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LIFE IN THE STONE AGE.

THE HISTORY OF ATHARAEI,

Chief Priest of a Band of Al-Aryans.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF MAN.

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Written through the Mediumship of

U. G. FIGLEY.



DEFIANCE, OHIO:

U. G. FIGLEY.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this little book to the thinking, reading public, I have no apologies to offer. This book speaks for itself. May 27, 1889, I commenced writing, under spirit control, in hieroglyphics, the book of which this is the translation. June 19, 1889, the book was finished and contained 68 pages. June 20, 1889, I sat for translation, and received the introduction. Owing to the exhaustive strain upon the system, I waited till December 24, 1889, before undertaking further translation; being strongly recuperated, magnetically, I resumed the translating, and March 11, 1890, completed the task. The reader is asked to carefully examine the story of Atharael, and then judge how much man is the slave to conditions, and how much man is the maker of circumstances that cause the weal or woe of life. Hoping that this little book will be of some good to man, it is sent out with the regards of a brother.

U. G. FIGLEY.

DEFIANCE, OHIO.

U. G. FIGLEY was born November 18, 1864, on a farm eight miles northwest of Defiance, Ohio, which farm his father has occupied for nearly fifty years. Mr. Figley has received a passably good education, and was brought up to believe the Bible and orthodox teachings. But in 1888 he became acquainted with the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, and became a Spiritualist and a medium of various phases, that of inspiration being the strongest. Spiritualistic phenomena have manifested in his father's family and among his ancestors for years, though not fully understood till a few years ago. He knows that there is a life beyond this mortal veil, and that when he has slowly climbed the ladder of life, round by round, and has reached the top, the angel of death will fold him in his shadowy arms, and bear him away to the Summer-land of rest, where forever and forever he will live with those he loves, and who love him.

LIFE IN THE STONE AGE.

ATHARAEEL, THE AL-ARYAN.

From the great world of the Unseen, I come with their greeting to their brothers yet in the bonds of flesh. I am Atharael, and I was chief priest of a band of Al-Aryans, in old Al-Arya. It is so long since I came here that I cannot compute the time, for it would be in tens of thousands. When I lived, the people were bad and warlike, and fought with stones and slings, and wrote on barks of trees, and warred with animals which the world of this day has not seen their like.

I can tell of strange people, and governments, and nations, of which you have never heard, for your histories know nothing of them, but by a few bones and shells. I can tell of battles and sieges by men who now would be run from with horror. I can tell of our worship to the great Al-Brahm, the Supreme Mind and Director of the universe. I can tell of the creation of man. I can tell of his rise from animal to spiritual power. I can tell of his struggle from dark to light, for I have seen much. I can tell of the wonders of the invisible world, but not all, for language could

not express its beauties. I can tell but faintly of the secret dwelling-place of the great Universal Mind called Al-Brahm, who, without form, is through all, and in all, directs all from his world of æther in the far-away land of shades.

I have seen the rise, and progress, and fall of the people of the earth, and its changes, and of the theory of the creation we believed in, in the time when I had a flesh body and roamed over the earth; when my people began to work metals, and lay away their stone clubs, and slings, and look for something better. The world has grown since then, physically and mentally, but the people live not so long, nor grow so large, but they are wiser and better. I have seen so much and can tell so many things that I must be short to give a brief history of Atharael, the Al-Aryan priest who worshiped the great Al-Brahm, and talked and walked with his dead brethren before he went to join them.

I come to you, my brother, and give you my story of what I was when men used no weapons but stones, and were not much better than the animals they lived among and ate. Many other sailors on life's stormy ocean have tried to find the secrets of the ages, but they have not done so. You may not, but you shall gain a glimpse of what was in the early days of man, and I will call my band to help you in unfolding a part of the book of nature.

So many, many years I've been an angel,
So many, many years ago I died;
Of the beauties of the spirit world I live in,
I could not, could not tell you if I tried.

But I can tell of the early days of man,
Of the perils that he met with every day:
Of the wonders of the pre-historic world,
But alas! they all long since have passed away.

I can tell of many various things
To the pages of history lost, unknown;
In the story of Atharael you will find these—
Atharael, who lived in the Age of Stone.

Before commencing this strange history, I would say, preliminarily, that there are many testy doubters who will pronounce it to be the work of a fertile imagination on the part of the medium; but the very appearance of the work, and the work itself, will show the fallacy of illogical conclusions. This is said because there are those who regard spirits professing to be ancient to be not what they claim, that they are youthful spirits in the point of age, because they never reveal anything but what is already known to man. Ancient spirits have not progressed so far among the spirit-spheres as to forget their earthly attractions, and when opportunity offers, favorably, to rescue from oblivion the history of early man and his surroundings, such as I will here give, and which has never yet been given to the world.

I have said that I lived in Al-Arya, and the world of this day has never heard of such a land. But the name of Al-Arya is somewhat familiar. Al-Arya is no more; the waves of the Atlantic Ocean roll over its beautiful valleys, and forests, and mountains, and populous cities; and all its wondrous monuments of man's ingenuity, rivaling the wonders of Egypt, and Mexico and the

Americas, are sporting grounds and toys for the under ocean and its horde of saurian monsters, many of which have never seen the sunlight or been seen by man. Years and centuries after I left my earthly tenement, Al-Arya sank beneath the waves forever, amid the scream of the tornado, the dense rumbling of the earthquake, and the terror of its human and brute inhabitants. The air was filled with birds and the ocean with bodies, when Al-Arya sunk, and for days the foundations of the deep were in turmoil, and all nature seemed as though chaos was at hand. But quiet came at length, and nature again became serene, and the few Al-Aryans who survived the death of their native land, existed only in the bordering countries. This much now as to the end of Al-Arya's existence.

When I was a resident of Al-Arya it was a large island about 5,000 miles in length, and 2,000 miles in width, but by our tribal traditions I learned that the island at one time extended several thousand miles further south, but by one of the many cataclysms, or general quake of both heaven and earth, a large portion of this island was detached and sunk, the islands of the South Atlantic and Antarctic oceans being its termination. The part of Al-Arya in which I spent my early years was called Tipke-Doron, and was about the size of your State (Ohio). Tipke-Doron was situated at the base of and embraced a part of the Lakoto Mountains; the Valley of Dolo, so named from its guardian spirit, occupied the greater part of the territory. In the southern part of the valley was a very beautiful lake called El Zam, covering

nearly 200 acres of land, receiving from the north the Igro River, which, rising in the Lakoto Mountains, coursed its way 600 miles southward and eastward, emptying into the Bay of Karto, a branch of the Atlantic Ocean, directly west of the Canary Islands.

My early home was on the bank of Lake El-Zam, and I remained there, that is, recognized it as my home, till I was about 50 years old, when I changed my residence to the country north of Tipke-Doron, called Bal-Dek. Of course my life was spent in hunting and fighting, till I became weary of such life and devoted my time to domesticating myself and friends; for I had learned to know that revolutionary methods of life were cheerless, and I longed for peace. Living upon the bank of the lake, it was but natural that I became a very expert swimmer and diver, and was almost as much accustomed to life in the water as out of it, so that the marine animals became familiar with my presence among them so much, that I suppose they took me to be one of them — and no wonder. Just imagine, if you will, a giant man with long black, bushy hair and beard, deep, black eyes, seven feet in height, and correspondingly broad in proportion, his body covered with hair, wearing no clothing but a kirtle, and strong enough to crush an ordinary man's skull with one blow of his fist.

My people were rugged sons of nature, and their days were long in the land. They were warlike, it was but natural, for their minds were yet strongly clouded with animal propensities; and even yet, after the lapse of thousands of years,

the people of your day are not yet freed from the instincts of their man animal progenitors. Our weapons of warfare were stones thrown by means of slings, and clubs split at the larger end in which stones were placed, and securely fastened with thongs of skin taken from the body of the tuskless elephant, the inner coating, only, of the skin, being used.

Our homes were very rude structures, resembling to some extent the dwellings of the copper-colored Americans, and were usually made of poles or small trees torn up by the roots and again planted for the walls of the house, the poles being chopped down by rudely made axes, one of which could not have been raised from the ground by three modern men, yet an Al-Aryan could swing it with ease. The houses were covered with the skins of mammoths, mastodons, and such animals, and the partitions were made of the inner skin of the lake saurians, finely dressed, and decorated with drawings of familiar scenes, memoranda of memorable events, and such like; and always, on the front wall of every house, was a highly finished portrait of Dolo, the tribal god.

Our household utensils consisted of stoneware entirely, and were very rude affairs. Pestles, kettles, etc., were found in every house, and beds were only made of skins of animals, the beds of the older people being a kind of grass covered with skins. Every man was a warrior and every woman was a drudge, doing all the work, while the head of the house spent his time in hunting, fishing, or leagued with others in invading the neighboring country, or warring with the wild

beasts about him. Every tribe had its king, and prophet who gave them instructions how to proceed in their undertakings, basing his authority upon the tribal god, Dolo, who, under certain conditions, conversed with these prophets — one chief prophet and sub prophets, one for each of the 69 districts in which Tipke-Doron was divided, each district governed by a sub-king, and he having a judge for every twenty families in his district. Our government, therefore, was what you would call a liberal kingdom, bordering on democracy, every ruler being necessarily strict in the management of his state affairs.

Anterior to my advent upon the earth, Tipke-Doron had been the scene of bloody sieges, and battles, and social revolutions, even when it was a horror to live; cannibalism being prevalent, tribe feasting on tribe, family on family, and for the space of 150,000 years before my birth this was the history of my native land. But for several thousand years previous to this event, a form of civilization was taking place, as the people gradually became less animal in nature, and more spiritual. Cannibalism and its affinitized savagery existed in my life in such proportion as murder occurs in your own land to-day.

My own father was king of Tipke-Doron, and was 70 years old when I was born, and had then been king for 40 years. His name was Eman-Kootoo; my mother, the queen, was 60; her name, Zodena. I had fifteen brothers and sisters, six brothers and nine sisters; being the fifteenth child I could not inherit the kingdom or one of its provinces. A sister, Ol-Amo, was the eldest

child, and became queen 100 years later, at the age of 129 years. I was educated only in our tribal dialect or language, and was called fluent in the written language, such as this book is written in. I was the favored one of the family, and being eager for a knowledge of all the mysteries I saw about me, was given every privilege to acquaint myself with nature and her workings, and being captain of a force of men in the king's army, I, in ten years, had traveled over the greater part of Al-Arya, and had participated in enough battles and sieges to fill a bulky volume. Two other races of people lived in Al-Arya, the black people called Ulus, and the brown people called Mallies. We were called Incapos, and were copper-colored, but of a slightly different cast than your Americans.

Now, concerning our form of religious worship, we usually met in the dusk of the evening, encircling a stone platform, or altar, bearing an engraving of Dolo, our tribal god. A tuskless elephant was slaughtered and quartered upon this altar, and around and about the sacrifice was placed various kinds of aromatic herbs and plants. This being done, the assembly stood, each in the form of a cross, about the altar, and the priest in charge of the sacrifice repeated the following prayer or petition: "O thou god of our welfare, Dolo, the star-eyed, the great, the good, do thou tell us in what way we may be more successful in our pursuits; tell us how to be happier, and better, and more friendly with each other and with all. Tell us what is best for us to know, for ignorant and weak as we are, we call on thee, the

great and good Dolo, to lead us and guide us as thou thinkest best. Let not thy vengeance or curse be upon us, but with thy great army overshadow us and follow us onward whither we go, for our betterment, and if we err in our dealings with the world, do not depart from us but lead us backward to where we should have gone. O now do thou manifest thyself to us personally or by agents, and tell us what we here humbly petition for in reverence and awe. Almanazor Almadara.”

This being completed, the assembly chants a tribal hymn of tribute to Dolo, and the sacrifice is set on fire, and while it is burning the assembly slowly walks around it, continuing their chant but in a livelier strain. Usually before the assembly has executed its sixth circuit, a bright light appears above the sacrifice and slowly growing larger it assumes a circular form perhaps 25 feet in diameter, in the center of which circle appears Dolo himself or some one or more of his agents, who either speaks his wishes or by symbols represents them. Sometimes the priest or some one of the procession would fall as if dead, and when raised to his feet would sing to them or speak with the authority of Dolo, or exhort them to be more generous in their lives, or more honorable in their pursuits. Again, at times the whole assembly would be stricken motionless while hazy forms would envelop them completely, or enchanting music would start them from their lethargic state, and a grand dance would ensue, no one being able to withhold. Then a mist would form in front of the altar, and which soon would

assume the form of some person, mayhap of some friend or relative of the assembly, and holding converse with them awhile, affectionately take the dearest friend by the hand and then gradually disappear. This ceremony of calling up Dolo or his agents usually lasted two or three hours according to our system of time, and one-third less according to yours. Our time-pieces were smoothly dressed slabs of stone engraved with different characters and each having a different color, each representing an hour of time. When the sun had passed over one it had recorded an hour as being passed. Our assemblies were our chief delight, and were generally held at the end of what you call a week, but what we called a mork.

All of Tipke-Doron was not as intellectually advanced as was El-Zam, the native land of the writer. It was an exception to the general state of the country. We were more domestic and less warlike in our natures and habits, therefore were less disposed to give trouble to the good king Eman-Kootoo. El-Zam was his residence, the residence of the kings of Tipke-Doron for 5,000 years, the family of which I was a member holding control of the government for that length of time. The country was not as thickly infested by wild and ferocious animals, and man therefore became less addicted to bloodshed, and except when serving their allotted time in the king's army, were at home doing nothing except to hunt and fish, and sometimes helping their wives gather herbs and berries for food. Even then, they by means of the stone pestle crushed certain herbs and berries, and extracting the juice used it as a drink, and in-

toxication sometimes occurred when the juices had become fermented.

In my earlier years I distinctly remember that the district in which I lived was filled with horrid animals and birds and reptiles, and wild men from other countries would invade the land; animals in no way represented by the beast world of your day. Some of them 40 feet in height, of the elephant type as to bulk, but with mouths of cavernous size, filled with horrible jagged teeth, and with voices whose roar would shake the hills and whose tread could be heard for a great distance. Some had scaly hides that could not be penetrated. We killed them by reaching the most vulnerable part—the eye, or perchance the mouth or throat. Birds were of gigantic form; many of them had no wings, and with beaks capable of tearing to pieces a human body. Reptiles many times larger and longer than any known in the present day, and of horrible propensities; and man in his early years had to be vicious and warlike to sustain life. But by degrees the country became less troubled with these enemies of man, but man suffered ere this came to pass. But it is well to pass from adversity to enjoyment, though obscurity surrounds and all the known evils seek to hold back the inquirer. So it is with man. Savage as he was then, he must step by step work himself from that condition and his welfare is then worthy of commendation. Even yet, after a period of hundreds of thousands of years, man has not progressed entirely from the conditions surrounding the Al-Aryans in Tipke-Doron, Bal-Dek and the other states not being excepted. Time enough yet.

Now before passing forward to the main part of this work—my life—I will give the tribal traditions concerning the creation of the world and the creation of man. At one time, says the tradition, there was no sun, no moon, no stars, all was void; the Unknown, only, existed. Then the Unknown said for the vapors and gases and floating ocean of formless particles to separate, and each go unto its own kind. Long ages passed ere this took place, the subtle Unknown still following through all, and nicely separating kind by kind. Finally enormous globes were formed and then tumult reigned for a time. The Unknown was in all, and quake after quake shook the globes, and shock after shock well nigh rended them to naught.

But why did the people know this? Although the Incapos were rugged sons of nature, and but a few steps removed from the animal kingdom—the sensual, instinct animal kingdom—they had observed that when leaves fell from trees they would remain stationary for a time, or else revolve and be wafted in wavelets of wind, then fall to the ground. They noticed that when two dry sticks were rubbed together fire was produced; also, that stone struck upon stone or ore upon ore would produce flashes of light. They noticed that bodies of water or streams drying up would produce grasses and weeds, and that water when heated in stone kettles or vessels over the fire, would evaporate into the atmosphere, and would sometimes be so strong as to explode the vessel. They noticed that when the country was being more fully developed, socially, the fiercer animals

and reptiles would retire, or unaccountably become extinct. They noticed that kinds of herbs or fruits would in certain conditions of fermentation be very poisonous, and in other conditions be very effective, medicinally or otherwise. So, by taking heed to these many relations to their domestic character, they could by dint of considerable reasoning and meditating, arrive at the conclusion that the visible universe must have been organized in some such manner. And they knew that there was some law, or rather intelligence, that superintended this creation. They called it the Unknown, and in your day the world knows no more.

The tradition goes on to say that these newly created globes were not all alike, as all creative forces are not all alike; a different arrangement in the beginning would cause a different ending. Vegetable and animal life must appear at the right stage, and the same strange laws caused their being so unlike. Man of course was a combination of all the higher elements of the vegetable, and mineral, and animal kingdoms, for he caused them to be submissive to him. Man was a distinct creation, according to the tradition, for no animal bore strong relations to him in every way, in form or feature, though he possessed qualities of some of each. Even ignorant as they were — semi-savage, slowly ascending being that he was — man knew that he was different from the other living creatures, and in his dumb way longed for something he had not, yet wished to have, and knew not what it was he longed for. The Unknown took from the congregated elements the

parts that were more refined, and putting them together, fashioned the new being—man. The tradition does not say how this creation was made, or the length of time necessary for the creation. But I shall, in another part of this work, give what I have learned (since my communion with spirits and spirit life) concerning the creation, and the creation of man as well; and it is something that has never yet been given to the world as I shall give it.

By common brute instinct, man in his early days noticed that life or living things appeared in water before they appeared on land, and after they appeared in the water they would become rooted in the soil at the bottom of the water, or near the bank, or else become entirely transferred to the land as plants and vegetables, or as insects and small branches of the animal kind. It was noticed that some kinds were ungainly, and huge, and horrible to look upon; and they argued that man must have been created upon the same principle or unknown something, which they blindly groped for but could not grasp. They knew the difference between day and night, heat and cold; that there were animals that lived in the water only, and some that lived only on the land, and others that lived both in the water and on the land; that some walked, and some crawled, and some flew with wings, and some swam, and some had all these properties. They noticed that some were men like themselves, but more ferocious and of a different color; and some looked somewhat like men but had tails by which they swung in the trees. They knew all these things, but were woe-

fully ignorant of the cause; they could only see what was before them, and in a way reason to themselves that they were different and must be superior to them. They tried to give credit and worship to Dolo, as being the doer of these wonderful things, but he would not have it. He told the people there was a Power in whose grasp he was as naught—that he only did as he was compelled to do by the mysterious influence that overpowered him. That he was but the mouthpiece of a regiment of invisibles who were steadily working to lift mankind onto a higher plane of life and action. That he was daily in communication with the immortals who had lived on other worlds, and who had advanced far greater in domestic and national life than we had, and were so for the reason that their worlds had been created ages before ours, that people were created ages before our race was, and they had only followed the Incomprehensible Something's will in impressing man that he was better than he thought he was.

Dolo had lived thousands of years before my time, and as he was richer in intellect than his fellow-men, was, after his transition from earth to the air, delegated to watch over his people, and do what was possible to better their condition. This much I found by the evening meetings at which Dolo often appeared, but I will withhold further communication on this matter till I reach the point in this history which tells of my work as a missionary among the people.

I do not suppose my early years up to the age of 20 need to be much spoken of, as they were

spent in playing about the king's quarters in El-Zam; hunting, fishing, fighting, and was as strong at ten years as an average man in your day. It is all clear to me now as to why this was. In my young days many a time have I been saved from being torn to pieces and eaten by flying beasts, or prowling dragons, or crawling saurians, and mammoth lizards, by some of the king's guards. Many a time did I fight single-handed with wild animals, only escaping after rending their jaws or limbs asunder with my powerful hands. Many a time did I fight with the men with tails, and slay them or be slain myself. It was horrible — my younger years — it was fight or die. But man fairly held his own at that day. He lived to be very old, and families were large, the country was well populated, and the brute creation warred for existence rather than did man — the brutes were so much stronger than man that he was often discouraged.

When I was about 20 years old I became connected with the king's army, and soon after was among the number who traveled north into Bal-Dek, to drive out the Ulus, a band of black, horrible men, who were warring with the Northern Incapos. We traveled along the Igro River, 10,000 strong. Just imagine, if you can, an army of hairy men, seven feet in height, strong as three times as many men of to-day, armed with slings and stone clubs, keeping time to the monotonous drone of a reed fife and a rude drum, sometimes accompanied by the beating together of two plates of hammered metal. Through the jungles lining the river we went, carefully guarding

against surprise by the chattering men with tails, and the usual horde of beasts and reptiles. After a number of days' hard marching, we came to the Lakoto Mountains, which we supposed we would have to cross. Following the course of the river, we were surprised to find that it flowed from beneath the mountains, and not through them. It was the first time any man of that company had been to that place. If the river came from beneath the mountains, from where did it proceed? Camping on the spot that night, we were lulled to sleep by the dreamy roar of the water, and in the morning we anew inspected the surroundings, and decided that if we could go through the mountains, and not across them, we would become famous as explorers, and gain time we would lose by going over the rocks, in danger of falling into the crevices, over precipices, or into the crater of a volcano said to be on the other side.

Accordingly we searched carefully for an opening in the mountain side. At last we were rewarded by finding a cave, the mouth of which was covered with shrubbery of various kinds. After considerable work in making torches and lighting them, we pushed resolutely into the unknown ahead. All was dark, not a sound broke the ominous silence, save the deep breathing of the advancing army, the patter of their feet, or the guttural exclamation of some unlucky soldier who chanced to stumble. The night of death was not darker or more horrible than that march through the bowels of the mountain. After traveling some distance, those in advance re-

ported that gusts of air came from the right, and after peering intently into the darkness, the torch-bearers found that we were walking near the edge of the subterranean river we had known as the Igro. Soon the torch-bearers to the left reported that the floor was slimy, and a dripping sound tokened the presence of a mineral spring. Very soon we were dazzled with the surroundings. Stalactites and stalagmites glittering with every known tint and hue, appeared to our startled vision. The paradise Dolo had told us he had seen in the upper world appeared to be reflected in this shimmering grotto. Pillars, and monuments, and tables, and every conceivable form was here represented in this hidden work of nature. Passing this grotto, we cautiously felt our way for some distance, till the word came from the commander that the advance stood on the brink of a precipice — that it was impossible to go further.

Finally it was found that we could travel to the right, along the side of the precipice, but soon we were again brought to a halt. We must again go to the north. Some of the most venturesome of the company, obtaining leave of the commander, attempted to explore the surroundings, and succeeded in finding an opening leading into a chamber, which, upon entering, they found to have such an exhilarating atmosphere that they danced, and shouted, and sang, till the whole command was in an uproar and nearly deafened with their clamor. Suddenly their mood changed and they began chanting, mournfully, a tribal dirge. We found that they had stumbled upon a

tomb. Returning from the tomb, and finding that I was anxious to inspect the cavern, I accompanied the guide and found that the cavern was lined with bodies of both man and beast, all in an excellent state of preservation. I have since found that the buoyant spirits of the men were caused by the presence of a strong volume of ether in the close atmosphere of the cave. These human bodies were somewhat lighter in color than we were, and the hairy covering of the bodies was lighter also. Some of them were web-handed and web-footed; evidently they had existed long ages before my time, for no tradition spoke of such beings. Bones and ashes and rude resemblances to clothing told us that these people certainly must have lived in these caves. Further search showed us additional chambers nearly all of which contained human bodies or human bones. These bodies were so ice-like that we agreed that they must have been frozen to death, which appeared strange to me then, for our country, though not tropical, was moderately temperate in climate. We found few implements of warfare or domestic use, and those we did find were strangely fashioned almost like our own. After I became a priest I found who these people were and when they lived.

Leaving these caves we joined the moving column, and after several hours hard marching, some of the time climbing what appeared to be a natural spiral stairway, we perceived light ahead aside from the torches, and soon emerged into the free air at sunset, having been a whole day in passing through this natural tunnel. We camped

that night at the base of these mountains overshadowing the rising plain of Solikrates. The river Igro was not visible. It indeed came from beneath the mountains. Ere morning broke we were awakened by the affrighted shouts of the guards, and none too soon. The volcano Tooko had again become active and was even then belching forth flames and cinders, and ashes, hundreds of feet into the air. The scene was awful. But many times since then have I beheld more thrilling, and sublime, and awful spectacles. The very mountains shook with the violence of the volcano. To stay longer was impossible. The very air became murky, and we scented the coming danger. For miles and miles out on the plain this lurid light of coming evil was reflected, and we hastened with all possible speed. Far in advance of us dark-looking figures were seen scurrying away. They were the advance guard of the Ulus. They had seen us emerge from the mountain, and had watched our movements, and like us were compelled to flee from the wrath of the awakened volcano. Looking backward we saw that the huge crater had overflowed, and was sending down the mountain side a blazing river of fire, and its smoke rose mountain high.

By daylight we had come up with the main body of Ulus, numbering perhaps 15,000. They immediately pounced upon us with the ferocity of wild beasts that they were, and a desperate conflict ensued. After an hour's hard fighting, we heard the war-cry of the Incapos of Southern Bal-Dek, who had after a day's respite from fighting the Ulus, come to our aid by following the

trail of the Ulus. The Incapos numbered now 16,000. We surrounded the Ulus, and sought to take them prisoners, but they fought us back and refused to submit. All day this horrible carnage continued, and evening found 5,000 Ulus alive, and twice as many Incapos. We slept none that night. When morning came the Ulus were gone but not defeated. We turned homeward, receiving 3,000 Incapo recruits on the way. That evening as we were keeping watch several miles west of the volcano, we were startled at the volley of huge stones dropping in our midst, seemingly coming from the sky. Then a succession of horrible yells, and the wild beating of a drum, told us that what we had looked for had come. Receiving re-enforcements, the Ulus had returned to the attack, and we knew that it was war to the death. There would be no quarter shown, no compromise extended. Ranging ourselves in battle array, we awaited the renewal of the strife.

It seemed horrible to me. I had been recruited into the army, and I was compelled to do the duty of a veteran. Again it was fight or die. The Ulus came on with horrible yells, discharging volleys of stones at us with considerable havoc in the way of bruises and cuts. Consternation seized us when we soon found that the officer second in command had turned traitor and gone over to the enemy, hoping to curry favor with them, and at the same time eke out a horrible revenge upon the commander, for a fancied insult regarding the position of the troops. "Let him go," said the commander, "he will only bring his own end."

Desperately the Ulus attacked us, and as often were they repulsed by our slings, and when the conflict waxed hotter and hotter in the glare of the still active volcano, our stone clubs came into play, and one by one and hundred by hundred, the Ulus fell, though they had received 7,000 re-enforcements. All night and all next day did we skirmish and battle, and in the evening not a hundred Ulus remained to tell the tale of the battles. Ten Ulus had fallen to one Incapo. Half of our army returned to El-Zam to tell the story of the invasion. Three thousand Bal-Dek Incapos remained. The handful of Ulus were knocked down with our stone clubs and taken prisoners by force. The rebel officer was also taken. "The curse of Dolo is upon me," he cried, as he crawled in the dust; "I have brought evil to myself, and all the Ulus are gone—all dead. There is nothing for me to do but to die." Rising to his feet and casting a look of fear at some unseen being or object behind him, he sped away toward the volcano. Before we could reach him he had flung himself into the fiery river coursing down the mountain side, and his soul had gone to give account to Dolo for its weakness. The Bal-Dek Incapos reserved the Ulus for slaves of war, and our army returned home.

In the early morning we entered the mouth of the cavern and slowly plodded onward, finding that we were in no immediate danger from the volcano. Midway we were well-nigh suffocated by the intensely hot air which rushed through the cavern's subterranean shaft. There was some connection between the cavern and the volcano,

and we hastened all the faster to regain the outside world. In the middle of the afternoon we emerged from this natural tunnel and proceeding a few miles further, we encamped for the night. In the morning we resumed our homeward journey, reaching our destination in due time to hold an evening council, in which Dolo appeared and thanked us for our valor, and told us to be good servants of the king and obey his requests, as it would be for our good to do so.

For some time, perhaps several years, after our war with the Ulus, we enjoyed comparative peacefulness. Then the cloud of war again lowered. The yellow people, the Mallies, to the west of us, began making encroachments on our territory, killing our people, destroying our dwellings, and laying waste our property. The king, my father, ordered out a large army numbering 12,000, to at once proceed to the seat of war. I had been promoted and was now an officer. Marching due west, we on the sixth day encountered an unforeseen peril. Our advance guards while walking upon what appeared to be solid ground, suddenly disappeared, and were never heard of more. An examination showed that a thin film covered a lake of an alkaline substance, and which was very deep, and covered a large tract of land. After considerable time was spent in scouting, we at length found a safe route, and proceeding slightly to the northwest, we resumed our march, and after several more days' journeying through jungles and morasses, reached the point where the Mallies were devastating the country. We were joined soon by 4,000 Incapos,

and next day encountered, on a high and rock-covered plain, a force of about 18,000 Mallies, who were bent on war and annihilation. Ranging in battle array, we charged upon them, and the day was spent without intermission in horrible carnage. Six thousand Mallies and five thousand Incapos passed from life and action, and that night slept in the arms of death. We were as usual armed with stone clubs and slings, and the Mallies with slings, and poles to which were tied a thong holding large stones. The next day the conflict was renewed, and about noon the general commanding the Mallies was slain. Still the battle continued with unabated fury, and after two days' further fighting, our forces numbered 5,000 and the Mallies numbered about 2,500. They called for a council, and the officers of both armies met on the center of the plain, and after a lengthy parley, the Mallies agreed to return to their own land and forbear further war with the Incapos. In this war, fought over several miles of territory, I was promoted to be captain. After the conclusion of the fight, I looked over the battle-field, and was sickened at the heaps of dead, the blood-splashed stones, the rivulets of blood, and ghastly bodies with crushed heads and rended limbs. I was sick of war, but what could I do? I was in the king's service. There I must remain ten years, and eight years was I yet to serve.

We returned home without any notable mishap, and after another year's peace (such as those times afforded) we were called upon to proceed north and west to make war against the Ulus

again. Numbering 6,000 strong we set out to invade the northwest nation of Ulus, and after traveling several days we were attacked by a large army of the men with tails, who made the day hideous with their howls and yells, as they assailed us with clubs, and branches of trees, and stones, and swinging by their tails from trees, fastened their claw-like hands in our hair and attempted to draw us into their clutches. But they were no match for us with our slings and clubs. By the hundred their bodies lay rotting among the leaves when we returned from our journey. Vanquishing these enemies, we continued our march, and after several weeks' hard traveling, the last three days of which was on a desert, we reached the other side, and had rested but a few hours, when we perceived the Ulus advancing across the desert, following us, 5,000 strong. We had suffered while crossing the desert, for we were without water, and the torrid sun beat heavily upon us, very, very hot, yet we were strong and withstood the sultry heat.

Apparently the Ulus were as badly famished for want of water as we had been. They had loaded themselves down with shining stones and pieces of ore, which I now know were diamonds and other precious stones, gold and silver. Poor savages! little good did it do them, for the bodies of all but 50 were left for food for animals or were bleached on the sands of the desert. Ghoulish vampires they were. Their bodies were smeared with blood, and they carried pouches filled with the blood of animals freshly slaughtered. They were cannibals. With hoarse cries

they came at us, brandishing their spears and clubs of elephant bone. But in spite of their skill we were eventually the victors. After some hours' terrible fighting they had succeeded in capturing about 50 of our force, I being among the number. They surrounded us and rushed us away to the rear. Tying half of them to trees, I was forced to witness a most horrible butchery. With blunt knives of bone or stone, these black demons murdered my companions by inches. Cutting or rather sawing piece by piece, they would eat it before their victims' faces with fiendish relish. Some of them would sever a vein or artery, and soon half a dozen of these human vampires would draw the last drop of blood from his body, which was soon torn to pieces and eaten. Before the remainder of us could be devoured by these ghouls, our army had driven the cannibal army backward, and we escaped to our own ranks. With redoubled fury did we pursue and attack the Ulu, and gave no quarter. Several days passed by with considerable battling each day, and the few remaining Ulu fled from the field. Resuming our homeward march, and looking backward, we perceived these vampires feasting on the bodies of the slain. In this siege we lost 1,500 men.

But friends, brothers, I am weary of telling of bloodshed. I will only say that for ten years I was in the king's army, retiring at the age of 30, having traveled over all of Al-Arya, resting or fighting, on the mountain or in the valley; suffering on the arid plains, or wearily threading my way amid interior jungles, fording swollen

streams or shooting the rapids. Such was my life.

I thought of becoming a priest. I was eminently fitted for it. I had traveled as much as any other man in the country. I had attained high honors in the army. I was known to be more humane than many others, and was considered more intellectual than the many. I was of an inquiring disposition, and sought to know the "why" of everything I saw. Consulting with Tzintzek, our chief priest, he welcomed with joy the advent of Atharael as a priest. The ceremony by which I was initiated was as follows: At dusk of the evening commemorating my fortieth birthday, at El-Zam, the evening sacrifice was duly prepared; and the chief priest taking my hand, at the head of the circle, having the next highest priest by my other side, made the following invocation: "O thou great and good Dolo, the leader of our band, the king of our land, this night is consecrated to thee the prince Atharael. Let the shadow of thy love and of those that send thee be shed upon him this night. Lead him onward and upward that it may be for the best that he becomes one of us. Bid the Father of All be his guide. Teach him what is good for man to know and do. Almanado Almanazar."

At the conclusion of this, we slowly walked about the sacrifice which is slowly being consumed. Soon lights of various colors flashed about us, and the sound of many voices blended into one harmonious whole, chanting a beautiful hymn. Then I felt an extraordinary sensation — that of floating dreamily in the upper air, mingling with the shades of the long departed. Then I recov-

ered my normal condition to find on either side, or rather all about me, a shadowy group whose *thoughts spoke to my thought* and bade me rejoice. Then a luminous circle appeared over the sacrifice, and Dolo and three other guardian spirits presented themselves and spoke at some length on the important proceedings of the evening. Then, the lake being near at hand, the chief priest administered to me the rite of immersion; on my emerging from the water, a glittering halo appeared about my head, held by visible angel hands, and a voice said: "*Ero de noto victa,*" which is "Welcome to thy mission, brother." The luminous phasma broadened and deepened, and enveloped me in its folds. Dolo was with me. Taking me by the hand he talked quite earnestly to me for some minutes, and then gradually disappeared from sight, though I felt or rather sensed his presence in different ways. I was now a priest.

Ever afterward, every day of my life in the body, was I conscious of the presence of the invisibles. I saw them in the light of day and amid the silent hours of night. They talked to me and I to them. I realized that then I had but just begun to live in light; before that I appeared to be walking in a gloomy path, full of pitfalls. I felt that I was free. I was being redeemed. From that time up to my fiftieth year I was engaged in mission work among my brethren, bidding them to be less warlike in their daily life, but yet allow no nation to coerce them, or drag them down to a lower level. I saw that these rude men were of a higher grade of intellect than the age of the world would warrant, and I con-

sidered that this was because our priests were always chastening them, bidding them accept the good advice and admonitions given them by Dolo and his guardian band of spirits, many of whom were from other worlds, and were interested in seeking to lead man higher to better life and action. I must say that I was in a measure successful in my efforts. When 50 years old, being rather richly developed in priestly matters, I bethought myself of visiting Bal-Dek, the province or state north of Tipke-Doron.

A guard of 1,000 accompanied me to the border, following up the river Igro as on our earlier expedition to battle with the Ulus. Arriving at the Lakoto Mountains, I selected six of the priests accompanying the band, to with me visit the cavern containing the bodies of the ancients. Of course we selected the night as the best time to visit the cave. Fifty of the van remained outside in the passage-way and were witnesses of what occurred. Seating ourselves in a circle with hands touching, we awaited developments. They soon came. A bright light appeared in our midst and gradually grew larger, and then there appeared in this luminous mist the form of an ancient whose mortal body lay but a few feet distant. He spoke to us as follows: "I am or was Kip-Poro, and lived on the plain you called Solikrates. I lived on berries and roots and herbs. I knew that I lived and that was all. One day I died. Standing beside my body I was surprised to find that I had been double. Those who had died before me were with me again. I have roamed free as the wind that blows, ever

since then, and have found that I did not live in vain. I could tell you more but know not how to express me thoughts." Saying this, he vanished.

Then appeared one whose body lay with the bones of animals. He said: "I was Perlikron. I lived in this cave. I was a cave-dweller, and the bears, and elks, and deer of your time are the descendants of those whose bones are here. Kip-Poro lived even yet before my time. I can tell that men lived in the water in my time—long, long ago. They can tell their own story. This mountain was my home, and with it I was familiar. No part of it but what I had visited. With rope ladders made of the skins of beasts have I descended to the fountain head of this mighty river, many feet below. Go down the side of yon precipice with torches, and you will find a reward for your search. I lived as the wild animals lived about me. It was a struggle for existence. You have seen perilous times, but my day was far more horrible. Lakes were disappearing and with them many huge water-beasts, and vegetation became more luxuriant in proportion. There came a time when I had got to be an old man, that the air grew cold, and the water became solid, and I could no longer move. It was then I died and came here. Since then I have learned much, but I cannot find words to tell you. I am under the guardianship of Dolo and I must go."

Again the luminous mist formed, and there appeared to us therein a merman, a man with web-hands and web-feet. Soon he was joined by a female who claimed to be his wife. His story, their story, was: "We have no names. We

existed when there were no other people but our kind. We lived in the water and rode upon its waves. This land was under water when we lived here, and this cave was our watery retreat. How shall we tell of our life? Fish were our food, except what sea-plants we chose to occasionally gather. How glorious it was to ride gayly on the waves, and play with the sea-birds, and frolic among the wonders of the great deep! We were happy, and never more so than when angels floated with us and sang and talked to us of the good times to be, when we would no more battle for life amid the waves, but float with ease far away through airy scopes and visit the stars we sang of in our sea-revels. Then when we were very old, we died and found that indeed it had been angels who talked with us. This was long, long ago, so long that we cannot tell in years. But you may yet know more of these things. We can stay no longer. Farewell." And they were gone.

"Romantic," you say! So thought I, but with unmistakable proofs within my normal vision, I was certain that this was all true. Other spirits came and manifested to us strange ideas of former days, and I was more than gratified to know and learn that men had not lived in vain. Yet the early life of man was still shrouded in mystery to me, and I yet hoped to have the problem solved. In the morning we left this cave and journeyed a few miles onto the plain of Solikrates, where I was met by a large body of Incapos who had selected me to be their priest. Their king, Tehuaco, was at the head of the procession, and welcomed

me with open arms. He was a grave old man nearly 150 years old. Their priest had recently died, and I was selected to fill his place; agreeable to myself was this announcement. A small village named for the queen, Sadi, was my future home. After appropriate ceremonies were undergone, my old guard bade me good-by and returned to El-Zam, king Tehuaco sending a guard with them through the mountain tunnel.

I entered upon a new life. I had some years before taken a wife from among the maidens constituting the queen's guard at El-Zam, and was the father of two boys. My life henceforth was peaceful, comparatively. I at regular intervals held evening councils, at which presided, sometimes by proxy, the guardian spirit of Bal-Dek; his name was Zeva, but was known to be only an under god to one whose only appellation was "the Nameless." I was a prophet and warned the people of what was to come. Invasions and insurrections were therefore known days beforehand. Thus the years went by, the people slowly growing wiser and gentler, and becoming more and more acquainted with the mechanic side of life. I taught them how to fashion ore from the mountains into serviceable utensils, by beating them into shape with their stone clubs, many of which were operated by tying thongs of skin to them and elevating them over posts with cross-bars. Then I taught them to fuse the ore by heating in stone vessels that had been fire-tested for ages. I led them to the foot of the precipice named by Perlikron, the cave-dweller, 50 years before, and brought back to the city of Sadi, diamonds and

gold and silver from an inexhaustible mine, and with these precious things adorned the king's temple, the first of the kind I had ever seen—a stone palace, with ore ornaments glittering in the sunlight. It had been the work of years, and when it was completed the old king died, and his daughter, the princess Yamaze, became queen. Then there came troublous times, but not for me.

In a few short days an invasion was made from the north by the Ulu, and the queen was forced to fly to the mountains. Many of the Incapos were not at home at the time, and the capital of Bal-Dek fell into the hands of the northern barbarians. Priests were held as sacred, and I was unmolested. The general of the Ulu forces usurped the throne and became king, taking the name of Toglath. In a few months I had succeeded in informing the scattered Incapos of the existing state of affairs, and Zeva gave me to know that the Ulu should be driven from the land. Silently and secretly did the Incapos labor for the recovery of their homes, and soon the Ulu were one morning surprised to find the city in the hands of the Incapos, and the false king a prisoner, and the good queen, Yamaze, occupying the throne. For my share in this circumlocution of the Ulu, I was selected with great pomp to be chief priest of the kingdom, numbering 100 districts, and held the position to the day of my transition to my ethereal home.

During the later years of my life the people had made marked progress in agriculture and mechanics, and were well equipped from the military point of view. Stone implements were still in use,

though metal ones were gradually taking their place. Wars were becoming few and far between, and a semblance to semi civilization was taking place. More and more every day was I becoming educated as well as my intellectual capacity would allow, into the mysteries of the unseen, and in frequent visits to Tipke-Doron, I was commissioned to impart to the chief priest of El-Zam, the state of affairs in Bal-Dek, and such super-mundane remarks as Zeva desired me to give. My sister, Ol-Amo, becoming queen after the death of my father, Eman-Kootoo, was desirous that I should remain in Tipke-Doron, but understanding the nature of my relation to Bal-Dek, and its people, acquiesced in my return; though frequently I visited her as a special commissioner from Queen Yamaze.

In my older years I became more and more in the company of spirit friends, and day by day drew nearer to them. My earth life was now nearly finished, and I chose one Den-Rion as my successor when I should lay aside my mortal body. Both Dolo and Zeva visited me and told me of the beginning of things, and I will now speak of these matters. Dolo and Zeva being very intellectual beings, at that stage of man's existence, were duly commissioned by the powers above them, to attempt to lead man from sensuality to higher animal life, and in the course of time to be blended with the spiritual. Upon their entrance into the life invisible, they were for a time in a semi-unconscious state, and scarcely knew if they were on earth or not. They gradually found their spirituality unfolding, and saw about them many

of their old acquaintances, and all seemed to be trying to ascend but could not till a certain portion of their sensual animosity was extinguished. Day by day they saw some ascending to other states, and others joining them from their earthly tenements. They soon discovered strange spirits who they were made to know were teachers, most of them from other worlds, who were giving lessons on the cause of life, its uses and abuses, its mysteries, the duty of man and of spirits; of course these lessons were necessarily very simply arranged, even to crudeness, to enable these blighted souls to comprehend them fully.

For hundreds of years did Dolo and Zeva attend these spirit schools, till they were qualified sufficiently to return to earth and by degrees impart the knowledge they had gained, to their earth-bound brethren. From these worthy spirits I found that this world was indeed but one of many among the shining worlds of space. That far beyond the vision of man or angel, there existed countless numbers of rolling globes, and universes of worlds, and suns, and stars, and that the people of our world were but a drop in the great, illimitable ocean of humanity. Other systems of worlds had long been brought into existence, and teemed with life, and passed to other conditions, ere this little lump of clay we call earth was formed from the floating sea of infinitesimal entities, ere it had passed from stage to stage till man became a living being, of a distinct entity of his own.

I, Atharael, have talked with these beings from other worlds, and am convinced of their truthful-

ness; I find no cause to object to any of their statements, since at times becoming their companion. They say that they lived thousands of years before my time, and were of a much higher grade of beings, of much better spirituality, and powers of discernment. From what I gathered from their remarks, then they must have been as highly advanced in national life as the world is of this day, and I am conversant with spirits from other planets, who state that they are more fully educated, intellectually and physically, than your world will be for years to come. I found that when these spirits from other worlds had passed from earth life, they were educated in many things they had inklings of, or had faint desires to know, and also were delegated by more spiritually unfolded angels to return to earth and teach in whatever manner they could, the people most needing it — the so-called civilized people occasionally requiring greater attention than the so-called savages. To teach and be taught, therefore, was the plan of action at that day, and is such yet. When the people had progressed far enough from sensual animality to know the difference between flesh and spirit, they were reckoned of sufficient intelligence to be impressed more naturally than they would be formerly. Though when they knew not the living from the so-called dead except by touch, they were often very readily taught, and were it not for this reason, man in his early life would have been exterminated by his own race.

As to the power that compelled these earth-guardians to perform their work, I found that

there were yet angels of a higher grade, and of a higher, and soon, ending in the Incomprehensible Something, that I was delegated to call the great Al-Brahm, and whom we worshiped through Zeva and his superiors. These angel teachers ascended as if by steps, and those of a lower grade knew but faintly of those in the far beyond. They could only realize what the higher ones knew: that far above them existed an illimitable sea of æther or refined atmosphere, from which emanated rays of life and light, so tiny that the most powerful microscope of modern or future days could not discern; yet to the spiritually unfolded, of a high degree, these lines of life and light are distinctly visible. This vast ocean was intelligence, for these angels received their thoughts and ideas from it as rays of light from the sun are perceived by man. This something was all-powerful, and all knowing; for whenever a contraction of its manifold parts of one stupendous whole was made, the silver cord of life for many on earth was parted asunder, and universal changes occurred. This Unknown, or Al-Brahm, the father of everything that is, is in all, through all, with all, is all and directs all, from his fountain-head and seat of power in the misty beyond of the upper air, though apparently detached from them. Spirit to spirit only is visible, therefore the unspiritual cannot know Al-Brahm, or God, as it is now called. This great power is androgynous, both male and female. The father and mother of universes and every living thing.

I learned much concerning the creation of all things, but shall reserve it till I give my spiritual

experiences, which slightly differ from what I learned before my transition, probably owing to my being freed from the bonds of flesh, though what I learned of the Fountain of Power remains the same in general. I learned much more concerning the attributes of the godhead. I must also give a brief outline of the changes taking place on the earth since my becoming a resident of the starry land. But I must first give the mode of my departure from earth-life. I was over 200 years old, and had been a priest 160 years, the last hundred years being conversant with the so-called dead, every day speaking with them face to face. I was what you would denominate a materializing or etherealizing medium, and a strong one at that, hence my strong conceptions of the spirit world. Old age had slowly crept upon me, and my early years being spent in army life, I was aged before my time. The forces of vitality slowly sapped, and a year from the day of my decline, I dropped asleep in the arms of death, and awoke in the arms of eternal life. The transition was slow and painless.

Den-Rion, the new chief priest, was with me to the end and closed my mortal eyes, and greeted my spirit on its arrival into the new life. I first felt a dreamy languor more than was usual stealing over me, and which gradually grew stronger and stronger. My spiritual eyes opened and I perceived an innumerable multitude of angel friends waiting with open arms to carry me to my new home. Strains of enchanting music filled the air, and I felt myself slowly rising from my bed. My limbs became cold, and my lips refused

to move, and almost ere I could realize it, I was out of my body and the line connecting me with it was severed, and the spiritual eyes of Den-Rion saw me ascending to the home on high. I was dead. But I was raised from the dead. I was alive for evermore.

Dolo and Zeva escorted me on what I found was a magnetic barque on a magnetic river to a home prepared for me, many thousand miles away. Here in this elegant, yet not magnificent, mansion not made with hands, I remained the space of time usually amounting to three days. This my guides told me was to recuperate my fagged spirit, and draw from my body all the magnetic entities necessary to the vigor of my spirit body. At the end of the three days I was permitted to return to earth and witness the burial rites over my body. With due solemnity did Den-Rion repeat the customary prayer committing to Zeva's charge the soul of the departed; after which my body was wrapped in the burial robe, and, as it was my request, placed in the cavern containing the bodies of the ancients; and stones were placed at the opening of the cave, that none may ever afterward enter except by permit from the queen. My official robe was my burial garment—a finely tanned dress of the skins of animals something like the modern rabbit, and decorated with drawings of flowers and hieroglyphic accounts of vital import in my life. I was no longer a denizen of earth. My lot was henceforth with those of the upper air.

For a long, long time I attended school in the fifth grade, three grades higher than the great

majority who had preceded me. I learned many things that the world of to day is gradually finding by patient research. I sought to learn the secrets of the Most High, and the origin of all things. The tribal traditions of my day were but crude dreams of what really was. At one time there existed only a confused mass of vapors, gases and solvents, a floating sea of entity, penetrated by the magnetic and electric life-lines of the Great Eternal Center, which contained in its pent-up universe of action the spirit-forms of all that was to be, in miniature portrayed. The spiritual sought action, and the life-retaining currents sought to retain equilibrium, and the subtle-working Unknown, in its dual world of æther, worked long ages in formulating by its chemical crucibles the kinds and kinds of entities necessary for the formation of tangible and recognizable bodies. Ages and ages rolled on amain, and the affinitizing of infinitesimal particles of unconscious and conscious life-retaining and life-giving entities continued. Each vapor, each gas, each entity must in certain proportion be connected with certain others to formulate a given kind of bodily entity.

Finally a chain of globes was created, each at white heat, and revolving at a rapid rate. Had man been permitted to witness the sublime though horrible sight of these contending forces, the glare of the electric currents, the roll and boom of this vast chemical retort out of which was to be fashioned and made this illimitable universe of worlds, he would have been stricken dumb forever with awe for the Great Unseen. The great

temperature of these newly created bodies, which naturally retained the same laws of gravitation, etc., as the eternal center, so disturbed the atmosphere, yet unorganized, for such a space of territory that torrents of water were formed and fell for a great period of time upon these new worlds, causing a great cloud to form about them. This was the condition of the planets till plant life appeared upon them. There was not one universe formed about the Great Center, but a system of systems of universes, with their suns, and moons, and stars, each to a certain extent being a planet. Some of them were of such a nature that long ages must elapse before they can possibly be inhabitable bodies.

When this system of worlds had arrived at a certain stage, other systems were formed—not created—in the same manner as the former, and this formation of worlds from always-existing and never-created particles, of to a certain extent impersonal atoms or entities, is the thought-act of the great universal Father-Mother, to this day. Planets fulfill their mission and pass to other conditions of action; suns do the same, and the moons, and the old worn-out earths of long ago; and the newly formed and forming planets are performing their functions and pass to other conditions. Every living thing, dreaming, sleeping, awaking, living, or dying, performs its function and passes to other conditions. Man, the greatest of all the creations of the great Androgyne Principle, has, does, and will perform his mite of labor upon these mundane spheres, and then passes to other conditions. The highest of all created

beings, and possessing the eternal principle of life itself, and conscious of the time when as a particle of fire and flame, he pursued his course around the Sun from which evolved all that is, he either struggles against what he unthinkingly calls fate (which is the wrong construction of his living soul, the generation of a spirit by ignorant mortals), or bravely battles the perils of being, and at the end of a long and useful life enters the higher realms of action; passing on the way the unfortunates who by thoughtless abuse of the proper use of the creative laws, must pass ages in a land where their true creation must be consummated.

This Grand Center is the fountain of all laws of affinity, gravitation, repulsion, centrifugal, centripetal, refraction, diffraction, polarization, genuflection, analyses, combination; the eternal life-principle of all that is; the Supreme Will, Infinite Intelligence, Master Mind, Sovereign Force, Conscious Energy, Atomic Law, and all that tends to create, form, dissever, and unite, the imponderable, the infinitesimal, molecular particles, which consolidated form the visible system of universes. This Great Center is, and is not; was and yet to be; it never was created, and there never was a time when it was not. The most subtle properties of chemistry are its parts, and yet chemists know them not. The deific fluids known as electricity, magnetism, spirit, ether, and all the various combinations of gases and atmospheric atoms, are its body, yet are not it; they are a part of it, yet exert their force far away, millions and billions of miles, into the silent chambers of un-

organized space, where chaos reigns supreme, following the dictates of the universal All, of which these vital forces are but lines of a great Battery, wherein are generated all that ever was, is, or e'er shall be. The vast, illimitable, grand universe, consisting of systems of universes, always existed. For nothing can be created, yet all things are formed from previously existing particles in different visible shapes. In the Great Center, that majestic, awful globe of spirit, planet of embryotic planets yet to be, existed and will forever exist in miniature, the worlds, and suns, and living things that ever will exist.

This great Eye sees all things, is in everything, is the life of all that is, and is the hand that gathers the flower and the thistle, the young and the old, with no respect to cause, or use, or view of change. Every soul is a part of the great Over-Soul, and when parted from the earthly segments and sediments, passes to the arms of the great Androgyne, to wander through lands of ecstatic bliss, and cull from the plant of life the never-dying flowers of eternity. Al-Brahm is the parent of all. *They* are God, and God is Love. We can never expect to know infinity, yet Infinite Love has told us that nothing is in vain — that nothing has never been made into something. We only can know that the infinite is, and forms all things and re-forms them at his will. The thought of Al-Brahm or God is the act of the germs of planetary life; and new organisms are the result. Thought is but the magnetic action of the great All in its ethereal zone.

The fool hath said
"There is no God;"
You see His works, yet
Still deny, O clod.

The little birds that warble,
And flit from tree to tree,
Each have their wants supplied
By the God that e'er shall be.

The beasts that roam the earth,
Of every phase of form,
Are daily cared for by the hand
That makes the calm and storm.

Ask savages if they believe
That an almighty power
Supplies their every want,
And guides them hour by hour.

This earth is still fixed in space
Like many hundreds more,
Guided by the Unseen Hand
As in the times of yore.

Winter's cold, and summer's warm,
The change from day to night,
Are also wrought by the Unseen Hand,
The maker of right, and might.

The earth, the sea, the sky,
Are governed by the hand
Of the unseen Being
Who everywhere doth stand.

The stars, the moons, the suns,
All hold their throne in space
By power of this Master Mind's
Unchanging, unceasing grace.

This Universal Architect
Creates all, kind by kind;
Some call Him the all-wise God—
We call Him the Master Mind.

He gives us all we have;
 Directs us, gives us sight;
 'Twas the thought-act of His will
 That said "Let there be light."

You know all this, and see,
 And yet deny, O clod,
 And still say in your heart
 "There is no God."

"There is no God,"
 Say skeptics wondrous wise;
 They see His works on every hand;
 Do they believe their eyes?

But when life is done and down
 To the river of death they plod,
 The fools say with the wise
 "There is a God."

Confining myself to the description of the earth alone, as conveying adequate ideas of all other planets, I will say that this earth is one of a series of planets of one system, which with other systems, are the sixth circle from the Great Central Sun; therefore there are thousands of planets and worlds that have existed and passed from existence to be re-formed in other conditions, ere this world of ours was inhabitable. Pursuing its course around its sun for ages and ages, with dense volumes of water falling upon it, there necessarily arose such clouds of steam that the sun was obscured from sight. The water, acting chemically upon the revolving globe, finally equalized to a required extent, the properties composing the same. For ages the world rolled on, a landless ocean. Then the crucible brought from the recesses of this changing mass an infinite

number of animalculæ—water molecules. They were not all alike. But in embryo all things are alike. A microscopic examination of albumen will show this; or the examination of the foetus of any kind of animal life, will prove this. At length these breeding atoms generated a new substance—soil. The chemical changes continued, and peaks and stretches of land appeared here and there, above the ocean. The living dead brought forth plants with animal properties and organisms. The sea was full of floating life. The shore was all a marsh. The scene changes. Plants grow upon the land and in the water—plants generated from plant-animals, and animals created from the same. The sea was filled from the first dawn of life with a floating gelatinous substance, the albumen of all life. Man's organic life originated there.

Obeying the natural law of life, the earth became more perfect in substance, even rocky; and insects, and winged fowls, and amphibian creatures, thronged the land and the sea. Plants and vegetation flourished to an awe-inspiring extent. Shell fishes and fishes of every grade, in body small, appeared. Great changes still take place upon the planet. Life is well-nigh extinct at times. Carbon is generated, and moss and tree, and fern are stored away for the use of mankind yet to be. Then the powerful atmospheric properties cause the generated animal and vegetable kingdoms to assume mammoth sizes. Horrid forms on sea and land, and in the air, appear, and man's progenitors idly play amid the waves of the pre-historic lakes and streams. Man first appeared as a

water molecule, and following out the divine law, evolved from stage to stage, from molecule to plant-animal, from plant-animal to trilobite and zoophyte, and fish; and hasting onward in the age of carbon assumed the form of man, tail of fish and arms of fins. For long ages was this the case. Then came the age when animals became less bestial, and winged things more gentle, and vegetation less luxuriant, and more adapted to the use of living beings. The men of the sea began to visit the land and become familiar with life aside from aquatic forms. Evolution never recedes but always advances, and ages passed; and still following the infinite adjunct, the tails of man took the forms of legs, and the fins became arms. Long ages did they so remain, and then gradually fingers and toes took the place of webs.

Man was ever a distinct creation, but in his early days he was sensual, and unknown to proper laws of generation and propagation of species. Many of the men of early days took up their abode with the beasts of the forests and plains, and the result was that horrible monstrosities were born into the world, and in ages to come, new races of created beings. All the races of monkeys, apes, gorillas, orang-outangs, etc., so originated. Beasts of the forest of strange aspect, owe their existence to early man. Strange fowls of the air owe some of their peculiarities to the same cause. Man never originated from the monkey family, but the monkey family originated from man. In his infancy, in the early age of man, he was of the animal kingdom—is to this day, but of an exalted condition. Man necessarily,

therefore, following in the animal plane, was covered with hair, and owing to the tropical climate, suffered only from the heat of the sun. He was rude and rugged and of gigantic proportions. He knew not the spirit from the flesh man unless by contact. He fed on berries, and roots, and herbs, and knew not the use of fire or the way to produce it. He saw the effects of the lightning's stroke, but knew not the cause thereof, and never wondered thereat. He was stolidly indifferent to everything about him, caring only for sustenance. By and by he became sensual to the extent that he ate the flesh of beasts, and finally degenerated into cannibalism. There were exceptions to this, for all did not become cannibals. The world was a gloomy charnel-house, for no rays of interior light penetrated the instinct of its inhabitants, and angel visits were well-nigh fruitless. Other worlds assisted to lead man to his present position, I repeat, though in the time I speak of, they were not discouraged, or cast down, for all the light was still ahead.

This earth was once a ball of fire
Bright shining as the Sun
From which 'twas taken in ages past,
And a planet's life is begun.

The Creative Law of the universe
That never had a birth,
That always was, will always be,
Made this planet we call earth.

This ball of fire at length grew old,
And wandering on through space,
Became imbued with internal life,
And entered creation's race.

For ages untold it wandered on,
Creative Power felt within;
Electric currents flashed forth wild,
With eruption's horrible din.

The lightnings darted, the thunders rolled,
Confusion reigned supreme;
New particles generated from this mass
Of fluids, vapors, steam.

The work of creation still went on
'Mid crash, and roar, and glare;
A world in embryo was forming—
A planet hung in the air.

Soon vapors rose, and steam condensed
Poured down in floods of rain;
The ball of fire 'came a liquid mass,
And its horrors 'gan to wane.

Gales and hurricanes of wind—
Created by this changing mass—
Hurled hither and thither this wild
Admixture of vapors, liquids, gas.

The white heat changed to red,
Then lost its fiery face;
The boiling water seethed and hissed
To find a resting place.

Time rolled on and still the mass
Evolved a gentler sphere,
Till all was calm and held its place,
And earth's first age was here.

The sea was filled with floating life,
The jelly albumen rare:
The first of all created life;
Man's life was started there.

But a terrible change came o'er the scene:
The elements warred with might;
The earth changed into floating chaos
In a dread Silurian night.

Void again gave way to form
Through the quake of earth and air;
Mountains rose and valleys fell,
And deep chasms here and there.

Again the earth shows signs of life,
And the sun looks through the clouds;
The ocean's full of floating forms;
The sky is filled; on earth in crowds.

There are strange plants with root-like feet,
And the stone-lily strange to view;
There are trilobites, star-fish, mollusks,
And the wondrous coral, too.

Strange fishes swim in the sea
With helmets on their heads;
And the coral builds its reef—
But not on the ocean beds.

Another change does now take place:
Foul gases rise from out the earth;
Internal and external heat breaks forth,
And nothing has a birth.

Time passes swiftly on; and then,
When the crucible's power is spent,
Life endows reptiles, and
Beasts on land are sent.

Before these beings came on earth,
The moss, and fern and tree
Were changed by carbon gas to coal—
Of benefit great degree.

The sun had struggled through murky clouds
To look upon the earth,
That through the laws of nature
Must have another birth.

Rude convulsions had shaken the earth;
Electric storms howled aloud;
Plains were raised to mountain height,
And mountains low were bowed.

Strange animals and plants
Are found in field and marsh ;
While overhead, large winged insects fly,
With voices loud and harsh.

Strange foliage grew upon the land,
And strange beings swam in the sea ;
While in the sky there flew about
Rude birds of great degree.

Now flowers, and plants, and verdant trees,
Spring up on every hand,
The sweet perfume is wafted
Far o'er the beauteous land.

Huge reptiles crawl on sandy shores,
And swim in marshy lakes ;
Great monsters beat the balmy air,
Their loud cries the silence breaks.

Ungainly beings of vampire form
With dreadful, flaming eyes,
Feast on other unwieldy shapes
That voice unearthly cries.

Lizards thirty feet long or more,
Lift high their snaky heads,
Their huge jaws filled with jagged teeth,
Crawl from their slimy beds.

Birds appear upon earth's plain
And dumbly stride along,
Leaving huge tracks at the water's edge—
But they lack the gift of song.

Pterodactyls, ichthyosauri, plesiosauri,
Huge beasts of horrid form ;
Bird yet beast, and beast yet fish,
Drag their rude selves along.

Discordant noises broke the silence ;
The beings of land, and sea, and sky,
Grew numerous, and then came
Murky fumes floating by.

Strange noises rise from out the earth;
Rumblings that are harsh and deep;
Convulsions rend the rocks asunder,
And flames from chasms leap.

The earth is again in ruins laid,
But rises to life again;
On it are found hugh monsters,
Such as equus and mastodon.

Huge hairy elephants stalk about,
And elks of stately mien,
With cave-bears, and a new creation—
Primeval man—was then first seen.

Then a chill strikes through the earth,
And frosts creep o'er the land;
Mountains of snow fall swiftly down,
And another life is at hand.

Tumult reigns upon the scene;
Hugh cakes of ice glide over all,
Crushing and rending hill and dale,
And sheets of snow does fall.

The glacier period then passes by,
And the earth resumes its sway
In the circle from which it drew
To kiss the Ice King gay.

When icy torrents course down its sides,
And find their way to the sea,
Sweet flowers bloom, and gay birds warble,
And flit from tree to tree.

In lakelets clear and rippling brooks
Fishes swim and water-fowls play;
While in the tree-tops high in air,
Monkeys swing all day.

Again large quadrupeds are seen,
But not as large as heretofore;
Strength and size give way to use,
Mind reigns for evermore.

The Age of Man has come,
And on a written scroll
We find the history of the earth,
The reign of mind, of soul.

But the mind of man is clouded
For ages long to come;
Slowly climbing life's frail ladder,
Mankind yet is dumb.

Through the ages he has progressed,
Then held back by passion's hand;
Again advances, slowly, slowly,
Man must always know command.

Command the good, repulse the evil;
Always, always reaching up
For the light from lands of æther,
Lest he drain the bitter cup.

In the days that now are coming,
In the good time yet to be,
He'll be guided by the star of God-love,
And forever then be free.

Hail the day, O man, O sister,
Infallible, only Brahm can be,
Errors all will flee to darkness,
Right is might, and *all* shall see.

All shall see that light is dawning,
Shining from the Land of Love,
Stronger, stronger, the light is streaming,
Bidding all to look above.

From a germ of spirit, matter,
Man has progressed with the earth
Whose history he may catch a glimpse of
Ere he passes to his spirit birth.

Then to journey by slow stages
Toward the Eternal Center Sun,
Guided by the infinite life-line,
And his life will ne'er be done.

Why things *are* I know not; why this one grand universe of universes, many in one, should be; or why God is; and why this Androgynous Principle should not be inert; and why It causes to come into existence all that is, I know not. Only It is infallible. Man may err in his attempts, his feeble efforts to solve the mysteries of the seen and the unseen, but to comprehend infinity is unthinkable. The mind of man is too frail to accomplish such a task. He can only reach the point to know that at every throb of this great Universal Brain, conditions, and effects, and causes are constantly changing. So, man can never know the true history of the earth, its many changes, but he can receive impressions as to the general course of evolution. Great changes require great time to effect them, and often are ushered in by sudden shocks, if of a planetary nature.

However, from being herbivorous in nature, man became also carnivorous, and as the planet became older and older, the climate would also change; so that from being exceedingly torrid, the earth at length became more temperate, and when the planet next furthest from the earth passed from existence by a cataclysm, a universal quake of earth and air acting immediately upon said planet, the earth also became somewhat affected, and its polarity was changed, so that what is now the north pole (so called) was formerly the equator. Man then became conversant with life in dwellings of bark, caves or caverns, and those whose ancestral trait of living in the water had not yet evolved from them, made themselves

habitations in lakes and streams. Cave-dwelling was the first mode of living aside from the open air or jungles. Then the people conceived the idea of constructing bark-houses. Then they became somewhat familiar with the masonic profession, and began building mud houses; and those in the lakes, who were very shy and timid, copying the example, constructed sub-marine dwellings, and others made floating rafts on which they built rude dwellings. As time rolled on, and implements of stone became useful, they had less work in forming clumsy shells in which to live. And when metals began to come into use, these water-dwellers managed to drive spiles into the bed of the lake or stream, and constructing a platform thereon, built their pre-historic palaces.

The time when the fourth planet from the sun passed suddenly from existence, and became a part of the unorganized atmospheric properties always forming, the effect was so great that this earth was in danger of becoming annihilated. But, passing in its orbit around the sun, it had just passed the point of direct affinity or gravity toward this expiring world (for all worlds have a unit of connection, a central point of attraction), so that all that befell this earth was its change of axis, and which change also placed it on the very verge of its orbit, which had it crossed, would have been whirled through space and rended to atoms, and which would be distributed through the air. Suns, stars, moons, planets, owe their existing conditions to their orbit-play about their center, and often they are consumed, and often frozen, and often pass from existence. Such is

planetary law. The usual position of the earth being changed, the waters all fled toward the north (as it is now) and being on the outer edge of the orbit, the sudden change caused the formation of ice and snow which deluged the greater part of the earth for a long time. Finally, when the earth had reached the point where it had been thrown from its natural position, it resumed its original place, except the polar attitude which remains yet, and will so remain until some greater calamity will befall the earth. How or when it will occur, I know not, but I have been given to know that at some period this earth will pass from existence as it now is, and will be re-formed in another and now unknown state. But this catastrophe is not in the near future, and no needless alarm need be caused on account of such impending danger. Immediately upon assuming its more natural position toward the sun, the earth was deluged, and havoc in general performed by the ice and snow, which melting, poured in torrents and avalanches over the land. Some kinds of animal life were totally extinguished, but man lived through all the glacier period from first to last, occupying the uttermost parts of the earth, where comparative comfort was maintained. It is unnecessary for me to speak at length on the glacier epoch, only to say that man was then learned to wear clothing of skins of animals, and further and further burrowed into the earth for warmth, and was more voracious than ever in his appetite for flesh.

After the glacier period had passed by, and the earth had rallied from its unpleasant bath of

ice and water to such an alarming extent, the various created kingdoms entered upon a higher and better stage of action. A sort of purifying process had taken place. Man, as a general rule, entered into better conditions, and progressed steadily until the time I appeared upon the scene. After my departure from earth about 300 years, all my family had joined me, my wife and thirteen children. I have often returned to earth since my departure, and have never regretted doing so. Step by step the Incapo race grew in intellectual and physical prowess, and 50,000 years after my transition had arrived at an exalted condition. To be sure there were other races of people, the white race being a result of the long amalgamation of the Incapos and Mallies on Al-Arya; and other races corresponded to them to a certain extent, on other parts of the globe. But I shall as yet concern myself with affairs on Al-Arya.

What is called Spiritualism, be it ancient or modern, was the prevailing religion of the world at one time, but degenerated into the worship of sundry spirits as the All-Powerful. Every tribe had its god who was thought to be immaculate and infallible, the supposed ruler of all. But the Incapos never fell to such worship. It grew to be very commonplace for mortals to talk with and see spirits whenever so desired, and thus learned many valuable secrets. Gradually, from living in the ground, man began living again in the air, and to build dwellings upon mounds of earth, in order to more fully be in accord with the god of nature, they thought. Many had rooms within these mounds, in which they lived, or buried their dead as they

saw fit. The rite of cremating the dead, instead of burying them, was very popular and considered a very healthy and tasteful expedient, in preference to the horrifying mode of burial in the earth. The arts became somewhat well known to my people, and many grand works did they perform. But I must here say that the person of man was no longer covered with hair, as in my day. Karmah Ra, one of my successors in the office of chief priest, was the first who was not in that condition in the capacity of priest. Man was also decreasing in size and physical strength as he became more intellectual. This is one of nature's laws, that the intellectual is at the expense of the physical, and often *vice versa*.

The Incapos discovered gold and other precious and valuable metals, etc., and built temples of them of quaint and curious designs, and ornamented these temples with all imaginable styles of sculpture. They formed better governments, and had free exchange of what was most needful to each other. If one had an article of any kind that he desired to exchange for something another person had, they agreed how much of one should be given for the other. Marriage was the agreement of a man and a woman, before a priest, that they were willing to go together through life, co-operatively, for the betterment of themselves and their country. Criminals were admonished to correct their errors against society, and after the third repetition of the admonishment, the criminal was either drafted into a life-time servitude of the state as a common workman, with no voice of his own, or personal liberty; or if his crime

was very great, he was at once put to death by inhaling the fumes of a poisonous plant—now extinct. Never was an Incapo put to death by hanging, quartering, burning at stake, or by any of the modern “civilized” modes of putting offensive people out of the world.

Sickness and disease were almost unknown, for the reason that the priests had been inducted into the science of magnetism, and were proficient healers. The best healers, mesmeric or magnetic, of this day are not at all as good as were the Incapos 100,000 years ago. Mesmerism, fascination, etc., are now fairly well understood, but their practitioners are too weak, or too sensitive to the thought of failure, or in dread of exploring further into one of the life-principles of the universe. The mind of man was then better understood than it is to-day, and mental telegraphy and its attendant attributes were readily comprehended, and the conditions necessary to cause such states were also well known by the priests and a few of the more intellectual people. Mediumship of every phase was highly developed. To be able to leave his body at will and transport himself to other scenes of earth or space, was the chief aim of the priesthood, and they became very proficient at such work. These old Incapos became so spiritually enlightened and unfolded that they could leave their bodies and be seen by their companions, both spirit and body being visible.

The power of the will was also a deep study for the people, under the care of the priests. They were somewhat acquainted with electricity and knew some of its manifold phases of conducting

communications from body to body, and found that between the electricity of the universe and the electricity of the will there was a powerful affinity. Finally, the king of the Incapo nation (which was Bal-Dek and Tipke-Doron united) after mature consultation with the chief priest and his band, at length resolved to apply this newly found force upon the construction of buildings, temples, monuments, etc., for the state. Experimenting upon small objects, by exerting the will, centering their minds upon the removal of the object, the priests were slightly surprised to see the object move in the direction required. Experimenting then began upon larger objects, and still larger, till they found that no movable object was too large or too ponderous to resist their mental behests. Then they experimented upon the possibility of *willing* persons to move or do as they required, and found that they were again successful. The construction of huge piles and temples, and monuments was now comparatively easy. The huge blocks of stone, and marble, and iron, and copper, and blended metals, were readily consigned to their proper positions, and the materials thus used were without great difficulty brought from long distances in the same way.

As magnets, large and small, are in general use in modern days, so were they in the days of Incapo splendor; only on a grander and more powerful scale. The mind of man was the most powerful magnet known. He could, by the exertion of his will, draw to him whatsoever he willed, if for a good purpose, and by placing the desired object between two or more companies of

human magnets, the moving of said body was greatly expedited. It was found that the closer man lived to nature, and wrought the most good, was more humane, and trended more to the spiritual, and left the sensual on the shores of oblivion, the greater was the will power of man. Everything that was at all possible was consummated. And the Incapo land was a model of fine people, fine arts, fine dwellings, temples, monuments, and the superiors of any other part of the globe that I have any acquaintance with. The priests were well versed in mathematics of every grade, geometry, trigonometry, astronomy, and all the sciences that man could possibly know. And as great a science as any, was that of character-reading, and connected therewith, the reading or interpreting the thoughts of others, be the distance between them great or small. The faculty of seeing with closed eyes was also highly cultivated, so that the priests, especially, could as readily pass about the land with closed eyes, or even if blind, as well as those with the organs of vision open and unimpaired. The knowledge of mathematics and astronomy was of great value to the Incapos, for they erected pyramids, and monuments, and tombs, and temples, of wonderful ingenuity; and with their knowledge of our hieroglyphic language, caused these structures and works of art to be a history of the land and the people, as well as pleasing things to the eye, and useful to man. The hieroglyphic language was a combination of the signs, and marks, and figures, used in their mathematical profession. That is the double use made of our written language;

would that it were so, now, throughout the world. But hieroglyphic writing was in vogue before the advent of mathematics. The one use of it, only, was known. The priests discovered the double signification of the characters, and were wise enough to make use of their discovery.

Vessels for sailing upon the water were coming into use, after years of experimenting on the same, and the Incapo seamen became expert mariners, visiting the adjoining countries, and also went as far north as was possible, the severe cold keeping them from sailing farther. They also sailed south and were familiar with the islands and people of the Antarctic Ocean, being debarred by the excessive cold from going farther south. The Incapos began migrating to the countries east and west of Al-Arya, and became merged into the races in those countries. But the great body of Al-Aryans remained at home. They were contented to remain where they were. There were volcanoes, many of them, on the island of Al-Arya, and earthquakes were coupled with their eruptions, though but occasionally was much damage done by them. I have said that before my advent onto Al-Arya, a part of it had sunk. Each succeeding eruption, though few and far between, became more and more violent, till about 70,000 years ago, the ocean undermined Al-Arya, owing to the violence of the earthquakes, and the island sank forever beneath the waves of the Atlantic. The neighboring countries were severely shaken up and nature seemed somewhat demoralized. When the Incapos has well-nigh reached the zenith of their power,

they were suddenly swept from existence, and their grand monumental history made the playgrounds of ocean saurians, amphibia, and germ for plants. There *may* have been a reason why God should have permitted this to occur. But all I can know is that God, though Director of nature's laws, cannot stem the tide when laws are broken, and cause the return of former power in the object injured. Again, the influx into the spirit world of so many wise spirits, would be conducive to the betterment of future man, and also be of use in becoming messengers to other worlds, to brighten the intellects of the inhabitants of these worlds. I am inclined to believe that positive and negative working together, will reach a climax, both spiritually and planetary, and when the planetary climax is reached, some change of condition is accomplished, be it the formation or extinction of a world. And spiritually, it may be the dissevering of the soul and spirit from the flesh body, or the climax of some other cause, which effect is the bringing into spirit life the spirit, that it may be more fully educated.

The Incapos who became residents of America, mostly lived in what is Mexico of the present, though many of their descendants passed down into South America. The islands called the West Indias are the remainder of a part of America, the part now under water being sunk when Al-Arya passed from existence. It might be supposed that the sudden sinking of such a large tract of land would affect the earth's gravity, but its orbitular gravity is too firmly established to admit of such a change, except by outside in-

fluence, as in the case of the planet that bursted and caused the glacial period on the earth. The art of printing and book-making was unknown to the native Al-Aryans, as were also other modern inventions, such as the telephone, telegraph, telescope, phonograph, cannons, and enginery of war, and the use of engines and railroads, and such other marks of man's impressed ingenuity. But the Incapos knew the power of electricity, magnetism, etc., and supplied their wants by such powerful agents as these. Their priests instructed them in the reading of hieroglyphics, and when admiring the sculptor's or engraver's art, man also read the history of his country.

Mexico, and Central and South America still show remains of the talent of the Incapos, and even the Incapo blood has not died out in these countries. Amalgamating among the people of America who were savages compared with the Incapos, the race finally degenerated, and the secrets of the old ancients are now unknown to the present inhabitants, descendants of the aborigines. From a large island in the Pacific Ocean, people came to America, and they too were better educated than the Americans, who were no further advanced because they resisted the progress that spirit power urged them to. They are not unlike, in that respect, thousands of people of modern days who scorn education, sneer at progress, and choose to have no world but their own home. Mound-builders from Al-Arya had long been inhabitants of America, and had entrenched themselves in what is now the United States, and until their race had been greatly

diminished by a dreadful plague that swept over the land from the poison-haunted, passion-tainted west, where dwelled the most sensual race on the continent. And descendants of this race are still in the land. This race was white in color, and was one of the original human races evolving from molecules. This dreadful plague often swept over the land, and in the course of time but few remained of this race, which amalgamated with other races, but ever retains its bane of evil. After the cessation of this unknown plague that well-nigh extinguished the mound-builders, the few remaining began mixing with the Americans of nearly their own color, now called Indians. In the course of time all knowledge of ancestral power and prowess was lost, and the mounds yet remain to show the glory of the lost race.

In South America, the Incapos, as I have said, amalgamated with other races, till the ancestral dignity was lost. It must not be supposed that America after this was the same in form or size. Earthquakes often occurred, and the face of the country changed and rechanged. Parts have been sunk and been lakes for centuries, and then again elevated to the surface, and some other portion sunk. The people of America might have been bettered by the ancients who inhabited the country long before Europeans took the continent by conquest, but man will only progress as his own inclination urges, and the ages to come will only effect his redemption from carnality. As to the history of America, it is only necessary to state that previous to the Incapos' migration to that country, the people were in the same condition, as

a rule, as were the Al-Aryans previous to my advent upon the earth.

The Incapos who went eastward from Al-Arya, for a time lived in what is now western Africa, but disliking the squalor of the people and country, finally made their way to the land of the Egyptians, where they remained till their race became a part of the Egyptians. They were fortunate in finding in Thithoth, the name they gave the country, a race of people who were exceedingly well educated, muchly as themselves. They found that these were from the far east, from what is now India. They learned that these Indians or Hindoos were of the same spirituality as they were, and that their progression was much the same as theirs. The joint labor of the Hindoos and Incapos now are pointed to as the Egyptian pyramids, monuments, and ruins of ancient palaces and cities. The will-power of the Incapos, which I have spoken of, was also known to the Indians of Egypt and their native land as well, and was the means by which all the mammoth piles of Asia, Africa, Europe and America were put in place and finished. Long years elapsed till the Incapos and Indians were blended with the yellow races of Asia, and the black races of Africa, and then the grandeur of Thithoth was gone. The people gradually lost all knowledge of the arts and sciences of their ancestors, and the wonders of Egypt still stand as mocking monuments of man's ingenuity and man's present sensuality. Angels weep that the flesh of man is considered of more value than his priceless soul.

The blacks of Africa were and are the lowest

type of man, and except in partially civilized countries (for no country on the globe is entirely civilized) they are but little better than they were 300,000 years ago. The old secrets of the Egyptians are well-nigh lost, and charlatanry has taken the place of genuine knowledge of what was and is possible to be performed in reading character, prophesying and other occult phases of science. Africa is pointed to as an example of man's degeneracy, and the light of the star of hope is glimmering over the land where bloodshed and sensuality has been its history since its birth. The truth may yet make these people free. Long ages ago, when the Indians had possession of the "land of darkness" and had not degenerated into amalgamation with the blacks, they were a prosperous, and intelligent, and happy people. The wilderness now hides the ruins of ancient grandeur, and obscurity holds the history of their rise and fall, which was not sudden but gradual. Men's research may yet find the unimpeachable evidences of what I here speak. The black man has demolished the temples, and shrines, and monuments of Indian prowess and skill. I can only tell to man that in the dim ages gone, old Thithoth of the Hindoos and Incapos was magnificent in sculpture and engravery, and rich in precious metals, and precious stones, and could make them at their will, for the secret of transmuting baser metals into gold and silver and precious stones was known to the priests, who were excellent in alchemy and botany and kindred sciences. The history of Africa has been one of gloom. Man's downfall has been gradual, though a lost step may be re-

gained, and again lost. But there is still some light ahead.

As to Asia and its history it is naturally much the same as the other countries, except the southern and eastern parts, where the people were somewhat the nature of the Incas. Those in the eastern part progressed gradually, intellectually, though they were much too sensual to advance to as high a plane as they might have done. Many people from an island in the Pacific ocean visited eastern Asia, and took up their abode there, and when their island was sunk about 40,000 years ago, by one of the usual periodical earthquakes, China and America held all the brown people from that island. I will here say that the oceans of this globe were at the north and the south, and the land was in the center in the form of a circle; and the sinking of Al-Arya and the Pacific Island left the eastern and western continents and the island of Australia, with a few scattering islands, to constitute the land of to-day. The history of China and eastern Asia since the moderns have become acquainted with the land has been much the same as when the island in the Pacific sank. There were teachers of morality, and science, and arts, and the people indolently learned what they chose, and no more. Sensuality and the greed of gain is and has been the sin of that land, and will likely be such for ages to come.

Southern Asia was phenomenal in its intellectual growth, and was the pride, and amazement, and fear of surrounding countries. The Hindoos finally began migrating to other lands, and scattered over Asia, and into Europe, and resided in

Africa when the Incas arrived there. They taught the people many useful things, and were, in part, the progenitors of the Greeks and Romans; though as to being the progenitors of the Jews in any way, they were not. Persia and Chaldea, and Assyria, and many other nations of old were settled by these wandering Hindoos, and their religion was inculcated into the minds of the people, and to this day, the ancient Hindoo religion is the basis of all the religions of the religious world. There were always some among the priests who retained the ancient secrets of magnetism and electricity, and it is but of comparatively recent time that these secrets have been lost, except to a few recluses.

Following on down the stream of time, I see the struggling humans scattering over the world, driving hither and thither the barbarians who are inferior to them, for at his best, man is yet a trifle barbarous. The people are gradually becoming more intelligent, and the stone age is succeeded by the age of bronze, which amalgamates with the age of iron, and the age of gold is followed by the age of reason. Kingdoms, and empires, and principalities rise here and there, and every tribe is a nation. For ages, almost, the amalgamated white and brown races are forming a new race — the Jews. There were in their immediate country Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and numerous other nationalities, that have passed to posterity and the modern world the partially fabulous accounts which are woven into man's history. The Jews were a rambling, greedy tribe of people, and are

yet a distinct race. The angel world was still striving to help man to find the light within, and give him courage to reach the light ahead. The vast horde of savage men had finally swallowed up the intellectual few (who had, by superior advantages and a desire to learn, become the beacon light of the human race), and the world for ages was not much better for their having lived in it. The hope of lifting man out of the gulf of despair had only resulted in the extinction of the missionaries of old. But if their work on earth was fruitless, their spiritual work was not, and they have since been working faithfully to naturalize man, and their centuries and ages of work has not been in vain.

Why did man attain a dizzy height in intellectual prowess and physical beauty, and become so proficient in arts, sciences, professions? Why did man fall from his high estate? Why did not all mankind progress alike? The answers to these questions are: In the early days of man, he was herbivorous, and his passions were not aroused to the extent of sensuality, till he became carnivorous. Thus from stage to stage he became more and more sensual till all the race was tainted. There were those who found that for their own betterment it was best not to be sensual. Adhering to this law, ever keeping it in practice, the intellect of man became stronger and stronger, and more able to comprehend the matters of life and action; and the Incasos were, except a part of the Hindoos. the most highly intellectual people on the globe, from the reason that they cultivated the spirit at the expense of the phy-

sical, exercising enough to keep their bodies in health. To be sure they did not practice continence, yet they were not sensual. But there were comparatively few of these people, and by intermarrying with other races who paid no attention to these laws of nature, the intellect of man was again clouded.

Since the history of the world has been known to modern man, there has been much done in the way of enlightening the human race. Thank the angels for this. By perseverance they have been leading the great body of mankind toward the mountain top. They have tried to inculcate the religion of nature into their minds, and man has fancifully created more kinds of religious ceremonies trending toward the same source, than there are days in a year. From the old tribal traditionary gods, there have arisen the Zeus of the Greeks, the Jove of the Romans, Jehovah of the Jews, Brahma of the Hindoos, and many other gods of other nations — all tribal gods, and no more powerful compared to the great All than a sunbeam is to the sun. The Jewish god, Jehovah, has caused more trouble than all the other tribal gods since the earth was beset with such beings. Some of these tribal gods were necessary for the betterment of the people, and some were only an injury, and when this was the case, other spirits sought to overthrow the factious spirit. Since the god of the Jews, which is worshiped in a kind of a dazed way by a sect of religious people in this day of the world, is more of an example than others I might name, I will say that he is only an ancient spirit that lived

some thousand years ago, and seeing that the Jews needed some restraint or they would debauch their race out of existence, he besought them to be less bestial, and organizing a priesthood, by dint of much labor succeeded in saving the Jews from extinction ; but he of himself could do very little. All the Jewish spirits were enlisted into his army, and the result is known to man in the book called the Old Testament. Jehovah was a most bloody god. He was the god of battles, truly. But when the Jews passed under the Roman discipline his work was done. He could do no more. He has, with his army of Jewish spirits, given to the world the Old Testament, and it is a partially truthful history of the Jews. Much (especially the history of the origin of man, in Genesis) is untrue, and only given in allegorical form in order to confuse the reader unlearned in such lore.

As it is to-day, the Old Testament is not what it was when written several thousand years ago by Jewish priests, who from various manuscripts and the faculty of inspiration, produced said book. As for the New Testament, very little of that book ever occurred, most of it having been manufactured for ecclesiastical purposes, several hundred years after the death of Jehoshua, called Jesus in that book. Jesus lived about the time so alleged by Christian historians, but far from being a universal savior to redeem all men from their sins, he was simply a powerful healing medium, with various other phases of mediumship, such as the world knows of to-day. His pure life caused him to be a wonder to the peo-

ple of his day, and lest the poor classes revolt and make him their king, the Roman government put him to death by crucifixion, though the Bible account of the marvels said to have occurred at the time, never took place. He never taught that he was God, but that all men were the sons of God, that all that was required of man to fit himself for eternal glory and happiness was to live the golden rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." I have often seen Jesus and know that he is one of the spirit teachers in the land of bliss, and that he is pained to know that his name has been put to such unholy uses, and does not sanction much that is done in his name. He was not miraculously conceived and born, but was the son of married parents. His early life was spent in traveling, and was a resident of Egypt till he began his work as a teacher. He was acquainted with the secrets of magnetism, and spent his short life in doing good.

Ecclesiastical savagery is the bane of the world to-day. The good life of the meek and lowly Nazarene has been the foundation of a system of consummate hypocrisy. The world has but for a few years been struggling from out the gloom of hundreds of years, made by tyrants who sought to shackle the mind of man. Reformation after reformation has taken place, and the end is not yet. Under the guidance of angels, modern Spiritualism has appeared, and the end of creeds is slowly approaching. The chief aim of man — the true aim — is to live and learn, and through the ages angels have never despaired. But their work is not yet done. Anarchy

stares the world in the face, and man must down the foes of reason ere he can hope to attain higher fields of progress.

Bigotry, creed, sensuality, and their legion of cohorts, are ruling the modern world, and every year brings it nearer the inevitable destiny of rule by the people, or rule by the moneyed few. From worshiping the Supreme Ruler of the universe, through symbol worship in the far ages ago that I have spoken of, man has gradually fallen away to worship and give sacrifice to imaginary gods through sun, and fire, and serpent, and the temples of the Most High are debauched by lecherous scoundrels who know not the meaning of God, or life, and whose principles of manhood are smothered beneath the waves of passion that rule their very souls.

“Did man fall?” I will answer this question in the light of the truth that has been revealed to me. Man was created — or fashioned — as we have seen, with the faculty of generation in a partially dormant condition; as the years and ages sped on, this faculty became quickened, so that now after the space of upwards of 500,000 years, man is ruled by his carnal passions, and not by the love of right, and truth, and progress. Scientific investigations show that the more spiritual a man becomes, the more advanced in intelligence he is, and man only progresses when he holds in subjection his evil passions. This reign of passion over man is his only devil. The man who does right because it is right, and not because he is afraid to do wrong, knows no evil, for the word devil is only an abridgment of the

words "do evil." And the nearest man can approach to God is to his fullest attribute, "good."

Would that man might learn to know himself, and that he is an immortal soul in an immortal spirit body, and that if he disobeys the supreme laws of Nature's God, he is destroying his spirit tabernacle in the heavens, and robbing himself of the boon of God's magnetism, life, sweet life. In the study of philosophy, the study of creative and sexual science should be the first. O man, O woman, fail not to learn to know yourself, learn to know that you are responsible for all the evil in the world. Learn to know that the world is full of half-created forms, people who are brought into the world by parents who know not that they are trifling with the sacred secrets of God. But I will say no more. I have seen the gradual decline of man, and I see in the far future the reign of sensuality unless the tide is stemmed.

I see in the future an era of bloodshed and revolutions, for man is not the slave of man, but his equal. Man seeks to center the wealth of the land in the hands of a few, and the vast populace will be ignoble slaves to the aristocracy. Anarchy is rampant, and the abrogation of all laws for the protection of the many from the few, the good from the bad, the peaceable from the vicious, is sought. Law is only made to regulate society, and without such rules the early days of man would be repeated in these modern days. The people must and shall rule; it is the eternal edict of the Most High. Man must learn to know and

realize that laws must not be abolished because they may be defective. He should seek to better them, not put them out of existence. There are now those who need no law to keep them in subjection. They are good citizens of their country, and abide by the laws of nature. All laws are for those who must be taught to behave themselves.

The all-important question is, how to retain the government in the hands of the people—or rather regain it from the plutocrats, demagogues, who have usurped, by wily methods, the throne of the free. Under spirit guidance these much-needed reforms are being mooted, and discussed, and the prayers of angels are, that man may learn to know that woman is his equal in all affairs of life, and to bring about the long-looked-for millennium of peace, prosperity and happiness, without bloodshed and carnage. But if the redemption of the people must come through blood and fire, let it so come. The learning of man to know himself and his eternal destiny, and put this knowledge into practice and execution, will evade the impending conflict.

I have fulfilled my promise. I have given an outline of my life. I have given the history of the creation, and the creation of man. I have traced man from his creation through prosperity and adversity, darkness and light, intellectuality and sensuality, retrogression and progression, down to the present, and dimly glanced into the future. I could say much more, yet it would be but a repetition of much that has been said. Profit by the ideas I have advanced, and learn to know

yourself. What I have said has been humbly given with a desire to benefit the world. Think but kindly of Atharael, the Al-Aryan.

O thou Father-Mother of all that was, is, or is yet to be. Instill in our minds and hearts and very beings, the love of good, and right, and justice, and truth, and mercy, and hope. Let the light of thy spirit pervade our beings, and shine over us in our daily life. Have us learn that thou only art great, and that we can do naught but for thee. Keep us under the protection of thy angel band. In waves of æther send us intelligence of what is best for us to do and know. With adoration we view thy handiwork and anew resolve to not defile the temples of our earthly habitation, thine and ours. Guide us upward, nearer to the truth whose sun shines for all ages and all time. Teach us to worship in the spirit, and live in the spirit, and see in nature the counterpart of all that is. Erring man looks to the seat of all power for comfort, and guidance, and seeks to know his eternal home. Kind Parent, hear our petition. This we ask in the name of the good.

"THE HOME OF THE SOUL."

The spirit home of all that is, is the vast regions of space, the air, the upper air. In the body man builds his spirit home. If he is gross, and sensual, and greedy, his spirit home will be in correspondence with the condition of his spirituality before leaving his body—narrow, gloomy and forlorn of aspect. If man is cheerful and strives to better himself and mankind, his spirit home is in correspondence with his spirituality before emerging from his flesh body, which is merely a shell in which he grows, and develops, and evolutes from one stage to another, till he is adapted for a higher sphere. No two persons have spirit homes that are exactly alike, because no two persons are exactly alike. When man evolutes from his body he is taken to the realm best adapted to his condition, and taught to become reconciled to his lot, and to accept the good in everything. Then there are spirit cities, and temples, and colleges, and universities, and educational institutions of all kinds, wherein man is gradually brought to the higher knowledge imparted by the Great Teacher. The vivid, eloquent, thrilling discourses by trance and inspirational speakers of earth, are but synopses of lectures delivered in the temples of learning in the Better Land. I cannot, I cannot describe in words the beauties, the magnificence, the grandeur of the spirit world. Language cannot express my

thoughts. Can man paint the warble of the sweetest singing birds, or gild the glow of the setting sun?

The famous Garden of Eden is verified in the Higher Life. The garden is the spirit world. The tree of life is the secret dwelling place of Al-Brahm. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is the way of life. Adam and Eve are man and woman, and the serpent is only passion. The four rivers are the four principles of life: justice, wisdom, truth and love, and they flow from beneath the tree of life, the great white symbol throne of grace. The angel with the flaming sword is but the fiery pangs of a remorseful conscience. Man, woman, learn the real meaning of the story of the Garden of Eden, a spirit parable given to ancient man. Crucify your lust of the flesh and you can partake of the tree of eternal life. The fruit of the tree of knowledge will not be bitter, and you will not flee when none pursue you, for your deeds of darkness will be of the past. The true pleasures of life are the flowers, and the sweat of your brow is but of honest toil, and not the result of imaginary wickedness by ancient progenitors with instinct that knew not good from evil. Re-incarnation is a delusion. No spirit ever lived the second time in a flesh body, except when controlling a medium. Re-incarnation is a horrible doctrine, and as false as it is horrible. Man must suffer the consequences of all acts done in the body, and ages may roll by ere he is forgiven *by his better self* for thoughtless acts of long ago. Repent now of your indiscretions, and your spirit home now building

will at once put off its somber hue, and will be lighted up by the Great Light above. Then when you pass from earthly action, you will wing your flight to the celestial realms above, whose spacious halls and verdant avenues are lighted by the light of Eternal Love, and your ears will be enchanted with the strains of music by celestial orchestras and gay-plumed, gladsome birds of love-life, and your spirit fed with the ethereal food gathered from the fields of flowers, and plants, and trees of Paradise, and grow in grace forever and forever.

WHAT SPIRIT IS.

Spirit is matter in a very refined state. Spirit is a substance—not a condition of substance, therefore it is something. To a certain extent, mind, intelligence, thought, etc., are conditions of spiritual matter in its various forms. Resolvable, they are substances, also. Intelligent messages are sent by telegraph to and from different parts of the world, yet were it not for electricity these messages could not be sent. Thought may speak to thought, either between persons in the physical body, out of it, or both. These thoughts are carried by electricity, a mental telegraph. Thoughts live, though for a time seemingly dormant, and are then said to have been forgotten. But whatever is forgotten can never afterward be recalled.

Matter, both refined and crude, is composed of infinitesimal particles, entities, and the different combinations of these particles cause the formation of different bodies. In their separate state, entities are supposed to be unconscious, yet there is as much ground to suppose them to be conscious. Every entity has its atom of refined matter, called life, and this is the secondary cause of its action. The soul is something—it is composed of very refined entities, and changes as man changes. The spirit is something—it is composed of refined entities, and is governed by the owner, that is, changes as he changes. Nothing can ever be made into something. There is a higher power

than that of mere organic action to produce material bodies, or to change them. The deific fluids, electricity, magnetism, ether, ethylene, etc., are the very finest known forms of matter, yet above them is a much higher, an unknown *something* which causes them to act, and their act of moving organized or unorganized matter to become tangible and visible bodies, animal, vegetable, or mineral, is but the thought-act of this higher power. I cannot conceive of anything outside of matter, believing that everything that was, is, or is yet to be fashioned, is matter in various stages of action, condition, combination, analyses, etc.

The body of man is composed of millions of entities, particles, his spirit is composed of yet finer particles, and his soul of still finer; and soul, spirit, body, are governed by still higher influences. His consciousness of time, space, and the realities and fancies of life, is caused by the unitizing of the entities composing his spirit, which manifests itself through his physical body. His soul is the unitizing of life principles, and sustains spirit and body. Man's body, spirit and soul are three entire bodily entities, yet each are composed of many atoms, or entities, which go to make up the whole. All *is* matter, though exhibiting many forms and conditions.

THE COMING CONFLICT.

A crisis is approaching in this land, that unless prompt measures are taken to ward off the tendency to nihilism, will deluge the land in blood. The day is drawing very near, and who can tell the result? Is this land to be drenched in the gore of thousands of innocent people, to gratify the insatiate longings of a sordid few to gain notoriety, and to further their own base ends? Forbid it God! What is to be done? Even now the cloud grows blacker and blacker over the horizon: but a faint ray of light is seen behind the cloud, and if the proper means are taken, the light will drive away the clouds, and this nation will be a nation of people, and not of paupers. Organizations founded on law, the seat of all power, are springing up under spirit guidance, and all that is now to be done is to *organize*, ORGANIZE. Fight lawfully, only, all wrongs in social life, in business life, in all avocations of life. Then, when all this has been done, let the blow fall—let the dread hour come, and the enemies of liberty will crouch like starved wolves, and be swept away by the onward march of the sons and daughters of liberty; and the Angel of Light will seal the Book of Life with the blood of the saviors of the land, and a long season of prosperity will ensue.

Do not be discouraged, do not give up, though the way be dreary, and life seems a cross and not worth the living. Trials must be overcome, and the liberty overshadowing this land has strongly

to contend with the army of wrong, which guards the aristocratic many, who seem about to seize in their powerful grasp the sovereigns of the land—the working people. And foreign gold will be useless to these moneyed rats, for the “dollars of your daddies” will hold their own, and this nation will be *itself*, not aping the manners and blooded antics of old tottering monarchies. Fire and blood, sword and pen, have made this land freer than many a one; but the purging is not yet done till the star of its eternal progress will have been forever set, and its beauteous banner of light, liberty, and love, be perched on the ramparts of the fort made of the hearts of a united people, and the whole world will bow in profound homage and respect to the land, every one of whose people is a savior, a Christ.

Fear not, O people, liberty is coming, right shall triumph, and the wall-eyed dragons of oppression from beyond the seas will be forever banished, and universal peace will be attained; leaving the history of lost causes as a memento of a non-civilized nation striding toward its end.

A PROPHECY.

The veil that intervenes between the spiritual and the physical worlds is becoming thinner and thinner every day, and the time is near at hand, O man, when converse can as readily be carried on between the two worlds, as is now in the physical world. A resident of the spiritual world is also a resident of the physical, for the greater part of his employment concerns that world. Phases of mediumship now vaguely dreamed of, will yet be among the beauties of the spiritual phenomena, and the Harmonial Philosophy is yet to be broader and grander. Spirits are preparing to fairly deluge the world with good news from the beyond, and the world will be almost surfeited with phenomena and philosophy, whether they want it or not. The good time is coming, slow but sure, and the Sun of Truth is rising above the horizon and chasing away into oblivion the ghouls of Error that have preyed upon man. Hail the day!

All hail!

The light of reason has rent the veil
 Of bigotry's darkness, and 'tis unfurled
 On liberty staffs throughout the world,
 To proclaim throughout eternity
 The reign of universal mental liberty.

All hail!

The veil
 IS RENT.

THE END.

LIFE IN THE STONE AGE.

THE

HISTORY OF ATHARAEI,

Chief Priest of a Band of Al-Aryans.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF MAN.

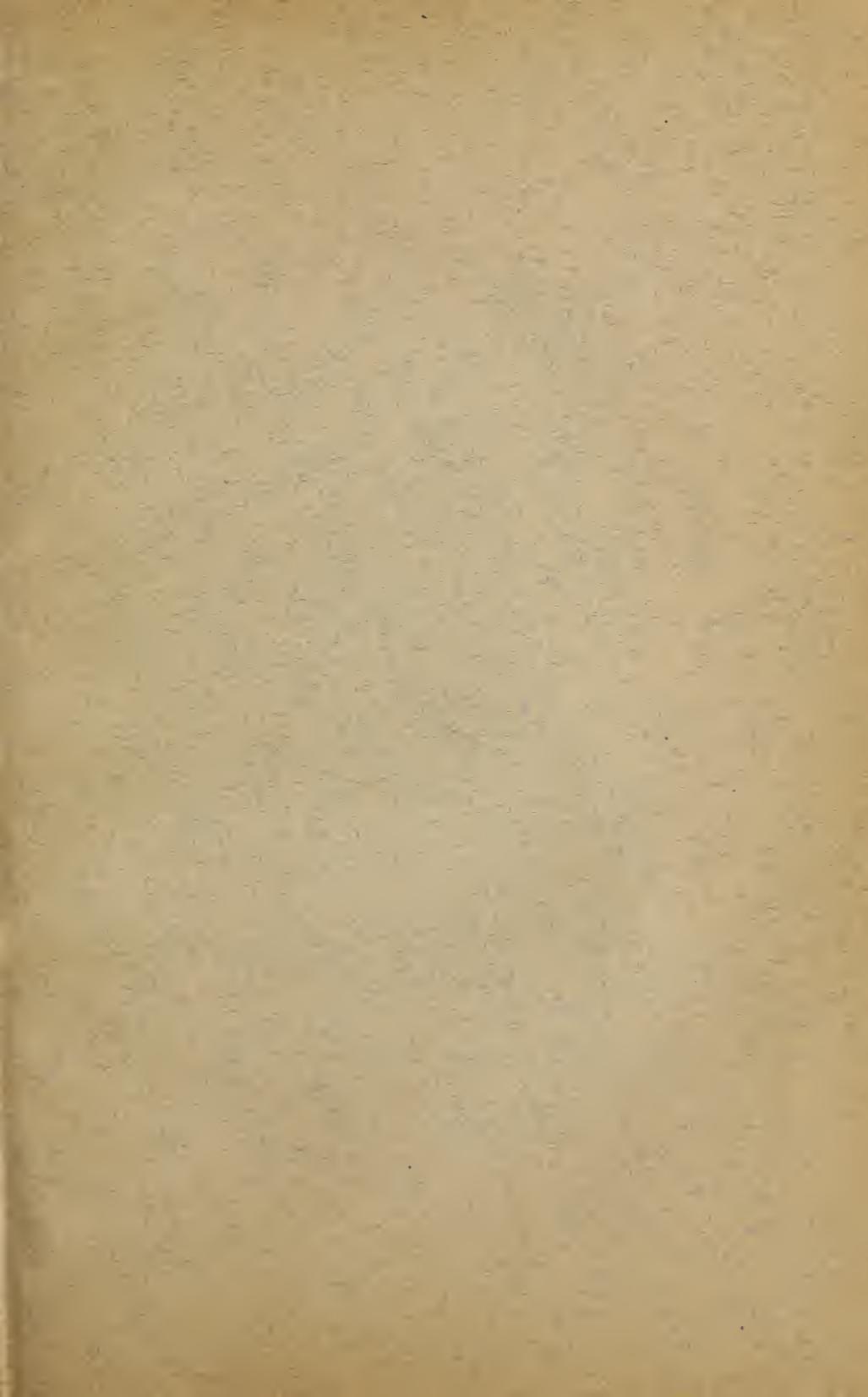
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