the Soul-world, where every one must appear to be what he really is at the moment. There are no disguises; and while any one can do wrongly, if they so elect, yet they cannot *in*tend wrong and *pre*tend right, for the presence of an evil thought *in* the soul is immediately marked upon its surface, upon its features, by a law of that very soul itself; and these marks and distortions are so very plain and unmistakable, that all Heaven can read them at a glance; and such instantly gravitate to the Middle State.

"Self-preservation, therefore, and self-respect keep Heaven clear of sin!

"In the second place, it is well known here, as it ought to be on earth, that the deceiver is, in all cases, the deceived; the wrong-doer wrongs himself more than any one else; and the unhappiness a person may cause another to feel, must be expiated by the causer, not by the victim! This is a safeguard against jealousy here. No one will do an ill deed if he is aware that it cannot be kept secret even for a moment.

"In the next place, I chose Thotmor, and he me, because, of all the inhabitants of this starry land he suited me the best, and I him; wherefore, there is a stronger attachment between us than there possibly could be between either and any other individual in the great Domain. All Heaven knows *this* fact also: hence, no one in Heaven would attempt to sunder a natural tie, because they are well aware, that, even if that were possible, misery, and not contentment, must be the inevitable result. Wherefore none in Heaven *would* attempt such a thing, and no one from other regions *could* essay it."

Like drops of water on the sands of Sahara, her blessed

words sunk into my soul: the Wisdom-chambers received a new family of ideas; and my soul felt exceeding glad of this instalment of the treasures of the upper worlds.

For a moment I remained pensive and silent; and then, inspired by the ineffable presence of Thotmor and his Cynthia, who floated on beside him,—his pearly arm engirdling her glorious form in an embrace, which spoke of something higher and holier than we mortals call love,—I answered: "It now seems to me that Nature is the birthplace of Affection, the tomb of all evil, the primary school of human souls, the alembic of the Virtues, the gymnasia of Thought, the" —

I was forced to stop again; nor could I go on. Thotmor came to my relief, and added: —

"A plane inclined, beginning at Instinct, and ending in Omniscience; the telegraphic system of all Being, connecting its remotest points; the workshop of the Infinite and Eternal God; the grand orchestra of all the Symphonies, and the ladder reaching from Nonentity to the great Dome, beneath which sits in awful majesty the Lawmaker of the Universe, the Great I Am."

CURVES.

This book, which after all is but prefatory to a volume on the general subject of the life beyond, which we are, ere long, to give to the world, would be incomplete were we to neglect or omit to answer certain very pregnant questions, that must arise in the mind of the reader as he or she proceeds in its perusal: accordingly, this section — a short one — shall be devoted to that end.

As I rose in the air, and passed over a sunny region, which had not felt the effects of the terrific storm of thunder and rain, there came a feeling that there was a vast difference between my then present state and that in which the aerial journey from the city in the East was accomplished. In both cases the altitude reached was probably the same, or approximately

so; but in the first flight I was not one-fiftieth part as conscious, or awake, as during the second; there was also a difference in the rapidity of motion.

The individual calling himself Thotmor, and concerning whose reality I am perfectly convinced, now moved through the air at but a slight elevation above me; while formerly I had not seen him at all, previous to making his acquaintance near the house of the sleepy student.

At one time, among my other miseries, there possessed me a very uncomfortable apprehension, lest by some mishap my guide should be unable to sustain me, and that I should fall. Now the reader will say, "That was impossible; for a spirit, being lighter than air, must necessarily *ascend*." Another one will say, "True, so it must; but being so very much lighter than air, what is to hinder it from going up with a rush; what prevents it from going up vertically with the speed of a rifle-ball, seeing that the pressure of air *must* force it upward with a power almost inconceivable? *How is it that a spirit gets to earth at all, seeing that light bodies cannot displace heavy ones;* and how could a spirit move off at an angle at all?"

These and a multitude of other questions were present in my mind, along with many novel suggestions, provoked by the peculiar circumstances in which the narrator of these experiences was placed.

Let us try to make the matter clear, by remarking, in the first place, that the prevailing sensation was such as is experienced by those who go up into the great deep in balloons, during their novitiate in the business of cloud-climbing.

Among other questions that arose, and which I put to myself, was this: "Do I as a spirit, for the time being, actually ascend? Am I really here, on the breast of earth's great cushion, — the atmosphere? or is all this an experience of the soul, — an episode of dream-life? Am I really here; or is this, that so resembles me, only an *alter ego*, — a second self, — the result of a pushing forth of faculty? Is it a mere phantom, which my soul has shaped, and sent forth, and then lodged its intelligence in, for a time, by way of experiment and freak? If so, how is it done?

"In either case the question is a grave one; for if it be not myself, here in the air, but only a soul-created phasma, of what sort of materials is this appearance made, and whence comes the weird and mighty power that can call these images into being, and endow them with all the resemblance of reality?"

These and similar queries suggested themselves to me; and while the last one was still fresh in my mind, I noticed that the earth beneath me was smiling in glad freshness; — for the storm had not passed over that part of the land, although even then and there it was raining, — a soft, gentle, sweet and sunshiny summer rain, such as happens when the "Devil whips his wife," — I beg pardon — *used* to whip her; for, according to modern philosophers of the "Harmonial" order, he has deceased these many years, and, of course, cannot thus chastise her any more. Be that as it may, however, it was raining; and here was an opportunity to solve a much-mooted point, namely: "Do spiritual beings get wet in a rain-storm? Do the rain-drops and hailstones pass through them, or do they bound off as from a solid body? Most attentively did I make the closest observations, in order to be able to solve the question. *I decided that the rain passed through us, yet touched us not at all, as apparently did the wind.* Preferring to make every point as clear as possible, I shall attempt to illustrate this one, even at the risk of a little prolixity and repetition. The subject is an interesting one, and demands it.

Now, everybody knows that nothing less dense than water, save air, in violent motion, will turn aside or shed it; and that which constitutes the spiritual body is, of course, infinitely finer and more subtle than even the rarest gas, much less the thick and heavy atmosphere surrounding this and all other globes.

This fact being conceded, it follows that all such bodies must be pervious; and they are so and *not so* at the same time. Remember that spirit is not soul; forget not that the latter is the Winged Globe, of which I have spoken, and the former is a projection, an out-creation from it. This out-projection or spirit is, of course, perfectly atomless and unparticled. We gaze into a mirror, and behold a semblance of ourselves; and the same

figure may be gazed at by a hundred thousand eyes; everybody will at once acknowledge that the likeness is perfect and real, yet every one knows that not one single atom of any sort of matter enters into its composition.

It cannot be handled, but everybody can see it; nor would a pistol ball, shot through the head of that figure, harm it in the least degree, because it is not substance, although it is *substantial*. It is not a shadow, for it is real, — which latter fact is proved daily by those who first coax this image to enter a camera, and no sooner does it get fairly in than the clever artist impales it against a tablet of glass, or ivory, and lo! everybody carries the chained image to his home for everybody else to look at, who chooses so to do. This is Photography.

Now, the wind and rain, cold and heat, are as powerless and inefficient to act upon a spirit as they are upon the image in the camera, or a mirror. In other words, the spiritual body is a projected image of the soul, — is a sort of objectified subjective state; or is a fixed idea — an out-creation.

The image in the glass is not made up of parts, — it is a unit, — an entity, — is homogeneous. "If so, how can it be scientifically true that the rain passes through it? If it does so pass, it *must* make holes through it; and if holes *are* made through it, then its homogeneity is at an end for evermore."

This is a fair, as it certainly is the strongest objection that can be urged against the position assumed. But the answer, which forever sets it at rest, is this: "Spirit is not matter."

The subject may be further illustrated, thus: Suppose a large sheet of flame issuing, not from a jet, but from the edge of a hollow disk, and that the rush of gas is great enough to impel the sheet of flame six feet into the air. Now, try to *wet* this flame; it will take some time before you succeed in the enterprise. Take a watering-pot and sprinkle it to your heart's content; but, although the drops of water will reach the ground through the disc, and displace portions thereof, for an infinitesimal space of time, yet they will neither wet nor touch it.

Every drop of water has an envelope of an electric nature, doubtless; and that each particle of flame has a corresponding

one is self-evident. The respective envelopes may come in contact with each other, but their respective principles — never.

Now, the spirit is far more difficult to reach than would be this flame. As stated before, every perfect thing is globular: the sun, within the brain, I have called by its true name, — a winged globe; the electric moon, whose seat is in, on and about the solar plexus, is literally *an electric moon*, perfectly globular. The human being, body, soul, spirit, is surrounded by an atmosphere of the same form, or nearly so; and this enveloping aura, this spirit-garb, protects its centre — the man — from injury or contact with other things (unless, indeed, it be voluntarily broken down, or yields to assaults from without by the objectivity of the will). True, a person may be injured magnetically through this sphere, by pressure or malaria, although itself remains unruptured and intact; just as a pistol ball will kill a man, without actually touching his flesh. If he chance to be dressed in silk, it may drive its bulk into his flesh, yet not a particle of lead shall touch it.

I observed the aura or sphere which surrounded myself and my two glorified companions. The rain-drops passed through it, as also through portions of our respective persons, just as they would through a sheet of flame-lightning, but without actual contact or wetting either. We have every reason to believe that, as we ascend, the air grows colder, until at the height of forty-five miles the cold must be in the neighborhood of three thousand degrees below zero. Now, spirits frequently pass through this, — they *must pass through it* to reach us, — yet they are unaffected thereby, for the reason that they are superior to all material influences.

Moses, Elias, the spiritual visitants of the Patriarchs, of the man of Uz, he whom John saw, and others, had to come through this intense cold; and the fact that they did so proves that material forces have but little, if any, effect upon spirit. It therefore defies one extreme, and consequently ought the other. It does so. For the spirits seen walking about in the fiery furnace, which was heated seven times hotter than its wont, for the especial grilling of Messieurs Shadrach, Meshach and

Abednego, bade defiance to fire, — a fatal fact against the theory of a physical hell, — the spirits proving not only water, ice and wind, but *fire*-proof also!

Continuing my scrutiny, I observed that never a drop of rain fell upon the centre of the heads of either of the aerial party; for just over the crown of every human being *in* the body is a thick bone; *out* of the body, a magnetic shield, impenetrable by anything whatever; for every drop of rain slides off it, as from an iron roof. Place a spirit under a stream of falling water, and the central globe would instantly condense to infinitesimal proportions, so firmly embraced by its shield as to resemble the original monad; nor could water ever come in contact with it, any more than the same water could come in contact with a plate of iron at a white heat, which every one knows is a physical impossibility. I humbly trust that I have been understood.

In reply to "How can a spirit reach earth at all, or move through the air at any angle up or down?" I reply: Electrically. It projects an image of itself to where it would be, — every man who thinks of a distant point does the same, only that the thing cannot be seen with earthly eyes. There is a magnetic railway between the projection and the projector, along which this latter moves.

Throw forth an image by glasses across the street. It will find no difficulty in reaching the spot whither you send it. Analogous to this is the power of soul to go whither it listeth, unimpeded, and of its own free will.

The ultimatum of all philosophy is, to teach men how to live; to instruct them how to die; establish a conviction of immortality; and explain how this latter is, and why, and to whither it shall lead. The sole business of this book, and that which is to follow in due season, is not to controvert any current system of philosophy, — Harmonial, Spiritualistic, or otherwise, — but to present, not a mere theory or hypothesis on the subject of an hereafter and its sequences, but to give forth what I know to be the truth, so far as that truth extends; nor do I fail to be impressed with a deep assurance that, although much herein given

necessarily antagonizes a few of the popular Spiritual theories, yet I believe that that which I have now given concerning the soul and its destiny is perfectly true and correct. I care not how much soever the reader may doubt the aerial experiences herein narrated, — for these are but illustrative, at best, and in other respects are of little account, — yet the *Theory I know to be the only true one yet advanced;* and it is to the *principles* whereon this theory is founded that I call the attention of the Thinking World, and challenge its respect.

Not a human being whom I ever saw was fully satisfied with either Modern Spiritualism, or what is called Harmonial Philosophy; for the more a man bases his hopes of a life hereafter upon either of them, the more he stands on slippery ground. Doubt after doubt seizes on the mind, until at last people turn away, sad-hearted and desperate, from so-called systems of Immortalism, to take refuge in the church, which erewhile they so loudly berated and condemned; resort once again to the Blessed Book, or else unhappily drift out upon the shoreless, hopeless sea of atheism. There are untold multitudes who will gladly hail anything that promises to remove the dreadful doubts concerning, not only their continued existence, but their chances of bliss beyond the veil. To such this book and its fellow comes; for the benefit of such they both are, and are to be sent forth upon the world's great tide.

Thoroughly imbued with the *spirit* of the truths here written, with the principles set forth and running like a gold-vein through that portion which is descriptive mainly, — no one can help feeling strong in the certitude of an hereafter, — these being the only attempts ever yet made in this country to treat of the soul *per se*, and in its higher and deeper relations, so far as the writer is aware.

Concerning the absolute origin and final destiny of the soul itself, the answer to the question, What is God, and a few others of equal import, the reader must look in the second volume; for, in the present, we have only entered the outskirts of the illimitable course; have scarcely touched the preface of the mighty volume, SOUL. Herein we are only at the top of one of

the lesser hills, from which we catch a faint, very faint view, and hear but the distant throbbing pulses of the vast ocean, on whose swelling bosom, and upborne by whose wisdom-crested waves all men shall ere long sail.

As true lovers of our race, we ask all good people to embark with us anon upon an intellectual voyage across the deep, in search of facts and truths far more stately and sublime than those usually purporting to come from super-mundane sources.

All truths are necessarily dogmatic; nor has any attempt herein been made to hinder their expression from being the same. Our great Master and Exemplar in virtue was dogmatic, — why not his followers be the same?

It seems essential, at this point, that the writer should say something, not concerning the spiritual realms, but of the man-spirit, — the self, — the developed and developing monad. Now, what is a monad? The reply is, Something quite analogous to, but not exactly the Leibnitzian "Particle," but that which is to universal spirit precisely what an atom is to universal substance or matter, with this difference: you cannot cut an *idea* into halves or pieces, for it is, was, and ever will be, a unit; so is a monad.

An atom of matter is divisible to infinity, — a single grain of sand being, by a mental process, capable of disintegration so great, that were each portion to be separated from its fellow by only the millionth of an inch, yet the vast concave of the dome, the walls of the sidereal heaven, the awful height and depths of space, the dizzy steeps of the great Profound, would not afford room to hold them all, even though the worlds were rushed out of being for accommodation's sake. Yet not one of these portions would be spirit, because *that* is indivisible; *they* can never be. It is a philosophic truth, as well as a scientific axiom, that "Matter is divisible forever; spirit is not."

Beasts have spirits, but not immortal ones; for the reason that they are the result of mere physical energy, and natural elements acted on by natural forces. Their mission is to serve certain uses, the greatest of which is that of affording, in some mysterious way, temporary homes for higher beings, or rather

for what is thereafter to become such, — as already alluded to in the article on Transmigration.

Nothing material is endowed with perpetuity; for nothing particled can ever be so. True it is, that the spirit of a beast is many degrees finer in texture, and more sublimated than the luminiferous ether by which we come in contact with colors; but the soul of a man is myriads of degrees more subtile in constitution than even this essential part of animals. The last is particled; the former homogeneous, *sui generis*, Deific in origin, peculiar in nature, expansive in power, infinite in capacity of acquirement, and probably eternal in duration.

Comparisons are useful. Suppose, then, that the sacred rite is to be celebrated that shall call a new soul into outer being. Well, at the moment of orgasm, there leaps forth from the very heart of the winged globe a monad; with the speed of light, it rushes down the spinal column, supplied in its route with a nervo-magnetic garment — a voluntary contribution from every particle of his physical being. It reaches the neighborhood of the prostate gland, passes through it, during which it receives additional envelopes, of a nature easily understood. Its next leap is to the prepared ovum, which it only reaches after taking refuge in a hollow shell, attached to what is called the "head of a spermatozoa," which in itself is the half-germ (the ovum being the other) of the physical structure.

Imagine, if you please, a monad just incarnated in many folds. Its color is a pearly white, approaching the hue of pure fire; its bulk, with its investments about one-tenth that of the head of a small pin; without them, about so much less that probably a million might float without contact in a single drop of water. Its envelopes are the very incarnations and condensations of electricity and magnetism; and so possess the power of repelling uncongenialities, and of attracting whatever is essential to its development, during and subsequent to its temporary home at the gestative centre. The essences and life of all that the parent may eat and drink, or breathe, — as perfumes, odors, aud so forth, — are gravitative to the precious point; and so the monad unfolds, and its envelopes grow; the one destined

to become a living, active soul, — the other, the temple of flesh and blood, in which it will, for threescore years and ten, more or less exercise and improve its faculties and powers. Now, this process is exactly analogous to that whereby God Himself brings humans into being; only that instead of having a female form to shield them (the monads), He made use of matter in other forms, — worlds, and substantial things. It is easy to see how the first human being was brought into existence, albeit the full statement thereof belongs to another volume than the present, — the first part of the present one merely giving an outline thereof.

Man's body is of the earth, earthy; it serves the soul's purposes for a time, and when it can no longer do so, we die because it is the nature of matter to decay and change; but soul being of God, the HONOVER, AUM, the SACRED, the HOLY, the GREAT MYSTERY, lives on forever and for evermore, and in all human probability unfolds continually and incessantly.

Could you procure a microscopic view of a monad, you would behold a perfect resemblance of a human being of infinitesimal proportions, standing at full length, but with closed eyes, in the midst of a surrounding and protecting sphere, formed of something a myriad degrees more sublimated than the rarest imponderable known to science. "Over the graves of the newly dead, may, on dark nights, be seen hovering the forms of those within them, — strange, ghastly, ghostly forms they are. The exhalations of the decaying bodies assume the shape and proportions of the living being, and affright the passers-by." — *Jung Stilling.*

"Burn a rose, and then mix its ashes with water in a bowl; set it away in a still place, and in a few days a thin, glairy scum will rise upon the surface, and arrange itself in the exact form of the original flower." — *Report of Acad. Sci., Paris,* 1834.

The acorn, split in two and exposed to a strong light and high magnifying power, will disclose the perfect outlines of an oak tree. The germ of all things contains the likeness of what

hereafter they are destined to become, and so also does the germ or monad of a man.

Soul has two methods of increase: first, it feeds on notions, thoughts, sensations, ideas, emotions, hopes, joys, fears and anticipations, based on that which is external to itself. The experiences and discipline thus derived, constitute Progression. On the other hand, it creates moulds, and fashions things *from* itself, and by the exercise, grows intuitive and strong. This is Development, or Unfolding. Souls are all of the same genesis, but, like trees of the forest, there are vast differences between them. Men often speak of "full souls, big souls, weak souls, strong souls, lean and fat souls," and so on, — thus leaping to a truth by a single bound of intuition, for no greater truths exist than those words convey. People grow weary by labor, that's physical exhaustion; and of pleasure, that's sensational weariness; and of thinking, hoping, cogitating on a single subject, that's soul-tiredness, — for all of which rest is demanded, or rather a change of attention and occupation.

The body is a laboratory, wherein the most beautiful and useful chemical labors are carried on; and it extracts and distils the finest essences from all things it manipulates. True it is, that a coarse man will only extract physical energy from beef and wine; but it is also true that these things contain something far more rare, and so subtle that it requires a stomach of finer texture and more elevated order to extract the higher essences, that go to inspire genius, develop poets, and sustain philosophers in thinking.

Some persons manufacture bleaching salts and oil of vitriol; others compound the delicate odors which float upon the air of palaces, and radiate from the garments of refined women; yet both are chemists. And so of human bodies; they feed on the essences of food, and convert these essences into the most spiritual forms possible; this last is duly laid away in numberless magazines, or store-houses, which we call the "Nervous Ganglia." When these stores are distributed, the body grows strong. When the supply is exhausted, we become faint and weary, and finally fall *asleep*, whereupon the soul-sun sets for a

while (vide the case of the student), withdraws from the brain, passes down the vertebræ, enters the solar plexus, changes the refined essences of the ganglia into pure fire, endows it with portions of its own divine life, sends a supply to every point where the communications are not cut off by disease; and so increases the vigor, life, and bulk of the body.

When this recuperative work is done, the soul sometimes rests awhile, and remains shut out from this world for hours; during which time our existence is vegetative only, and we are in a deathly slumber, so far as outward consciousness is concerned. At such times, the soul is making itself familiar with the elements of that lofty and transcendent knowledge which all good human beings are destined to fully acquire after death. It is talking with God, and God is in turn conversing with it. It is perusing its volume of Reminiscences, and these sometimes vaguely, dimly flash forth on the outward memory, causing men to doubt the story that they have not pre-existed. Sometimes it is intently listening to the glorious melodies which the seraphim sing, or drinking in the knowledge of archangels; for it is indeed true that —

> "Sometimes the aerial synod bends,
> And the mighty choir descends,
> And the brains of men thenceforth
> Teem with unaccustomed thoughts."

The soul returns from the inner to the outer life, and, in spite of philosophy or reasoning to the contrary, *will* entertain vague memories, indistinct yet half-positive assurances of having been aforetime in some other place than earth, or hell, or heaven; nor can it get rid of this conviction, because it is *true! We have existed* SOMEWHERE ELSE! We *have* lived and acted parts before, long ages ago, before this world was ushered into being from the fiery vortex of the Sun of suns; *we have lived* and moved and had a being in a strange and far-off world:

> A realm of mystery and wonder, memory-filled, sublime;
> Not in this world, or hell, heaven, space or time!

And so we sleep. At other times, without arousing the body, the soul cautiously reascends its daily throne, takes advantage of the physical quiescence and slumber, and plays many a fantastic trick with the materials in its magazines, — all for its own amusement and that of its phantasmal comrades and lookers-on, who do not fail to gather round the bedside and join the spectral sport.

Sometimes it overhauls the sheets of memory, sportively, racily, jocundly, mixes them all together, puts incongruous events alongside of bitter remembrances; takes a character here and one there, and forces them to perform the most ridiculous and absurd dramas imaginable; nor does imagination itself escape, for the soul touches it, and forthwith it produces, like a fecund mother, and the night-born offspring are forced to mingle themselves in one indescribable medley, along with things of pure memory and reminiscence, thus forming an *olla podrida* without order, system, head, foot, beginning or end. We are dreaming. An objection may be urged here, to the effect that animals dream as well as human beings. Dogs bark in their sleep, and manifest all the phenomena of dreaming. Has the dog, therefore, got a soul that pernoctates, goes abroad, and so forth? To this I reply: It is by no means certain that the sleep-barking of dogs and other beasts is anything more or less than a merely physical, nervous agitation. I am not sure that they really do have dreams. Still, on this point I am open to conviction, and just as soon as any well-bred dog, not one of your mongrel hounds either, shall tell me what he dreamed, I will announce that highly interesting fact to the world; but until one shall do so, I shall insist upon the hypothesis, above set forth, that these somnolent exhibitions are in some way connected with what I call the process of monad-gestation, and not to the dreaming of the beast as such.

At other times, having placed proper sentinels to guard the body and telegraph to itself on the least appearance of danger, the royal soul, feeling its high-born nature demanding a supply not to be found within itself always, leaves for a while the scene of its sojourn, and leaps upward to the starry vault,

to hold converse with the stars and their holy tenants. Then we have visions!

Again, it takes journeys over the earth's surface, visits old, familiar, or new and unknown places, persons and things: Then we are clairvoyant.

These are moods and phases of the soul's existence and activities, but they are not the highest; for, at still other times, it arrays itself in its most regal garb, and, marshalled by an army itself has called into being, solemnly marches forth to attend THE COUNCIL OF THE HOURS! — and here a holy awe steals over me, as this trait and power of the soul is revealed. At such times we PROPHESY, and become familiar with events, persons, principles, and things yet unborn in time and space; we have receded behind the wall of consciousness, and bathed for a time in the sea of mystery, every billow and wavelet of which constitutes a destiny. For that all things that are yet to be, at this moment exist as monads and unincarnate thoughts in the Mind of Minds, there cannot be a shadow of doubt; neither can there be one that man has been, still is, and hereafter will be, intromitted to this sacred labyrinth of knowledge, under certain conditions yet unknown to us. And yet man is a free-acting being.

By and by the sleep is ended, and we return to outer every-day life. The soul's magazines have been stored full of the needful energies, both for itself and body; and it can at will, and sometimes by the action of a power lying back of volition, send forth these fiery elements to warm up and invigorate the outer self, as occasion may demand. Thus comes the blush of love, the inspiration of song, and acting, the fire and energy of speech and oratory, the flames of lust and passion, the brutal vigor of the athlete and pugilist, the blaze of anger, and the sudden and awful courage and ferocity of those who, at other times, are poltroons and errant cowards.

Of course, some people accumulate more of this fire than others, and some are more sensitive to its action — even when it is quiescent — than less fine organizations possibly could be; and these very sensitive persons will, from the effect this

accumulated power has upon them, tell you more of an individual's character from a half-hour's association than others could after a dozen years of intimacy, for they come in almost direct *rapport* with the soul itself, with something of which the "sphere" is charged; whereas those who are not so sensitive must base their verdict on what they see and hear; the others, on what they feel and know.

This fact is beginning to be well known; but there is a consideration arising out of it of vast importance. It is this: Those who are most sensitive are the very ones who absorb deepest of those energies. They draw it in like sponges, and give it out the same, as may be daily seen on the platforms whence "spiritual mediums" fulminate their doctrines. There you will see a fine, sensitive, delicate woman speaking for hours in tones of thunder, and with an energy sufficient to rack a far stouter frame to pieces, — physically sustained by what she draws from the audience, and returns likewise, with something added from herself. Such persons, sitting in "circles," either draw off the very life of those with whom they join hands or come in contact, or else themselves are sponged dry. Now, one of these sensitives will so absorb the sphere of persons with whom they may chance to be, that they may be led to do many a naughty thing, even against their own inclinations and judgment; especially is this true with reference to the tender passion. Their conduct may be very reprehensible, their hearts be very pure. Of course this condition is a morbid one, and should be sternly fought against and battled down.

The question is often asked, "Do spirits eat?" Answer: In the Middle states, eating is a strong phantasy; the inhabitants believe they eat. In the Soul-world stomachs are useless, as well as the organs of sex, but the soul absorbs nutriment spontaneously. *There is no waste!*

Having thus briefly replied to the objections likely to be raised, I now resume the narrative at the point where it was left incomplete. What further took place will be found in the next section.

As the splendid sentences of Thotmor, recorded in a previous section, fell upon the hearing of my soul, that soul involuntarily bowed itself in awe; and as the expressions, "*the workshop of the Eternal God, the orchestra of the Symphonies, the ladder reaching from Nothing to the Great Dome, beneath which sits in awful majesty, the* GREAT I AM," — reached my understanding, there went up from the soul's deepest profound a desire to know who, what, and where was this Supreme Ruler of the starry skies.

Scarcely was this thought fairly formed, when a deep slumber gently but rapidly stole over me. How long it continued I know not, but when consciousness for a moment returned again, I found myself brushing the dust from my apparel, beneath the trees from which my first journey had commenced. This occupation could not have lasted more than a minute, when I started off mechanically toward a deeper nook, and more secluded spot among the trees and bushes, apparently guided by instinct, or directed by a power above myself. And I lay me down, as if wearied with undue physical labor, and soon a gentle buzzing sound, like unto that made by myriad insects when the Day-God hies him to his slumber, and all the great, big world is stilled, lulled me into a sweet and soft repose. And a deep sleep fell upon my eyelids; and in that strange, mysterious rest, I experienced that which was not *all* a dream. I hasten to present the result of this last display of power.

THE FLIGHT.

Lightly, as floats the atom on a sunbeam, swiftly as the bird flies, gayly as a laughing child, a spiritual form sailed stilly through the SPACE. Beneath it rolled the globe, its black mountains, deep valleys, and all its silvery seas; above it twinkled the starry shield of heaven; and afar off, on either hand, great suns looked out to see the moving panoply.

And still the soul sped on; until, at last, its earthly home was

in the distance, and all around the mighty Silence reigned. And still the soul swept onward! No dizziness, no faltering, from the awful sense of height, alarmed it; no fear beset its bounding, joyous, happy heart. That soul was not my own, for the reason that no man can possibly predicate ownership of a soul—the thinking-principle—Mind; for soul *is himself*. He can speak of, and say, "my body, limbs, faculties, qualities," and so forth, with correctness and propriety; for these are his incidents, but *soul* is himself—that of which these incidents obtain. They are, to coin a word, the *out-sphering* of the inner being: the soul was me.

In a little while, the question, "What and why is this, and whither am I going?" rose in my mind. A silvery voice breathed silently into my spirit this response: "Whoso truly willeth to know, shall know, by reason of the relationship between himself and the other two members of the great Eternal Trine, provided always that the *wish is good*, and its realization would be productive of Excellence and Use.

"No bad man can earnestly wish and will good, *while* he is bad; if he does, his failure is certain: not so with the good and lofty soul! It is always welcome to the banquet of knowledge; nor is the gate of Wisdom ever closed to it. The good man can solve all mysteries; the good woman sound the depths of all Music, Love, and Beauty. Thus the saying is literally, perfectly, absolutely true, which affirms that if ye "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all things else shall be added unto you!'"

The voice was that of the fair being whom Thotmor called his own. Previously intent upon observing the rapid changes about me, I did not, until that moment, realize that both these auroral spirits attended on this, my third flight.

"Brother," continued the sweet being, "forget not the first lesson; the second, thou art now receiving."

For a little while, still pondering upon what I had been taught, and still moving forward and upward, I made no mental response or observation. Soon recurred to me the phrase used by the female teacher a little time before: "And the two other

members of the great Eternal Trine." I longed to know the meaning; and at that instant a clearness of perception, power of conception, and ability of comprehension, was given to me, such as I never knew before. I asked mentally, how *this* came about, and the answer came to my understanding, through the channel of a clear intuition, and shaped itself in the following form, as nearly as words will hold it: —

The earth is coarse, yet imprisons the refined. It is a dense, gross substance, a heavy, rough body, but it has a soul. The soul of the world is spirit. Every atom of matter has a moving, living, active, spiritual centre. The matter enchains the spirit, and the spirit (the principles of Beauty, Use, Goodness, Music, Odor, Tone, Sound, Rhythm, Shape, Sympathy and Coherence, constitute the World-soul or spirit) — and the spirit ever struggles to free itself from its unwilling thraldom. It can only do so by working up the *material* of its prison-house into forms of Excellence, Use, Beauty, Sound, Tone, Shape and Rhythm. When it does so, it escapes its jail, and goes back to God, whence it originally came, through the human organization, and others less perfect, in the form of Odors, Music, Tone, Sound, Beauty (flowers, forests, etc.), Art, Color, and their cognates. A rose is that success in its struggle, which attends that amount and phase of spirit, working out its liberation, from and through matter, by means of its inherent self — the principles named.

There are two Realms: Matter, filled with spirit, and Spirit (above, beyond), free of material encumbrance, — the great Spiritual Ocean, in which all the worlds are floating. I realized this tremendous truth. The links of the chain are: Granite Rock, Water, Atmosphere, extending about one hundred and fifty miles upward; Electrical Sea, above the air, one hundred miles; Magnetic Ocean, one hundred more; above that, each remove being as great as between the first two, the ocean of Electrime, one hundred miles (the figures are approximative only). Next an ocean of Magnetime, then Ether, then Ethyle, and then the great Ocean of Spirit positive. All the rest are CUSHIONS, as it were, to this, our world. The World-soul is spirit, negative: the great Ocean is spirit, positive. In it floats,

rained down from the Infinite, myriads of existences, in the form of MONADS,— each one a particle of soul given off, so to speak, from the great Eternal Brain.

These monads are not spirit negative, such as is contained in and constitutes the soul of the world, of matter in all its million forms of beasts, birds, reptiles, and vegetation; nor spirit positive, such as constitutes the Sea whereon the worlds do float, and whose finer breath is the sphere of disembodied souls; but they are the original soul-germs of immortal beings; they are the sparks which fell, and fall from God himself,— particles of the Deific brain, unique, *sui generis*, unparticled, homogeneous; old as Deity, young as the new-born infant; always existed, ever will exist. They are Pha-souls (Fay-souls), or Monads.

I now realized this strange truth: that the conscious soul that constituted *me* was now beyond, as it were, all the circumvolving material atmospheres surrounding earth, and that it was rapidly approaching the awful and vast Spiritual Ocean. Presently it ceased its flight, turned earthward, and made the following discovery: first, the SPIRITUAL pervaded the Ethylic Sea; this, in turn, the Ethereal; that, the Magnetimic; that, in turn, the Electrimic; that the Magnetic; that, the Electric; and that, in turn, the Earth Sphere, or "Odylic" emanation, which in turn pervades the atmospheric or Oxygenic; so that man really breathes several, instead of a single atmosphere, the highest of which quickens the spirit, as the lower does the body.

Turning the gaze outward, a fine, glorious, soft, silvery sea was seen spreading away in all directions; and the eye had no difficulty in traversing space, as on earth it has, through the corporeal structure and the several earth-airs. In this clear expanse of Spirit float uncounted globular monads, infinite in number, infinitesimal in volume; they are each enveloped in a fine electric substance, which surrounds them perfectly. The spiritual waves bear them on its bosom to the earth; they, by a mysterious power, are drawn to the human male brain, through the lungs; they enter it, become lodged, remain till a certain physical work is completed, and then descend and effect their mission through the aid of the prostate gland. At *certain times*,

they quit this, pass into the uterus, enveloped in the prostatic mulse; are caught up — are carried to the womb, and — the work of INCARNATION is effected. My business is with *facts* here; therefore, I shall briefly state what I beheld, and leave others to theorize — satisfied, as I am, that I have penetrated the GRAND SECRET.

Here, in these aerial Kingdoms, beyond the domain of matter and the sphere of what we call Nature, or Natural Law, which of course does not govern Spirit, it having a mode of its own, I found two sorts of monads, — the one perfectly globular, which constitutes the germ of the man; the others ovoidal, which constitutes the germ of the female. There are always two together; in couples they come from the Eternal God, in couples they return.

Placed in the uterus, these come in loving relations with a subtile spirit originally in the female monad, subsequently energized in the woman, condensed in the "ova," and there is a blending of elements, — the external of the monad and the internal of the ova; and from this blending springs a third something, which is the nucleus of the nervous body, so to speak. This nucleus robs all earthly things of their vital life, — plants, flowers, food, drink, and so on, — through the instrumentality of all the bodily organs. This union produces an improvement in both; together they attract the great spiritual substance or atmosphere pervading our air, and then the child is quickened, and rises in the pelvis; the very instant that the first spark of this great spiritual atmosphere passes into the babe, the monad increases in bulk, bursts its bonds or envelopes, passes from the fœtal lungs to its brain, locates in the pineal gland, radiates through the *corpus callossum*, energizes its body, and, lo! a soul has entered upon a new career.

As said before, the soul grows, — grows in two ways: first, by development, — unfolding and awakening; second, by acquired knowledge and experience. The latter is of and for the *earth*, the former is of and for the soul itself. The one depends on circumstance and accident, the other is above and beyond both. There may never be much of the latter, but the former

will, must go on to Infinity. Both may go on to a great extent on earth; one certainly will in the hereafter.

All these things I felt, I saw and knew, as I floated there on the shores of the Spiritual Kingdoms.

Have you ever beheld the golden rain of a rocket, on a stilly summer night? You have! Well, just so God rains monads from Himself! Spirit is the emanation from God's body! Monads are corruscations from His Soul! These truths can never be *demonstrated;* all spiritual truth is real, and demonstration is effective only in reference to fleeting appearances. The logical faculty deals with what pertains to us on earth; that which pertains to the Spiritual requires some higher power of the soul. It has it — in the Intuitions. The logical faculty deals with Progress; Intuition with Development — unfolding; organic the one — central-soul the other. Intuition will one day substantiate my discoveries, — when I am dead, and this writing is a century old.

At present there is really no Spiritual Philosophy at all, scarcely an approximation thereto. We have not even a spiritual nomenclature, and it is exceedingly difficult to convey spiritual facts or ideas in terms notoriously adapted only to the expression of transitory earthly knowledge.

Swedenborg's ideas are worth all others on the great subject, yet he even must be read in Latin or German, to be correctly understood. The English is the tongue of commerce, — has too much ring of the dollar in it, to be used to express spiritual things. I shall try to convey my experiences so as to be understood; yet how can I hope to be? — how make the fact known, that one human soul is actually larger, deeper, greater, than this whole material globe? — that it has a sun within the cerebrum; a moon, the solar plexus; that its sun rises (when we wake), and sets, retires to the vertebral column, sinks within the great ganglion, behind the stomach, when we sleep; that it has stars, the nerve-villi; planets, the ganglia; it has a milky way, the great nervous cord; comets, and, in short, everything that the outer world has, and much beside. How shall I express these facts so as to be understood? for the terms I use do

not convey the exact meaning. Who can understand that the soul has hills, mountains, valleys, and so forth? Yet it hath all these things in a higher and heavenly sense. Still more difficult will it be to prove or show that the Bible saying, that "the kingdom of heaven is within" every one, is a literal truth. The soul, *per se*, contains within itself the sum total of a dozen universes, each differing from the other, each one overlying that beneath it; and just as fast as the soul outgrows, unfolds from, or "vastates" either of these, new and higher ones become apparent, just as there dwells an appreciation of the refined and beautiful in every coarse man or woman; but, in order that this æsthetic sense shall come out and be active, a certain discipline is essential, the result of which is a vastation and throwing off of what impeded and obstructed this beauty-sense. This is the end and mission of education or discipline. Our principal life — for we lead several at the same time — is the life of Imagination. We form, in fact create, by a mystic power not yet understood, whole galleries of paintings, figures, adventures and circumstances, "houses in Spain," "castles in the air." These are our in-creations, because, while yet in the body, they loom up in the deep, distant depths of the mind as images more or less vague and shadowy. They are as yet within us, pictured, as they are, upon the outer surfaces of the soul, yet within the radius of the spirit.

After death, these become the realities of our then existence, are the spontaneous out-births or out-creations of our souls, and in them we live, move, and have our being, — happy, joyous, pleasant, provided our souls are beautiful, calm and serene; but if they be not so, then those out-creations are full of horrors, — serpents, noisome things, reptiles and dead men's bones.

Few, very few clairvoyants have ever beheld the realities of the spiritual world. I know of but few, contemporaneous or historical, whom I believe to have ever beheld the mysteries of the other life. Amongst the few, Behmen, Swedenborg, and Harris, stand pre-eminent. The others — some of them honest, doubtless, but often deluded — have beheld their own out-crea-

tions, or the spiritual photographs on the sky-surfaces of things and events pertaining to the earth. Every out-creation differs from all others; hence arise the annoying discrepancies and diverse accounts of the same things which we are constantly receiving, — as, for instance, the spirit-land, the sun, moon, planets, and their occupants, as given by various so-called modern seers. The memory of man is internal to himself while here, but after death it is, as it were, the furniture of the parlor wherein he lives on the other side of time; and those tableau-vivants, or living pictures, when seen by clairvoyants, are passed off upon men as the revelation of realities, when they are but the ephemera of existence. Spirits tell us of their legs, lungs, bodies, lands, parks, and so forth; and of their gardens, houses, trees, forests, and the like. All this is very well, and are spiritual facts *to them*, yet are but the out-creations of the human soul, which really has no legs, arms, and so forth, because the soul is MIND, and can have no possible use for these things; yet, for a long period, these very things are realities to the spirit and to clairvoyants.

The fact is, good spirits do not appear one-tenth as often as imagined; the majority of spiritual appearances are but out-creations, — subjective images of the seer, objectified, — else are psychological projections of other minds, — images impressed upon the susceptible person's brain.

The spiritual world, as it is generally mapped out to us, appears but a few degrees in advance of this one, on the same general plane, if we are to believe the tales told us concerning it; while the fact is, that world is not like this in any respect. It is not a place, literally speaking, but is a condition — a single one of thousands that have been — of millions yet to be. Dream-life is a good illustration of my meaning. It is a condition of the soul. In it, we have a life actual, real, absolute; not in far-off regions, because we are still in our bedrooms; but in the midst of our private domain, our own out-creations, our personal universe.

The human soul, as said before, is a divine kaleidoscope, which forever changes, yet never exhausts its capacity, either

for change, or for appreciation of the bliss thence derived, or of trouble encountered. So we have no need of legs in the spirit-world, because our movements are not with reference to space, — we have done with roads and distances there; but our changes are of state or condition. Illustration: Anna is a beautiful girl, — pious, good, pure, excellent; sits beside her lover, John, — a polished scoundrel in every sense. One bullet kills both instantly. They die on the spot. Both awake in the other life, — in the *same room*, yet are a million miles apart, because their respective mental states determine their relation to each other *there*, albeit other things determine it here.

They may never not only not meet again, but never know aught of each other, so vast is the real distance (condition) between the twain. The spiritual world of the one will abound with forms of beauty, use, goodness; that of the other will abound with toads, swamps, snakes, bugs and unseemly things. Why? — Because each is surrounded with his or her personal out-creations. Each communicating back to earth will tell what each beholds; both will be true, yet both fail to give even the ghost of a real notion about the absolute supernal world. Whatever we are, we see; whatever we want, is there before us — we have. Thus we can ascend in goodness, or sink away to the very depths of hell, — both our own, however. . . . And all these things came to me there, as I floated on a wave of the sea of knowledge.

Self-induced psycho-vision often passes as the product of spirits. The line is yet to be drawn between the seeming and the real in this respect. Spirits first are monads, — spiritual (psychal) atoms, — God-existent from all past eternity: Secondly, they are awakened beings, self-existent to all future states, not times merely: Thirdly, at physical birth they, as monads, cease to be; at physical death a change as complete and great as the last occurs. And now they have passed through and across three eternities; that of monads, matter, and spirit; and fourthly, they remain in no condition above a century (which accounts for the fact that no well-authenticated instance of intercourse with a spirit over a century dead has yet

been recorded); lastly, they ever pass onward, and each condition differs from the last, as does sleep from wakefulness. There are millions of these changes. It takes about a century to graduate and gravitate from one condition to another. When we pass from this world, we take some things with us which we are obliged to unlearn there. Thus, some want drink, others rest, fruit, land, houses, money, and so forth; some want children and desire to cohabit as on earth. All have just what they want; only that the children begotten there are mere phasmas, — just as by a powerful effort we can create a beautiful puppy-dog, and hold it as an ideal before our eyes while here.

A crazy man's golden crown and throne, although to us nothing but straw and bits of stone, are to him gold and diamonds, and flash forth the richest scintillations of the most precious jewels. It is a state of the mind. Millions of crazy people inhabit both worlds; whence it follows that insanity *is* a disease of the mind, as well as a result of organic and chemical change and disturbance in the body.

It is hard to describe spiritual things in material language. Amongst all the flood of "Spiritual literature," I know of no single work that gives the faintest idea of spiritual actualities, if we accept Swedenborg, and a fugitive lecture or two, by persons not necessary to be named herein. All that passes current as such, is far more ideal and material than spiritual, and are referable, as to their origin, to excited ideality, and other peculiar mental states, rather than to the Supernal world. Amidst the three million speeches a year, delivered under professed spirit influence, it is my deliberate conviction that not over ten in one thousand has its source in the pure Soul-realm, but many originate in the Middle states of the spiritual world; very many of the vivid and beautiful descriptions of spirit life, scenery and so forth, which so please us to hear, are transcripts from the individual's inner-self, or rather of the out-creations thereof. Of course, these are true to the individual, but to no one else: let it be once remembered that the man is as immortal in the past, as he is now, and will be; and that during that state (as Monad or Pha-soul) of pre-carnate being, he had an

experience as real to him *then*, as his present is to him now; and we shall no longer marvel at genius, or at the stupendous powers of the human mind. During the sublime experiences of my soul, which I am endeavoring to recount, I became thoroughly satisfied, not as the medium, not from spiritual teaching, but from soul-observation, that man, like God, had no beginning, as did matter as we know it; and that like Him, he will never positively have an end; albeit the modes of God and those of man — for at bottom, they are ONE — continually change conditions. This brings us to the question, "What is God?" . . . . Up there, upon the beautiful ether, all was still and silent music, yet moving in Beauty, Order, and Form — which were out-creations of one Eternal Monad, self-conscious and awful — shone a sun of ineffable glory and majesty — the Omnipotent God.

This sun shines in the heaven of spirit, just as the comparatively tiny and material suns illuminate the material universe. The spiritual does not glide into the material, but is from and above it, just in the sense that the *meaning* of a sentence is above the sounds or characters which convey it — and in no other. The grand procession of material universes constantly sweep along the Eternities; receive Light, Life and Love thence; fructify; incarnate the monad's Beauty, Consciousness, Form, Order, Law, Music, and Number, in human souls; and then exhaustion prepares the self-same material universes — or rather, their bases for a new infiltration — of God-Od, so to speak, differing from the last; and so on forever. One procession is one Eternity, or rather, Cycle. Thus it will be seen, by those who can grasp this tremendous thought, that all matter — the amazing system of substance — is after all, but a mere fleck — a mote in the sun-rays — a mere grain on the awful shores of the stupendous SPIRITUAL OCEAN; nor does all the matter existing bear a greater proportion to the spiritual than an orange does in bulk to the Rocky Mountain Chain. The material systems move near its centre, and the spiritual waves flow on all sides into the Ineffable BEYOND.

The fountain whence they flow is God! and this word "God"

is a poor name. Men become "gods" in the great hereafter, — gods for GOOD, USE and ORDER, or the opposite of these; but this, of which I speak, the Eternal Secret, the awful, yet radiant MYSTERY, is as far beyond the Ideal Jehovah as is the human beyond the analid. Let us make a chain: Matter is the first link; Spirit is the second — I speak of UNIVERSES now, remember — Soul, that which constitutes the human THINK-principle, is the third; well, this OVER-SOUL flows through all these, as man's spirit through his body. Now man is conscious only partly; he knows nothing just on the *other side* of himself, is ignorant of what life is, and of that august power which governs his involuntary self. Well, the OVER-SOUL flows out into the All, — into the universe of THINK (I can use no other term), into that of Soul, MONADS, Spirit, Matter; and while pervading and being imminent in ALL, is self-conscious at every point; in the THINK, the MONAD, the Soul, the Spirit, the Matter, in every particle that IS, or can ever BE. I hold this as the truest definition of the Deity yet given; and in the radiant presence of such a thought, all human things must bow; all human pride stand back, all human ideas pale and fade. . . . . And these things came to me, and I believe them true.

And God is not good, but beyond it; is not truth, but its foundation; is not power, nor Life, nor THINK, but beyond, beneath, above all these! Spirit may be represented as the soul of matter; Soul as the inmost of Spirit; Monad as the base of Soul; THINK as the essence of Monad; God as the SOUL OF THINK. Here, let no man smile at these uncouth expressions; they stand as symbols of mighty truths. I have said that Monads were scintillations from God's brain: They are: That Matter was THE PROCEEDING from his body. Monads are forms of thought, and are the bubbles on His ever-rising tide of SOUL. Hence, these monads are, so to speak, the *givings off* of His spirit. God's Spirit is the element, Soul; but of THIS Soul none but Himself knoweth.

And as I floated there on the sea of knowledge, an impulse sprung up to know more; and these questions were fashioned in my soul, and that soul derived from out the mystery the an-

swers appended to each question: "Is not man forever in the human form?" In human form, YES; in human shape, No: Man was once the monad,— a finite sun. He still is so as to himself (see a previous section), and the body which he uses is but an out-creation, as are his mental pictures; with the difference that the latter are volitional and circumstantial, while the former is constitutional. The shape — organic — is the very best adapted to the purposes it serves, and it is the effect of a force lying behind the personal consciousness. Its use is for the material; it could have none in the spiritual world, save as the effect of Soul-habit, or as a means of discipline in the lesser or "lower" departments or conditions thereof. "How of dead infants?" Infants have spiritual bodies, and retain them till discipline places them beyond the necessity. In all cases, the bodily forms are attachments to the human, so long as the human is in the sphere of discipline, — hence moves within the possibilities of Good and Evil. When they leave this latter, and merge into the sphere of USES, the external of the soul corresponds to its new state. A soul is immaterial, as of the nature of THINK, — hence needs no stomach to digest food, lungs to breathe air, legs for locomotion, and so forth; for all these are principles of the soul, with mere out-created organs. When it needs the organs no longer, it dispenses therewith, but the *principles* underlying them still remain, —

> "Unhurt amid the rush of warring elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

A man sits in his study, and thinks of his father's house, many, many miles away. He sees it; — well, brook, barn, trees, garden, flowers, — all, all just as they really exist. Now, the man's body, being a mere thing of circumstance, still remains in the study, but the man himself is gone; his body and spirit are in the room, but himself is at the old homestead. Space, time, and flight are not to the soul, — only to forms and things of coarser nature and lesser majesty.

The soul thinks "I am there," and — *there it is.* Certain persons, gifted, can see things spiritual; all persons can at times,

and frequently are sensible of the presence of others, whose bodies are far away. They are made sensible of it by soul-contact. It is possible for a man to project an image of himself to any distance, which image shall be mistaken for himself. These images, being such, of course, cannot speak when questioned by whoever sees them. Whoever can picture the exact simulacrum of himself can *will* this figure whithersoever he may choose, and, then persons who behold this declare they have seen his "spectre," "phantom," "ghost," "wraith," or "double." Again, the man of strong will and pure desires may quit the body spiritually, actually, and be perceptible to others at a distance; may be spoken to, hold conversations, and move material objects, when his body lies scores of leagues away.

"Are there demons?" Yes, two kinds: forms of fear, corresponding to a man's bad moral state, — projected out-creations from the wicked self. Such are the fiends, snakes, toads, devils and horrid monsters seen by the victim of *delirium tremens*. Of the same order, but beautiful, instead of the reverse, are the angels, ghillim, houris, fairy-forms, peris and naiads, seen by the rapt enthusiasts of all ages and climes, but especially of the Orient, when inspired by opium, love, and religion; out-creations of their inmost souls, — subjective images objectified. This species of out-projection pertains to all persons, while under the discipline of good and evil, virtue and vice, and all other material conditions and accidents. "What do you mean by virtue and vice, as material incidents?" I mean that good and evil are but conditions environing man, while under the sway of his inevitable discipline.

ANGLES.

There is such a thing as the spirit of Community. A mob is a fearful thing, a dreadful power, and it develops a ferocity which does not inhere in any one of the multitude composing it, — a material energy of awful force. A reasoner can take aside, one by one, an entire audience, and convince them thus of the

justice of the cause he advocates; but, let them be combined, and he shall not be able to convince the general sense, nor succeed in evoking aught but derisive sneers at his "imbecility." Or conversely; he may not be able to convince the people, taken singly, yet, let him pour out his soul before them, *congregated*, and he shall sway them as the tempest sways the forest, — material energy in both cases. Again: vice is frequently not considered in the act itself, but in the how society views it. Thus, adultery, in France, is laughed at as "the mere affair of a sofa;" in England, its penalty is a black eye or so, and half a crown a week; in the Orient, it is a matter of course; in the Southern States, it *was* a legal and *very peculiar* institution; and in New England it is a fearful crime; and yet is, notwithstanding, a very fashionable vice, in spite of bolts and bars; one, too, that has lately stained not a few preachers of the gospel. Adultery, so far as individuals are concerned, is, except in rare instances, a thing of terrible moment; but, alas! the very ones who make the most noise about it, denounce it the loudest and prosecute the sinners most grievously, are the very ones who are particularly weak in that direction themselves. Many a judge has left the bench, wherefrom he had just sentenced some weak one to long years of penal servitude, to revel in a wanton's arms!

Individuals are governed by personal laws and influences; but society, community, the mob, develop an "opinion" or "sentiment," before which all charitable, just, or personal considerations vanish and are forgotten. Many a jury, if individual preferences were allowed scope, would free the culprit whom the "twelve" consign to dungeon or the gibbet. This is material force! Again: A fellow hires himself out as a soldier, to commit homicide as often as he can; goes out; does so; comes back, after making a dozen or two, perhaps a hundred orphans, settles down in life, beneath his "laurels," lives to a good old age, dies, and goes to — hell, — I think, with ne'er a pang or qualm of conscience. Why? Because the community smiles on him and sustains, as a mass, the very thing —

man-killing — that every one of them, taken singly, condemns, and must ever disapprove.

This personal feeling is Common Sense. The other is Public Opinion. The last is always wrong; the other is always right. The individual is generally just, the community very seldom. Public opinion is, therefore, a mere physical power; and as such, eternally changes. Common sense, on the contrary, ever and always accretes and intensifies, spreads and grows stronger as the years and people pass away; the one is accidental and material; the other, personal, constitutional, and real. Now take a couple of other men, constituted precisely as was our soldier; let them, each for himself, commit a genteel murder; one gets caught at it, and is strung up and choked to death in a period of time, varying from four to twenty minutes; choked till his eyes bulge out, his tongue lolls thick and swollen from his mouth, by a fellow who gets paid for the job. Society says this is right *as* Society; but take every one that composes it aside, and let him look on that blue-black throat, at those bulging eyeballs, contorted features, and ghastly carrion, ten thousand to one, that every man of them will denounce this legal choking affair as a damnable piece of business, totally unworthy of a savage, much less civilized (?) man and woman.

Here you see the thing is material — is the monstrous out-creation of the social body, and not at all related to man, as an individual. How happens this out-creation of the body-politic to be so terrible? Just go back a few pages, and you will see that "the out-creation always corresponds to the condition of the being whence it emanates." The great mass is barbarous to-day; and civilization, much less Spiritualization, is the exception to the general rule and order. By and by civilization will be the rule, and then we shall have a better "Public Opinion;" therefore, less hanging, and things of that sort. Let us work for it.

Turn we now to the fellow that earned his ten dollars by performing the choking operation; the nice young gentleman who so gayly looped the rope and pulled the neat little spring which sent a soul to God on a yard of twisted hemp. How does he

feel when the job is over? Why, not at all uneasy. The guilt of doing this wicked thing is not *his*, he feels — albeit he and I disagree on this point. It is not his, and so he "don't care a fig." That's it exactly. He, like the choked-to-death, whose eyes bulge out, who bleeds at the ears, whose tongue is so largely swollen that it won't stay in his blood-slavered mouth, — he, too, I say, has sent a soul prematurely cross-lots home; but feeleth he remorse? No more than a good dram of six-penny damnation will drown, — but not forever! Oh, no! for just as sure as God reigns, he must come up to the bar for sentence, and must expiate his error somewhere, at some time.

The judge, the jury, the legislators, all, just as the executioner, feel that they are clear of even this judicial murder, and at last we trace the responsibility home to a formless, brainless monster, without a body, yet with a great black soul, whose name is "PUBLIC OPINION." Presently, you and I, sir and madam, will beget a better one; God speed the day!

Now for the other murderer. He has too much tact and *finesse* to be caught, caged, and strung up. Chemistry can't fasten the deed on him, nor can skilful detectives trip him up; and so he goes along, happy as a lark in the day-time! But somehow or other his dreams are devilishly unpleasant! Why? Because in the silence of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, a spirit passes before his face, bearing a very astonishing resemblance to a former acquaintance of his, now, alas! deceased; and, although he is above the weakness of believing in "spirits," yet he often catches himself exclaiming, "By God! I believe it's his ghost," — an out-creation of his soul within. From this day forward, the invisible fangs of Public Opinion go deeper and deeper into his soul, — a moral auger, sinking an artesian shaft into his very centre, — until, at last, the waters are reached, and burst forth in one full, deep stream of agony — Remorse. The executed suffered about ten deaths, in expiation of the one life he took; but *this* wretch, whose crime is not known, suffers a dozen deaths a day.

Now, in a community where man-slaying don't count much against a citizen, this fellow would not have suffered one whit

more than did the soldier, or Jack Ketch. . . . I said that there were two kinds of demons. Having described one, we will glance rapidly at the other; the process is simple enough. A man's elevation on the scale depends upon himself; if he loves disorder more than its opposite, hatred than love, the deformed than the lovely, why, the man, in so far forth as he departs from rectitude of his own purpose and will, just so far does he demonize himself. And as there is no limit to advancement or descension, so he may become guileful to an immense degree,—be a demon.

There are myriads of such within the compass, and on the confines of the Material Realms, but none beyond them in the Divine City of Pure Spirit. But *within* these limits exists a Badness, so awful, so vast, that the soul shrinks before the terrible reality. These beings cannot injure our souls, save by the voluntary co-operation of our own wills and loves.

I content myself with this brief outline now, promising to take up the subject hereafter. In this book I have touched only a few of the lesser truths of the Universe, and shall go deeper next time.

All these things came to me as I floated on the air. These practical lessons I received from Thotmor and his Cynthia, and from my own spontaneous reachings forth. Presently Thotmor looked lovingly upon the maiden at his side, and then upon myself. She turned to me, and said, "This lesson will do for the present. Return once more to earth." . . . Again, a deep sense of drowsiness fell upon me, and, seemingly, I slept. When next I woke, I was beneath the tree, and the golden sun was setting.

This was not all I learned; but my present task is finished. Patience, my reader! Since these truths were written, I have received a message from beyond the sea. I am going to cross it. I shall speedily return and relate to you and all my brethren the things I there have seen. Till then, ADIEU!

[For the continuation of the sublime topic of Human Immortality, see the sequel to this volume, "After Death; or the Disembodiment of Man."]

PART THIRD.

THOUGHTS.

Man finds his truest account in the happiness of triumph over opposing obstacles. We have been placed here, surrounded by miseries and evils on all sides, in order that, in overcoming them, we may reach the highest possible state of unfolding. Man would amount to but precious little, were he not rounded off, burnished, polished, and finished by the attrition resultant from his contact with all that opposes his peace, namely, Evil. We avoid disaster by instinct. By it also we seek the best possible conditions of enjoyment. God gives us this instinct, and has therefore said to us all, in tones of thunder, "Resist Evil."

Baptized? Yes, in fire, almost in blood! Baptism is a good thing: I believe in it, for it symbolizes something good to the soul. We are all being baptized, in various ways, and we become all the cleaner for it, albeit the process is a fearful one. I *have* been baptized, in sorrow, but also into charity, consistency, and common sense. God decreed that our happiness should depend upon the practical use we make of the experience of horror and suffering constituting this natural baptism; and I hope that you all may overcome them, and also be thus baptized, one of these days. Man would not have been environed by countless evils, unless he had been commissioned to overcome them. Therefore it is right and proper to resist evil in the morning, resist it at noon, resist it at night, resist it all the time. I believe there is a principle at work from one end of the world to the other, and the day has already dawned when all society will be swept on by the rushing tide of truth and com-

mon sense to the ultimate belief in immortality. I believe all the signs of success which we recognize around us have been vouchsafed to us by the God who doeth all things well. I believe the heavens have wept at the condition of the world in the past, and that the heavens are now smiling to welcome the dawn of the "good time coming." Some of us will be laughed and sneered at; and, take us all in all, we may expect to be roughly used. The stone gets its angles rounded off in rolling down the mountain side. So it is with all new principles and ideas. So is it with the beginning of all things. The child is imperfect, weak and insignificant. All ideas are born crude, just as children are; but by the process of time they are finally presented in comely form, and beautiful to be looked at. When the beautiful truth of Immortality first came upon the mind of humanity, many accepted it, and ran off into all sorts of side issues and transcendental nonsense. But time has rubbed the rough incongruities from it, and the jewel of truth radiates its light, and it is more beautiful than aught the world ever saw before. The truth comes to us, and we all live with it; we can see in it the elements of a greater manhood and a more beautiful womanhood. If we do our duty to ourselves, by each other, we grow better day by day. No matter if we slip down once in a while, we are only a warning to others; and we know much more than we did before we slipped; and this will aid us when we start again. We must not abuse the bridge over which we go. We owe a debt to bigotry and superstition. Even they have had their bearing upon the progress of the world; from them the world has grown into liberality and kindness. The progressive world will build up a temple for mankind, beneath which will gather all who can recognize God as the Universal Father, realize all mankind as their brothers, and struggle on to their destiny, aspire to the grand estate of truth. The old and new, — all things will pass away, and we shall realize the things spoken of in the good book, a new Heaven, and a new Earth in the universal heart of humanity, to the destruction of all that is false and to the elevation of all that is true and beautiful.

Brave words, meaning words, noble words have been spoken in these days! My soul carols with joy, my soul leaps up in gladness, and hails this fact; because it presages the dawn of a day of rejoicing. I do not disagree with any yet on the topic; albeit my ideas of virtue differ somewhat. Man's body is greater than any hall, or the world of which it is a part. His spirit is greater than his body. A single faculty of his measureless soul is greater than his spirit. An archangel may not comprehend the full expansion, calibre and capacity of a single organ of faculty; yet the soul is a combination of untold, undreamed-of myriads of these, and therefore the Eternal God alone can fully know a SOUL. What, then, is a virtue, what is an accident, what is a vice, to this majestic being, — the perfected work of the viewless soul of infinite glory? 'Tis but a fleck upon the rose-leaf, — an atom on a moonbeam! Great God! I cower before the awful majesty of the tiniest soul that ever He hath made; and I know that vice and virtue are but the precedents, — the disciplines and experiences, which, in time, fit it for its eternal business, Good and Use, on the hidden side of the impenetrable veil of Destiny; and I clap my hands, well knowing that one day all souls will be unfettered with vice, unconstrained by the so-called static codes. The soul is greater than any law, and virtue is measured by what we call law. The man or woman who goes about in the exercise of benevolent offices is not to me the most virtuous. Those who heal the sick and give of their abundance are not the most virtuous.

It is a great thing to be true to self,— to stand forth the champion of your noblest thought, when all fingers point at you with scorn, all heels are upraised to crush the sweet life out of you, and when only God and your own stout heart are on your side. To do this — and I thank Heaven that some there be who dare it — is to be more than human — is to be divine; and this heart-wrought divinity allies us to the Immortal Gods. This it is that I call virtue!

We are beginning to see the necessity of attuning our souls to the sweet melody of Pope's great prayer: —

"'Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.'

When this is the prayer of our hearts, our souls, our every-day conduct, then we are true men and women, but not till then.

One God, one Belief in Immortality, and one common destiny in the great To Come. This is my platform, and it is broad enough for all the world to stand on. This is my creed, liberal enough for all human beings. Establish these, and we shall soon build up the true Christian system; thus shall we upbuild the true temple of worship, wherein all alike shall bend the knee to the one only and true God.

Here we can all stand, for the reason that we recognize three great facts which constitute the points of our common faith; and, like this platform and its common centres, so shall be our general creed.

From the standpoint of Almighty God, whatever is, may, or may not, be right. We dare not arrogate the power of knowing, but from our human standpoint a great many things are wrong. What the *final* results may be, I have no means of knowing; but this I do know, that all of us are moved upon by a multitude of influences, some of which threaten our happiness, others tend to increase our joys; and we just as naturally resist the one and love the other, as that vapors ascend skyward. Viewed in the light of Principles, if there be, as we believe, a good God behind them, whatever is, is right; but the very instant we descend to the specialties of human life, the whole matter changes. Now I am surrounded by specialties; in them the account is laid and found. In practical life I have nothing to do with universal principles, but only deal with, and am dealt with by specialties; consequently, while there is no room for quarrel, so far as general principles are concerned, yet as a special creation of the Eternal One, surrounded by special laws, acted on by special influences, chemical, social, moral, physical, and so on, I feel bound to affirm that so long as this

is the case, we are called upon to daily contend for good, and resist all evil, come up in whatever shape or form it may. When we get over the river, and out of the influence of these specialities, and our lungs inhale the pure breath of universal principles, perhaps we may find it best to pursue a different course; but *until* that time comes, I shall still strive for the excellent, still battle against the bad.

A man's body may be compared to a well-ordered house. The head is the library, the brain-centre the special residence of the soul. The phreno organs are mere tubes of matter, ready to be inflated when the soul so wills it. His stomach is a fine laboratory, where chemical experiments are constantly going on. The duodenum is a distillery, and the glands of which I have spoken are rectifying apartments, where the cabbage and beans, meat and bread, are finally turned into fourth-proof spirit. The galvanic apparatus serves as a furnace to warm this house, producing physical heat; for when we love, we are in a glow, — "hot as love," you know. Well, this fluid-love, as before stated, changes by the action of certain nerves into an aeriform state; and as all airy things rise, of course this does. It passes into the brain-tubes, or organs. Now these organs are so many windows, legs, arms, eyes and limbs, not of the spirit, but of the immortal spark itself; nor can the soul go up to the head, from its seat upon the corpus collosum, unless the aery love precedes it to serve as a cushion, or shield, to protect it from contact with gross matter. When the soul enters one of these tubes, or chambers, it is in a certain *mood*, and can never be in *that* mood when outside of that particular chamber. We call these moods, or chambers, Amativeness, in which case the soul has a partiality for good-looking people of the opposite sex, and a great desire to demonstrate its high regards; or Philoprogenitiveness, in which case the soul delights in babies, as before it delighted in parentage, or conjugality. At other times the soul enters the chamber of Music or Art, and all the rest by turns.

We may talk as we please about the far-off habitations of Love, but in the clear light of common sense we feel its pres-

ence in us as a material, substantive entity. When love fills the amative organs, we are passion-filled. This is the case generally; but if we directed its flow to other organs, the world would be the better for it.

Matter is but a phase of spirit; time is but a tick of the eternal clock; systems of suns are but organs of one vast brain; worlds are but the cells of that brain; and human souls are but the globules floating in God's blood, sent out to the surface, and returning to the centre, to be re-charged and sent out again; bodies, organs, virtues, vices, risings, fallings, disciplines, joys, sufferings, hatreds, loves, fears, sorrowings, all,— all are but incidents to the soul's vast being and career. At bottom, soul is *one*, homogeneous — a unit — a spark coruscating *from*, bound *to*, and flashing *back* to the Infinite God, and to its higher, deeper, purer, supremer SELF; and this,— this is the tremendous thought, dimly, vaguely bodied forth, and which I have thus tried to elaborate a very little. Succinctly stated, the theory is this; Life, the Principle, acting on, in, and through itself, assumes diverse forms, one of which is — Matter. Matter is therefore but a form of LIFE, and Death is a misnomer! The Principle Life, in matter, assumes a form called SENSATION; another, Intelligence — Intuition; so far life is a *principle*, a *power*, a *motive*, an *aim*, a *result*. Whatever exists owes its existence to a principle outside itself, which we cannot grasp; this principle is an incomprehensible something that we call life. Love is but a result; for back of love there is yet a cause. Life is certainly a power, which is evinced in the creation of existence. Existence owes its being to the power of God, the Source of life. Life is a motive; for on the tablet of the soul is recorded all past experiences, both foolish and wise. Life is an aim, for it has a destiny before it; it has a heaven of peace to gain. Life is a result. Means are adapted to ends, and life results. Existence, born in tears, results in the fruition of heavenly peace.

The great Almighty Truth is fastening itself upon the world, that religious liberty and mental freedom is something more than the golden visions of the poet, or the blissful dreams of the

enthusiast; more than the ideal of the Puritan Fathers; more than even the wildest vagaries of Shelly, Paine, and Sir Thomas More; more, much more, than the grossness of the Mormon host, or the perfectionism of Oneida; more than the lucre-loving dispensers of traditionary and contradictory Gospel-lore ever yet imagined. Yes, verily, Liberty is more than all this; it is the right, the sacred right of Man; nor has time annulled the charter to its possession; ecclesiasticism has not abrogated, isolated, hide-bound sectarian usurpation has not falsified it; Heaven has not revoked it; earth has not erased, and there is no Hell to filch or steal it. We may have to struggle against the spirit of old Standfast, and possibly get rolled in the dust. But let us rise bravely to our feet, and remember the immortal lines of Bryant, that

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshippers."

Things reach a certain stage of completeness while moving under the law of Diversity; but now begins the law of Unity, and the next step up brings the Master Principle, Deity, Self-Power, Consciousness — God. God is therefore a CONDITION, like Intelligence, Sensation, Life; God is a STATE, Life one of its Phases; and so we give a NEW THOUGHT to the world! Ay, two thoughts; for he who runs may read that God is a REPUBLIC — a DEMOCRACY!

The Romans overrun Britain, and when they had attained supreme power, one of them stood by the side of one of the conquered. He boasted of the prowess of Rome, and haughtily exclaimed, "The Imperial city rules the world." The Briton folded his arms, and a thought was telegraphed from God to his brain, and he replied: "O Roman, it may be so to-day, but in five hundred or a thousand years we may stand forth the exponents of civilization and the propelling force of the world. Progress is written all over creation, and its ethereal fires shall yet warm us into life." And the Briton was a true prophet;

to-day the Roman is not, and the Anglo-Saxons are the supreme masters of the world.

Once upon a time an Egyptian and Jew stood face to face, and the subject of Pharaoh spoke despitefully of his brother, and called him a hewer of wood and drawer of water. The Jew had a thought communicated by God's telegraph, and said, "O Egyptian, it may be so to-day, but in five hundred, a thousand or ten thousand years, thy glory may fade and thy nationality be obliterated." And it is even so. The Egyptian has faded away and left behind not even the knowledge of his language, while the Jew survives, and to-day holds the purse-strings of continents.

Every dog must have his day. The negro has not had his. The yellow races have once been masters of the world. They sunk, and the white races rose. The Caucasian came from his land with letters; he reached Europe, invaded Rome, Gaul and Britain, in his westward march ever developing a higher civilization. He leaped the ocean, landed on Plymouth Rock, and having gained a foothold swept westward, stopping a moment at Utah. But that this civilization might overtop the mountain chain it met long years ago, God planted gold in California and Colorado, and to-day it is monarch of a continent.

This new world of glory and beauty is to be participated in by every human being. The signs of the times indicate that the power now attempting to breast the tide of advancing civilization must come to naught. A king of old became drunk with power, and he ordered a great feast. The revelry ran high; but in a moment the handwriting on the wall told him that his end was near. So now, the handwriting appears from a million hands, and writes the doom of the recreant who is drunk with power, and would hold back the wheels of progress, if not turn them back, to run on in their old ruts.

Comets? A comet is an aggregation of vapory elements thrown off from contracting and condensing solar bodies. A comet is a world in germ, — the parent of a planet, — a body of elementary substances, from which earthy matter, etc., is developed. The constitution of a comet is one that embraces much

of the element of light. Light is a substance distinct from all other substances. Light is the positive of the odic-light, the universal element. The sun rolls in space, gives off substances in the form of light and heat; heat residing in the bodies of all suns. [But there are suns in the universe which shed no illumining rays, emit no luminiferous ether, — no light whatever;] but this heat is not the heat perceived by you. "Solar heat" is the result of combustion in your atmosphere accompanying light in its travel to the earth. There is a universal lessening of all suns by their continually giving off, and by their gradual cooling; and as this happens, their attractive and repellant powers become modified, inducing change of climate, and subordinate effects in matter and mind. A certain sort of exterior crust of the sun cools. The pressure from within bursts this crust, and some of the escaped substances form a comet. The sun revolves on its own axis. The motion of the sun and the outgoing motion of the escaped mass give the comet a motion. The crust, a cooled fire-vapor, — not gross matter, — forms the nucleus of another planet. Similar bodies fly off from other solar bodies. There are "broken planets" in space. Sixty or seventy revolve between you and the stars visible to you. Comets become more condensed, attracting certain portions of matter in space, progressively impeding their motion. Gradually the orbit becomes less and less, and another planet is formed without the rest. It cannot form a planet to any other sun than that from which it was derived. A comet is lighter because it comes from the interior of a sun. Planets from comets will become more and more numerous. Your planet is getting bigger. All space is filled with nebulous matter, and the formed planets attract it, purifying space for spiritual purposes. Comets are of varying orbits necessarily; but they ultimately become planetary. Thus are all planets made.

Cometary bodies are fire, and yet not ordinary fire-heat or pure caloric; the fire I speak of transcends all your ideas. The electric light, the galvanic flame, approach somewhat the condition of comets. Light is a substance of itself, distinct from all that you have an idea of; it is an absolute existence. Light is

the menstruum filling all space, but not sensibly developed, yet forming an intimate relation between your spirit and soul, and between you and the Mind of minds. You know the effect of the absence of light upon beings.

Comets are masses of fire-mist. You have no idea of the heat of a comet. Let me help to a notion of it. Take steel, make it red-hot, raise it to a white heat, heat it still more, it will still be cold to the heat of a comet. One hundred and twenty miles from the surface of the earth you have an excess of ignegenicity (to coin a word). At three hundred miles there is no matter it is simple ignegeneous unparticled substance. The inmost heat of the earth is as the cold of ice to the heat of a comet. Matter and spirit are substance in two conditions. The chain is complete between matter and mind; suns fill space with particles, they give off particles, themselves unparticled.

In light God resides, the internal life of matter. There is another substance the negative of light. All things are in a duality. The other substance is in a condition of intense heat. Particled matter is thrown off by the sun, but before it is unparticled. Imagine a mass of fire, homogeneous, having centres and circumferences, giving off fiery mists of light, of substances coming into this state by coming in contact with the menstruum in infinite space.

A LATTER-DAY SERMON.

"Multiplication is vexation;
Division is as bad;
The rule of three doth puzzle me,
And fractions drive me mad."

These memorable lines are the text from which I propose to preach a sermon, short, and to the point. Our labor is arduous, but our guerdon sure, both here in the sweet sense of duty done, and hereafter in that blessed country that lies just over the river; for all of us whose hearts are in the great work know

that we are making friends by thousands on both sides of the mystic stream. We know they are there, and that others are constantly stepping off from earth and trouble to the resplendent slopes of fadeless youth and greenery, amid the flourishing everglades of God. And we shall meet them by and by on the fair shores over there.

" Oh! the rapture of that meeting
Of that blessed spirit-greeting —
Is unknown to mortals.
They can never,
Till they pass the dark, deep river
That divides this world forever
From the spirit's own,
Comprehend how hearts once blighted
In a world with sin benighted,
Are forever re-united
On the shore
Of that river, brighter, glowing,
From eternal fountains flowing,
Where the tree of life is growing
Evermore."

MULTIPLICATION. — And this brings me to multiplication, which is a good thing in good deeds, figures, acts of mercy, smiles, pleasantries, and brotherly affections; but very bad when applied to the increase of bitterness, injustice, rascality, seductions, hatreds, murders, wars, and, last and greatest, religious sects, and what springs from their creation. All number is based upon the unit 1, and so all human hearts should overflow with the great, sweet, pure and holy love, which is the unit of all greatness, the point whence the grand human arch of excellence springs; and our moral multiplication is and should be, — twice good is better, three times good is best, four times best is wisdom, five times wisdom is joy, six times joy is pleasure, seven times pleasure is happiness, twelve times happiness is — heaven. Once heaven is charity, twice charity is forgiveness, three times forgiveness is love, four times love is religion,

five times religion is philosophy, and religio-philosophy is man's supreme good!

It is not hard to see that much of the mental and other ills around us spring from the bad habit of multiplying hellward, instead of heavenward. Bacon said, "Knowledge is power." I don't agree with my Lord Verulam, but rather think that goodness is power, else why are we all Godlings? Heirs of eternal felicity? Else why has hell caved in of late, damnation deserted the pulpit, the devil been reduced to smoke, and human immortality and God's tremendous goodness been revealed? Our Father! Just think of it! Our Father! Ring out, ye bells; sing, ye birds; bloom in beauty, all ye flowers; blow, ye breezes, and proclaim to all things that we have just found out that God is OUR Father. Nineteen hundred years after Jesus, the ever blessed, proclaimed it from Mount Zion! Catch up the strain, ye spirits of the blest: waft it to the angels; bid them carry it to the celestial gates, and proclaim it to the univercœlum, till all its arches ring again, that God is our Father! Multiply the strains till all are convinced and act accordingly, and this is the true use of multiplication.

"Division is as bad."

Of course it is when it causes trouble in church, state, or family; but it is very good when we divide our best thoughts, good offices, kind words, good spirits, and better deeds, our surplus loaves, clothes, lands, dollars, smiles, encouragements and pleasantness, charities and hopes, with those who need them. It is a splendid thing to live for those who love and even hate us, to divide the labors of the oppressed, and to put joy into human life as often as we possibly can. But it is bad to separate the people into adverse sects, creeds, political parties and castes, based on wealth or anything else, save health and disease, for every bad person is sick.

"The rule of three doth puzzle me."

And so it has myriads of others. A man may as well try to convince me that he can put a quart of milk into a pint

bottle, as that one God is three Gods or three Gods one, or that the Father and Son mutually begat each other. Our Father is a unit; so is our mother (Nature), and they twain begat man, and nurture and protect him now. Three balls are not one ball, nor one dollar three dollars; and yet the race who date their faith from Bethlehem have been damning each other roundly during all these years, because they couldn't understand how God has ever been an indissoluble unity, wholly, solely, and only God, from everlasting to everlasting. What's the reason? Look at any school,—it has A B C gentry who believe all you tell them, and will until arithmetical practice develops the ability to reason independently, when up they go to the intermediate class, and hurry on to grammar. Well, the world of Christianity has had theology on the brain, and gone as it was blown. The present world is seeing the mistake, and is rapidly enshrining Jesus in the heart, where he ought to be; hence ceases to try to put quarts into pint pots, forgets to wrangle about the Trinity, and seeks to go to heaven all the time by doing right, avoiding wrong, and living usefully, which brings me to say that

"Fractions drive me mad."

Especially *infractions* of the golden rule, the fractional worship of fractional gods, fractional religions, philosophy, charity, love, mercy, forbearance. The whole unit, or none, is the true motto. God is a unit; so should man be, and so he will be by and by. It makes me feel bad to see and hear a man profess Christ, and stab Christ all the while by tearing his character to pieces, defaming some one, decrying some poor girl for the single sin himself is guilty of fifty times a year.

Finally, let us multiply our good works. Divide our labors and our sympathies with all. Let us follow the rule of three in all we do, going from good to better and to best, in love, will, wisdom, truth, beauty, use, and henceforth strive to make the race a unit by totally abolishing all fractions and fractionalisms, seeking to consolidate the species into one unbroken unit, one

brotherhood, one God, Father, bent on achieving one universal good.

So mote it be.

Man is a very conceited being. There was a time when he thought he knew all about it,— Souls, angels, archangels and God. But now after having begun to realize the vastness of man, Deity and universe, and the eternity of being, all he knew vanished into insignificance before the immeasurable unknown. God is infinite, and baffles our finite capacity to comprehend his entire being. Man, "made in the image of God," is likewise infinite; and there are thoughts, emotions, aspirations and capabilities wrapped up within him, which lift him up, and out, and on, till he is lost in the immeasurableness of the universe. Let our faith and fancy soar off until we seem to take in one solar system after another, till we attain to the highest standard of angels, archangels, yea, of the mightiest gods reigning enthroned in the heavens, and, after all, we have attained nothing compared with what is before us on the highway of endless progress. There are immortals walking yonder upper steeps of celestial glory, compared with whom the wisest mortals are mere idiots. In the meanest, lowest, blackest being bearing the image of God, there is a regal soul destined to take the loftiest place of which our imaginations can conceive. Every step of our history, from childhood to the last stage of this mortal life, gives indications prophetic of eternal advancement. This view of our nature and destiny imposes on us perpetual duties which tax every power of our being. There is no room for idleness. We have too much to do and learn. Our way must be worked all through this world, and we shall have something to do in heaven more than sing psalms, and play on harps, and sit on high benches through all eternity. All that is false must be unlearned; all that has been wrong must be atoned for. The employments in the upper world will be infinitely more various than they are in this. And there we shall be free: free from all evils, sickness, sorrow, suffering, death, hell, and free from all slavery. There no limits will bound our pursuit of knowledge, or our pursuit of aught which our immortal natures demand. But before we take

our place on the highway of this glorious and eternal destiny, we must become entirely disencumbered of everything apper-taining to the selfish, sordid, sensual. We must, in some way, make atonement for every thought, word and deed which has wounded, wronged, or injured a friend or fellow-being. Peace of conscience and hope of happiness can be purchased only by a self-consecration like that of Jesus.

A LATTER-DAY SERMON.

TEXT: HEARTS.

Hell and hearts are intimately connected, for whoever has a heart feels hell; for, as a general rule, the more heart you have, the more it is trodden upon, and its sweet life crushed out of you, for, in the game of woman, diamonds are generally trumps and hearts go begging, and the game generally ends with spades — in the sexton's hands, who, jolly old fellow, gayly sings as he tosses the earth on the coffin's lid: — "I gather them in, I gather them in!"

Hearts are very inconvenient things to have, for they spoil our fun, prevent us from reaping large profits, sometimes, and actually stop us from damning the whole human race with hell fire. If it wasn't for hearts, how nicely we could use our abilities in making money! This age is the age of heart-disease. This whole nation has had an attack,— enlargement of the heart, — so large that four millions of "niggers" crawled through its ventricles to liberty and light. Theological heart-disease, too, is prevalent, for so tender have the hearts of many become that it set the whole world crying, and the tears thus shed formed a flood, put out the fires down below, doused the light of other days, soaked the pit most thoroughly, and actually drowned the devil. Poor old Sathanus, the best friend of the Rev. Dr. Dry-asdust, is dead, by reason of this identical heart-complaint. I despise your mere religionist, your fellow in a surplice, who

preaches weakly sermons under three heads, telling his sheep, firstly, what he knows and they don't know. Secondly, what they know and he don't; and thirdly, what neither he nor they know, — fat salaried gentry with Jesus Christ on the brain, and not a vestige of Him in the heart, where he ought to be. These people are ossified heart folks, and it takes a clap of thunder more awful than ever rolled over Sinai to melt them so that they can realize Abba, Father — Our God. Hercules, where art thou? We want thee to clean out these Augean stables, reeking with the accumulated theological filth of five hundred centuries. Lord! how they smell! You can hear the odor thereof, and cut it with a knife. I made one of these gentries so angry, the other day, that he fairly damned me into perdition. Religion, where are you? Good-morning, saving faith! And all because I believe in the religion of Jesus Christ, while he is merely a Christian, and the difference between the two being the same as that between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse. Why, an oyster might as well try to climb a tree, or sing one of Meyerbeer's sonatas in B flat, as one of these people to practically realize that Christianity is, properly, man-ianity, heart-ianity, soul-ianity, God-ianity, the saving faith, — not of a clique or creed — but of God's boundless universe of souls! What a divine prayer is that of Our Father! Let me tell you a beautiful vision that came to me the night after a Chicago spiritualist — a perfect scoundrel! robbed me of my wife, — my wife before heaven and the world, to be utterly lost in this life, found and happy in the next. Dead, dead here — like Poe's Lenore — and just such a rare and radiant one to me. Well, I laid down after a few score of bitter words, anger-forged and therefore harmless, and I fell asleep and dreamed I was dead. Landed on the other side I was at a loss what to do, until I chanced to spy a lot of spiritual omnibuses drawn up, with lots of runners shouting for passengers.

These runners I recognized instantly as having been ministers on earth, and the ruling habit, outlasting death itself, was strong as iron yet. The omnibus nearest me was labelled, "To Methodist heaven direct — seats free." Well, being rather tired, for I had died a horrible death, having been choked in the vain

attempt to swallow a whole lamb,— raw, sir, very raw, with vicarious sauce,— I thought I'd jump into the wagon and take a little ride, and did so. Then, off the horses flew, pell-mell, nor stopped till they reached the gates of hell. There they stopped to afford me a short peep. "There," said the driver, "look at that, and see what you've escaped!" I looked into the pit, and found that there was only one poor devil at work, and he looked as if he was in the last stages of galloping consumption. He had a place about half an acre large, and three or four small gridirons over a slow fire, with a poor unfortunate gorilla, whom he stuck once in a while, in a way to make spectators shudder, but nary soul did I see; and in spite of his disguise, I saw that Mr. Devil was a well-known preacher of the olden time, who, to keep up his credit, had built a small hades to order. We drove on, and soon entered the Methodist heaven, exactly twelve furlongs square, fenced in. There I saw four and twenty elders, all in a row, fiddling for dear life; then there was a harp of a thousand strings, with the gilt rubbed off, and pedestal or foot badly cracked, as was the case with the heads of the saints — what was left of them; for the fact was, that as fast as the people went in at the gates (twelve gates), just so fast others went out over the walls into the open country. I followed so laudable an example, and politely telling the driver he might go to where we had stopped on the route, for that I was going to take a look around generally, I popped over the wall in a jiffy, and, while in the air, distinctly saw six hundred and ten sectarian heavens, covering an area of about fifty square miles, on the outskirts of the Summer Land. They were all fenced in, and there was the most horrid din of tooting-horns which was ever heard. Judging from the lean, sallow and cadaverous look of their occupants, I judged that the rivers of milk had turned to whey; that the honey wasn't equal to the best which even this poor, dear old earth of ours can produce, and does afford; and that a good solid feed of beefsteak would have not been unacceptable. I found the walls were ruined; that the people soon grew tired of confinement. Why? Because they discovered they had

hearts, that these were united by sweet tendrils to all other human hearts; hence that not within the narrow confines of a sect or creed can true joy, or life, be found. If there was a real hell, I should like to go there to redeem and save the lost, or to suffer with them; but as there is none of the supposed sort,—*i. e.*, brimstone,—I must be content to stay here, which is the next station thereto. I learned this great truth that wrong must be universally corrected before there can be heaven in the heart.

Let me here relate a new phase of psychical being: A woman, to whom I am indebted to a "Spiritualist *lecturer*" for the loss of, has the strange power of calling me in her sleep when I, too, am asleep, and together we roam over earth, and not seldom in the world of spirits. Death has its sleep, as well as its life and wakefulness. Current opinions respecting our after life are, many of them, silly and fabulous. In the world of soul that woman sleeps, and in that sleep woos me to her side. I instruct her, she me; yet in my wakeful state, even when lucid, she cannot affect me in the least, nor I her, except she be asleep up there, pillowed on the breast of God. How strange that two, between whom there yawns a gulf, wide as time, deep as space, separated by a century or a creed, which is all the same, yet in the abnormal phase of life, can meet and mingle high and holy ayont the fence of flesh and passion!

I almost forgive the sin against us, by reason of this new birth of power. How easily we can span death's bridge, and leap across life's stormy waters after we have been baptized with fire! How easily we master ourselves when some great soul agony pries off a scale or two from our mental eyes, and we catch a glimpse of the real behind the seeming! Unless a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. Born again! Great God, how often we poor sensitives are not only born, but thrust through a dozen births at once; and the severer are the trials, the less strong we appear to be!

These pains are mostly of the heart. If you have a sore spot, you are forever hitting it. So if you have a loving, yearning heart, just so surely up it goes on the shambles for human

buzzards to peck at, and gossiping flies to blow. How long, oh, how long will it be ere we cease to pass these vicarious seas of fire? Must we all swim to Heaven through the belching flames of Hell? Must we all be crucified like the Christ of old? Compensation? Is that it? Must we pay, in tears and blood, and fiery baths, for the traits or tricks of far-seeing, eloquent speech or pen power?

Hold: Here stands my Inner Soul, the Better Me, the Man of Ages. "Tell me," I cry in deep agony, "tell me, must we fight fire all along the route from Chicago to 'Cor?" Listen; He — the inner — speaks to the outer self, while the swift pen indites the precious words: —

"Fool of the ages, the circle of thy vision is bounded by a horizon five miles off. What knowest thou of harvest-time, who cannot comprehend the ploughing? Life is a fluid that assumes channels of varying width; now a narrow stream between rock-bound walls, rushing on with a roar; now a wide bay dotted with pleasant islands; now opening out into the great sea of the *unknown;* now skirting the land of Experiment. You ask me, 'Why this suffering?' I will answer you — ten centuries from to-day! Look aloft! Make uses determine functions! If you are eyes for the multitude, then you must be ground and polished; rough usage, but fine uses! If eyes in one world, why not in fifty more? for there is no end to the chain of here-afters. If cut out for uses in and for one age, why not for the topling cataract of centuries yet to be? Baby: baby brain in a baby age and world! Manhood is ahead of all; Perfection is just ahead of you, and just ahead of the foremost of a myriad of gods! Have you reached it? Has he or it? The eternal inscription across the sky is Not Yet! You suffer! Be strong. Your heart aches for love? Love God! Who is God? Per-fection — the realization of all excellence. Where is he? In yonder turnip-field; on the king's crown; beneath the beggar's heel; here, there, and everywhere, but most in life that ever flows toward the sea of Uses. Do you see this truth? Yes! Then whine no more; let them crucify you. What's a body? Abuse you, what's a newspaper? Cheat you, what's gold? Lie,

is there not an ocean of redeeming truth? Kill you? it takes a sharp knife to cut a soul in twain! Be a man — woman — worker — and remember that God is not dead. Work for universal man. Work."

And that this Inner Me is nearer right than the Outer Me, who can doubt? Would to Heaven all of us would attend more to the divine teachings of the Inner, and less to the Outer Self-hood!

A LATTER-DAY SERMON.

WHAT IS SOUL?

A land-bird on the stormy deep,
Where winds o'er billows wildly sweep,
And weary pinions may not sleep.

A captive at the oar of Doom,
Struggling through the thick'ning gloom,
And yearning, yearning for its home.

A harp for angel fingers strung,
While colder hands are o'er it flung
And only broken strains are sung.

A harp whose master-cord is gone,
A weary bird that has but one
Unbroken wing to soar upon.

O soul! soul, what a mystery art thou! I am not, yet am, P. B. Randolph. I am part of God himself. All personal identities are merged in Him. And yet how few realize the stupendous truth! How we fight for tinsel; how we giggle at gewgaws; how we fling away the pearls of life, and hug the oyster-shells! Let us look at a soul. Tim Jenkins' will do, quite as well as Carlyle's or Zeno's. There it is, cased up, packed for a short voyage of threescore years, in a box of

bones weighing a couple of hundred pounds, more or less. Poor Tim! he gets badly handled during the trip from Paptown to Gravesend. Has his eyes damned tolerably often *out* of the pulpit, and his soul quite as often from inside thereof; and yet, after all, the package reaches its destination in very fair order, and on being unpacked, Tim's first sage remark, after shaking off the dust of travel, is, that he rather thinks, guesses, calculates that in some things his mother's only son has been a fool, — prefixed with a dash and two d's. Now look at Tim. What a difference there is between now and then, — earth-life and t'other place! And he feels it, and forthwith proceeds to cut it down in good old-fashioned boatman style, so happy is he to find that "It was not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." He next begins to look out for man's enemy, the devil, and soon finds out that that old Pub. Func. expired of delirium tremens caused by an overdose of spirits, producing information on the brain, some time before Tim's advent into his new quarters.

Ten years have floated down the main, —
Let's look at Master Tim again.

O Tim! What a change! He's been climbing up the sky, stealing the sunshine from the spaces and fashioned it into garments shimmering with auroral glory. Is *that* the same Tim that we knew down in the dead world? Tim hears the query, smiles as his memory flashes back across the arc of time, and he says, in reply, "I reckon." He's no longer a butcher boy. He don't kill for Keyser any more; nor is he particular about blazing for 'Liza, nor cares a straw for the machine he rallied round in years gone by, down among the dead men, — for he rightly considers all men as dead who have not risen to this light —

A hundred years have fled I trow, —
Let's look at Master Jenkins now.

What stately presence is that cleaving the ether with the speed of light, hitherward from a voyage among the distant constellations? What majesty and power! What unutterable

grace; what glory flashing from his eye; what ineffable love beaming from his features! Is it an angel? No! A seraph? No! It is one of the lower apprentices of God Almighty's workshop, and his name was once Tim Jenkins. He has fairly mounted the first round of the LADDER. There are myriads more to mount. He is an errand-boy in the spaces. He carries messages for the master builders of the Temple; and yet he outshines by infinite degrees the loftiest monarch earth ever held or dreamed of. He has learned that God is good; that love is human duty, and that labor is the road to glory. He knows now how utterly worthless is all human effort that has not Use to man as its first object, end and aim; how little are all merely selfish purposes; how useless all earth's honors; and how sweet are the fruits, long ripening, of our varied and most bitter experiences. He has learned that love is not lust; that heaven is not a pleasure-ground where tooting and harping on a thousand strings constitutes the employment of the saints. He has found out that something else besides the blood of the Lamb is essential to salvation; that the ordinance of baptism is of incalculable value; that on the earth it should be a daily sacrifice or rite, with a great deal of water and some soap; that handsome is that handsome does; that God actually made "niggers;" that they have feelings; are not responsible for their color; and that some dead "niggers" actually move in better society than their masters! He has learned that souls are like potatoes, — things of growth; and like cloth, — of varying degrees of refinement; that silk purses can't be made out of sow's ears, nor good Christians of damnation materials. He has learned that what he knows would make a big book; what he don't know, a larger one. He has found out that whatever is of value must be labored for; that all creeds contain truths; that fences are an offence when they divide the people; that the Christian Religion is the grand human First Reader, — the "B" primary class of humanity; that the New Philosophy is but one step onward towards God's grammar classes; and that there are academies, colleges and universities yet beyond. He has found out that all fighting, whether of swords or words, is folly. He

has learned that humanity is not limited to the fledglings of this earth; and that the entire galaxy of luminous worlds — the star-dust floating on the breast of the deep — is but a tiny island cushioned on the bosom of the Infinite! He has learned that Being, with God at its centre, is an insoluble mystery, and that all attempts to fathom this unfathomable abyss is labor thrown away. He has found out that there are myriads of approximate Gods, each one of whom is as unable to trace his own genesis as is the ship-carpenter who took the contract to build the first Great Eastern for Noah and Co., of Syrian fame. He has learned that Adam had many a grandfather; that the dark complexions of Africa's sons did not result from the curse of either Cain or Canaan. He has found out that things are fairly balanced in the universe; that we shall all have our blisses for our blisters; sweets for our bitter; stars for stripes; sleep for our unrest; truth for our errors; light for our darkness; pleasure for our pains; our true lovers, wives, brothers, friends, husbands, for the shadows that now obscure us; that we shall have sauce for our bread of life, and satins for our rags; and so he telegraphs down to his old homestead — does good Tim Jenkins, a song set to the old tune of

"There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer."

And while you wait, keep working World without end, Amen.

A LATTER-DAY SERMON.

TEXT: ST. TRUEMAN'S TOUR THROUGH DAMPHULANIA.

DATE, 1909.

My Hearers: Since the opening up of intercourse between the residents of our planet and the other peoples of the solar system, much of interest has come to light respecting, not merely the habits and customs of the dwellers of the minor planets

within this little system of ours, but of the results of the travels through it of many remarkable sages. By the recent invention of the THOUGHT-TELEGRAPH, we are now enabled, not merely to receive frequent dispatches from our friends in Jupiter, Saturn, and elsewhere, but also to receive copies of some of their books, an extract from one of which I purpose to read for your edification to-day. It is from a book of travels, composed by one of the sages of the planet O-K, and published therein gratis; for nowhere else, save on this little ball of ours, are taxes laid on knowledge; hence, as there are no duties to be paid on ink and paper up there, or licenses to be bought, in order to be allowed to instruct the ignorant or the unknowing, knowledge is cheap; and societies have recently been formed in several of the planets, especially in O-K, whose sole object is to send us items of intelligence now and then, in order that we may not be altogether behind the rest of the Solarians, as all of us who belong to planets rotating around our common sun are called. This, therefore, my friends, accounts for my subject to-day, — and the milk in the cocoa-nut as well!

On the planet O-K are many wise and good men, altogether so, for the reasons that they were, as are all others there, born just at the right time, neither too soon nor too late, of sensible mothers. (P. S. The women all vote in O-K, and there are no "niggers" to be excluded from the polls, for the last darkey thereon danced himself away for pure joy, and exhaled into pure ether from excess of happiness when he heard of Abe Lincoln's proclamation. They were all sorry to lose him.) Well, it one day entered into the head of one of the O-K's that he would go abroad from his planet, and write a book of what he saw while on his travels. Not wishing to trouble you with an account of his method of transportation, the route he took, or how he was accompanied by his wife, — for all men there take their wives when they go visiting — a custom worth imitation among us; and no man there ever thinks of doing anything without taking counsel from and with his wife — another example worth following — we will at once begin with the third chapter of Sage Trueman's work, entitled "A TRIP THROUGH DAMPHULANIA." The au-

thor says: Our car at last came in sight of a continent on the planet Damphulania, which, from the fact that the inhabitants thereof are very musically inclined, and everybody plays on an instrument, principally horns, every man blowing his own on all possible occasions, has been named A Merry Kee; the people mainly being descended from an eastern nation called Befeters. We sailed leisurely over the land, until an awful noise below admonished us to prepare our perspective glasses for a look at what was going on. Consulting a chart of the country, we discovered that we were directly over its most flourishing and central city; its name was Chick-hog-O, — so named because its founders fed principally on chickens, and then took to the consumption of an unsightly beast called hog, whereat all the people cried "O!" since which that has been the name of the place. The great noise that we heard arose from the killing of such vast numbers of these animals to honor a great philanthropist, who bored several very deep holes in the ground, called an Art-esian well,— Art, because of the wonderful skill of the man who bored it; Esian because the flow of the waters set all the people at ease; and Well because its waters healed the people morally and physically, and made them well, and cleaned the city of Chick-hog-O. In the winter these waters were frozen, cut up in blocks, and placed in what they called "an ice-house," because to them, when torrid heat prevailed, it was indeed a nice house. This was the first sensible thing we had yet seen; but, having resolved to inspect the customs of the people of that planet, we went down at night, and fixing our glasses and ear-tubes so that we could see through the walls and hear what was going on, we began our researches. We looked into one brilliantly lighted place, and saw a great number of men with small crystal cups in their hands, which they constantly filled from fine vessels, and then poured the contents down their throats. The stuff in these vessels was labelled in various languages, but each meant "Happiness." Just think of it! Happiness from a bottle! We thought this a queer custom, but no queerer than many others in vogue among the Damphulites of that planet.

Among other curious things seen that night were several des-

perate attempts made by several of the men there to set themselves on fire by a double process; first, by drinking caloric in a fluid of the name of Wis-kee, Jinn and Snapps from various places suffixed "dam" and prefixed "Amster," "Rotter," "Schie," and so on; and secondly, by putting brown plugs in their mouths, and then setting fire thereto, and drawing with all their might and main to get the two fires to meet. They called it "smoking," but having gotten to leeward of them, I called it choking — very. I forgot to mention that I had previously seen a man among the hogs, all of which were hungry, drop a roll of brown stuff from his pocket; the beasts smelled it, but seemed disgusted with it, and turned away as if sickened by its odor; yet, nevertheless, I saw the man feel for it in his pocket, miss it, return to the hog-pen, look for, find, wipe off, bite and eat with evident relish and decided gusto. I afterwards found that the brown stuff was called "Two-backer;" why, I cannot say.

I went into several large towns, and found thousands of men engaged in perfecting various devices for killing their own species; some were making tubes called pistols, guns, cannons, daggers; others were making what they called "Jacet Bitters" of various colors. "Hic Jacet," "Here lies." The most of these were of the leg-tangling description, and were calculated to make a man see more stars in a given length of time than were originally assigned to that part of the universe. I know from experience, for happening to see an invitation to "try" some of them, I selected one sort, with a blue jacket, and was very green for so doing. Calling for the cordial I drank it, and it immediately occurred to me that a naval engagement between two hostile iron-clad fleets was going on directly within my centre of cavity, and gravity as well. The next sensation was as if a grand display of pyrotechnics was proceeding in the same region, followed by a volcanic eruption, accompanied by earthquakes, white lightning, a storm at sea, and a dervish dance to Hottentot music! I concluded to accept no more such invitations to "try," my eyes being dimmed by the first experiment, rendering me unable to see it in that peculiar light. I,

however, found some sensible people, martyrs of their age, who expounded the laws of nature and reason to the people, as was all right and proper; and yet these same people were half starved and altogether seedy, from neglect at the hands of those they instructed day after day. These martyrs were called Tee-chers; but the tee-chers were not yet exotics from Damphulania. What's worth aught is worth paying for, at least so it is thought in O-K. One bad habit of the public teachers of that country consists in concealing their thoughts in a language not generally understood, which language is known as highfalutin. If it was lower and nearer the plane of common sense, it would be better understood, the teacher better appreciated, and therefore better paid, as in O-K.

A curious notion prevails upon the continent I now write of. The people generally believe that the deity is ill, and they have long been in the habit of sustaining large numbers of Doctors of Divinity, who generally try to cure divinity by pulling the wool over the eyes of their flocks, and the occasional exhibition of sharp doses of hell fire and soft soap; but the physic don't work well. The people generally are half crazed on the subject of what they call money, position, and fame; not yet realizing that a competence is quite enough of the first, the love of a few good people, all that is valuable in the second, and that the last is of no real value here or hereafter. They do not yet know that in the Soul world are millions of once crowned kings, and wealthy notables, beneath the status of millions more who were ragged beggars and paupers in the flesh. I saw people in that land five hundred years deep in gold and wealth, who will take centuries to graduate from the primary classes in the lands Beyond the River, and I saw beggars who will leap in a decade far above the lordliest king "amang them a'." There's much to correct in the realms of Damphulania.

THE PHANTOM GAMBLER.

A few days before I left Louisiana, bound on a tour through the east, north, and west, for the purpose of appealing to the people for aid to enable me to gratify my highest and only ambition, — the establishing of a high-grade school for colored children in Louisiana, my adopted State, — I became acquainted with Jim Hobart, formerly one of the most noted desperadoes and gamblers in the south-west. Jim is a Texan drover now, but not under his old name. I met him in New Iberia, a town on the Bayou Teche, on the high-road for cattle from Texas for the New Orleans market. I had just been bidding adieu to some acquaintances, who bade me God-speed in my school enterprise, and one of them had said, "Good-by, and remember that P. B. Randolph will ever find a friend in me." I then hastened to the steamer, but, as I set foot upon the gang-plank, a hand was laid on my shoulder by a man, rough to look at, clad as a drover, and about fifty-five years old. "Are you the P. B. Randolph who held Talks at Madame Ferati's, in Chatres street, last winter a year ago?" — "Yes." — "Well, I was there one night when you spoke and said Lincoln would get pistoled; and I had often heard of you before. You were so surrounded by people that I couldn't speak to you; and, as I had to go to Galveston next day, why, I never saw you till to-day, and even then wasn't sure of you till I heard Picket speak your name. I'm a believer in spirits. I live in New Orleans, when not on the road, and am going there now. If you will call at that address (handing me a boarding-house card), I will be glad to give you a good supper, and have a chat about matters and things in general, and spirits in particular." The whistle sounded; we parted, and I went to La Fourche, to hold myself in readiness to depart upon my mission, nor did I again meet Hobart until I run across him one day in the last week in June, quite accidentally, in Canal street, New Orleans. I cheerfully accepted his invitation, and together we repaired to a hotel, where we enjoyed an excellent supper.

My readers will remember that the Voudous, or Hoodoos, of New Orleans, are a pack of the most devilish wretches that ever disgraced the human form. Well, what was my astonishment when Hobart said to me, "I believe in spirits, I believe in Voudouism. I have been saved from the gallows by the first; and killed one man in a duel with bowie-knives, and lost forty-three thousand dollars through the last. Listen: In 1849 I got the yellow fever so bad that nothing short of a tramp to California cured it. I went to the diggings, not to dig, but to open a monte bank, big sweat and roulette; and the way I and my partner raked down the dust was a caution. I was complete master of a pack of cards; no man could hold a candle to me in poker, bluff, euchre, or seven-up; and for three years I kept this up until I had a five-gallon keg packed full of solid dust, safely buried, and as much more in ready capital. Then I went back to San Francisco, and helped open a faro bank on the Plaza, on the very spot where Peter Job's restaurant now stands; and oh! didn't we rake 'em down! I have known one hundred and sixty pounds of solid gold to be won by our bank in a single night. This may appear strange, but it is strictly true, as many of the men of '50, '51, and '52, can abundantly verify. One day there came a man, — stooled by one of our hawks, — a middle-aged, middle-sized, rather serious sort of fellow, who gave his name as Hank Turner. He said he never played, but, to oblige his *friend*, would fight the tiger just a little, — to try his teeth — that was all. Well, he played, and we, contrary to general usage, let him *lose*. We usually permit a man to win at first. We did this because, while pretending to light his cigar, our hawk had conveyed the secret intelligence that Hank Turner had, at that very time, over twelve hundred ounces of solid gold at the Moffats' office, — I think that's the name of the Assayer then most in vogue in Friscoe. In three days Turner lost eight thousand dollars; on the fourth night he won all back and thirteen thousand dollars more. That success sealed his fate. He became fevered and we plucked him of his last dollar. Never, never, shall I forget the terrible despair that seized upon him when he toppled over the

gulf we had led him to, and plunged headlong into ruin, utter, total, and complete. The bulk of his money we shipped east, in charge of one of our party, but, although we saw him and the money safe on board the ship, and saw her sail, yet we never laid eyes on either again, for he and it disembarked at Manzanillo, Mexico, and so we were dished in our turn. As for Turner, he cut his throat, and we all thought, and said, that was the last of him; but, by the great Hook block! it wasn't, as you will see. After a while the people got down on us, and, after hanging a few of our fraternity, they gave us due notice that the summer was likely to be hot, — at least for us, — and so we disbanded, and I went once more to the diggings. The same luck attended me, and the dust rolled in by bags full; till one night there was a crowd in my shanty, and all of us had a fair shake of fortune, the bank being about forty weight of gold ahead. Presently all left, and, after cocking my revolvers, I and my partner went to bed. In a little while he was fast asleep, and I was just going into a doze, when there came a terrible rap at the door. In an instant I struck a light, and was reaching for a pistol, when, to my surprise, I saw a man in the room, though how he got there God only knows, nor did it occur to me to ask him the question. I did not recollect ever having seen him before. He was dressed altogether better than miners usually are, and to my demand what he wanted, replied, 'Your name's Jim Hobart. I've but little time to spare. Here's thirty-two pound of dust; stake an equal sum. Sit down, and if you're a better man than I am, why, we'll see.' Now such challenges were quite common, and, although I was weary and had much rather have put off the encounter till the next night, yet the code of morals was such that a refusal on my part would have subjected me to the greatest personal danger. We sat down. I gave him 'chips' to the amount he mentioned, and took an equal number. We played, and so intensely was I rapt that, although I distinctly heard a third voice in the room, it never occurred to me that it was other than my partner's. My opponent won every time. We tried euchre, monte, and old sledge. It was all the same.

In two hours he had pokered, bluffed, euchred, and high-low-jacked me out of every dollar I had in the cabin, or the whole world. Even my watch, boots, gambling apparatus, shanty, everything was lost to this mysterious player. Just before the last stake was won, I distinctly heard a voice say, 'There! I think he is cured, don't you?'—'Yes,' said another voice, 'and well for him, too, for they mean to hang him at nine to-morrow!' I was frightened, looked up, and, to my horror, saw three persons standing by the table, one of whom was my opponent, whom I now fully recognized as Hank Turner; the second was an old chum who had been hung by a lynch mob in Natchez five years before; and the third was the first speaker, — my own dead father!

"Now I am no coward, but as the truth flashed on me, I shrieked and sprung from my seat. In another instant, my partner leaped to my side. The other three *were gone*, but not through the door. I hurriedly explained to him that I had just learned that there was hanging afoot, and in one hour from that time we were ten miles on the road, going as fast as two fine coursers could bear us, and the gold-dust that we carried. Three weeks after that I heard that a mob went to hang us at daybreak.

"I have never played cards since, but did things equally bad. In New Orleans, right around here in Marais Street, I saw, three years ago, a beautiful quadroon girl; and to effect my purpose, bribed two of the most noted voudous to become my agents. I succeeded. The girl was a natural daughter of a celebrated character, who was informed of what I had done. One of his friends espoused his quarrel; we fought; I wounded him; he died, and it cost me forty-three thousand dollars to escape, — and the most of that money went to the accursed voudous, who had all along been using me for their own ends. I got free of all my troubles at last; but no temptation is strong enough to lead me from the straight path again, and when I look back I feel grateful to God that ghostism, in one form, saved me; and in another, convinced me that a life of perfect innocence is the only true life."

Such is the narrative of one of the ways that God takes to bring us to light, truth and goodness.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

Whatever has one end must have two. If God exists at all, in the popular sense, then He or It must have properties or qualities totally distinct from all that can be by any possibility conceived by any lesser power within the universe; for it is utterly impossible for any mind to comprehend this last, much less the ontological floor upon which it is built or based; hence He or It must, in essence, be totally different from all within the universe, and have a mode of existence incomprehensible to all it contains. "God is love," force, power, wisdom, and all these are meaningless terms, and verbal subterfuges of no value to the man of actual thought-power, and all descriptive terms and God-definitions possessed of no real meaning, wherefore the God of letters and the ages has no real existence, and we must find some new fields and fearlessly explore them. Let us search matter and see if we can find out God; nor will it do to confound this life or essence of matter, motion, heat and fire, the nervous fluids of the material realm, with the God we are looking after. Yet there *is* a God!

It will serve my purpose to take the planet Jupiter as the representative of all possible forms of material substance, — the most perfect in this solar system. There was, beyond all cavil, a period in its history when it was less refined than this earth; when it was a globe of solid fire; when it was a vast ball of fire-mist; when it was a comet or belt of flame just whirled off from the sun. There was a time when all the planets were part and parcel of the sun; when that sun was a vast globe of fiery vapor; when itself formed part of another sun; when the whole vast ocean of material flecks, now called systems, formed part of one homogeneous globe, and when neither life, heat, fire or

motion had an existence; when no intelligence existed, and when Night was solely and alone. Where *then* was God?

In the amorphous mass? Undeveloped perhaps? If developable, He is not God in the least degree, because He must have depended on extraneous force for movement and being. Yet there was a God. But not in matter. Now reverse the operation. All heat is but a mode of motion, and all thought is but a mode of heat. Where then was mind before heat existed, and when universal quiescence reigned? It is demonstrable that the whole family of Gods are but exalted and purified pictures of the men who imagined them, and that all laws and principles are but the imminent qualities of matter; that virtue and vice are but material disorder and order on a higher plane; that thought is but movement; that spirit is but sublimated substance; that all action, vice, greatness, love, hatred, ambition, and all are but mere chemical conditions, and that all existence as we know it, is but one single phase of being, having its theatre on that angle, — arc, a chord of which our senses apprise us, but above, disparated, from which there may be as many more phases, arcs, chords and modes as there are grains and atoms in all matter; so infinite is the possible judgment of being; in one word, all we have learned of God and being is but one aspect of this eternal oneness.

Now what is a soul, a spirit, a man? Is it really of matter, an evolvement, a crystallization of the finest matter? If so, where is the warrant for its eternal duration? If it began, and if it began in matter, it must have an end, for all matter is as certain to end as that it once was not matter, but amorphousness, unparticled and immobile; for if soul be matter, it depends on matter for its being, and when that matter returns to amorphousness again — as it is doing — souls can have no place or time, for only matter and movement make time and develop distance. But soul is not matter, neither is God. What then are either or both? It follows that souls in essence must derive their being from that which is not matter, and therefore that they all pre-existed just as God did (of whom they are a part) before matter was, or the morning stars sang together for joy,

and that they will exist when all that matter shall have ceased to be, — in a word we are all Melchizedeks, priests, and children of the most high God, describing one arc of being and destined to circumnavigate the whole.

So much for the esoteric side of the question. But there come other sides into view. And first: Is this the only phase we have passed through? Is this the only stage we have played parts on, in the great drama of existence? I think it worth while to inquire, and in doing so it is very likely we may find out something more about God, — the Father of evil, and the Author of good alike, — for the devil is but God's shadow side, while Jehovah, etc., are but phases of his sunny side, and God's sunny side is just where the theologians like to lead, and leave us, forgetful that there are other facts to this grand domain of all possible being; that good and evil are but incidents, and existence itself a mere lane in which God walks, so to speak. We talk glibly about what we are ignorant of, and we have made but little headway; yet it is possible for us to reach some newer truths. We begin at granite and end in spirit; but there are men in existence twenty billion years old, and I ask, to what inconceivable sublimity of external and internal being must they have reached! And yet they are but new-born babes compared to other billions who have lived quintillions of *eons* — not centuries merely! Well, we must enlarge our conceptions of being. We are yet upon its floor, and shall not find God even amid the ineffable glories of the highest heaven; and still it is possible to yet develop, or grow, faculties of mind which will realize to our consciousness all that it is desirable to know on that august point.

Several philosophical writers have affirmed that the only idea we can or ever did have of Deity, is but an expansion of that selfhood which originated the conception. I flatly deny that this is true in any sense; it may have been so in days of yore, but men in this thinking age know of a verity that such is not the fact to-day.

So far in man's history it seems there has been no very definite conception of the *Causa causarum*. I have seen it

stated by one of earth's ablest men, with what truth, you, reader, can best judge, that while He ever reveals Himself in and through the human consciousness, as the Being Absolute, yet every age has a distinct conception, each differing from the other. It is said we may imagine God, and acknowledge the conception of Deity, yet the very conception cannot be regarded as anything else than the generalizing power of the human mind personified, — an incarnation of the reason, or our ideas spiritually embodied. For, says this authority, it is self-evident that to have an idea of God at all is to limit him; that is, to destroy the very notion of an Infinite Being, so that, in fact, every precise notion we form of Him must be an idol, philosophically speaking. Thus reasons one of the greatest of earth's philosophers. I judge him right, so far as regards the spiritually unilluminated intellect; but to the properly unfolded mind, God may manifest Himself, or be comprehended under each and every head of this category: God is Space, Matter, Mind, Panthea or Nature-Principle, Motion, Mathematics, Life, Essential-Element, Fire, Pure Spirit, Chemile, Magnetime, Odyle, Love, Will, Wisdom, Truth, Beauty, Soul of the World, as Plato called Him. God is an Ocean, of which all else are waves; a Sun, of which all things are rays. He is a Brain, and all things are the atoms composing it! He is the Magnet of the great Realm, — not an abstract monarch, banished beyond the confines of creation, and seated upon the throne of a silent eternity, having an absolute existence, which resembles existence in no respect whatever. But the God of the universe — at least the God worshipped by the writer of this essay — is recognized by sense, by intellect, by reason, starting from self, but not ending there; by intuition, but not by faith based upon external authority; by Nature in all departments, — she being the only infallible representative of the great Soul, — the only fruitful exponent of Absolute Truth; in other words, the Divine Mind; material, ideal, spiritual. I recognize Him as a universal Father, Celestial Sun, a Principle of Wisdom and Intelligence, an Omnipotent power, secondary only to Fate or Necessity: individualized in the human form, in the human

race, yet diffused — being all of Love which is life, which is the soul-essence of all that is in being; who, filling all space, leaves no room for an antagonistic principle of Evil, which is but a myth. In, by, and through God, all things exist. All things are coruscations of Divine sparks, proceeding in waves, and rays, originally, now and forever, from Himself. He is the Sun of which all else is the shine. He is the music of which all things are the notes, — A Master Mechanic, the universe His workshop, worlds the tools, and Human souls the product of His labor. He is a Chymist: All space is the laboratory, suns the crucibles, and comets the retorts. He is an ever true and real substance and cause, always was and ever will exist, being Absolute Cause, inasmuch as He is Substance, and Absolute Substance only inasmuch as He is Cause; that is to say, being Absolute Cause, one and many, Eternity and Time; the universal Soul and Body too; Essence and Life, End and Middle; the Summit of Being and its Base; Infinite and Finite together; — in short, a Trinity, being at the same time God, Nature, and Humanity. He is the interior Life-Essence of all that is. If this be so, it follows, as an unavoidable conclusion, that whatever exists is intrinsically good; and Man, being the most capacious receptacle of the Divine Aura, the irresistible conclusion is, that the author of that pulpit-slander which asserts the innate depravity of the human heart was, to say the least, slightly mistaken. *Per contra*, if man is created in the image of God, it follows, again, that he, above all other beings, is true, good, beautiful, and wise; notwithstanding he is subject to the pains and penalties of experimental progression and development. By virtue of his nature, man must advance beyond the mere thresholds of knowledge; consequently he will one day outgrow his present imperfections. I now bring before your mind, in brief, the principal points relied on to substantiate the immortality of the soul. First, then, observe that all substances naturally arrange themselves under the heads of visible, tangible, externally perceptible, and invisible, intangible, super-ethereal, or such as lie beyond the range of the sense-perceptions. Together these constitute the realm of

Nature, and God, who alone possesses underived life, is the only unchangeable Being in existence. He alone is unsusceptible of advancement or improvement. Scientifically considered, He is the Active Force or Power. Nature is the agent of his activity, — the Medium or intermediate, and the material universe is that which is acted on.

As long ago, as when, disgusted with the eolism then current, and utterly sick of what I knew of Spiritualism, — about the year 1856, — I began to secede from my theretofore philosophical guides and leaders, and set up the business of thinking for myself, and without their leave; in consequence of which the whole host came down upon me just as the waters came down at Lodore — and I grew stronger the heavier it poured! At that time, as before and since, there came strange sunbursts of light to my soul, and at such times I was, and am, able to sweep with mental and magnetic vision vast fields of space, realms of being, domains of thought, and to sense and know very many mysteries of being denied to the outer personality. My experiences were such that the more I learned of what passed current as a sublime Spiritualism, disheartened and disgusted me, for reasons not necessary to be here rehearsed; and, although by so doing I shut many doors against me, and, depriving myself of bread, was self-doomed to not merely neglect, but dreadful abuse by the horde of so-called spiritual philosophers — the foulest set of men and women I ever encountered in any grade of society, or in any part of the habitable globe! Believing then, as before, and now, that man was immortal; that the veil between the two worlds was occasionally uplifted; that death was but a door into a higher department of God's great college, I shrunk in unutterable horror from the charlatans who based systems of *ineffable* dirt upon it, and swindled people of sanity, virtue, honor, sense and money, by their tricks and practices. I, in the year 1857, and afterward in 1858, opened fire upon them. In the latter year I preached a sermon in Clinton Hall, New York, which sermon was reported from my lips, and published far and wide, and gave my foes, and the foes of man, God, morality and

virtue a chance to denounce me as a traitor, infidel, and renunciator of the belief in human immortality ; with what just reason may be seen by the reader, for I here produce that identical speech, word for word, as reported in the columns of the "New York Tribune," which paper I preserved from that day to this, knowing that the time would surely come, sooner or later, when it would be useful, and be the means of showing mankind how far I was recreant to the sublime faith of my soul, and of the mother who bore me.

This is the Clinton Hall sermon : —

THE CONVERTED MEDIUM.

Dr. Paschal Beverly Randolph, the heretofore distinguished Spiritual Medium, whose conversion to Christianity we lately announced, preached a sermon on Sunday, in Clinton Hall, from the text : —

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of the world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Greek — Against the spirits of wickedness in aerial regions.)

As Dr. Randolph's prominence, in the early days of Spiritualism, renders his recantation a matter of considerable importance, we reproduce, in his own words, the more significant passages of his discourse. It is necessary to state that Dr. Randolph, a man of extraordinary intellectual activity, is of the Roanoke stock, and has Indian and Asiatic as well as Caucasian blood in his veins. Said he : —

"For nearly ten years have I been seeking rest for my weary soul. But rest came not until I sought it earnestly at the family altar, surrounded by those whom, in the delirium of mad philosophy I thought were not for me, but whom I subsequently found dearer, nearer, truer than all the world beside.

"Occasionally my soul rebelled against the slavery, worse than Southern bondage, to which I was subject. The heart frequently protested against the head, won it for a moment to its side, and I was happy. If then I said anything remarkable or good, above the average intelligence of men of my education, why, even then Spiritualists refused me the credit, as a general thing; openly taunted me with my natural, ethnological condition, and in-

sulted my soul by denying me common intelligence, but said, by way of salve to the bitter wound, 'You are now so extraordinarily developed that the dear angels of the spheral heavens can use you when wide awake!'

"The true value of a principle consists, not in its mere enunciation, but in its results. Ten years ago the watchword was Progress, Progress, Progress! The self-same inane and assinine platitudes are the current coin to-day. The world has a right to see something as well as to hear so much about this eternally harped-on 'Progress.' To all the scientific Spiritualists I say, 'Where is your progress?' The answer is, 'Ten years ago we numbered three persons; now we are three millions strong! That's progress!' Is it, indeed? I have one bushel of villanously bad potatoes; if I get five thousand more bushels I'd like to know how that fact betters the quality. It strikes my dull apprehension that the words progress and increase have slightly different meanings. Spiritualists, I beg you to look this thing fairly in the face. You do not, to this very day, know one whit more about the nature of the soul, the destiny of the spirit, the occupations of the departed, the mode of trans-death being; not even the locality of the spirit land, nor how genuine manifestations, if there be such, are effected; nor can you prove that a single spirit ever manifested, simply because you cannot clearly establish one single case of identity.

"I think this results from the fact that Spiritualism is all eye and head; no soul and heart; all intellect, no emotion; all philosophy, no religion; all spirit, no God! And even the social reformatory movement has dwindled down into prostitutional nurseries.

"I enter the arena as the champion of common sense, against what in my soul I believe to be the most tremendous enemy of God, morals, and religion that ever found foothold on the earth; the most seductive, hence most dangerous, form of sensualism that ever cursed a nation, age, or people.

"I was a medium about five years, during which time I made three thousand speeches, and travelled over several different countries, proclaiming the new Gospel. I now regret that so much excellent breath was wasted, and that my health of mind and body was well-nigh ruined. I have only begun to regain both since I totally abandoned it, and to-day had rather see the cholera in my house than a Spiritual Medium! For years I lived alone for Spiritualism and its cognates. Henceforth I live to combat many of the identical doctrines that I once accepted as heavenly truths, among which are Pantheism, the 'Affinity' theory, ultra-radical individual sovereignty, Atheism, and several other pernicious doctrines.

"On the advent of the 'New Philosophy,' I hailed it with thousands of others, not only as the harbinger true and God-sent, — of the good time coming, but also as a religion, pure, true, sweet and elevating; and it was only because I thought it would satisfy the religious needs of my soul, that I accepted it as the guide of my life. What was the result? I will tell you. After embracing that peculiar Philosophy (and my experience is that of thousands), I sought to be a medium, — made experiments, and obtained my wish. Better had I found my grave! The rapping and other phenomena followed me, produced, as I then thought, by good human spirits. These were soon succeeded by the trance condition, to which I became subject, and the moment I yielded to that seductive influence, I ceased to be a man, and became a mere automaton, at the mercy of a power I believe, — bad, evil, — to be demoniac; but which others accept as Progressive, Spiritual, but which they cannot prove to be such, try as they may. Mind, I do not say it is not so, but aver that not the faintest proof can be adduced *that it is so!* As a trance-speaker I became widely known;

and now aver that during the entire misspent years of my mediumship, I firmly and sacredly confess that I had not the control of my own mind, as I now have, one-half of the time; and before man and high Heaven I most solemnly declare that I do not now believe that during the whole period I was healthy thirty-six consecutive hours, in consequence of the trance and susceptibility thereto. I would have healthful intervals, an hour or two at a time, until the next circle. During these periods, I would, in words, assert myself, my manhood, and not unfrequently denounce the spirits, and then, in the very next circle, in the trance, retract it all; and for this I obtained the reputation of inconsistency, and having no 'balance-wheel.' I frequently resolved to break my fetters, but some good-natured miracle-seeker would persuade me to sit in a circle, just once more, in order that some great defunct, Napoleon, Cæsar, Franklin, or Mohammed, might, through my lips, give *his* opinion on the subject, and edify some dozen or so with metaphysical moonshine, and transcendental twaddle. I would consent, 'just to oblige,' and then, good-by reason, sound health adieu, common sense farewell! Like the reformed inebriate, who, so long as he tastes not, is safe from the destroyer, but who is plunged into a deeper misery the instant he yields to the tempting 'one glass more,' so the medium. Nothing can rescue him or her but the hand of God, who is 'mighty to save.' It pleased Him to reduce me to the zero of human woe, that I might be snatched as a brand from the burning. Had He not vouchsafed this great mercy, the probability is, that instead of trying to serve Him, and atone for the mistake of a lifetime, I should still be wandering up and down the capitals of Europe and Asia in the accomplishment of my 'Spiritual Destiny and Mission,' desperately intent on converting Ferdinand, Louis Napoleon, the King of Delhi, Nasr-oo-deen, and the Grand Turk; for I believed that I was Heaven-sent to save humanity in general, and crowned heads in particular. Disease cut short my labors in that line; I was kindly cared for. This demoniacal phase of Spiritualism deprived me of common sense, led me from my home and duties, caused me to squander in world-saving a sum more than sufficient to have rendered me comfortable for life. Now, all my efforts can scarcely furnish the homeliest fare, and the second act of the drama concluded. All this I charge to Demonism and the infernal doctrines taught by many invisibles, be they spirits or devils. During my greatest illness I was attended by a physician who understood my case, who forbade me to think or act of or in Spiritualism, but to look to God for that aid and comfort which He alone can give, and to attend the preaching of His Gospel by God's preachers in the woods and fields. I followed his advice, gradually regained my health of mind and body, for which His name be praised. The result of my illness was, that I became convinced that however scientific Spiritualism, as operative on my own soul, might do to live by, it would never do to die by. The anti-Bible, anti-God, anti-Christian Spiritualism, I had perfectly demonstrated to be subversive, unrighteous, destructive, disorderly and irreligious; consequently to be shunned by every true follower of God and Holiness. I had not for long years seen a happy day. In the extremity of my woe, I called on spirits to help me, but no spirits came to my assistance. Reduced to the very verge of horror and despair, I called on that august Power whom I had, in the insolent pride of intellect scoffed at and derided. I believe my prayer was answered, my understanding opened, my body healed, my mind comforted, and my trembling feet set, as I believe, on the Eternal Rock of Ages.

"For seven years I held daily intercourse with what purported to be my mother's spirit. I am now fully persuaded that it was nothing but an evil

spirit and infernal demon, who in that guise gained my soul's confidence, and led me to the very brink of ruin. We read in Scripture of demoniac possession as well as of normal spiritual action. Both facts exist probably to-day; I am positive the former does. As an offset to the foregoing list of things coming out of this medium school, a formidable list of evils can be presented. Harmonialists say there are no evil spirits. I emphatically deny the statement. Five of my friends destroyed themselves, by direct Spiritual influences. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by mortal proxies of viewless beings. Adultery, fornication, suicides, desertions, unjust divorces, prostitution, abortion, insanity, are not evil, I suppose! I charge all these to this scientific Spiritualism, and not to religious.

"This scientific Spiritualism has healed the sick, comforted the mourner, converted a few. It has educated the ignorant; it is a royal road to knowledge; yet I prefer a different school. It has also broken up families, squandered fortunes, tempted and destroyed the weak. It has banished peace from happy families, separated husbands and wives, and shattered the intellects of thousands. We hear much of its good, but little is said concerning the black catalogue on the other side, or of mediums driven to premature hell. True, there may be and doubtless are good spirits who are Christians and God-fearing, but to one such there are millions of black and vicious fiends who delight in ruin, sin and desolation. This is my firm belief before man and God. What follows? Why, that I enter my solemn protest against all trance mediumship (as the most dangerous form); for while no harm *may* come of its practice, yet the chances are fearfully against all who yield to its seductive influences, vacate their own personal reason and judgment and open the door of their souls for the admission of what may be a good spirit, and may be a destroying demon.

"An awful experience has convinced me that the possession and profession of the faculty is fraught with frightful dangers. I now speak of the genuine spiritual trance — for there are two kinds. I have been in trance very many times. Of these about half were involuntary on my part, the balance resulted from self-volition, was spiritual in its nature and results, but spiritual *personages* had nothing to do with it. I formerly thought they had, but subsequent self-examination and study has corrected that notion entirely. I will state here my opinion of clairvoyant doctors. Experience has taught me that ninety five per cent. of the medical clairvoyants are arrant knaves, humbugs, and catchpenny impostors, who are no more clairvoyant than a brick wall.

"I know this statement will exasperate the fraternity. But to the proof. If they are clairvoyant as they pretend, and can see, why not tell how many coins a man holds in his hand? They cannot do it; but fly the course and say, 'We see the spiritual substances and fluids.' But I respond: If I have lost a tooth, you cannot tell it till your natural eyes see the void in my mouth. If I tie a cord around my finger, thus stopping the circulation of all the 'fluids,' and keep the fact from your eyes, your clairvoyant will not reveal it, when I call for an 'examination;' but like all the rest, you find my 'liver' out of order, my 'gastric juices' disarranged, the 'fluids' too 'positive' or 'negative,' and cannot tell what ails me.

"About five per cent. are refined, sympathetic, nerval persons, who arrive at approximately true diagnoses by nerval persons' sympathy; such are not clairvoyants of course. And five per cent. of the whole are really what they claim to be, in various degrees of perfection. I have no faith whatever in the favorites of Galen, Dr. Rush, Swedenborg, or Hippocrates. I am personally acquainted with five hundred professed medical clairvoyants, and

of these there are seven actual seers who will stand a testing. One of these is in Paris — Alexis Didier; his brother Adolph, of London; Husein Kham, a Turk; a child; a girl in London; one in Florence, Italy, and one in America. There may be others, but I never saw them. True, I have seen many good guessers here; but actual clairvoyants, only a few. The rest are victims to the 'curing mania;' some few of them honest, well-intentioned persons — perhaps clairvoyants who don't see, yet nevertheless religiously bent on banishing disease, on principles slightly 'homœopathic.'

"Now we come to spiritual circles generally, and first the rappings. Now, the result of my observations is, that I conclude if one half-dozen sounds out of every ten thousand that pass for spiritual be genuine, — that is, not made by the medium's foot against the leg of a table or chair, or by some other jugglery, it is a large percentage. When invisible musicians play pianos in dark rooms, if the hands of the mediums be mittened and held by others, and the music still goes on, the inference is that they do not produce it; otherwise I should be very skeptical concerning spiritual agency.

"Writing upside down is an art readily obtained after a few weeks' private practice. Matches, or a lamp of phosphorus, make very good imitations of spirit lights. When spirits in a dark room blow horns and talk through trumpets, if, unknown to the medium, a little printers' ink be rubbed on the mouth of the instrument, a beautiful black circle will, when lights are introduced, generally be found adorning the medium's labial appendages. A little practice enables almost any one to imitate the sawing of wood, by rubbing the side of a table leg with the sole of the shoe. A spring feather, such as adorn ladies' heads, can be easily made to pass for a 'spirit bird' in a dark room. Ventriloquism is a capital agent in the production of 'spirit voices.' Dark circles are the king humbugs of spiritualism generally. Thus I indicate the direction in which to look for, and suggest methods of detecting imposture. And yet it is settled beyond dispute that marvels, *not* performed by the mediums, do occasionally occur in circles, light and dark.

"We now pass to speaking mediums — twenty five per cent. of whom are, in my opinion, victims of demoniac influences; twenty five per cent. are deliberate impostors, and who can easily be detected by testing; eight per cent. may be under healthful, spiritual influences, such as are to be found in all church history; twenty five per cent. are honest-hearted men and women, laboring under the world-saving fever, who delude themselves and others by imagining they are under the special spiritual influence of some defunct philosopher, Zeno, Plato, Aristotle, etc., when the fact is there is no trance in the case, and no influence save that of the aforesaid philanthropic mania, and spirits in the body. Thus I account for eighty-three per cent. of all that class of phenomena. The remaining seventeen per cent. consists of persons who have the power in themselves (although they assign it to the spirits) of inducing at will a dreamy sort of ecstasy or conscious trance, during which they are frequently insensible to physical pain, and possess a very extraordinary power of mental concentration, being able to pursue the thread of an argument, trace a principle, and follow an idea almost infinitely beyond their waking capacity. It is this kind of trance that educates the person, and makes philosophers and orators; and not the ghost-induced state. This trance can easily be induced. I can enter it at any time in five minutes, when I choose to do so. It can also be brought on by the use of lozenges, made of sugar and the juice of a plant that grows wild by the acre. Generally five of these lozenges will produce a kind of waking clairvoyance, and mental intensity, fully equal to the solu-

tion of any problem that can engage the attention. It is, in short, the highest state of mesmerism, reached by a shorter and quicker road.

"No people in the world deprecate scandal, and profess so great charity, in *words*, as this sort of Spiritualists. Yet, after twenty-five years of experience with all shades of faith professors, I have seen none who, as a class, are more dogmatic, intolerant, uncharitable, or more eager to cast the first stone at an erring brother, than they. As a class, indeed, they exhibit a remarkable penchant for the delicious tidbits of scandal of which the modern movement is so very prolific. A more inconsistent people does not exist. As a class, they claim that nearly all *good* actions are referable, not to the mediums as individuals, but to spirits who use them as proxies; yet, let one of these spirit-ridden unfortunates, in the wild delirium or deep damnation to which they are subject, commit a fault or error of judgment, and forthwith the hue-and-cry is raised. All Spiritualists (with rare and honorable exceptions,—thank God that there are such!) taboo him or her, and condemn, without a hearing, some poor, insane sinner. This is not like Jesus, who forgave! No; so great is the love for *spirits*, that none is left for erring *man*, but the wrong is benevolently shifted from the backs of the 'dear angels from spirit land' to the flesh-and-blood shoulders of some poor devil whose errors and tergiversations are the result of a morbidity directly traceable to spiritual intercourse.

"The cure of Evil is not to be found in continuous harping on the laws of physiology to people who can't understand them, and, if they did, could not practise them effectually. We can't and won't eat, drink, sleep, love and beget our species according to Gunter's scale or any other rule. Spiritualism, or the Godless system of proteań names so rampart in the world, is inconsistent with itself — consequently unreliable; for, while it hurls its potent thunder against 'Authority,' degrades the Scriptures, calls our Holy Bible 'Excellent Soft Bark' (?), and blazes away at 'theologic bonds,' it actually forges chains still stronger for the human mind; comes to us as the 'Divine Revelations of Nature' by and through her self-dubbed 'mouth-piece,' private and confidential secretary to the 'Great Positive Mind,' companion to Swedenborg, Galen, 'Tom, Harry, Dick,' and the devil, for aught I know to the contrary. It substitutes 'Thus say the Spirits, Galen,' etc., for 'Thus saith the Lord.' I, for one, have got tired of the former, and, after mature deliberation, prefer the latter. Harmonialism robs God of personality, converts him into a rarefied gas 'many million times finer than electricity' (!!), according to the philosophers, and elevates Reason to the throne of the universe, by deifying the human intellect. God, Nature, Panthea, rarefied gas, sublimated oxygen and ether, are by this lexicon convertible terms — and essences! It is claimed that this ism has done much for science. I deny it, and challenge the production of a solitary fact or principle referable to it as the original source of discovery. Its leader plays on the credulity of this nation to an amusing extent. In 1846 he declares himself omniscient, in a little pamphlet called 'Clairmativeness,' in which the reasoning is clear as mud. Subsequently he withdraws this claim. Then he tells us that he was mistaken, that the principles were not immutable. He tells us that the Univercœlum was one vast, mighty, undefinable exhaustless ocean of liquid fire, filling the uttermost bounds of space; and yet this same boundless globe of fire threw off seven successive series of rings from its outside! Then he tells us that all men are immortal, even 'Niggers;' frames an elaborate argument to prove it; declares the foundation of the whole superstructure rests on the absolute indestructi-

bility of matter; proves all men to have souls; in the year 1853, five years later, he asserts that in the city of Buffalo he discovered 700 human beings without immortal souls! If the same average holds good in proportion to population elsewhere, there are over 90,000 non-immortal beings in New York State alone, 2,089,000 in the Union, and 82,700,000 in the world!

"If you ask Spiritualists why Ben Franklin tells one story to-day through medium A, and another to-night through B, another still through D, all of which contradict each other, they will either deny the identity in two cases, or impute the non-similitude of the doctrines advanced to undevelopment, or cerebral influence on revelation. There never yet occurred a case of proved identity! The spirit of Mirabeau gave a long oration through a medium, over whom he declared he had as complete control as he had over his own body on earth. An old gentleman sprang up, said he couldn't talk much English, but would propound his questions in French, leaving Mirabeau to answer in his own vernacular, or in English, as the spirit might elect. He began by asking, 'Quel place restez-vous a present, Monsieur l'esprit de Mirabeau?' (Where are you now, spirit of Mirabeau?) Now, the medium began to feel streaked, or the ghost who had been voluble on the first revolution only two minutes before. But, 'never say die' was the motto, and Mirabeau, who mistook the word 'quel' (where) for the word 'kill,' replied indignantly, 'That is untrue; personally I never killed a man in my life!' Mirabeau had forgotten his own language! Is not this conclusive of a terrene origin of that speech? Another proof, going to show that the communications are earthly, diabolic, and not from disembodied souls, in many cases, is that scarce any two spirits tell the same story in relation to where they dwell, how they communicate, what they do, whether they eat, drink, or sleep, or beget their species (it is said they do this latter by proxy here on earth). They fail on questions that any man in or out of the body must be qualified to answer, irrespective of mental stature or intellectual calibre. I confess I am not satisfied how much is spiritual, how much imposture, or how much demoniac; but that the most of it falls under the two last categories is a self-evident proposition. Usually, in circles, some great spirit announces himself. We expect something worthy of such a name, and either get a string of insipid platitudes, or a word-picture, and play of language, eloquent, novel, arabesque, beautiful as a soap-bubble, and quite as solid. Yet these speeches pass current as profound philosophy.

"Let me briefly recapitulate my estimate of Pantheistic, radical, popular Harmonialism. It is Godless, non-religious, opposed to the Bible, all ecclesiastical organizations. It is subversive of human dignity, and public morals, is destructive of all we hold most dear and cherish most sacredly. It denies immortality to untold thousands. It robs us of faith in Christ, without giving us a substitute. It robs us of our refuge of religion, cultivates the intellect at the expense of the heart. It is a masked monster — all brain and no body. It gives us a philosophy, unsound, and at best merely speculative, cold, cheerless, selfish, and far-fetched, which gradually fastens itself about the soul, devours the affections, and makes man a locomotive encyclopedia without a heart. It addresses the intellect only, and as God intended us to feel as well as think, it proves itself anything but the *sine qua non*. It is a bewitching thing — so is a rattlesnake! At first the neophyte rejoices in his new-found freedom, as he falsely supposes it to be. He becomes intoxicated with joy for a while, revels in rainbow-tinted dreams of bliss; is led on step by step, deeper and deeper into a mazy labyrinth of unintelligible and profitless mysteries; emerges

only to embark his soul's fortunes in an exploring expedition to the Land of Shadow; is wrecked on the rocks of doubt, clings to a single plank; dreams on, and not until the cold and chilling fogs of mysticism have frozen his very spirit, does he rouse from his slumber, to find himself on a rough, chaotic sea, which, to him, is shoreless, vast and dreary as the icy hand of death. He rests upon a single plank; around him roll and roar the black waves of infidelity; above him is a lurid sky, but no God there to save! He has no chart, no pilot to guide him to the land. Reaction begins, repentance does her work. Fortunate is that soul whose reason is not hopelessly ruined, lost and wrecked; fortunate is that soul who, insane, desperate, alone, heart-wrung and aweary of the world, does not rush madly to the suicide's grave, and into the awful presence of an insulted God, unanointed and unannealed, with all its imperfections on its devoted head! But, thanks to our God, at the moment of deepest misery, His handmaiden, Religion, steps down from her rosy throne, calls to his trembling soul; he may hear if he will. She enters the bark of safety; reaches the sinner ere the black tide engulfs his last and only hope, conveys him to the shore of Truth, sets his feet upon the firm rock of eternal ages; binds up his bleeding wounds, feeds him with the bread of life; warms him in the sunshine of righteousness; breathes into him the breath of a divine existence, and numbers him with the sons of God! The will of man is his great prerogative; to all sensitives I say, therefore, exert it! Assert your manhood or your womanhood; resist the influence. Beat back this dark and unknown power. I know that many of you, like Macbeth,

> "'Pall in resolution; and begin
> To doubt the equivocations of the fiend
> That lies like truth; "Fear not till Birnam wood
> Shall come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood
> Comes toward Dunsinane.'

"So with spirits and their specious promises. You will be led on, step by step, on and on, and only stop at — Ruin. Resist its dreadful magnetism, for your very susceptibility proves you incompetent to deal with it with safety to yourselves. Leave that to stronger wills and holy men. There is only one chance in billions that the unseen power may mean you final good. The chances are that they are fiends, clad in robes of light. Resist them then, with all your strength, relying on God for perfect salvation; never forgetting that He helps those who help themselves. Rely on Him, and

> Be these juggling fiends no more believed,
> That palter with us, in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear.
> And *break* it to our *hope*."

I have nothing to change or modify in the above sermon except that my experience since 1858 has satisfied me that most of what I then called Demonism, meaning devils working on a person from the outside, was, and is nothing more nor less than the devil from within — in other words unmitigated devilishness, wherewith disembodied people, good, bad or indifferent, had, and have, very little to do; in a word, I believe that to corrupt morals and very bad taste, was and is to be attributed most

of what I then charged upon bad disembodied people. In other respects my opinion of most of modern Spiritualism is wholly unchanged, — so few real men and real women, are in its ranks, or were, when that and this was written.

My belief in Immortality is *stronger* than ever; my belief in the alleged physical manifestations *less* than ever. My belief in Clairvoyance and Seership, and in Divine inspiration is now a mountain, where then but a handful of soil. With this explanation, — for Posterity, — I now proceed to the task before me, under specific heads and sections.

I. Spiritualism, as popularly understood and advocated by its champions, could, in consequence of the mental states of exaltation and out-sight to which I was subject, no longer feed my soul. Then I fell in with certain men, several of whom had read much that I had written, and listened oft to the strange and weird knowledge that fell from my lips in public speech, when inspired by an august power, not of this earth, or of dead men. These said to me: "You are a Rosicrucian; what you proclaim are the sublime doctrines of the Rosy Cross." Said I: Rose Cross let it be, and thenceforward I wrote as "The Rosicrucian," and as such became noted far and wide. But in other years I visited foreign lands, and learned all the world contains of Rose-cross doctrines, tenets, practices and beliefs, — not every book, but most of them, and all that were really worth reading, — which most of them are *not*, by reason of excessive verbiage, and paucity of ideas, — and Rose-cross was found wanting, — that it was not all I had hoped it to be. Still, as it came nearer to my ideas than aught yet encountered, I continued to call myself "The Rosicrucian," that name being as good as any other to distinguish my thought from the world's thought.

Then I went to Africa and learned the marvels of *its* spiritual magic; passed into Arabia, travelled through Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, and four-fifths of Europe, seeking what I had not yet found in any land, light on the thick darkness which empalls the entire human family; and what pleased me

most, and came nearest to quenching my soul's great thirst, was what I learned of the dark races of the earth, — the tawny Hindoo, the brown Arab, and the soot-black people of higher Africa. Then turning to India's literature, legends and mysts, I read and learned all that they could give me, and found them summed up in a cold and dreadful denial and scepticism, whereof the following, picked up from a newspaper's columns — is a summary and fair statement: —

I think till I'm weary with thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,
And I see but shadows around me,—
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of His favor or His wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search,
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eye can discern,
Your God is what you think good,
Yourself flashed back from the glass,
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is His realm you say,
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that He loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That He hateth the shedder of blood
And He slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die –
If He were content when I was not
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning;
  So must dung, and its meaning is flowers
What if our souls are but nurture
  For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
  When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thoughts may transcend man's knowledge,
  And your God be no reflex of you.

This I have answered in my general writings since, but at the time I was reading Oriental systems its spirit went far toward rendering me a blind casuist, out of which state, however, I soon came triumphantly.

Presently, as I wrote and spoke, here and there one encouraged me, and called themselves Rosicrucians, not because they were Rose-cross-ists, but because they liked my writings and modes of thought and expression. In 1861 a Rosicrucian Grand Lodge was founded in San Francisco, but when I left, it died out. Thus for ten years again, I stood almost entirely alone, but early in 1871 a few men joined me and I issued the subjoined Manifesto or Declaration of Principles. In using the term "We," in the following manifesto, I mean those who think and believe as I do, no matter whether they call themselves Rosicrucians or not, — for I only adopted that name as a provisional matter. The whole train of thought and discovery is my own. I have borrowed nothing from any one; and the system, as I conceive, and originated it, is as far beyond what Rosicrucianism, pure and simple, is, as that system is beyond what it was popularly supposed to be. Of course I disclaim all connection and affiliation with any systems but my own, go by whatsoever names they may. Indeed I have given my own name, "Paschian" from Paschal, as the true title by which, when I am dead, I wish my system of thought to be known.

We freely admit our Oriental character and modes of thought, and challenge the showing of any grand human idea that did not originate in the Eastern lands.

We claim to know the Grand Secret, and to be able to teach

mankind many things concerning the body, soul, will, prolongation of existence, and concentration of mental energy, never dreamed of by the thinkers of colder latitudes, and the assertion that any of my books contain matter opposite to the pure Christic faith, we utterly and flatly deny. True, these books contain startling and extraordinary statements and beliefs; yet we boldly challenge any human being to point to one doctrine at all subversive of correct human morals, in whole or in part; or any doctrine which has the slightest tendency to draw the soul one inch away from God. On the contrary, hosts have been saved from despair, suicide, and irremediable ruin, by perusing these works. It is urged against us that we "Believe in, and Practise Magic;" we admit the fact: we certainly *do*, — the pure white, bright, effulgent, radiantly glorious MAGIC OF THE HUMAN WILL, — through and by which *alone*, human passions are made to correct themselves, and by which alone, otherwise defenceless Woman is fully armed against the coarse brutalisms of thousands of misnamed "men and husbands;" and this a purely *Christic* power too, an integrant of the early Christic faith, — dead here, and buried nearly everywhere else, beneath mountains of gabble-dust, deserts of error. It is further charged that we have "certain quite extraordinary esoteric, or secret doctrines." We admit the fact, and the animus is apparent from that other fact, namely, "that these secret doctrines are only divulged to the pure, virtuous, and worthy." Our assailants *failed* in all their schemes to penetrate these mysteries, and the inference is plain, nor can even the disaffected fail to see "the reason why!" Now, however, we herewith present some of these "secret doctrines," withholding only such as concern the domestic, celestic, magnetic, and volontial interests and life and power of mankind, which we only reveal to initiates of the higher degrees; and be it known that there is nothing in even these secrets to soil the fabric of the fairest and purest female mind on the whole vast earth, much less that of any man who ever lived!

We publish these things now, for the first time in our *long* history, or since the world began, — a brief and partial compend

of what we believe and *know*, concerning methods whereby the human being can penetrate the domains of the SHADOW, and glimpse the ineffable effulgence of the gorgeous LIGHT, and learn immeasurably more of the Dynamic or Mechanical, the Chemical, Sensory, Emotional, Electric, Æthic, Ethereal, Psychical, Magnetic, and Intellectual Universes, or realms and grades of Being, than is possible to man not possessing our data, and, therefore, ignorant of the laws or via. We claim to STAND IN THE DOOR OF THE DAWN, *within* the cryptic portals of the luminous worlds, and that the lamp that lights us is Love supreme.

Unlike others, we do not recognize God as the Light, for this can be seen and known, but as the UNFATHOMABLE SHADOW, the unreachable CENTRE, the impenetrable MYSTERY, the unimaginable MAJESTE,—*utterly* past discovery,—and who, as we approach, ever recedes, luring us thus through illimitable ages and epochs, up the steep mountains of ACHIEVEMENT,—the whole end of man's being,—in which opinion we, of course, differ from all philosophies in Christendom.

We hold that no *power* ever comes to man through the intellect. We say that the adage "Knowledge is Power" is false; but that Goodness alone is Power, and that *that* pertains to the *heart* only, hence that Power comes only to the Soul through LOVE [not lust, mind you], but LOVE, the underlying, Primal FIRE-LIFE, subtending the bases of Being,—the formative flowing floor of the worlds,—the true *sensing* of which is the beginning of the road to personal power. Love lieth at the foundation, and is the synonym of life and strength and clingingness. Thus it happens that a *loving* couple grow youthful in soul, because, in their union, they strike out this divine spark, replenish themselves with the essence of life, grow stronger and less brutal, and draw down to them the divine fire from the aerial spaces. [This now is *by accident*.]

Couples not loving, exhaust each other, and wear their souls to shreds, so that after death they enter the ethereal realms in a state of immortal scranniness, requiring a long lapse to reach celestial plumptitude. We claim methods of averting all this, and *how*, many have learned from the experience of Thomas

Clark, as set forth in the "Rosicrucian's story," by P. B. Randolph.

Holding, as we do, that Deity dwells within the Shadow, *behind* the everlasting FLAME, — the amazing glories of *which* minds have confounded with the very God, — we declare all things, especially the human soul, to be a form of Fire: that man is *not* the only intelligence in nature, but that there are, and the aerial spaces abound with, multiform intelligences, having their conscious origin in ÆTH, as man has his in matter; and that there are *grades* of these, towering away in infinite series of hierarchies, human, and ultra-human, to an unimaginable Eterné. We hold that the soul is a polar world of white fire within the human body; that its *negative* only resides within the brain as a general dwelling; that in *dreamless* sleep it goes to the solar plexus to impart stores of life-fire to the body; in dream it visits (by sight and rapport) other scenery, and that all dreams have a determinate meaning and purpose.

We hold that the other pole of the soul is situated within the genital system; that in *true* marriage the *entire soul* officiates at the celebration; that both positive and negatives of each parent assist at the incarnation of the new souls that genuine marriage calls into the world; that where no mutual love inspires the parents, only one of the two forces of their souls officiate, and the consequence is that the world is full of half-men, half-women, and weaklings: and thus it is seen why illegitimate children are generally the smartest, — it is because Love was the inspiration. Apply the principles laid down by us, and it is seen how wherefrom it happens that inferior-*brained*, but strong-*loving* women become mothers of mento-moral millionnaires; while brainy mothers give us children born to intellectual penury; inferior-brained, but large, love-natured men usually become fathers to their mental superiors; while we all know that genius generally, nay, notoriously, produces mental weaklings. We are quite aware of the extraordinary *novelty* of our beliefs, but we intend to revolutionize the world with them, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

Now the superior pole of the soul is in direct magnetic and

ethereal contact with the Soul of Being; the foundation-fire of the universe; with all that vast domain underlying increase, growth, emotion, beauty, power, heat, energy; the *sole* and base of being; the subtending Love, or Fire-floor of Existence. Hence through Love man seizes directly on all that is, and is in actual contact and rapport with all and singular every being that FEELS and Loves within the confines of God's habitable universe. But any amount of brain or learning he may have affiliates him to a very few at most, because all God's creatures *love* and *feel*, while comparatively few can *think* and *know*. LOVE FOREVER, *against* THE WORLD! The positive element or part of the soul, in the male, is in, near, and about, the prostatic gland, with three radii extending to the connected viscera, whence it happens that emasculation injures the very soul itself.

In the female, the major force of the soul resides in the uterus, with three radii extending to the right and left ovaria and the connected viscera, whence it happens that illness or injuries *there* have the most baleful and debilitating effect upon all other departments of her nature. "A fine specimen of a man" is never spoken of any mere bundle of brains and learning, but always of one with fine physical presence and magnetic fulness, indicating love, well cultured. So also of woman. Thus the world unconsciously acknowledges that much of the truth enunciated now by us. Declaring that true manhood is more or less en rapport with one or more of the upper hierarchies of Intelligent Potentialities, earth-born and *not* earth-born, we believe there are means whereby a person may become associated with, and receive instruction from, them. More than that: we believe in talismans; that it is possible to construct and wear them, and that they emit a peculiar light, discernible across the gulfs of Space by these intelligent powers, just as we discern a diamond across a playhouse; that such are signals to the beholders, and that they will, and do, cross the chasmal steeps to save, succor, and assist the wearers, just as a good brother here flies to the relief of him who shall give the grand hailing-signs of distress. *This is provable.* This Asiatic mys-

tery of the will, properly cultured, is the highest aid to *man*, for it is a divine Energos, white, pure, magic; the miracle-working potentiality which cometh only to the free and wholly unshackled human soul: while to woman it is the only salvation from marital vampirism; the shield and buckler of her power, and the groundwork upon which must be builded the real rule of her influence in the world and at home. We say that the field of its action is over the natural elements of Physical Being (1). Over the Ætherics of Space (2). Over succession of duration of events,—Time (3). But that these Powers and Energies are not to be had for the mere asking. They are obtainable only through a triumphant abnegation of mental *little-ness*, *small* selfitude, and reasonless *Egoisme;* and by victorious performance of the tasks willed by IT; the very basis of the law of psychical evolution,—tasks of mind essential to the rapid growth, beneath the outer, and above the seen, of all who seek to become knowing (1), Magnetic (2), Powerful (3). For a regal, thus-trained WILL, in man or woman is the *only* road to Vigor (1), Perpetuity of Specific Energy (2), Increment of youth-life in all, at any lapse of terrestrial time (3), Attainment of Specific Energy (4), beyond the lot of ordinary human beings—"Accident" aside. In a word, we claim that IT is the only means of mastery over the sublimer Secrets and Forces of the Natural, Ethereal, and Celestial universes, and of the first as more concerning embodied man, because it leads directly to the key wherewith can be unlocked the SEVEN GATES, —Money (1), Love (2), Clairvoyance (3), Special Mental Power (4), General Power (5), Magnetic Presence (6), and Ubique, or far sight (7). Of these, the *writer* of this manifesto chose the second, third, and fourth, with what result, the wide world well knows.

Many are called, but few are chosen, to abide with us in absolute, full fellowship, for three reasons: 1st, haste, impatience. 2d, gabbleism. Because SILENCE IS STRENGTH; and the silent lip and steady head alone are worthy. 3d, because we do not believe in the, to us, absurd dogma of human equality; it is the demonstrable negation of all human reason and experience;

is a hypocritical, cruel, and delusive falsehood; puts people out of their element, and into wrong positions; it never was, will, nor can be, true; for "aristocracy" of some kind always rules, is always a unit in interests, while "democracy" always is *ruled*, and is eternally at war with itself, and clashing about its own interests, which interests it perpetually injures and destroys. But it *is* true that some souls are nobler, better, higher, finer, richer, riper, rounder, — these SEVEN, — than some other souls, and are worth immeasurably more, whether weighed or plumbed in God's scales or man's. For some souls are young, green, acid, acrid, bitter, imperfect, and non-poised, — *these seven*, — and such stand for æons of ages gaping, on the highways, at regal souls rushing across the deeps toward achievement; here, there, now, then, up the streets of the worlds, and down the corridors of heaven, — splendid, "aristocratic" souls, who will circumnavigate eternity while the others are wondering, — "What next?" and "*Did you ever!*" — new souls, just created, requiring a thousand or two of ages to get their eternal sea-legs on, before being able to steadily walk the decks of the eviternal ship of centuries and power, or compete with those who, living now, yet have passed their ordeals long before this civilization had taken root in the mouldy soil of scores that had preceded it, — men who make and govern circumstances instead of allowing circumstances to govern them, — men of absolute individuality of character, born kings of will, and majesty of purpose.

The reasons *why* will be readily seen by recurring to the basic propositions of the divine Science, which declares that God, the *soul* of the universe, is POSITIVE HEAT, CELESTIAL FIRE; that the aura of Deity (God-od) is LOVE, the prime element of all power, the external fire-sphere, the informing and formative pulse of matter. The induction is crystalline; for it follows that whoso hath most love, — whether its *expression* be coarse or fine, cultured or rude, — hath, therefore, most of God in him or her; the element of time being competent to the perfecting of all refining influences over the ocean, if not upon the hither side. Conversely put, the statement stands thus: whoso most

resembleth God therefore hath most of love, goodness, and the elements of power. God is not a *libertine!* Now these latent energies we claim that we alone have the true knowledge of; that we understand the laws of love, will, and ethereal force, and the principles and modes of their evolution, and crystallization in the homos, the result aimed at being the elimination of the gross, and their orderly consolidation into personal power. We hold that Love is ever, was, and eternally will be, absolutely pure. Paste is not diamond, though they resemble somewhat, nor is Love ever anything but its own transcendent self; yet normal passion is divine, because through it alone God gives TRUE MEN to the great man-wanting world. There can be no such thing as unholy *Love;* nor good badness, nor bad goodness.

True *Passioné* is but one, and a minor mode, of Love's expression; its offices are triplicate, and when people understand that one grand secret, farewell to social, domestic, and all other ills; and it is this grand secret we have, for long years, been teaching, somewhat, not fully, in the Rosicrucian books, on both shores of the oceans that girdle the world. We know that brains and intellects differ, but hearts and affection are ever the same; that through these last, man can attain unto Godness, and woman reign queen and equal, where she now serves as drudge, toy, and legal and illegal, — *something worse;* that woman, as such, has most of love crystallized within her, and for *that* reason is entitled to stand the peer of the best man breathing God's free air; *not* by reason of her beauty, accomplishments, wealth, or any other accident, but because she hath the womb! — the perfected laboratory wherein she fashioneth, and alone completes, what it took God, Nature, and Man, singly and combined, to only begin; and that, too, so badly, that the wonder is that swarming hordes of murderers do not throng the world's highways where civilized man now walks. But so infinitely great an artiste is she, that from the worst of seed she has raised many a splendid human tree; redeemed the race from savagery; fostered and cultured art, science, religion, and all that renders earth habitable, and that, too, under all sorts of

repressions and bad conditions; assuredly entitling her now to a chance of trying what *she* can do, under favorable circumstances, who did so well under the bad; and we hold this to be the strongest argument for the real "rights of woman" ever made since the world began! and we advance it only as *one* of the external reasons we entertain, holding in reserve others as much stronger and more cogent than these, as a chain cable is superior to a child's slender whip-cord.*

We, the Brotherhood of Rosicrucians, or by whatever name the world chooses to call us, further hold that there are Æthereal (spacial) centres of Love, Power, Force, Energy, Goodness, and for, and of, every kind, grade, species, and order of knowledge known to man, and whereof he knows not anything; and that it is not only *possible* to reach those centres, and obtain those knowledges, but that it is achievable by a vast number who now drone and doze away life, die half ripe, and wake up, when too late, to find out what fools they have been, necessitating what it is not our present purpose to reveal. In the present instance it only remains, for the purposes of this Declaration of Principles, to draw a brief comparison between our system and the very best that can possibly, truthfully be said of the very best of all the other systems now extant anywhere. They are divided into two parts, one of which proceeds to totally ignore the body, mortifies the flesh, and renders life truly a semi-graveyard operation from birth to baptism, from that to death. The other allows the utmost limit to lust and license to the elect, and roundly berates all others outside. *Vide* Mormonism, Perfectionism, and Islamism, and contrast them with their opposites in belief, as the Shakers. But current systems, as a general thing, bend all their energies toward the salvation of men's souls, and, in spending their time in trying to get souls into heaven, lose sight of the bodies, which, practically may go to the other place, of so little account are *they*. They believe in crucifying the flesh altogether, and generally

*See "Ravalette," "Tom Clark," "Love and Its Hidden History," "The Master Passion," and "Casca Llanna."

effect *that very thing* for the soul. They wholly lose sight of a fundamental principle of human nature, which is to take delight in doing the very thing it is sternly forbidden to.

The people of a town might not, if let alone, leave its boundaries once in ten years; but you just make a law that they *shall not* leave it, and that town will be empty in less than a single day. Again: Said landlord Boniface, "Traveller, you must go further to pass the night, for my house is full, and I have no place to put you." Says weary traveller, "Don't say so; don't say no; poor me! How can you serve me so? I'm so fagged out I can't walk another step. I'll put up with anything rather than go on." Says Boniface, "Poor, weary man, I pity you, and on one condition you can stay; there is one room with two beds. The one nearest the door *you* can sleep in; the other — at the far corner — is occupied by a lady, who must not be disturbed in any way. You must enter it on tiptoe, without a light, go quietly to bed, and at daybreak quit it in the same manner. Do you agree to these conditions?" — "I do;" and he was shown the door, and again strictly cautioned. But, by and by, there was a sound of devilry by night, and that weary, wayworn traveller lifted up his voice and yelled aloud; and his voice went flying the descending stairs, and his body, with protruding eyes, and hair erect, came speedily following down, down, down, reaching the lower floor just one second after his voice. "O Lord!" said the traveller. "What's the matter?" asked Boniface. "Why, that woman's *dead!*" — "I knew that before," said the landlord; "*but how did you find it out?*" Just so. Human nature is strongly perverse, and this incident suggests the query that were churches and marriages based upon CONSENT and ATTRACTION, instead of what they *are* based on, there wouldn't be a hell on earth or anywhere else, in less than one hundred brief years, — brief to God, and to immortal man.

Churches and marriage exist as repressions, — our system in expansion. *They* drive people to heaven, cross-lots, over steep down gulfs of hell; we teach them to avoid all such. They drive mankind by everlasting gabble on the horrors of de-

formity; we draw them by appeals to the good, the true, and the beautiful. *They* concern themselves about mourning; we about joy; they about making the best of a bad bargain, bearing life's crosses, abiding patiently till the end, and all that; while we teach people how to neutralize hells by wholesale, — and the worst of them, too, married ones, — and all through the white magic of Love, Will, and Ætheriea. What teachers beside ourselves can give men and women all the information on the following list of practical points? or where are they who even pretend to know how to instruct the people? The fact is, they know nothing of what they call Magnetics, and which we call Ætherics; of what they call Will, which we call Volontiæ; of what they call by a thousand names, we by the one right title, LOVE. There are certain aims, qualities, forces, ends, energies, powers, and abilities longed for, vainly, by untold millions of people, men and women, in English-speaking lands, which we know the road to, and are able to so direct the wayfarer in the Paths, that, though he or she be a mere weakling, they cannot err therein. Of course we do not propose herein to state even a quarter part of our doctrines, nor of the powers derivable, for that were to transcend our present intention; beside which, many of them have already been given to the world through the works already published by P. B. Randolph. Still it is deemed advisable to name a few, omitting such as are of a strictly domestic, social, magnetic, and ultra-recondite character.

In the course of human life, millions sigh for the Power of irresistibly affecting an appulsion; to draw or bring to them, for good ends, others when afar off, actually or sympathetically. Frustrating bad plans of others, when such will prove a benefit. The precisely opposite, — to assist others, by exertion of the Æthic force of Soul. Moral and other changes, effected by will-influence, through health changes. Increasing the dynamic life-force through the three principles. Prolonging specific energy through the single breath-force. Tirau-clairism, — ability to think clearly to a point, and know it. Relating to money dealings, losses, gains, and to forecast them. The grand

secret of *Domestic* Happiness, — the law of marital discord discovered, and its most effectual antidotes, not only the splendid one forming the theme of the "Rosicrucian's Story," but enormously powerful ones beside, — among which is one *not* discovered by us, but of *incalculable* value to every wedded couple whose health or finances may not warrant too frequent family additions, and thus we strike a blow direct against the monster crime of the age, — murder, red-handed, atrocious murder, — the awful crime of ABORTION. This is "The Golden Secret."

What a vast throng of husbands and married women notoriously find home a hell for want of *reciprocation*, mutuality, sympathy and domesticity, — longing for death, or anything else, to mitigate or change the current horror! Now, none of these know, as we do, that: (1) power comes to the man through woman, who in turn imparts it to man; that (2) man can wholly modify woman's character, and *kindle* the ice to a gentle flame; and (3) that it lies in every unhappy woman's power to make or mar the best man living; that she is very often responsible for her own misery, and has the power to resist the depleting effects of Vampirism, diseases thus engendered, and to wholly transform the nature of almost any man, no matter how brutal, inconsiderate, or careless. In this respect we victoriously plant the white banner over the ramparts of the social world.

In conclusion: One "Baron" Fischer avers that we were "the laughing-stock of Europe two hundred years ago;" which is *not* true, but would be no disgrace if it were so; for the world's best friends have ever been the laughing-stock of fools, which accounts for the "Baron's" smiles. The "Cambridge gentleman" is said to have denounced us lately because we "are Urimists, and attain to clairvoyance by means of magic mirrors, and that we have put forth a book on it, — "Seership," — teaching others how to do the same; *yet that very man figures in that very book*, as a successful mirror-seer, and boasts that through it he reached a positive sight of soul utterly transcending his loftiest previous conceptions, — a clairvoyance scarcely second to any ever possessed by embodied human beings! and

so infinitely superior to any producible by mere mesmerism, that there is no comparison whatever, nor any of its dangers!

We admit, and triumphantly, too, that we *do* use magic mirrors; and, furthermore, that we believe in the ELIXIR OF LIFE; and that the human stay on earth can be prolonged a *great deal* beyond the storied threescore years and ten.

Finally: having thus been forced to lift the veil, we are content to abide the issue, and leave the event with God, well knowing that victory is ours. ROSICRUCIANS NEVER fail. For

> "THESE ARE THE great old Masters! these the men sublime,
> Whose *distinct* footsteps echo down the corridors of time!"

AT LAST.

And now I approach the end of my present task, preparatory to laying down the pen, to take it up again when my tired brain is rested, — for I have rewritten this large work; and three others within five months have been born of my soul; and I am nearly worn out. . . . If I had a *friend* to talk to; if any one of the great multitude, who in the weeks and months throng my rooms, would but treat me as a human being, with heart and feeling, instead of as a curiosity, — a thinking, seeing, knowing machine, to be marvelled at, and then left to die without sympathy, — I would be content. But they do *not*, and I, Paschal the Thinker, am alone with my Thought. Ill, too; sometimes scarce able to move across the floor! — there! rap, rap, at the door. "Come in?" — "Is this Dr. Randolph?" — "Yes!" — "Well, I and my friends here have come to —" "Bore me with unconscionable platitudes, questions, and transcendentalisms," I think, "but never to offer me even a drink of water or a single crust of bread, in all these weary, weary and bitter years." This is true. I wonder how it feels to have a friend! God! I would give all my fame and name for a single day of genuine heartfelt friendship. But what is the use of grieving? Alone I am, and thus must I remain till Azrael comes, and I behold the sexton's friendly spade heaping the gravel on my coffin's lid, just before my final flight to where I hope to find — A Friend! Wherefore

I turn to my task again; but in beginning the end of this work, ere taking final leave of my readers, let me ask you who now hold this book in your hands, if you won't try to love me a little — just a *little* — when I am dead, for the good I have really, through all the long and bitter lane of life? — tried to do — tried with all my might and main! Please say one good thing, one kind word for me when I am dead! and I will bless you for it, from over there. And may I not be allowed to express the hope, that hereafter, sensitives, such as I, — instruments in the hands of superior powers, seers, lookers beyond the veil, — will be treated with greater lenity, if not favor; that they will have their opponents *only* to contend against, and not be forced to bristle up and fight those who pretend to be defenders of the cause for which the sensitives are daily dying! Let me hope that such hereafter will be pitied, not martyred, by their "friends," not denounced, tabooed, neglected, hounded and vilified by those who claim to be of the same household of faith, as I, and by far too many others have been. It has been in my time, spiritualists and reformers, far more than the opposers of the new light, who have made the Jordan of clairvoyance, mediumship, and reform generally, a very hard road to travel. Their treatment of us, save in the cases of a very few favorites and pets, — wise ones who bent and yielded to every pressure brought to bear upon them; people who ignored their own individuality, and tamely

> " Crooked the pliant hinges of the knee " for
> " The thrift that followed fawning."

These " friends of the cause " have sent despair to full many a sensitive heart, reminding us of that military man, of whom it was said that —

> " It grieved him sore — when making Frenchmen die —
> To any inconvenience to put 'em.
> ' It quite distressed his feelings,' he would cry,
> ' That he must cut their throats,' — and then he cut 'em,
> And so, through many a campaign,
> He cut and carved, and cut and come again,

Still pitying and killing;
Lamenting sorely for men's souls,
While pretty little eyelet holes
Clean through their bodies he kept drilling."

Such, alas! has too often been the case among reformers. I protest with my last breath against it, nor am I pleading for myself, — because only a short journey is between me and the end of all that sort of thing, — but for others in many respects like me, sensitives, a class of unfortunates, who, whatever may be their faults, are not wholly responsible either for their vagaries of conduct, or angularities of character, and who, unquestionably, would do better if better done by; and who are far more sinned against than sinning. Never forget the golden rule!

Men with special or specific gifts are not mere accidents in God's beautiful economy; they are here for a purpose, and that purpose *will be* accomplished, for God hath so ordained it. It may be that the times will be stormy, and the road they travel prove very rough indeed, yet nevertheless they will pass safely through and over all to victory in the end. They may not be, seldom are, appreciated at half their real value until they are dead, but yet their work for the world is *never* in vain; and such souls have a special mission to fulfil, whether aware of it or not; for we do not, when we reason, believe that anything exists without an ulterior and specific end in view, albeit our weak vision may not always be equal to the task of perceiving it, for organization itself determines certain results in the grand economy, — decide who and what a man shall be.

Shall a man weigh dollars against the proof that unmistakably assures him of immortal life — of an existence absolute and advancive, beyond the grave? Poh! the thing is ridiculous — wholly unworthy of a man!

A *true* spiritualism is the hope of the world, because it is a great human necessity, and out of such alone comes all that makes sublunary life desirable for civilization and progress; does not spring from any religious faith, but from human

needs. Says Meeker, of the "New York Tribune," most truly, in the "American Year Book and National Register," "When the first implement increased the supply of bread, and permitted some one *to think*, civilization faintly dawned. This may seem an insignificant cause, but even now, complicated as society has become, it can be seen that mechanism is the right hand of agriculture, and that upon the two civilization is founded." True, and when man begins to realize his immortal nature, as he fast is doing, what may we not hope for, of good upon this planet? Already the devilish ingenuity displayed in perfecting the life-destroying appliances of war is so great and terrible as to render all wars an exceedingly costly and horrible pastime, and already the nations begin to settle their differences by arbitration in a hall, instead of on a battle-field: hence, I hope mechanics will still invent new powders and deathful means of slaying millions; for then, all the sooner will the good time get here. All the people will, with one accord, cry, "Stop this fighting!—it don't pay!—put an end to it at once! Henceforth, let us have peace!"

The political, civil, social and religious dissimilarities among mankind, the wide world over, grow out of the law of differentiation of organic structure, for truth itself is unitary, and inherent in soul; and is universal in its application: hence, mankind merely *misunderstand* each other; their differences are more apparent than real. They have been either inductive or deductive, whereas they should have been both.

I, Paschal, have been called variable, and been badly talked of, because God said, and I obeyed: "Be true to yourself, even if martyrdom follows as a consequence!" Driven by the power above me, I have put my thoughts on paper; but have, by poverty, and the conservatism of publishers, been compelled to elide portions of them, and substitute others instead; and yet, my first thoughts were not slain, for, lo! they still live! Wherefore no thoughts of mine shall ever again be recalled, or remodelled, but shall go down the ages just as they were struck from the mint of the Infinite. All earth, nearly every living

creature, deserted me for my thoughts' sake, and only God and my own soul proved true; wherefore, again I repeat, I am, and shall be, true to them, though I starve, and freeze, and die!

Victorien Sardou, the great dramatist, *par excellence*, of France, when questioned as to the source of his extraordinarily prolific graphic power, invariably referred it to the invisible and spiritual world, and boldly claimed to receive matter and suggestions for literary labor direct from that sublime and elevated source; nor can there be a rational doubt but that in these days, when men, women, and children, the wide world over, are being bathed, as it were, in the effluent tides of spirit from the worlds above us; and in which magnetic susceptibility is as common as the tendency toward music. It is fast being granted, on all sides, that even clairvoyance, which a few brief years ago, within the recollection of the most of us now living, was laughed and sneered at by five-sixths of the world, is, after all, not merely a solid human fact, more valuable, perhaps, to the human race, than any other single one in its history or possessions, is now conceded not to be a special gift to a few favored individuals, but to be the property and heritage of the entire human family, latent in all, developed in few, but, by judicious effort, attainable by nearly all! Clairvoyance is a royal road to knowledge; by it tens of thousands have been instructed, and through it, alone, the author of these pages has been educated; for never went he to any school, save a few months prior to his fifth year, a few more in his eighth, and a few more in his fifteenth, — in all less than two years. But, then, he has been clairvoyant, — was born so; and, in order that all others may reach the grand consummation, he has given full and explicit directions in two of his books, and for that reason does not repeat them here.

Should the reader ask the writer hereof what is the use of all this varied irruption of spiritual forces to the earth just now, he would answer: Not to break down anything truly human, or truly good, but to uproot and destroy that parasitical social

fungus, which now overwhelms science, art, and true liberty in these dismal ages, and which usurps the name of Civilization. The initiatory steps to this great consummation consist, first, in removing Fear as an element of religion; disabusing the human mind of its death, hell, and terror errors; establishing the Religion of Science and Reason on the ruins of mytho-theology, and inaugurating the good time coming in every individual's *heart*, — thence working out in the conduct. This can only be done upon the assured basis of *a demonstrated* immortality. The next step is to bring man to a comprehension of what individuality means, — a thought which the writer can best express by, for awhile, dropping the editorial "we," and speaking to his readers face to face, and man to man, using, without egotism, the honest, understandable first person singular.

Individualism! — that is my gospel, and the fitting substitute for a dying or dead Christianism, — having naught of the Christ in it, — whose gaunt form lies prostrate on the earth, felled by the sturdy strokes of a better faith, the true Christ-faith, and from whence issue dark, dense clouds of vapor, redolent of fire and brimstone, and from whose eyes, blood-shot and glaring, there dart forth gleams of hatred and revenge, instead of love divine; and from whose lips terrible cries come out, indicative alike of its own expiring agonies, and commemorative of the tortured millions who have yielded life at the Rack, the Stake, and Inquisition. The Christian religion is going out; the religion of Jesus Christ is coming in!

For this latter gospel, I have sacrificed time, labor, wealth, and health; I have preached, lectured, and written, throughout this broad continent. The halls of England and *salons* of sunny France have been filled with my voice; even the Spaniard has been startled by the fervor with which I sought to convince him that, to be what God intended, he should be — Himself!

The slow German has listened to me, and his dull eye has gleamed with unwonted fire, when I whispered to him, — "Self-hood is Godhood."

Better than all, I have tried to live my gospel; and no one

can say, however otherwise he might be disposed to condemn me, that I have ever deviated from the valiant and often troublous path of a persistent Individuality. Like all men who set forth a new theory, I have had little to support me, save my own enthusiasm, and have been seldom understood, seldom felt, except when I could pour myself, as fiery emotion, into the bosom of the people, — sometimes, though seldom, from a "reform" platform, — for no man can speak thence who refuses to "follow my Leader," — sometimes a dolt, with more self-conceit than solid brains!

I start, then, from the principle, that, placed in the midst of Nature, we can have only positive knowledge of Nature, and that all else can be but conjectural, speculative, transient, ephemeral, and of no utility whatever. In a word, I have faith in Common Sense.

Now the genius of Common Sense is the Soul of Human Life, and its composition is Experience, Pain, Pleasure, Hope, and Fear! Consequently, people blessed with it, reject as absurd all supernaturalism, in whatever shape it presents itself. Miracles, as physical impossibilities, next follow in the category of rejected crudities, and the sacred Past, whenever it assumes the garment of infallible authority, follows in their wake.

Here we stand the children of the great All; and it is our actual relations *to* the great All that we are to determine. The Past to us is a nonentity. Historical facts concern us not at all. Of the Future we speculate most, but can know absolutely nothing, — save by direct inspiration and intromission, — except that the universe is a great fact, and will ever be such. Humanity's eternal religion, we devoutly believe in, — we individualists, — the belief in God and immortality; but our God is the everlasting Life that flows around us, and of which we are a part. Immortality to us is a living fact, and a beautiful ideal, that ever floats before us, as a gossamer cloud floats on the bright, gleaming wings of the morning zephyr, all bespangled with the diamond eyes of pearly dew; nor can we speak of it with the disgusting familiarity of modern churchmen, or of some

still more modern spiritualists, — many of whom, and by far the majority, are improperly so called.

Now, in nature, if we look with our natural eyes, and do not permit ourselves to be crazed by creeds, theologies, and dull metaphysics, or the wild vagaries and speculations of mere dabsters in the art of thinking, who, ever and anon, set up for Sir Oracles, and modern Pythons, what are the two things in chief we observe? I reply, an intense unity, and a boundless multiformity, which are at once the results and the conditions of each other. The essence is one, and the aspects are manifold, *because* the essence *is* one; and the contrary! This might seem simple, and altogether indubitable; but, look how it is denied by so-called Christians and philosophical deists, who make no great pretensions to Christianity at all. For the Christian, there are three omnipresent essences, — a spirit of omnipotent good, called Jehovah; an omnipotent antagonist, called Satan; and a limitless lump of earth, called Matter. Now these three essences are exactly equivalent to no essence at all! There is a total destruction of all unity, and it is not diversity which we behold, branching from a central source of unity, but the fragments of the chaos matter, which Jehovah and Devil, in their ferocious hate, hurl at each other's heads! We are not much better off if we adopt the duality of the philosophic theists, because two essences are as fatal to cosmic unity as three! — we merely miss the liveliness which the Devil gave to the concern! — and if we are to have chaos, let us by all means have a Devil to make the thing interesting.

A mother was trying to picture the glories and delights of heaven to her little son. At last the child said, "If I am a good boy, and go to heaven, shall I not sometimes have a little Devil to play with?" In spite of her glorious imagery, the little fellow couldn't help thinking heaven a dreary place, only to be tolerated when the brisk and frisky little imps from the antipodes came to help to pass the time! What, in God's name, would the Hereafter amount to, on the supposition that the eccclesiastical descriptions of even the seventh heaven are true? The little fellow was no fool!

Now, the Theist tries to be very eloquent on God and pure Spirit, as distinguished from gross matter, and the multiformities of nature, but he only makes us sigh for the Devil to kick up a row, and give us farce with tragedy. "Man cannot live on bread alone." The oldest religions viewed the universe as an enormous living creature; not as a conglomeration of points here and there in the void, but as a stupendous organism clasping immensity with its minutest fibres, and stretching through it with its giant limbs.

Now, this is the truest and noblest view of the universe; nor is there any middle-ground between it and absolute Atheism! Either there is no God, or there is only this sublime Being, with starry eyes, and starry mantle, that we incessantly behold. But men have been but falsely educated, and therefore they rebel against this grand doctrine of Common Sense, which I now announce.

Hireling priests offer us a God far beyond the moon, somewhere on the confines of outermost space; by doing which, they declare the principle of individuality, or the right of self-judgment paramount to all others, — so far as they are concerned, and in the same breath ignore, and utterly deny it in all the rest of mankind. Priests are inconsistent, — very!

"As like as two P's" are priests and politicians; for these last seldom have the genius or generosity to govern for man's highest good; but they are glad when the people are terrified by the priestly phantoms of revengeful Gods; because they too recognize individualism as a great and good, because true principle; and feeling that "knowledge is power," they tremble lest the people, breaking their priestly ligaments, will become full and rounded characters, real genuine individuals, and then, adieu to the sinecures; farewell, loaves and fishes, for lo! "Othello's occupation's gone."

The first step towards the overthrow of our social, and all other evils, and woes of every kind — according to common sense — must be the destruction of a one-sided spiritualism, or philosophy, which models, or attempts to model, the community according to its insane caprice, and to drag it away as

far as possible from Nature. But how is this done? You preach to priests and governments in vain. They are the advocates of a miserable conservatism, and even when they are not, they are stupid, as they always are indifferent; at all events, the godlike growth of the community they sneer at as the dream of fools, or the delusion of men too honest for this world. When you talk to them of Nature, they think you are quoting D'Holbach, Grieves, Rosseau, or the dreams of some moon-struck poet, and it is the chief article of their creed, that Rosseau was a madman, Montaigne a fool, Holbach a knave, Grieves a dreamer, Swedenborg a fanatic, and your modern seer or poet a lunatic on stilts. To whom then, must you appeal? To the man — the individual! Disenthral him from sectisms, and creed, and party; isolate him from his old associations; paralyze the grasp that custom has upon his thoughts, and actions; make him a free and strong man, eager to be a hero, whenever society demands heroic actions, and heroic sacrifices. Now there are four ways in which this must be accomplished: first, by invigorating the will; second, by disabusing his mind of the old, silly, pedantic notion, that he consists of a soul and body, eternally at war with each other, and enabling him to feel that he is a vital unity, manifesting itself by multiformity; third, by making him regard Nature as the Unity of unities, and the Multiformity of multiformities; fourth, by arranging before him each object in Nature — tree, bud, flower, insect, bird, — as a multiform unity.

By invigorating his will, you not merely give him positive force for all his future march; you not only arm him with mighty resolves, for mighty achievements; but you give him a weapon, with which to break that which is his most unconquerable hindrance, most formidable foe — the bondage of Conventionalism. By stamping deep in his breast, also, the image of himself, as a multiform unity, and not a compound of soul and body, not a mere mixture of spirit and matter, nor a bundle of parts, each independent of the other in itself, and hammered into temporary relationship with its neighbor; — but as a multiform unit of the great eternal oneness — the *Uni Omni*

Over-soul! By so doing, you not simply give him the boon of health, but also the sense of affinity for the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; and that new sense will prodigiously elevate him, and the knowledge of brotherhood will fill his very soul with joy, and make his wearied spirit sing for very gladness!

But though we reject the old notion of separating soul from body, spirit from matter, so far as this world and its career is concerned, there is plainly an unknown in the universe, which we cannot reject. It matters not what we call this unknown, therefore I will name it, Mystery.

The univercœlum will be none the less one and many-fold if we regard it as mysterious. It will be none the less beautiful, vast, and sublime; nor will it lose aught of its joys, but it will still shine with a sacred glory, — still be a palace where the banquet of life is spread, and a temple, inspiring the divinest visions, and divinest valor — a temple wherein we may offer the worship of holiest emotion, — of Titanic labors, of Martyrdoms for Humanity, and which all true men shudder to desecrate by a base desire, or dishonorable action. When, therefore, his will is invigorated, after these full, intelligible and various lessons, and his moral transformation is effected, man must be taken into the region of the unknown — into that wild, wierd, clime, that lieth sublime, out of space, out of time, and, first of all into the mysterious depths of his own wonderful nature.

This descent into the abysses of his own mystery is intuitionalism. Not for the sake of abstraction, self-analysis, or speculation, do I recommend this course, — for there can be no more unwholesome occupation than a man's always looking into his intellectual stomach, — but because the religious transformation of the individual cannot be begun, or finished, without intuitionalism.

It is from the profoundest sense of mystery in himself that he rises in the universal scale. Individual men, aggregated after such moral and religious transformation, form the materials for the future social state of integral harmony, beautiful as a sunbeam just bursting on the world! There are earnest men in

these days — all good men and true, no doubt — who say we must ignore political institutions, and measurably, the individual also, and aim at social change directly and solely through social organization.

While I admire their enthusiasm and earnestness, I hope little or nothing from their efforts. It is a strange anomaly, that those who are so thoroughly assured of the impotence of political, should have so much faith in social, organizations and institutions.

There are other earnest men, who, disgusted with current orthodoxical superstitions, take as a gospel the denial of the invisible. This is to assume what all history refutes, that religion is not one of our eternal instincts, and that it is merely an invention of priests and politicians. These misuse it to their own base purposes. But the eternal God gave it birth, and planted it in man's deep breast. Religion is the perfume of the soul!

Social harmony is the destiny of all, but, the philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding, I affirm that society has gone through two of its five large stages of development, and I challenge contradiction.

Before Jesus came humanity was passing through its physical phase. The civilization of the ancients had a unity and grandeur, with which ours cannot for a moment compare. But with all its beauty and excellence, it was but the deification of the Sensuous. Man marched in the midst of nature as a stalwart symmetry, sunny and glorious; but he often exulted in the pride of force, and, drinking eagerly of the cup of joy, forgot too readily, as do many of our living fellows in this sunny land of liberty, that the blood, and sweat, and tears — the untold agony and woe of his brethren — was the fearful price he paid for the draught.

At the advent of Christianity, the human race entered on its second, or intellectual phase of its present career of civilization. Now, the intellect is, of all human principles, the most fertile and the least genial; and Christianity — the system that passes by that name, not the real and true — wherever it has had full

swing, has been eminently hostile to the best interests of mankind. If ancient civilization sinned, it was through excess, rather than defect. The earliest home of the human race in our epoch was India; and from thence came the first culture and first religions of every kind developed in this epoch. Is it to be marvelled at, that the religion, the culture, the resultant political organization, military enterprises, artistic achievements and social life should be clothed with India's odorous air and boundless exuberance? — should be lavish as India's productions, enormous as her mountains?

Christianity, in its dainty care of the senses, thought that it could not go too far in the other extreme, and a man was canonized and called a saint, who made himself perfectly useless, severed as far as he could be, from human intercourse, who never washed himself or got a new coat till the old one fell in tattered rags around him, and who was so much of a teetotaler as to have a whole fountain to himself. Christianity put the spirit in contrast with the senses. But when you carry that contrast to the utmost, what do you behold? what do you accomplish? The answer rolls up in thunder tones, "You destroy the balance of the human faculties, and provoke the most fatal and terrible reactions." No sensualities among the ancients were ever so disgustingly incurable, as those which prevailed in Christian lands, and which are the direct and natural consequences of Christian teachings.

In truth, the excitement of Christian fanaticism is kindred ever to the most furious and uncontrollable animality. Look at the majority of preacher's sons — like father, like son — and then study the natural history, origin and results, of the methodistic love-feasts, the professed object of which is to promote spiritual chastity. Henry VIII. could zealously defend the faith, and yet be a brute all the while; for in one short life-time, he, for the good of the Church, and the promotion of Morals, divorced Catharine of Arragon, married and murdered Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour; broke the hearts of five others, and stigmatized Anne of Cleves as a "Flanders Mare." Eight

wives had this holy defender of the faith. Remember the relation of cause and effect.

The spiritual fever of the multitude renders them easy dupes to the intellect of the few, simply because the multitude are not individuals. It is said Christianity — the ordinary, common sort — abolishes slavery, which is not true; but if it were, the gospel only destroys the bondage of the body, while it brings a more terrible set of shackles for the soul!

Christianity is not the religion of Jesus the Christ, and never was or can be! Glance at the Crusades; forget their poetical aspects, and the benefits they conferred, but never contemplated; and were they not the poorest insanities into which nations ever rushed? not even excepting the American rebellion! Therefore, it is self-apparent that the only defences man has against the wiles of priestcraft, and the whims of despots, are in these very despised senses; because they give him a consciousness of strength with which despots dare not trifle. Mankind has, as the fruit of the past miscalled spiritualism, a self-denial, an asceticism most unnatural, with the morbid mockery of pseudo-pious old maids, to make it ridiculous, a gross and abominable sensuality as unnatural; but the reaction against that asceticism, the attempt of suppressed forces to assert and regain their rights; and under the pretence of rendering every individual the freedman of Christ, and clothing him with a spiritual dignity, and an intellectual eminence, which teaches him to despise the poor Greek and Roman, you simply enthrone Jesuitism as the queen of the world. This, then, is my verdict on common, popular Christianity, — that it flatters its adherents with receiving a spiritual elevation and disenthralment, but that it changes society into an arid and joyless thing, to be tossed, and twisted, and trampled, as it may suit the pleasure of diplomats and ecclesiastics.

Greatly, therefore, are they deceived, or greatly do they deceive others, who aver that such a Christianity is the Religion of the people.

But this intellectual phase of human development, and with it that sort of Christianity, is drawing to a close. We are en-

tering on the moral phase of humanity's growth, the long struggle of the human will against the intellectual weapons and potent machinery of despots, priests, and politicians, the accursed trinity which has ever hindered our normal growth, and repressed the aspirations of man. This struggle will inevitably last long. The people are no match for their tyrants, for these are too well read in the logic of self-interest to be caught napping. The people must drive these tyrants into insignificance and efface them from the earth by the grandeur of their own superiority! The time has come when the people can bear the truth told them, and when that time is fully ripe, deeds worthy of America's most valiant battles in the past and present will flash and fulminate in a new sense from her shores; deeds worthy of her noblest aspirations; for the future will utter to earth and heaven, in thunder tones, what I in this chapter am stating, that the moral phase of humanity has begun!

The fourth or religious phase will follow the moral phase, man laying at the feet of the Infinite what he has wrenched from the grasp of Jesuit and Oppressor. Sense predominant, will also, and conscience, and intellect with them, only make a one-sided man and Christianity. From conflict, therefore, with all his foes in the moral, man will ascend to the sacred joy of the religious phase. And well will he have paid for the festival with the combat; but the festival will be as in the primeval freshness and outpouring of the world, a worship no less than a rapture, and a reward like unto the time when the father of the family was the only priest, and when, according to the ancient tale of the Talmud, the angels came to the Patriarch's tent, and shared his repast.

The fifth and last act of the drama of humanity will be God-like harmony, in which neither, as in the olden time, the sensuous will predominate, nor, as in Christian civilization, the intellect, under the name of spiritual faithfulness; I mean of the churches; nor, as the phase we are entering, a predominance of heroic will; nor, as in the phase succeeding that, a strange mystical joy of which it is difficult for us at present to form an idea; but when all the attributes of human nature shall march to-

gether in magnificent concord, regular and beautiful as a radiant morn, or the seasons on the earth!

This development of principles in human nature has, in the idea I am now expounding, its counterpart in the development of faculties in the person — in the *me*. I divide it into eight successive planes: instinctive faith, traditional belief, critical negation, logical acquiescence, metaphysical skepticism, spiritual conviction, æsthetical completeness, and divine harmony; and not a soul that lives under heaven but reaches its goal by a painful passage over this bridge; it always was and always will be so! The first, or instinctive faith, is that which, if left to ourselves, we form in childhood. The second, or traditional belief, is the sort of trash with which we are crammed by parent and priest; which pictures God as an omnipotent fiend on the throne of the universe, and which makes the nights of our youth sleepless, and our days gloomy with the dread of eternal damnation, which, abstractly and concretely, is eternal damned nonsense!

The third, or critical negation, is that peculiar revolt of our wit and understanding against those creeds of anguish and cruelty, which every one feels at least once in a lifetime, and when we live for a time in bold and reckless denial or mockery. The fourth, or logical acquiescence, is the abandonment of this negative position, this mocking air, and is the attempt to reconstruct a religion and faith for ourselves, with the materials furnished by the understanding merely, and without the help of the other faculties. This is rationalism, and its illustration is modern Unitarianism, in this country or in England. This is the infancy period of Common Sense, as the former period was the birth thereof!

The fifth, or metaphysical skepticism, is the doubt into which all our faculties rush the moment they discover how arid and poor is any faith which has the understanding only for its creator and author.

Here, we do not grapple merely with the things of human invention, as in the third phase; but we seize the very foundations of the universe, and like Titans trying to crush the

gods, we strive to hurl all things into the howling confusion of one vast abyss. And this is that tragedy of tragedies from which no noble and earnest soul can, in these days, escape. There is but one way, one passage, one life-boat, and that is through the channel of intuition, on board the bark of harmonious, soul-elevating, mind-clearing, heaven-steering, spirit-piloted, angel-commanded, God-sent philosophy. I mean that pure spiritualism which leaps up from the deep soul of man, and meets half way the love-bearing messengers of the skies; which manifests itself in the walk, talk, and silent thought of its adherents, and not that pseudo-spiritualism so rampant in these latter days, and which is so much vaunted by its followers; for *its* depth is but a trifle deeper than the table is thick, on which its raps are made. I fear that many who live in these latter table-tipping times will one day regret the more than utter waste of time and privilege, which they might and ought to improve — for it is with the angels, as with the spirit of truth, they will not always strive with man.

The sixth, or spiritual conviction, is the belief into which our faculties ascend after this shriek of wrath, this terrible crucifixion. Byron never got further than what I call critical negation. Shelley, that beautiful one, was writhing in metaphysical skepticism when he vanished from the world, a bud nipped by an untimely frost. Edgar A. Poe, our own bright star, was a cork on the foaming billows of the sea of doubt; but his bark now lies safely moored in an eternal haven!

The seventh, or æsthetical completeness, is our education in the artistic and poetic: it is an education so multiform and perfect as to make whatever is beheld a glorious correspondence to the strength and breadth of our spiritual convictions; it is the reconciliation of the individual and the universe, so that we feel our life in all forms of nature, and all forms of nature in our own life. Many modern seers — Swedenborg, particularly — are characterized by this most exquisite beauty, and it flashes forth at times from us all, a sure prophecy of immortality, and a certain sign that we are but embryo angels — God seeds! — Godlings!

The eighth, or divine harmony, answers to natural harmony in the social whole! It is the mellowing into a potent, valiant, and most musical unity, of the holiest and most ennobling results gathered from the great school — the experience of past phases. This union is eclecticism, but eclecticism is not this union; because this state results in earthly beatification — heaven while here!

One of the great aims of this, my philosophy, and only mine — because I, too, even though swarthy in hue, hence, regarded in some sort as an interloper on this my native shore, *albeit* a cosmopolitan, veins pulsing with seven full and distinct strains of blood, — a man; nevertheless, a suffering toiler for the millions yet unborn, listening eagerly for the first faint note annunciative of the coming Jubilee — is to honor all men's faculties alike, nor give the beautiful glittering crown to the much-boasted human reason; because reason is but a twin brother to imagination: it honors both, no less than conscience, because it views a man as a melody, flowing from the great unitary harmony — creation, power, nature, God; and it honors the passions, as well as the faculties. It is absurd to speak of bad passions, *per se* — they are only bad when they monopolize the whole individual; but this is not because they are evil in themselves, but because through them man ceases to be what nature made him. But remember that he equally ceases to be such if intellect be the great dominant.

It has become quite fashionable of late to hear people loudly decrying the passions, especially the sexual; but when I hear that sort of stuff and twaddle, and hear man compared to the "animals," I set it down as morally certain that there's a very dirty corner in the denouncer's mind, and the chances are that such a man is a debauchee every inch of him, and such a female a harlot in grain, and unconscionable vampire in practice! The fault of it to-day is that

> We give our appetites too loose a rein —
> Push every pleasure to the verge of pain.

Common sense, backed by common honesty, will correct all this. Now, we are all more or less diseased, physically, mentally, morally, passionally. Free love is a sort of ulcer afflicting the body politic, brothels are the cancers, divorce courts the hospital, wherein the remedy often proves worse than the original disease! It will not be so in the good time coming — and very close at hand, let us hope.

To-day there are many thousands who reject the idea of hereditary depravity, because it is a monstrous doctrine viewed in one light, and has nothing to favor it but some old Jews' fables, and yet these same persons speak of passion as of some devouring pestilential leprosy in the human heart. They are, at the same time, both right and wrong, for so far as theology is concerned, it is false as Falsehood, but physiologically and psychologically, as true as Truth herself.

Political economists think we should have the right kind of a world at last, if we cut all the passions out of man. They would extinguish every vestige of fire, even that which warms and cheers us, and which cooks our food, simply, forsooth, because village bumpkins make silly bonfires in honor of some little lordling, whose only praise is that he is a greater scoundrel than the masses have among them; or because silly boys on the fourth of July burn their fingers with gunpowder; or that cities are sometimes devastated with conflagrations. Fire is to me sacred; I almost worship it, because it is the type and essence of Purity herself! These men would emasculate the race and make us all eunuchs in theory and practice! Thank Heaven we are not all content with tapioca, but have now and then a relish for more solid food, and relish Common Sense!

Nothing so like as peas; nothing so natural as the family, and nations are but the family developed. Consequently, so long as one man loves one woman, — and he can *fully* love no more *at the same time*, — there will be the family. It will forever love its own members better than its neighbor, and there will be nations just as long; and patriotism alone will be the tie which binds the mass together.

This is simple common sense, and it follows that the harum-

scarum utopian schemes of passion-fired "foolosophers" and social communities, — as isolated from the world as the angels from the fabled burning pit, — must ever and necessarily fail on the basis of the love man *must* bear to the wife, and she to their mutualities. No isolated socialism, whether of Fourier, Rapp, or "Pantarchial" Pearl Andrews, can eventually succeed, because oranges won't grow on the Polar shores! and man must spontaneously coalesce with man, else there can be no *real* unity. The tendency of man is toward self-government, or the essence of the selfhood. Every man wants to have his talk, his say, his finger in the pie; "too many cooks spoil the broth," and hence, after a few brief years, these premature societies fail, and their forlorn leaders rub their eyes, wonder how it came so, exclaim "Who'd 'a thought it?" pass from the stage, and give place to other visionaries. They failed to see that which was right beneath their noses, namely, the fact that as knowledge increased the sentiment of personalism gained strength, and with it the desire of spontaneity and repugnance to artificialism of whatever kind, under whatever name; individual manhood and slavery to even the most liberal doctrines are incompatible with each other; and discordant notes must they be that issue from such an instrument.

Thus has it been in the past, thus is it in the present, and ever will be, until men cease to make laws for others, but learn to look at home, and by assiduity learn to remedy the defects *there*. The best piece of advice ever given was that which says, First remove the beam from thine own eye, and then pluck the mote from out thy brother's.

Some modern Solomons inform us that nationality and monogamic marriage are foolish dreams, from which we ought to wake up. Viewed from a point fifty thousand years ahead, they may be; but it is wisdom sometimes, at least, "to let well enough alone"! At present, we believe *our* wives to be the best, *our* children the loveliest, our shores, and hills, and valleys, the dearest; and why? Because they are our own. The sentiment of individualism *will* manifest itself not as such perhaps; but a rose smells sweet under any name. Those who

affect to speak in tones of disparagement of nationality, and these ideas, upon analysis, will be found of the class who force the poor and unfortunate to live in dark and putrid dwellings, steaming with filth and pestilence, and who thrive and fatten upon the blood, and groans, and bitter tears of the poor sewing girl, or the down-trodden and despised African, whose gory sweat and bleeding, mangled back cried aloud from the ground for the vengeance of an insulted God; while they, the pious worthies, were bawling philanthropy in Faneuil Hall, and subscribing liberally to the fund for converting Hottentots, Patagonians, Kangaroos, and Orang-Outangs, totally oblivious of the fact that, as my great relative, John Randolph, said, "The Greeks are at the door!" Oh, yes, they are philanthropists! Don't you hear the din and enthusiasm, the flourish of trumpets, as they assent to the scheme of some brother Mawworm for the propagation of the gospel, and — ten per cent.; Salvation, and — new rum; Christianity, and — the small-pox (which often increases, alas!) at the north pole, and Timbuctoo, and Boroboolooga; supporting all these measures, too, with money wrung with cruel, infamous, villanous gripe from the bloody sweat, lacerated feet and torn hands of God's own children, the suffering poor. From such philanthropy, may God and the cholera soon deliver us! Did you say "Amen"?

Springing from the doctrines just taught is another evolution of individualism, that of nations considered as agents of civilization, before considering which I will quote a passage from the writings of H. S. Brown, of Chicago, so excellent and true, that I cannot too strongly enforce it upon the attention of the reader.

He says: "How SHALL WE OBTAIN HARMONY? is the great question of all ages and times. We wish it so complete that even sensitive poets will not sigh 'for a lodge in some vast wilderness,' but can find their hearts' desire in the midst of society. Christians are trying to persuade God to grant them this boon, by prayer and singing psalms to his glory. The heathen and Mahometan nations have prayed a vast deal more than Christians for many centuries, yet they have not attained much harmony. Poets have dreamed of it, and philosophers have theorized over

it, but all with very little success. To attain harmony in society among the people, we must work for it in a common-sense way. We must study human nature thoroughly and in all its parts and phases."

My observations in Europe and elsewhere have confirmed the ideas previously entertained.

Each nation, like the individual, has an allotted part to play in the grand drama of the Destiny of the Universe.

Like the mimic stage, so is the real, and some nations have unmistakably played leading parts — star engagements. Of these I shall rapidly sketch fifteen, whose names and rôles I can here do little more than glance at, without attempting amplification, or to simply illustrate as the subject demands.

First. Egypt and Religion. Whoever attentively studies history must see plainly that the Jews told as many falsehoods as they possibly could about that country. This but exemplifies the well-known fact that human nature, whitewash and color it as you will, in spite of all, is human nature still.

The Egyptians undisguisedly hated the despisers of pork, and it was perfectly natural that, on the eternal principle, that "like begets like," the Jews should cordially hate them in return. Now, when one person hates another, it is very unlikely he will look with lenient eyes on the faults and tergiversations of his foe; but, on the contrary, will magnify each fault, and lay the censure on very thick. As with persons, so also with nations.

The probability is, that the Egyptian theocracy was the best government, except our own, that has ever been, simply because it was perfectly adapted to the age and genius of its people. It was a theocracy, and the theocratic formulæ represents in most poetic and harmonious unity the social, religious and political life of the people; it is the sacred passion of the people blazing up into one mighty flame of worship.

Second. Greece and Beauty. The Greek was patriotic; was warlike, and so full of faculty, that there was nothing in which he was not fitted to excel; but his whole heart, the whole opulence of his efforts, streamed in radiance and rapture towards the Beautiful; and this is the keystone to the problem why the

Greek ceased to be great, and why Demosthenes and his compeers stand out in such bold relief on the historic page of oratory; because whoever uses one set of faculties to the exclusion of all others, inevitably weakens the general structure of the system. The special faculties thus cultivated will produce the most magnificent results; and that is why the men of antiquity are said — erroneously, however — to have excelled all our attempts at the sublime and beautiful. The faculties thus enthroned sap the virile life of all the rest, until finally these mental monarchs fall, because the base of the pyramid has been washed away; and the very idea is absurd of a kingdom being firmly founded on a misapprehension of man's wonderful nature; for, being built on error, it must of necessity tumble down when the first rude blast comes. We may not be so great in any one direction as the beautiful Greek, but we are fuller men, and better able to breast the current of life, than he, and with sturdy strokes beat back the rolling waves of barbarism, which press us on all sides, and which wholly engulfed him.

Third. Palestine and Faith. Rigid historical analysis presents the singular fact, that although the Jews have given us the Bible, yet of all men who have ever figured on the stage of life, they have had the least of the truly religious feeling — except, perhaps, that peculiar class mentioned by John C. Fremont, who met them in his path-finding expedition across this continent, — men who had not yet developed the cranial organ, whose function is religion.

But, if the Jews had none of this, they possessed another faculty, which it were better for themselves had they less of, and that other nations had more. I refer to their prodigious pertinacity of purpose (especially when they had a Christ to kill, or stocks to "Bull" and "Bear"). The Israelite had a faith fully equal to the modern fatalism of a Bashi-Bazouk or of either Bonaparte, — Napoleon the first, and grandest, or Napoleon the third, and greatest. Indeed, the relationship between religious faith, developed and matured in the ages past, and the absolute fatalism of the Mussulmans, is so intimate and close, that it is difficult to discern the difference,

particularly when the lantern of science furnishes the medium by which they are both seen.

We live, fortunately, in an age when men begin to see that a rose is still a rose, call it a lily, or whatever else you will, and that names are nothing, while principles are everything. The Jew is really more of an individual, in some respects, than almost any other man, from the amazing amount of his faith; and this great and peculiar characteristic of his people has, from time to time, elevated them to something little short of sublimity.

Fourth. Rome and Force. The Romans, as a moral, physical, and intellectual unity, were the strongest of men; and in this speciality, — that is, as combining these three integrants of a full manhood, which means a full nationalism. On the sliding scale of history, they, beyond a doubt, surpassed all preceding, many contemporaneous, and, indeed, most subsequent people. But the strength of the Romans was chiefly shown in law and political organizations.

Fifth. Arabia and Miracle. By which is here meant, the infinitely astonishing, in contradistinction to the supernatural, there being no such thing; and surely the career of the Arab was miraculous, in the former sense, in an incomparable degree, for at least seven hundred years after that wonderful star or planet, Mahomet, rose. Arabia has definitely proved to the world the truth, long doubted, that whatever *can* be *may* be done; and not only so, but that seeming impossibilities are easily overcome whenever opposed by a resolute will; and this is a main element of individualism. "To will, and not to do — alas, how sad! Man and his passions, too, are mad — how mad!" says James, the writer; but says another, equally great, "I will — 'tis done — coach and horses, horses and coach."

Sixth. Italy and Art. The Roman genius was not particularly artistic; but as the southern part of Italy was in a great measure colonized by Greeks, and as towards the north-west the old Etruscan tradition, so strongly savoring of art, survived, to that circumstance, more than to the influence of the

Roman Catholic Church, must be ascribed the predominance that art obtained in Italy; and she has, therefore, added one magnificent, finely finished stone to the great temple of completeness now in course of erection.

Seventh. On the lists we find *la belle* nation. The French are a great, and gallant People, far more gallant than great, albeit France's firmament is covered and crowned by a superb galaxy of stars, in the midst of which, embosomed in radiance, shines that greatest man of her modern history, Mirabeau. But they are not an original or poetic people, nor deep thinkers, save occasionally one here and there. They are satisfied, if they can put the stamp of fashion on whatever they approach; but with the essence of things they bother themselves but little.

Having more ingenuity than talent, more talent than genius, and although in their epic moments, — their revolutionary outbursts, — there is no nation so stupendous and imposing, yet in their normal existence they are satisfied if they can persuade the women all over Europe and America to wear preposterous bonnets, on the back of their heads, or make the men wear preposterous pantaloons, which often look as if the wearers had stolen the coverlets of patches made by their grandmothers, cut them with a carving-knife, and pasted the shreds, with molasses and glue, into Siamese twin bags.

Eighth. Spain and Romance. Over Spain, as she is at present, we can do little else than mourn at her preposterous folly, recently exhibited. Yet to her we should never be ungrateful, even if she has done nothing more than tinge the literature and civilization of Europe and the world with the Romantic. The conflict and the mingling of Christianity and Islamism in Spain is the chief source of that strangely, wildly beautiful romance, for which she ever will be famous, even though she falls much lower than she has already, if that be possible. Her quota, therefore, is the Fanciful; and what were men without imagination and fancy?

Ninth. Germany and Thought. It must be confessed, at the outset, that a vast deal of German metaphysical specula-

tion is mere hair-splitting and word-mongering, like the lectures of many of our modern would-be-philosophers. A vast-deal, also, is, let the Kant-ites and Hegel-ians say what they will, the mere reproduction, to use a Yankeeism, — a mere "rehash" of Greek, Oriental, and Christo-mystical idea. Nevertheless, in the regions of pure unadulterated metaphysics, the Germans have gone deeply into Nature's secrets.

Tenth. England and Science. By which I mean industrial enterprise. But according to my definition, industrial enterprise not only necessitates, but includes, Public Spirit and Martial daring. Without these England must become what the French so often reproach her for being, — a second Carthage; and we all know what the fate of Carthage was, in spite of Hannibal, the greatest Captain of antiquity. But England need not fear; she has her aldermen made of blubber, and a goodly stock of Cotton lords.

Eleventh. Russia and Destiny. Russia has nothing great in herself, and there is nothing great in the Russian race. She is the mere creature of circumstances, like many of our modern statesmen; and as through destiny she rose, so also by destiny she must fall. Placed in the neighborhood of small, feeble, or disorganized States, she has always seemed ten times stronger than she really was. Still her policy has been such that she has clearly gained new power; until now, like Tamerlane or Attila, the Hun, she threatens not only Christendom, but the very Genius of Civilization itself. But it is only threat, no more. She has an abiding faith in destiny, the invincible conviction of a career; that events are shaped, and must inevitably occur; and this, too, enters into the fully-developed individual; for without some such energy as the belief in his destiny, man were indeed a poor, pitiful, powerless thing! Russia has played and is still playing an important part in the great eventful drama, whose course of action is here briefly sketched.

Twelfth. China and Custom. It appears just at present that the Chinese are turning Christian and Protestant. China has been the embodiment of custom, and, in a silent way, has exerted, and will continue to exert, a great influence on the world.

China is the national significance and definition of that word known as Conservatism. But, lo! even the waters are stirred at last in *her* old heart; and she, last, not least, declares herself a constituent of humanity, with the before despised "outside barbarian." She has developed that greatest of all truths, viz.: that even stern, iron custom will, nay, must, yield to the advancing light. She, therefore, stands for *movement* in the tragico-comico drama of the epoch.

Thirteenth. We are completing our rapid outline. India and Imagination. I have never yet seen India, and although I had hoped to, ere all my years rolled away, yet life is uncertain at the best, and in the form, I may not bask in her sunshine. Still, whenever America and western civilization weighs upon me, as one monstrous mass of injustice, cant, falsehood, prose and quackery, I bathe myself in the gleam and gorgeousness of that glorious land! India! ever-blessed India! with her prodigal faithfulness and glowing phantasies will ever keep the heart of the world — the mind of the people, young, fresh, aspiring and hopeful!

A few more words and I am done; and doubtless, although much more might have been said, still, what I have advanced will be sufficient to show that there is beneath the crust of the modern philosophy more than usually appears on the face of the explications of its many-mouthed advocates. I pass then to the

Fourteenth. America and Progress. Her maxim and mandate is — "Go ahead!" and such being her mission, it becomes needless for me to enlarge either upon what she has accomplished in the past, or to her prospective future. But it is most unquestionably grand, sublime; and her mission in the great drama has been, still is, and for the next thirty centuries will be, that of Energizer, Inroad maker, Builder and Finisher.

A man is only a Man when, to all I have briefly sketched, he adds these four last qualifications.

Fifteenth, and last. Africa and Patience. O thou land of golden sands, and lamentations, and pearls, and diamonds, and martyrs, bleeding, naked, ruined! Thou land of mangled backs and manacled wrists, precious gems, in human eyes and estima-

tion, strew thy shores, and precious gems in the sight of God have been torn from thy fertile meads and plains, to deck the brazen brow of the demi-gorgon — Mammon! It has been thy sad destiny to develop another of those stupendous truths, so essential to mankind, and another of those qualities without which there can be no true manhood, no real genius, no true aspiration! — for beneath thy blackness burns the red-hot fire of Love, more fiercely than in all the world beside! These are the last and most important elements in the finished selfhood, and it fell to the lot of Africa to prove and develop it. Love is exhausted in the white man. Africa is destined to replenish the torch — not now, perhaps, in her barbaric days — but in the spiritual ages yet to be!

If, after the rapid outline of Individualism which I have given, the reader should think it worth promoting, either as a theory or a practical energy, I may mention that the chief obstacles to its progress are the two leading doctrines of modern Christianism as distinct from the heart-religion of the *martyr* of Calvary, namely, the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and that of Resignation; because utter resignation is utter folly, and sheer nonsense. "Work out your own salvation" is the word and the motto of a true and genuine manhood, — which is also God-hood! The atrocious absurdity of the doctrine of Resignation is most graphically and truly shown in the character of "Uncle Tom," — that "Jesus Christ, in ebony," as Carlyle called him. Self-defence, self-preservation, and personal, and hence national conservation, is the primal law of human existence, written by the finger of the eternal God on every human heart, and engraved in star-gems on the everlasting scroll of the arching sky!

As to justification by faith, just think of all your friends who are Methodists or Evangelicals! It makes men vegetables or machines, while its twin dogma makes devils under the garb of saints. To all *such* Christianism then, I, as the exponent of a better phase, proclaim eternal war. It is a sun-greened carcass, a bog, and its loathsomeness offends the sense of all honest men! In saying this, I agree with Lessing, who

wrote long since these memorable words: "The religion of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion are not at all the same thing." In fact, they are about as like as a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse. The Emanuel, Jesus Christ, I believe to have been a Divine soul, and a great reformer. If he were on earth to-day, is there a single follower of his that he would not be ashamed of? or that would own him if not dressed in the tip of the fashion?

Of a nation's interior essence we know very little; but we do know and declare that the nation is the most heroic form of nature, and the hero the divinest expression of the nation; and, when he leaves us, we cherish his image and adore his statue. We are all born to be heroes! Let us, then, be true to the instincts within us; let us be *men;* let us be *women;* let us be ourselves! for until we are, all labor, all things, all preaching is in vain, for Mind is God; Man is Mind; God is individualized, and central in Himself, and, therefore, to be free, let us be *ourselves — nature — God.*

SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION.

THE TOBACCO-FIEND: HOW TO SLAY HIM.

After this book — Soul World — was all in type, as I sat one night in my office, deploring my loneliness, a vision of the three great curses of the Christian and Islamic world passed before the eyes of my soul: Lust, Rum and Tobacco! Bad, Worse, and Worst — in some sense, because the last engenders, fosters and strengthens the two first. I saw, filing along the roads of life, such a vast army of bounden slaves to all three tyrants, such an enormous multitude of victims to the grossest of all appetites, that I shuddered at the awful sight. All these countless myriads of immortal human beings were insane! — insane because the willing and abject slaves of a power which they all *know* and can safely swear is daily injuring them — soul, mind, body and morals: —

> "Men know the Right, and well approve it too;
> They know the Wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

— And I asked my soul: "Can nothing be done to break these gyves? Is there no word of counsel thou canst give mankind before their flight to —

> "The lands beyond the swelling flood, —
> The kingdoms o'er the sea,"

to assist it in dethroning this tobacco king, — this usurper of all human prerogatives, this conscienceless slayer of consciences, this wholesale poisoner of unborn babies, this tempting devil, this infernal imp of hades, who for ages has loudly crowed over

his millions of victims! — this filler of untimely graves, this crowder of mad-houses, this maker of drunkards, this seducer of female innocence, this builder and peopler of brothels, this insidious, silent, wily and successful tempter to the bad; this breaker-down of human honor, stifler of emotion, scourge of man, contemner of God, laugher at religion, mocker at human agony, scoffer at all things pure and holy, reviler of the cross and what it symbolizes; — this snake, whose coils, once wound round a man, prove cords stronger than ten billion hempen cables! Cannot something be said for man, and against the subtle fiend? There can, there shall, even if these be the last lines ever written by thy hand upon the green soil of this goodly but sadly abused earth of God's — this young nursery of human souls!"

Thus it was suggested to me that I add a paper, not *of* but *on* tobacco, which is probably one of the greatest curses that ever afflicted human kind, — for its use is not wholly confined to the sterner sex, but it also curses gentle woman, not only obliquely but directly, for beside the simple cigarette between the coral lips of Spanish dame and the *haut tonesse* of our own proud land, many a whiff of a "good cigar," polished *mere sham*, briar wood and democratic clay dudheen is taken by thousands of women who are not suspected of such habits, but who keep a pipe hidden away where they know — and they only.

Snuff-taking and snuff-dipping is a not uncommon habit with women whom troubles assail, and even the habit of chewing is not a strange one to many a mother and sister in this our Yankee Israel.

Tobacco appetites are born with us, for the reason that one or both our parents' bodies, and souls too, are, to a greater or less extent saturated with the weed, which saturation having gone on from generation to generation through and in and by generation, the natural and inevitable consequence is just what might be expected, — we take to the weed as ducks do to water, — with most astonishing ease and avidity, and speedily become so saturated by it in turn that we have no difficulty whatever in handing down the appetite for it to the next generation, — of

course with an increment of force and power greater and intenser from cumulative energy.

The Americans chew, smoke *and* snuff; while other people are content generally to kill themselves with tobacco by a slower process, — and either snuff or smoke themselves away.

It is no part of my intention here to enter into a long discussion of the effects of the weed upon the bodies, spirits, intellects, morals or souls of those of us who use it, but to give hope and courage, and point out the road of deliverance to those who have of their own free will — (? *sic*) by stress of early bad example, or by inherited bias, been bound hand and foot, soul and body, by the stinking, yet charming demon. Says a high authority: "He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. 'What, softer than woman?' whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that, Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee — O Jupiter! try the weed." And yet the man — Bulwer — who wrote those very words would, I doubt not, give half his income to be well rid of his "True consoler," for notwithstanding its admitted charm, it is incontestably a grievous curse to whoever uses it in any way, shape or manner; there's not the slightest doubt about the matter; hence whatever will effectually annul the appetite must be hailed with joy by millions who desire to break their chains and be forever free. For such then I wrote this additional section to one of my works, "The Soul-World and the World of Souls," and also shall publish it in pamphlet form for the benefit of such as may not have or procure the larger work.

Wherever tobacco is used there's always trouble in *that* family, with that man, that woman, this husband, the other wife, and among all, and with whomsoever uses it, — be they male or

female, old or young; yet physiologists nor doctors can tell you the reason why. If a man chews tobacco, — I don't care if he is five times converted, or a minister of the gospel ten times over, — that man won't do to tie to as husband or lover! Why? Because tobacco, of all other things on earth, — wine and whiskey *not* excepted, — totally and fully antagonizes the love element of the human soul, and I defy the whole wide world to produce me a man old or young, rich or poor, republican, banker or democratic mechanic, who uses tobacco, and is healthy in either liver, kidneys, heart, bladder or any organ of the pelvic viscera! *It cannot* be done! The man does not live on earth who — not being wholly robbed of all the elements of a genuine physical manhood — is sound either physically, mentally or morally, in the affectional departments of human nature! Why? Is it because of the nicotine's poison, — its chemical effect upon his body? No, not altogether; but it is because of the fact that tobacco, above all other plants on earth except *two* — opium and hemp — possesses the greatest volume of a peculiar, and almost nameless magnetic element. Nicotine, or Narcotine are essentially chemical in their effects; but the quality in tobacco of which I write, is wholly *dynamic*, magnetic, ethereal; for while the chemical poison of the weed lays hold on the human stomach and nerves, this other thing attacks and *defeats* the very soul itself, — actually so marks itself upon the very foundation structure of human nature as to make a dead man rap out his wish to come back to earth for a smoke or a chew of the king of all weeds, tobacco.

The rhymester who wrote: —

> "Tobacco is an Indian weed:
> It was the Devil who sowed the seed" —

was not far from right, if we are to judge by its effects upon almost three-fifths of the entire human race. Deprive an old smoker of his pipe, and the old Nick is to pay in that particular locality right straight off. Persons who use the weed perspire when and *where* others do not. For a time it sharpens the intellects; after a while it permanently dulls them. Another

appalling fact: An excessive smoker's brain, liver and intestines are *always* ulcerated. Their hearts enlarge, thicken and ossify. Nine times in ten they die of either paralysis, heart-disease or apoplexy; and a healthy child was never yet sired by a tobacco-saturated father, never will be, never can be; for in the precise degree to which he yields to his narcotic master, just so far is his WILL paralyzed, — and when a man's will grows shreddy there's not much man about him: his brain is clouded; his solids and fluids deteriorated, and the man is not, cannot be, *wholly* himself, and master of every *moral* situation; and unless he *is*, that man is so far insane, or unsound — which is the same thing; hence, if the parent be so, how can the child be otherwise?

For tobacco men will demean themselves and do things utterly degrading, — put themselves on a level with their inferiors, and give and accept what would turn the stomach of a dog.

Tobacco begets a chronic inflammation of both the mucous and serous surfaces of the digestive and assimilative viscera; occasions dull ulcers in the stomach, and is responsible for every internal cancer on the globe, — for no habitual tobacco-smoker or chewer on earth, but who is at times horribly dyspeptic, and these dyspepsias are far more frequently than is suspected, occasioned by either ulcers in one of the two stomachs, — considering the duodenum as one, — or else by cancers at, sometimes the cardiac, but more often at the pyloric orifice, — the mouth of the stomach emptying into the second organ of the digestive economy.

Tobacco attacks the generative system of whoever uses it, and under its inflaming effects boys go to ruin, and men to the brothels of the land! Sorry to say it, but it is Heaven's truth, and *must* be said by some one!

TOBACCO and Virtue are incompatibles! and a man can no more be cool and calm and true — *affectionally* — with his body soaked in tobacco-juice, or his brains fumigated with smoke, than a ring-tailed monkey can lecture upon the rise and fall of empires!

But the question is: What shall we do to be saved? We —

the victims — well know what the effects are; but what shall we do to break the habit once and forever? that's the question. Answer it!

I will: And first let me say in reference to the myriad so-called "Tobacco antidotes," — they are deliberate, heartless frauds, swindles, cheats! gotten up to make money for their sellers and fools of the buyers. Do not touch them. There are several persons in the land who flood the markets with what they call tobacco antidotes, which antidotes are known to be varied compounds of ginseng, gentian, cohosh, black-alder bark, wild cherry, lemon-peel, and, to ensure the effect required, are duly tempered with a material which mostly abounds in *fowl pens!* the whole being seasoned with camomile flowers and various spices by way of additional *filip*.

From time immemorial lemon-rind and camomile flowers have been used as break-off substitutes for tobacco, also as chewing and smoking material, and, in isolated cases, with undoubted success, albeit the majority who resort to them alone, incontestably make bad work of it and most disastrously fail.

During the last thirty years hundreds of so-called "Magnetists" have offered their services to cure the habit; but their success was not great by any means, mainly for the reason that their subjects, when from under their personal influence, had nothing to sustain them in their new-formed resolution, — and the disease — for tobacco-using *is* such — speedily regained its diabolic mastery over them.

These adventurous quacks wax rich in their trade; but fail to cure, — which is not to be wondered at, seeing that they treat the disease as wholly chemical, whereas in fact it is not merely a chemical, but a social, mental and moral disease as well; and to expect to cure a victim of the habit without bringing his will and moral forces into active play during the chemical process of cure, is to look for sunsets in the east; for a man may chew a mountain of lemon-peel, gentian, camomile, cohosh and pumpkin-seeds, with a *hennery* thrown in, — or *up!* and yet be no better off unless moral means are used as well, — for after

all the best and quickest and surest way to be cured is to say and *mean*, good-by, tobacco! — and stick to it for twenty-one days, and the thing is done; but as only a few can do this I lay down the following efficacious and infallible method of cure, under seven heads; and First, Sassafras is the natural antagone of tobacco. Keep a handful of the bark of the root in the pocket, and occasionally chew a bit thereof. It may also be cut up and smoked for a while, during the time that the tobacco essence is being eliminated from the system, — which process occupies three periods of twenty-one full days each, during the first term of which the liver, stomach and intestines become mainly discharged of the tobacco element. The patient suffers some, but not greatly, during this first three weeks. During the second three weeks the poison leaves the kidneys, bladder, muscles, spleen and intestines, and the patient suffers more.

In the third period the nerves, genital system, and brain give out the greater portion of the concealed poison, — and — parting after long companionship is pretty hard business, consequently the temptation to have another smoke — "just one," or "a little bit of a chew, *only* a little one!" is considerably strong — if not more so, but when a man has reached his fiftieth day of abstention, and then falls back, he is no man — only a weakling — that's all.

SECONDLY: keep the skin and teeth well cleansed, for when once the tobacco essence gets started outwards it keeps coming till there is no more left to venture forth, hence frequent ablutions are absolutely necessary in order that the fœtid ichor may readily escape.

THIRDLY: A man should positively avoid hot drinks,— tea, coffee, etc.; and also all pies, cakes, sweets, oysters, spices, during the process.

FOURTH: He should use no fats, but may eat pickles, suck lemons, beef, salt fish and meat to his stomach's content.

FIFTH: He should frequently rinse the mouth in cold water. Do it whenever the longing for tobacco comes rather too strongly for comfort and ease. It will soon subside and con-

stantly grow weaker. On no account either taste, touch or smell tobacco if possible to avoid it.

SIXTH: EXERT THE WILL STRONGLY against the habit. Do not frequent places where it is used, or the society of such as are slaves to it.

SEVENTH, and lastly: Procure a two-ounce vial, and into it put half an ounce each of tincture cinnamon, sassafras; gelsemium one-eighth of an ounce, and of barosma half an ounce; fill up with sugar. Keep the vial in the pocket, and whenever the tobacco-agony occurs, wet the finger with the solution, and rub it over the teeth and gums. Observe all these directions faithfully, and you will soon triumph over one of the most bitter and vindictive foes that ever yet assaulted human kind.

But it is time to end this present volume. Those who would know more are respectfully referred to the other volumes, synopses of all of which will be found at the end of each.