

A LOOK UPWARD

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE ROUND TRIP" "TO BEAR WITNESS" "THE NEW RENAISSANCE" ETC.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."



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A LOOK UPWARD.

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TO
ALL WHO ARE IN BONDAGE,
THIS
Message of Freedom
IS
CHEERILY, HOPEFULLY DEDICATED.

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A LOOK UPWARD

CHAPTER I

GLAD TIDINGS

TIDES have their flood and ebb, day alternates with night, summer's verdure follows winter's frost, periods of activity in the natural world are succeeded by intervals of rest. The same analogous law controls mental and spiritual planes. The law of progress for the race is manifested in cyclic waves. The Golden Age is followed by Ages of Brass and Iron, the status of the world's thought degenerating to material levels only to gain greater momentum for a still higher growth, a grander achievement.

In the present era a new light seems

dawning upon the world. The fifth cycle wanes, and with the coming of the sixth a spirit of expectancy pervades the air. Ears are quickened to catch a new message, an evangel of greater freedom, of enlightenment and upliftment, for the race. It is a period of spiritual awakening. The stone is rolled from the sepulchre of the world's materiality.

History records that the last quarter of every recent century has been marked by some humanitarian effort, by an attempt at fraternization for the common weal of the masses, as in the formation of Masonic and kindred fraternities, one hundred years ago, an effort marked in this age by the more systematic founding and instituting of theosophical, nationalist, socialist, and other co-operative societies all tending to the one idea of unsectarian, universal brotherhood. The rapid growth of this movement, the strong hold it has taken at once on all nationalities and every strata of life, betokens

less a well-conceived plan of a few beneficent minds than a simultaneous awakening of the race to the realization of its divine birthright. The scales fall from its eyes; the Light is perceived,—that Light which ever shineth and floods the world with its glorious baptism, even though the darkness comprehendeth it not, but suffers a crude materiality to eclipse those scintillations from the heart of Deity.

The one overwhelming burden under which the race has staggered in its onward march is the universal one of physical infirmity, or disease in its various forms, either epidemical or constitutional, a weight which it has hitherto carried with a pathetic patience and resignation worthy of a better cause. The display of doctors' signs in any large city, so frequent as to be appalling, alternating with institutions for vapor or electric baths, for massage or magnetic treatment, with drug-shops at almost every corner, is a startling revelation of the extent of physical

suffering still rife in our midst, and the different means sought and employed for its alleviation.

The rich man as well as the pauper is the victim of bodily infirmity. He accepts it as a matter of course, he makes every concession to it, is alert with expectancy for its first approach, and nurses its advance with devoted attention and assiduity. The godly are no more exempt from suffering than the erring and vicious. The innocent babe is branded before its birth with this primeval curse; he is mortgaged by his parent's fears to every form of physical malady which race-belief has ever sanctioned, and to the new ones which medical science may hereafter invent. And yet these sufferers are not serfs, but the children of a King, heirs apparent to omnipotent power.

Year after year, the genius of man has been devoted to the consideration of means for the alleviation of disease, accepting it

as an inevitable reality, a Juggernaut to whom a certain number of victims must be sacrificed every year: a position no more intelligent than that of the benighted Hindoo who throws himself beneath the car-wheels of his advancing idol, knowing no other gateway to his heathen paradise.

But to the advanced student of the present growthful age, there is a more excellent way. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Disease outgrown is better than suffering relieved. What greater boon could be brought to the race than the abolishment of all sickness and infirmity, than its entrance now upon the fulfilment of that gladsome promise, "Neither shall there be any more pain"? What achievements might be wrought, what problems solved, what poems would be sung, what artistic conceptions transferred to glowing canvas, what grand laws would our statesmen enact, if there were no aching brows or failing

energies to palsy the brain and hand of student or dreamer, if the planet could be swept free of every miasma or taint of malaria.

And, behold, the Emancipator comes, bearing this message of freedom to a world that cries out in its travail for deliverance. The gospel of health, of harmony, and perfect wholeness is proclaimed. A few sentinels on the watch-towers of progress, a few listening ears have long been attuned to catch the first vibration of this heaven-born anthem, and now, its volume increasing as it rolls earthward, many others join in the refrain, each in the part alone his own, and pass it on, as indeed glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.

CHAPTER II

THE LAW OF PROGRESS

PROGRESS is nature's first and greatest law. "Great oaks from little acorns grow" in every sense, unceasingly. Our country is still in its youth compared with the effete and hoary monarchies of the Old World, yet with what rapid strides our advancement is marked in art, science, mechanics, and inventions. Our grandsires read their evening chapter by the flickering, sputtering light of a tallow candle, whose feeble ray scarcely made visible the darkness of the rest of the apartment; and now (passing over the almost outgrown luxuries of the fragrant oil, or gas by the cubic foot) we are now able to press a knob, or pull

a chain, and presto! the lightning from the skies hastens to our behest.

What would our respected ancestors think of our lung power to know we could hold converse with a friend twenty miles away, and recognize his voice? Or to learn that his voice and its message could be bottled up in a little store-house for scores of years, and then give forth its buried treasure in exact detail and intonation?

“Old things have passed away, behold all things have become new:” this is the constant refrain of nature’s *Te Deum*. Is there any sphere, or field of labor, that should be marked by exception to this law of advancement? Surely not in that fountain-head of all discovered truth—the realm of the soul. We certainly would not claim that revelation from God is limited to any one age or book, that inspired teachers are not now sent to the world, that through the medium of those modern inventions—

the telescope and microscope—we are not feeling after and finding a larger, mightier, more glorious God than priest or book have been able to portray. Each day, each hour is a fresh miracle from His hand, a new revealing, or reveiling as the word means, a replacing of the old veil with a thinner, clearer one, through which we see face to face. New truths are unfolded, or wait for our growth to apprehend them.

In primitive days, it was necessary for the savage who would cross to the opposite side of a river to swim the current. Later, with clumsy device and artifice, he scoops the pith from a fallen tree, and fashions a rude dug-out in which he paddles his way to the farther bank, lord of two elements instead of one. Years pass by, and the canoe grows into a swan-like craft which floats as if by magic, without apparent effort, except that the sooty plume and the throb-throb of its panting heart tell of the potent force of invisible steam,

which the sinewy arm of the savage never knew. But steam is not quick enough to carry the important message of the nineteenth century, so a little wire is laid from shore to shore beneath the waves, and on this slender thread, fleet-winged Mercuries — messengers of the Almighty God — pass with musical, clicking footsteps every hour, prophesying, as they speed away, that progress has not yet reached its limit, that a still more ethereal, invisible potency than the electric current will yet form the medium of communication between soul and soul.

We recall that Galileo, in an age when the stability of the earth and the movement of the sun around it were held to be plain Scriptural declarations, was forced to renounce his correct and valuable astronomical discoveries, he adding, however, in an undertone, "The earth does move, for all that." Condemned to imprisonment for the rest of his life, later generations do him honor, realizing

that *God and one* always constitute a majority. Truth is mighty to the pulling down of all strongholds of error.

As another proof of fallibility in high places, it is interesting to note that an honored university professor in Galileo's day refuted his discovery of the satellites of Jupiter by the profound conclusion that, as there were but seven metals, seven days in the week, and seven apertures in a man's head, there could be but seven planets, and when forced to admit the visibility of the satellites through Galileo's telescope, he reasoned that, being invisible to the naked eye, they were useless, and consequently did not exist; and this was only two hundred and fifty years ago.

Not a learned doctor or renowned scholar in all Europe would even stoop to discuss Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood. It was simply dismissed with ridicule.

When the first windmill was set up in

Scotland, and the brightest thinker in the crowd suggested that they make it grind their corn, he was hung to the nearest tree as a witch. Even of Christ they said, "he hath a devil," and what form of insult and persecution has not been heaped upon his devoted followers?

Experience is an excellent teacher. Judging the present or the future by the past, should we not be wary what new form of truth we hastily reject, simply because it does not harmonize with our former, perhaps narrow, convictions of truth? It becomes a pretty sure sign a thing is true if it is persecuted, and truth crushed to earth will invariably rise again.

Who would willingly return to the almost barbarous practices of the early medical leeches, to the cupping, bleeding, burning, salivating the system with mercury, and similar methods employed by experimental *materia medica*? What a hue and cry was

raised against Hahnemann and his new theory of *similia similibus curantur*, and the infinitesimal doses of the homœopathic régime, yet even this was a step in the right direction, toward the refining and sublimating of medical usages ; and physicians of the so-called old school use less and less medicine every year. Both systems, we gratefully remember, are represented by a noble, devoted, sympathetic, unwearying in well-doing class of gentlemen, and, in later days, of gentlewomen. All honor to their faithful service. On the other hand, many excellent mechanics have been spoiled to swell professional ranks, who, lacking the gift, the intuitive power or insight, make through experiment, or a too rigid adherence to the formula of their school, many grievous mistakes.

A modern form of treatment which has gained much popularity is known as the Massage, a French appellation for the time-honored magnetic manipulation. The Massage

differs in this, however, that a natural gift, a spiritual power to relieve pain or remove disease, is not considered essential by its votaries, any strong person, one as well as another, being qualified to rub, pound, pinch, or knead the flesh, the friction thus mechanically produced improving the circulation and imparting, it is supposed, a healthier tone to the system. This may be, doubtless is, vastly better than indiscriminate medication: it may serve as one round in the ladder of remedial progression; but even here man is not recognized as anything but a body, a corporeal structure of bones, sinews, tissues, and nerves, in short, as developed protoplasm. If man is more than this, all these methods are inadequate to reach his needs, as they deal only with effects, being powerless to enter the realm of causation.

Now, are we flesh or are we spirit? are we bodies or immortal souls? God is Spirit; man is made in that divine image and

likeness, yet where are his godlike powers displayed, his mastery over his material kingdom, his freedom from the entanglements of matter? Like parent, like child; yet omnipotence is one of the attributes of our heavenly Father; why do we not share it in a finite degree? Have we not stopped far this side of our possibilities? If God is perfect health and harmony, why do we not reflect His image more completely? Would not a treatment of disease be best that could lift a patient up out of his bondage, that could bring him realization that he is a son of God, pure and absolute spirit, with possibilities of living, now and here, above the plane of disorder, holding, as he does, a birthright to perfect health? Surely this is better than groping in the fog with him, recognizing his infirmities as realities, looking down on to material levels rather than upward to the realm of spirit, where disease and sin and death are not.

Born with an innate fear and acceptance of all the ills of the flesh, people go out half-way to meet them; they cosset and encourage the first symptoms of disorder, until by persistent watching to see how much worse they feel now, or how fast they are growing ill, aided and abetted by the tender solicitude of anxious friends, they coax up quite a respectable fit of sickness, when by resolutely refusing to relate themselves to the plane of alarming symptoms, withdrawing from them, filling the mind so full of thoughts of truth that it can have no room to hold impressions of pain and weakness, the body would soon be unable to retain *its* reflection of uncomfortable mental conditions.

Who remembers his weakness, or disease, when told his house is on fire, and every energy must be exerted to save his property? Moments of spiritual exaltation, when, like Paul, whether in the body or out of the body we cannot say, show us the possibilities

of daily, hourly living. But we too readily accept the belief that such experiences, like angels' visits, must be few and far between, and it is rendered unto us according to our faith.

Yet we are spirits to-day, free, masterful spirits, not imprisoned in the flesh, simply using it as a material instrument during our experience on a material planet, or during our day-dream, for when each night comes we slip our anchor, or lengthen our drag-rope, and float away on the infinite sea of spirit which surrounds our little island. The phenomenon we call sleep, so like its twin-brother, Death, is nothing more than the withdrawal of the spirit from its clay shell temporarily, leaving it a senseless thing, while the real and eternal soul refreshes itself with draughts from the Living Fountain of Life, by intercourse with other souls, both disembodied now, by visits to other scenes, both temporal and spiritual, experiences that

are superior to the mortal brain and consciousness, and are therefore not registered by them, are mercifully withheld from mortal memory, else how could we, having known the brightness of the real Life, endure the darkness of its shadowy counterpart? We live double lives and know it not, but call the reflection the reality, giving more attention to the body than to its presiding genius and lord—the spirit.

Look upon the body which we call dead, though it is always dead. Matter never has a particle of life, *per se*. Where is the motive power in this forsaken body? The muscles are all there, yet they do not contract to close the hand, the nerves of volition do not respond. The drum of the ear is intact; sound makes no impression thereon. Pupils and lenses are perfect; where has the seer gone? Has he lost his sight and hearing in the sphere beyond, missing these former servants? Does the physical see or hear?

No; spirit is the only power. It breathed forth this wondrous instrument, externalized and vitalized its thought, and is it not a thing unthinkable that the creator should become subservient to, or be fettered by, its own creation, which has no intelligence or power? We cannot wave our hand but by the command of the spirit. Then, if the body has no power in itself of motion, or of sensation, why listen to false messages therefrom, why bend our immortal souls to its seeming sway?

We *can* live, now and here, *with* the body but not *of* it. We bid defiance to disease, not in the bravado of self-will, but in the firm realization that *we are spirits*, and not a handful of dust, blown hither and thither by the breath of contagion or fear. If this sounds absurd to the ordinary reader, let him remember that every tree must be judged by its fruits. If there are a class of people in our community to-day, who are

not only uproariously well, often raised to this glorious state from one of chronic invalidism, but who know how to keep well, who are permanently exempt from prostration by illness, how shall we explain it? Must we not admit the reality and worth of a science which stands such test, the discovery of a pearl of great price which all sufferers should strive to obtain?

As we become enlightened spiritually, we reject instinctively gross material methods of treatment that cannot touch the spirit. Realizing that we are the sons of God, we draw our strength and health from whence cometh our life—the spiritual centre—and not from drugs, wet sheets, or a manipulation that fastens the thought in the body. How crude these methods seem to the awakened mind! How soon we shall outgrow them as we realize our own latent, inherent powers, become conscious that the kingdom of heaven and of health is within us, that God lives in

us as well as we in Him, our life hid, like Paul's, with Christ in God! And how can a part of God be sick? Emerson says, "There is no bar or wall where man the effect ceases and God the cause begins." It is an interblention. We are just discovering that we are not serfs, but gods, and as the demonstration of this old-new truth is to-day in its infancy, what advance, what spiritual triumphs, may we not expect and hope for when it is more thoroughly understood, more widely accepted, and certain crudities are outgrown? That many illogical points are taken, and absurd statements made by its disciples of varying schools, we readily admit, but all, we trust, are faithfully endeavoring to live up to the light they have received, while desiring more. A pint cup cannot hold a quart, but its own capacity is a necessary and a useful one.

The metaphysician is not working to supersede other modes of practice, or to send all

apothecaries into bankruptcy. He is trying to speed the day when his own occupation will likewise be gone, when the healer will no longer be needed in the land, because its inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."

CHAPTER III

DIVERSE RECEPTIVITY

THERE is, perhaps, no theme so much discussed at the present day, so little understood, and therefore so frequently dismissed with scorn and ridicule, as this one subject of mental or spiritual healing, under its various names of mind-cure, Christian, mental, and spiritual science, or metaphysical healing, each parts of one great whole, separate flakes from the shining crystal of divine Truth, which all are alike striving to grasp and hold in their puny embrace. But the revelation is far too grand and deep to be received by one mind or circle of intelligence alone; it is too pure and unselfish to encourage clanship, or to be represented by cliques and classes.

Glintings of this dawning light have come to several minds in modern times, to such as have been sufficiently unfolded to receive it. Dr. P. P. Quimby of Maine was one of the earliest exponents of the theory that man's body is the externalization of his thought alone, and that health is the eternal fact. He was indeed a veritable father of the movement and held far more of the truth than at that early date he was perhaps able to practicalize, not having worked out his problem completely, and therefore did not cut entirely adrift from material remedies or manipulation.

Dr. W. F. Evans, of sainted memory, was another most worthy John the Baptist of this new outpouring of the Spirit, and his extensive works, especially the fruit of his riper years, have been perhaps more extensively read than those of any other metaphysical writer. One sentence from his inspired pen often redeems the day from doubt and depression, while quickening the student's trust in the

omnipotence of Good, and nourishing his highest spiritual growth.

Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, the author of "Science and Health," claims to be the "Discoverer" and sole custodian, or only true interpreter, of Christian Science. She was undoubtedly chosen as an instrument for the practicalization of metaphysical truth, she first presented it in tabulated form to the world, sounded the tocsin of awakening with more energy than did her modest predecessors, she has waged valiant warfare against the materialism of the age, a service which challenges the gratitude of all truth-seekers and laborers in the cause of human advancement. "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

But her claim to originality, the undue prominence given to personality above the principle which it was alone her duty to transmit, is unfortunate, since her first formula, "All is mind, there is no matter," is iden-

tical with pure Brahmanism, the oldest philosophy of the Orient, which recognized spirit as the incorporeal Brahm, the only reality, and matter as Maya, or illusion. But her system refuses to recognize that there has ever been any expression of the Divine Creative Thought. The outermost reflection of the spirit, — matter, — by means of which conscious individualized mind is alone attainable, Christian Science ignores, even as a servant, a thing controlled. The whole panorama of beauty in the natural world is a mere phantasmagoria, a creation of the mortal mind; and this untenable position, like similar purely abstract conclusions, inevitably develops a spirit of exclusiveness, self-righteousness, and caste in its promulgators, besides being ill adapted to the every-day use of the practical American. Conversion to Brahmanism is neither possible nor desirable for this age and nation. Abstract metaphysical dogmas are no better than abstract theological creeds. This valuable truth should not be

held too far above the hearts of the people. Mental acceptance alone seldom thrills the affections to express themselves in deeds of charity or unselfishness.

This statement is not made in a spirit of unkind criticism, of forgetfulness of the noble work this school has wrought and will continue to exert, but simply to make clear our own conscientious position.

The outlook of Christian Science into the eternity of the past or the immortality of the future is strangely limited. It places in our hands no key to the problem of life. Its consolation to the mourner and the bereaved is indeed meagre. It claims there is no body, and yet dropping this nonentity is equivalent to annihilation as far as the possibility of continued intercourse between mind and mind is concerned. Its philosophy stops short at the borders of the so-called grave, and commands no outlook into the life which is all spirit, it recognizes no divine purpose to be wrought out

in our present incarnation, which is only named a belief, a mortal dream, of no purport or value.

This position (which Mrs. Eddy for some good reason doubtless was led to take) has unfortunately alienated the large army of spiritual thinkers and workers known as Spiritualists, and prevented their acceptance of this gospel of health, which they so greatly need. But is there not a weak place also in their armor? We grant them the cardinal point of their position, that of communion between spirit and spirit under any circumstances, bond or free; for how can we do otherwise if we accept Mrs. Eddy's tenet: "There is no death"? But are not Spiritualists a little too prone to magnify the power of the spirit unclothed with clay, and far too remiss in their diligent culture of the spirit within? Their own innate, divine powers are held in abeyance, while they give unquestioned reliance, a too implicit obedience, to the prompt-

ings of their revered guardians or guides. What gives these spirits *their* power? Is there any source from whence they can derive it but the same Source accessible to us — the power of the Infinite? We are spirits also, and this incarnation is the opportunity afforded each embodied soul to develop the possibility of becoming guide and helper to some weaker brother or sister. We shall gain no spiritual growth by the mere process of being unclothed with mortality. Those Spiritualists who receive unquestioned the *ipse dixit* of a risen spirit as the embodiment of divine wisdom, and obey its message as they would a mandate from Deity, should remember that the only change in so-called dying is merely an exchange of dress. Spiritual media, though honest and sincere, often bear in their physical nature the painful reflection of this mental bondage. All life, all intelligence, all power are one in spiritual or mortal expressions of life. The germ of the divine dwells in every spirit, the

possibility of all wisdom and purity. Let us, then, listen to the voice of God within, rather than to the spirits without. Let us strive for the highest possible development of our own spiritual realization, by recognizing our intimate relation with the one great, omniscient, omnipotent Spirit, the Father of us all.

Theosophists, on the other hand, do not usually admit the possibility of communion with anything more than the shades or shells of the departed, with the reliquaries of the lower principles, which retain a fleeting, transitory memory of past intelligence and events, the higher soul meanwhile enjoying a blissful dream, one a little less illusive than that of our mortal existence, in Devachan, where it remains in ignorance of the trials and sorrows of mortal experience, lest its (seemingly selfish) happiness should be otherwise impaired. Theosophists justly claim that the promiscuous development of phenomenal mediumship is to be deplored, and they earnestly appeal instead

to every imprisoned soul to come forth from its bondage to lower appetites and proclivities, and to cultivate the higher consciousness of indwelling Divinity. The grand philosophy, the satisfactory answer to the difficult enigmas of life which Theosophy unrolls before us, is of the highest value, and its endeavor to advance the universal brotherhood of mankind commands our deepest respect and assistance.

Spiritual Science is really Theosophy demonstrated and applied ; it is the practicalization of at-one-ment with the Divine. Theosophists, to whom the subject has perhaps been unfortunately presented, are a little fearful that metaphysicians are interfering with people's Karma (though why metaphysicians more than physicians, to whom Theosophists, on occasion, so readily apply ?) ; they think that the retribution of past acts and thoughts should work itself out unrestrictedly, that these healers can cure none but those whose bad Karma is now exhausted. But is it not a little singular that

this metaphysical awakening should mark the period of so many instantaneous Karmic explosions? Would not a little more light on the subject of explosive Karma be in order? Is illness always a Karmic result? Does it not frequently occur from ignorance, from the fact that the letters of the alphabet of health have never been learned? True, it might be argued that a better Karmic record would long ago have brought within the sufferer's grasp opportunities for such enlightenment, but is not such deficiency often attributable to national, or race Karma? And is retribution necessarily met on the plane of physical expression? At least, we need not continue to suffer from wrong thought, when it is possible, from this moment, to begin right thinking and right living, to commence the manufacture of good Karma. And if we emancipate our own lives from present and future illness, do we not thereby lift the race one little step above its present level? God

speed and hasten the growth of such enlightenment throughout the world, until all shall know the truth, from the least even unto the greatest — the truth that maketh free.

It is doubtful if this new Christ-child has been properly christened as yet. "Mind-cure" seems to imply the use of mesmerism, the domination of an unsound mind by a healthy one, which forms no part of true healing. Mental science literally signifies intellectual culture, or a study of the laws of psychology, psychometry, and other mental phenomena.

The term Spiritual Science is one more universal and inclusive than that of Christian Science, and was first used by Mr. W. J. Colville, whose demonstration of spiritual truth is always so clear, reasonable, and convincing. More than many teachers he ever seeks to cultivate in his pupils their own intuitional powers, which will enable them to perceive the truth for themselves, instead of accepting his opinion as authoritative. There is no reason

why conviction of truth or a fresh revelation should not come to each and every soul. A belief in infallibility, a blind adherence to the tenets of any teacher, is fatal to growth or to individual illumination.

Sect division has been the bane of every advanced movement or religion the world has ever known. While thought is free and independent, and types of mind are so distinct, differences of opinion will doubtless be maintained, but all diverse mental positions should be welded in the fervor of one combined loving effort for the good of humanity. Let all spiritual workers of every shade of belief join hands, close their ranks and stand firmly, shoulder to shoulder, in valiant service for the cause of human liberty. And let their war-cry be a glad Jubilate, with no accompanying undertone of Miserere. A sad-faced religion has fettered the world far too long and proved itself incapable of bringing a perfect salvation to the race. The light of Truth has riven

asunder the theological cloud which hitherto has hung low and threatening above the hearts of men; that golden rift can never again be closed. Then sing unto the Lord a new song! Let the mountains be glad! Let the floods clap their hands, and the hills be joyful together, for the winter is over and gone; the time for the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the summer is heard in our land!

CHAPTER IV

GOD AND THE SOUL

IN commencing the study of Spiritual Science, all former ideas and methods of study, as pursued in ordinary academical branches of acquired knowledge, are revolutionized. Its methods are not those of the schools. There are no text-books to be memorized, no regulation questions to which stereotyped answers are given. We approach an altar, the shrine of a great Truth, and not a bench or reading-desk. Other studies have led our thoughts outward on to the external, objective plane. Those noble sciences — astronomy and botany — while kindling in the heart the deepest reverence for the marvellous creative thought of Deity, still teach us object lessons; the

soul still looks outward. But our study in the line of the Athenian precept, "Man, know thyself," reverses thought and vision. We use other eyes and other faculties; forgetting the external plane, we enter upon a voyage of discovery greater than that of Columbus, for it is a new world which opens before us, whereof we are monarchs, restored to our rightful kingdom, possessing powers and prerogatives of which we have not hitherto dreamed.

There are two forms of vegetable growth, the exogenous and endogenous. The exogens increase by the addition of layer upon layer from the outside, like the circles of bark in a tree. The endogens expand from within outward. The central germ swells and bursts its bonds in its struggle for expression. Here we have the law of correspondence to our own intellectual and spiritual growth. Schools, academies, and universities pack on externally accumulated layers of facts. Spiritual Science, which is true knowledge, and a knowledge of

Truth, quickens the divine germ within, which may have lain latent long, thrills it into expression, and nourishes its highest growth and development.

First, as most essential, what is our conception of Deity—this Something which is everywhere—for we can conceive of the Infinite, the Absolute, if we cannot in a finite existence attain to full comprehension of Deity. Have we ever formulated such conception in our own mind? Have we thought out this greatest of all problems as the basic principle of our growth, or have we been content to allow our pastors and teachers to do our thinking for us, receiving unquestioned their testimony? Men have conceived of God as a giant man, an enlarged and glorified copy of themselves, with hands and feet, and organs for seeing and hearing, with also many of their foibles, their proneness to anger, jealousy, and revenge, one who rules the world like a capricious potentate. Why should the author of all forms assume

one more than another, even though the human form divine is the highest expression we have yet reached? We recall that the Holy Spirit assumed the form of a dove when it descended upon the beloved Son. The materiality of human thought interprets materially the words "made in His image and likeness." The unreal—the body—alone obtains recognition from the natural man, but man is a spirit and not a body. He has doubtless worn other forms prior to this existence. He may wear still another, farther on; so we should have a changeable God, if we were made in the image and likeness of His form.

Can the one all-pervading Life-Principle, or Essence, in its myriad manifestations, be compassed by the possibilities of a single Being, or of a Godhead subdivided into three personalities? Everywhere, in everything, we see our God. What is space? The "everlasting arms" around and underneath, enfolding all. What is light? The rays that stream from

the Central Glory, for since God is, light must be. Color? It is the warmth of this illumined Breath. And music? The melodious throbbing of the Infinite Heart which sets the keynote of all that lives to perfect harmony. Such a form as this, our God may wear.

Descriptions of that magnificent tomb of the Shah Jehan, near Agra — the Taj Mahal — include among other marvellous features of beauty, particular mention of its dome, in which is the most perfect whispering gallery in the world. Through the multitude of arches and corridors the echoes rise and swell and fall again in sweetest music; and of this echo one has said: "We cannot tell *where* it is, for it is *nowhere*; we cannot tell where it is *not*, for it is *everywhere*." Similarly does this Divine Echo swell through the corridors of our souls, but how rare is its response clear and true, how imperfectly is its Source recognized. How frequently is its matchless harmony blurred by discordant tones, how seldom does

the Voice of Perfect Love elicit the same intonation.

It is a little singular that the volume universally conceded by the Christian world to be *par excellence* the revelation of God — our Holy Bible — reveals so little of the nature of Deity, differing in this from the Sanscrit Scriptures, which teach the absolute identity of the self and the Supreme Self, and that the Spirit is the self in all creatures, as declared in Christ's "I and my Father are one."

In the Bhagavad Gita (comprising some 770 verses), the principal topic is the nature of God, while scarcely that amount of space is devoted to the consideration of the Deity in our whole Bible. In that poetic imagery and wealth of expression which characterizes the Eastern tongue, the Attributeless One (because all attributes have their source in Him) declares "for the benefit of those whose minds still wander out through the gates of sense:" "Know me, O son of Bharata, as the eternal

seed of all creatures. I am the unborn, the beginningless, the exhaustless in essence, the all-pervading, the unthinkable, the *incapable of being pointed out*. I am the splendor of sun and moon. I am the taste in water, the brilliance in the fire, the smell in the earth; I am the wisdom of the wise, and the power of the powerful. I am the goodness in the good, the silence of the secret. Of the strong I am that strength " (shall we not add, of the well he is the health?). "At the end of many births the wise man finds me as the Vasudeva, who is all this. I am the father of this universe, the mother, the all-faced regulator. *I am the goal*, the nourisher, the place of dwelling, the refuge, the source and the end, also the latent cause and the manifested effect." "*Owing to me all things work.*" "There is no end to the variety of my manifested forms. I am the Ego seated in the hearts of all creatures. I am the sun possessed of rays."

And what demand does this pure Scripture make upon the life of the disciple? Hear it. "Hating no creature, full of brotherly love, and compassionate, devoid of *my*-ness, devoid of egotism, forgiving, ever content, of tranquil heart, with nature subjugated, firm in intent, and with thought and faith given up to me; whoso is my devotee is dear unto me; unexpected, pure, devoid of fear. Equal towards friend and enemy, and also towards honor and disgrace, equal towards heat and cold" (this is practical metaphysics), "towards enjoyment and suffering, equal *to* whom are abuse and adulation, content with any and every thing, firm in heart, possessed of devotion; such a man is beloved of me."

Is the picture discouraging? Remember "thine is the right to action, not thine is the right to the result." A plant is not conscious of growth when aspiring upward. Often it doth not yet appear what it shall be, what color of blossom or quality of fruitage it

shall bear. Yet long ago, before it was planted, the seed decided its fruition. He who is "the eternal seed of all creatures" hath planted a germ which cannot fail to reach perfection. Discouragement comes alone from the "my-ness," which also must be outgrown, our self-ness, the sense of separateness from God, of relying on our own resources, as if we had any "own" apart from Him, as if we were not lived out by the all-pervading Essence. Could the plant grow, or retain existence, if cut off from the rays of the life-giving sun?

In the ancient Persian religion, Zoroaster, their Enlightener, gave to his disciples our sun as an emblem of Deity, as the eye of Ormuzd, the primeval Light. Multitudes of his followers doubtless forgot the emblem in the idol and became Guebres, or fire-worshippers, but the revelation as originally given was pure in its conception of the one Central Glory, birthless, unchanging, an omni-

present vital Essence, or Spirit, a deathless Flame, whose sparks we are, that eternal Sun being the First Great Cause of all suns and worlds and souls.

Now, it is the law of the sun to scatter its beams; it shines because it must. Deity must express itself, must manifest its overflowing, creative energy, and as we read in the Mosaic parable: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and God made man in His image, *male and female*." The Lord, our God, is one God, one Life, but dual in the manifestation of that Life. In the source of all expression must be included all possibilities of expression. Sex has its origin in this duality of the Deific reflection. In nature and every form of organic life is the dual expression manifest. Then reasoning back from matter to spirit, from the lowest to the highest, judging the substance by the shadow, the creator from the creation, we know that our one God, the

Infinite Entity, manifests Himself (and Herself) dually as Love and Wisdom, as Life and Substance. And since God is, the soul — His breath — must be.

Now the soul also, as a ray from the Central Glory, being a part of God, of Him and in Him, sharing all His attributes in a finite degree, must express *itself*. It is the privilege of the soul to radiate the light it receives from its Source. It moves towards expression, as God does. It breathes forth a lower reflection, or an imperfect consciousness of its Divine Self, which manifests at first through the crudest form, then, after learning its one brief lesson in nature's school, mastering the first few letters of evolution's alphabet, it returns to the divine soul that gave it birth, and eventually a higher propulsion from the same parent-soul is incarnated in material form, a very small portion of the soul-entity gaining expression at any one time. We are never, when embodied, all that we are in soul,

but it is this soul-force permeating our mortal nature which is our reservoir of power; the divine Ego illuminates the human clay. It gives us the voice of intuition, the reminiscence of our divine estate, reveals our inheritance to perfectness of health, strength, and freedom from all physical bondage, for we can keep our communication so close with the Over-Soul, can run back on that glittering line of light so far into the Central Heart as to drink in and absorb light, heat (or love), wisdom, and power for every need.

So we in turn become luminous centres and scatter our beams, or spiritual expression of the one Life, although that reflection is dimmed by the mask we wear, which is our lower personality, the word person being appropriately derived from the Latin word, *persona*, a mask; but the actor is never adequately represented by the character he assumes. We must learn to distinguish between the appearance and the reality.

We hold our destinies and every condition of life in our own hands, while we strive towards our ideal, the conscious at-one-ment of the soul with Divinity.

CHAPTER V

SPIRIT VERSUS MATTER

IN the Biblical account of creation, as a link between chaos and cosmos, after Jehovah, are mentioned the Elohim, sons of God, and archangelic architects of the planet. This first step toward the differentiation of the Absolute, toward the personal expression of the universal Life-Principle, the first inscription on Involution's downward rolling scroll, supplies the need of personality to which some students cling while learning their alphabet of spiritual truth. These parental souls have doubtless ripened on some former planet from whose dissipated elements our own earth is perhaps a recombination. It is now their privilege and office to assist us in weaving the same endur-

ing chain. Such as they, we shall become when we have ascended all the cyclic rounds of creation's winding stair. Only thus can we arrive at the consciousness of the Ego, only through contact with matter can we unfold the thinking principle whose potent germ we inherit from the Infinite. Through a continuous evolution do we discover and understand involution; from the primer of results do we pierce the realm of causation. Therefore theatres of action are established, workshops for the apprenticeship of souls, schools of discipline and unfoldment, even material worlds, and such will continue to exist as long as any souls need this beneficent provision for their education and experience.

The materialist recognizes but two forces in the universe, matter and energy, from which he claims conscious mind, in some unexplained, unscientific manner, to be evolved. He accepts nothing which he cannot see, touch, or weigh with his gross physical senses. His intuitive

sense — the sight of the soul — is as yet unborn. The spiritual thinker, with a broader range of vision, recognizes the seeming trinity of expression — intelligence, force, and form — as differing degrees of manifestation of the one Life-Principle. The creative Mind thinks, *therefore we are*. Secondly, the God in us, “the Father in secret,” expresses itself. The Absolute and Infinite becomes in us differentiated and finite. “God is a Spirit.” Spirit is therefore the only Divine Reality, the one unalterable Substance, the Alpha and Omega of Being.

We must predicate spirit as we do a First Great Cause. Spirit is the only life, the only intelligence, but mind is never expressed except through the medium of form. Material form of some kind, either solid, liquid, gaseous, or of a nature too attenuated for our present plane of consciousness to conceive, is necessary. The spirit therefore breathes out its instrument of expression, its tool, or servant of

growth ; its thought externalizes a shape which becomes more crude and dense as it mingles with the lower strata of earth's atmosphere, but is still a counterpart of its more permanent spiritual envelope.

Matter is therefore spirit solidified, temporarily, and thought is the connecting energy, constituting thus a trinity of expression. There is no matter as a separate entity, but the luminous spirit casts its shadow, which *exists* on this mortal plane of consciousness, but has no separate or permanent *being*. Of this material reflection, thought is always the shaping power. Thoughts indeed are things, as all things are only the materialization of thought. Thoughts are potent energies, the levers of omnipotence, the messengers of the Higher Self, the indwelling Atma.

The Darwinian theory of evolution and the physical origin of man is undoubtedly true. The soul tries her apprentice hand on many forms besides that of the ape, before external-

izing, in its beauty, the human form. She must learn all possibilities of expression, must sound every note in the creative scale, commencing in the lowest octave. Man is an epitome of the universe; he includes all that is below him. Darwin erred alone in this. He read the reverse side of the picture, the copy instead of the original negative. He missed the primal truth of involution, the rolling downward of the quickening breath of Deity, before its externalization in form. Everything must be subjective in the spiritual world, before it can become objective in the material. On the other hand physical experience of every kind is necessary to perfect the arch-angelic world-builder, to awaken the knowledge that we are the sons of God, and one with our divine, creative Source.

The passage of this quivering breath, this soul-thought, with its wonderful tenacious vitality, to its farthest ultimatum, and its slow passage backward and upward through the

lowest manifestations of intelligence, known as the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, it might be profitless to discuss, although it is most interesting to note the fineness of the border lines on which their demarcations hinge.

Who can always decide which is lichen and which is rock? Certain of the seaweeds were once classed with *animalculæ*, and no one then questioned the intelligent behavior of these minute forms of life. The sea-anemone, chained to its rock, by a flowerlike bud produces another zoöphyte, multiplying much as does the potato, one eye being sufficient to produce a separate specimen of either organic or inorganic life. Plants require hours of rest, can be tortured to death by being kept awake; they are sensitive as humans to blessed or baneful touch. Variety is to them also the spice of life. Wheat grown from seed raised on the same field refuses to bear. Darwin thought he detected symptoms of dream-life in the sensitive plant, which often arouses at

night from its deep slumber with a start, as if troubled by disturbing experiences. Flowers are most ingenious in attracting to themselves those insects who will assist in their fertilization ; they tempt the birds of the air to carry their seeds far away from the parent root, while they protect themselves by thorn and brier and beard from the devouring caterpillar. They have strong desires to found a family, and no life-insurance agent could provide larger legacy for the nutriment of the next generation. Some plants love society, growing in social groups ; others prefer solitude.

How strongly human types are here foreshadowed. There is hardly a virtue or a vice which has not its counterpart in the vegetable kingdom. There are vegetable thieves and murderers ; parasites, who suck the life-blood of their fellows on whom they fasten their fangs ; garroters, who twine themselves around their victim until he strangles and dies ; and there are also floral assassins, those carnivorous

plants that, growing in marshy places where they can absorb no nitrogen or mineral salts, supply this lack by the digestion and assimilation of organic matter, cunningly laying a trap with an attractive sweet secretion, and literally decomposing their prey by a fluid similar to pepsin. Bits of beef or boiled egg are digested as well as flies, while no notice is taken of grains of sand, or other inorganic matter. One plant, observed by the late Professor Gray, devoured two flies in one morning, and died of overeating in attempting to digest a third, only to be born again possibly, later on, in the form of gourmand or epicure.

Who can draw the line between vegetable and animal life? To which belongs the sponge, or the coral, that minute expression of life which becomes one of the creative agencies of the world, and helps to build a continent? Is the power of locomotion a test? We have rhizomas, or walking-roots, and lichens that creep with noiseless tread.

It is only through this gradual evolutionary expression in matter, and not until after slow passage and repeated struggles in various changing forms, through a period of time unimaginable by us, that the seal of conscious intelligence, the recognition of its divine Source, is impressed upon the human mind. But the soul-germ is always spirit and not its externalized expression. *It* does not die with change of form. Spirit is genesis as well as revelation. There is no death, but change is the necessary condition of our growth. Does the green orange die when it dons the rich golden dress of the ripened fruit? Does it not like a magnet attract from the elements that which assists in the formation of its new dress, its higher phase of growth?

Exactly so this breath of God, which we are, attracts to it elements of which it builds its forms, its tools of manifestation, changing them naturally as the refining, educational process goes on, changing them many times

after the so-called animal kingdom is outgrown. Have we never noticed the types of fox, of parrot, of the reptile that crawls and the beast that wears bristles, of the patient pack-horse and the industrious ant, still clinging to the higher form of life which we call human? These also must be outgrown, before the divine image and likeness can be clearly reflected.

It is only the unthinking mind that rejects the truth of re-embodiment, one that has never given the subject careful attention, or the soul that has not yet been "born again" sufficiently to recognize itself, to remember its path; one whose range of vision is so narrow, or its ideas of and aspirations for growth so easily satisfied, that a short existence of seventy, eighty, or ninety years, at most, seems sufficient to solve this difficult problem which we call Life, and to outgrow every lower propensity.

Scriptural proof of re-embodiment is not lacking, a doctrine never refuted by the Master, though frequently discussed in his presence; in

fact he endorses the identity of John the Baptist with the spirit of Elias, or Elijah. "The sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children," but we are our own ancestors, and the children of our former selves, and this visited sin is the fulfilment of the law that "every man shall bear his own burden." Ezekiel declares that "the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father," but to those sons, or souls, who do not make a proper use in one embodiment of its rich opportunities will come another existence more meagre and barren, one burdened with poverty of resources and means of advancement, until through hardship and struggle these souls will outgrow selfishness, and learn the blessedness of ministration, will be "perfected through suffering."

This law of a plurality of existences is the key to many of life's mysteries. What other satisfactory explanation can be given, consistent with a God of Justice, for the diversity found in the human family, all children of one

Father? If all souls are created equal, why this seeming favoritism, these unequally distributed blessings, favorable and degraded conditions of mortal birth, diversity in growth, knowledge, virtue, in gifts and in opportunity for their expression, unless all opportunities come to every soul in time? Our greatest scholars once occupied the dullard's seat; the saint once stood where the sinner now stands.

Our present existence holds the position of a ship on the pathless deep, a distant horizon (the kiss of the sky on the curved cheek of the planet) the only limit to our gaze, an eternity reaching both ways, and only on the clouds that hang above our course can we faintly trace the mirage of that fair city of the King, the goal to which that magnet of the soul lures us on. For like jets of water from a fountain that seek their level only to rise and fall again from the reservoir that gave them birth, so from the Deific Fountain of all Life souls leap forth to sparkle awhile in the

sunshine, or happily minister to the thirsty need of some toilworn wayfarer, and then are absorbed in the prolific Mighty Source, until they spring forth again from a higher altitude, to which through past experience they have grown.

Then how necessary, how merciful is the change we call death. Death is the great emancipator. Should we wish to wear a coat we had outgrown? The form accreted by our spiritual condition of years ago does us now injustice, can serve us no longer. How gladly we lay it aside to enjoy our long vacation in the Summer Land, reaping the fruition of our labors, gathering the fruit from seed we have sown, before the next term opens in a higher life-school, it may be on another less material planet, and on still another and another, in our ascending series, till — oh, joy unspeakable — through a growth of which our present state cannot conceive, we may become angelic messengers of the Father, ay, more, *be the Christ* to some fallen souls on lower worlds.

CHAPTER VI

GOOD AND EVIL

PERHAPS the chief hindrance to general acceptance of metaphysical truth is the extremely radical position taken by some of its exponents, as, for example, the statement "there is no sin," when crime stalks red-handed through our city streets; "there is no sickness," when the healer's own occupation proclaims the great necessity of his mission; "there is no matter," when the Infinite Wisdom and Love, the majesty, sublimity, and tenderness of the Deific Mind, are all expressed in and through the natural world, when "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork;" or, the statement that "matter

is an error," whereupon the logical thinker naturally inquires: "What properties has negation, or how can nothing be an error?"

Our materiality of thought and conception is always erroneous, our delegating to matter powers of its own, our regarding the body as a reality which sets up business on its own account, and assumes potent conditions which hold our immortal soul in bondage: this has been the cause of untold suffering for centuries. On the plane of pure unexpressed spirit, matter and its conditions do not exist, but to gain the full, rounded development and unfoldment of the Ego, this transitory, evanescent illusive matter is a valuable servant. Even the Christs are dependent upon it for the performance of their divine mission, to reveal by example the true life of the spirit, the only life there is. The world's error consists in not placing matter beneath its feet. The free-born spirit shares its throne with a slave, blind to the fact of their mutual

relationship, or of the soul's own innate supremacy.

Like the pair in the primeval garden, the spirit-breath which the soul sends forth wanders out after its "fall," or descent into matter, being free to choose the good or the evil, the true or the false, the substance or its semblance. If untrue to its original type, its higher self, if it forgets the language of its childhood, and degenerates into externals, choosing sensuous pleasures whose fruits are bitter, it may be led about through many painful experiences as were the children of Israel, ere reaching the promised land, it may descend to the level of the swine and feed upon husks, as did the Prodigal Son, before making the wise resolve to arise and return unto the Father. It finds no evil that it does not manufacture, none that is not the result of its own blindness.

Evil is the limitation of Good, as matter is the limitation of spirit. It is an inevitable

condition of growth, a lower round in the ladder that slopes Godward. Early lessons are always imperfectly learned. The one all-pervading power in the universe is the omnipotent Good. This statement admits of no argument, being a self-evident axiom. Our solar centre is the one source of light and heat to its planetary kingdom; light is its universal law; still it is possible for some opaque object like the moon, though dead and lifeless in itself, to come between that brilliant luminary and its earth-child, eclipsing those radiant beams. The sun continues to shine just as brightly, its light is diffused as widely during the earth's obscuration as before. Exactly so the omnipresent Good always reigns. There is no life or potency in the shadow which the heart of man allows to fall like a pall between him and goodness. It is only the shadow of his own lower self standing with its back to the Light.

But the supremacy of Good is shown in this

that it maketh even the error and foolishness of man to perfect its praise. It utilizes this shadow as a whetstone on which to sharpen man's spiritual powers, it cultivates in him faculties of resistance, decision, and a mastery of the lower self. All the promises are given "to him who overcometh." Is there not here divine recognition of this man-created shadow we call evil, which, like all other things, *will* work for good to them who love God, or the personified Good, He who has promised not to let us be tempted above that which we are able to bear?

Matter, whose only office it is to reflect, has no intelligence in itself, has no power to choose good or evil. The higher self is always one with its source — Good. What, then, is it that errs? The lower principle, or state of mental consciousness, usually called the mortal mind. This term was adopted possibly to emphasize the fact that only good is immortal, and that the lower, imperfect registration of thoughts and events soon perishes.

The human mind is the soul's outermost gate, and it has a reflex action, from within outward, from the external to the inner register. It is the mediator between the temporal and the eternal. At this gateway accumulates the driftwood which diverse currents of thought, with strong tidal sweep, have left at its portals, the errors of other minds, the beliefs of the world's atmosphere with which it mingles, whose tumult drowns the spirit's guiding voice. And still the mind looks outward and seeks to manifest on the external plane.

Here is the choosing between good and evil, the light and the shadow, and in that outer darkness, which the mind does not realize is darkness, phantoms appear realities, false measurements are taken, judgments are warped, and the testimony of the senses is the limit of the mind's perceptions. It misses the clew that would guide it through this mazy labyrinth back to its source, and so

man gropes in this forest of illusions, amid spectres of his own creating, and wanders out and away from his Father's house, the fair home of the soul. He sets up a standard of material verities, and is enslaved thereby. The little puff of solidified vapor which his own creative impulse has evolved, he bows before and serves, he environs it with anxious fears and watchful solicitude. Is it weary, is it in pain, is it fevered? Then, alas! there is no helper, since matter is real and immutable, since the body is the man, and material laws the only ones he recognizes. All efforts at alleviation remain on the material plane, they are sought in kingdoms below the one he occupies, those which he has outgrown, whose potencies he holds within himself, every one, as he likewise holds the power to mount above their need and his condition. Meanwhile the soul waits on its hills of light and patiently bides its time, with sure confidence in the final victory, knowing that

through weakness strength will become manifest, through impurity will the beauty of purity be recognized, through suffering will perfection be attained.

And when the cloud above the world's heart grows so murky and dense that the infinite Good is forgotten, when the earth-children wander blindly in their wilderness of doubts and mistakes, then an Avatar is sent, a mighty Breath from a mightier Source, an embodiment of the Divine Essence, who comes as the highest expression of the Perfected Man, which is always one with personified Deity. And this supernal Light shineth through all the darkness, while the darkness comprehendeth it not. It takes on the external form of the mistaken ones and dwells among them. It labors and toils with the poorest of them all, Itself homeless and reviled. Still It blesses those who curse. It heals their infirmities, opens the blind eyes, unstops the deaf ears, raiseth the fallen and

the bruised, cheereth the faint, beareth all their burdens, comforteth their sorrows and yearneth over them with infinite tenderness. The same majestic lips that utter the scathing "Woe unto you, hypocrites!" tremble with pity over false Jerusalem: "Ah, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not.*" Justice and tenderness hang in equal balance, power and humility, majesty and utter self-abnegation.

And what return did man render for this unspeakable gift? The lower carnal propensities which we call evil, standing self-accused and condemned before this matchless incarnation of Truth and Goodness, laid violent hold upon the gentle messenger, they tore him, spat upon him, and beat him; they crowned him mockingly with cruel thorns, and dragged down to destruction the mortal shrine which his spirit had stooped to vitalize.

But the veil of the Temple was rent in

twain, revealing the innermost truth ; the message was given, life and immortality had dawned upon the world. The spirit of man was touched and quickened, his mind illumined above the level of sense perception to the plane of the real and the true. Henceforth the law of gravitation operates on the spiritual plane. The attraction of the soul *upwards* is felt, and meets with glad response by those whose feet still tread material pathways. Matter is dethroned, no longer to reign king and lord of the heart of man, who realizes now that spirit is the only life, intelligence, or causation, and that all power and freedom are his inalienable birthright. Man recognizes gifts and attributes within his soul that can make of disease a forgotten word, that can bid pain depart from every sphere of life. He is no longer a dumb, blind creature of untoward circumstances, but a creator of his own environments. For the legacy of the Lightbearer, his parting message of appeal and hope, which

like a morning star sheds its beams on our advancing path, is :

“Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.”

CHAPTER VII

THE FORMATIVE POWER

THE philosophy of the Orient endows man with seven principles —the divine soul or the indwelling Atma, the spiritual soul, the thinking, reasoning soul, the animal soul, the astral or psychic body, and the vitality which connects the same with the physical body. The Ego can manifest itself on three different planes, the spiritual, the psychic, and the physical, everything being necessarily subjective on the higher plane before it can become objective on the next lower plane.

The aim of Theosophy, of Christianity, and of Spiritual Science alike is to encourage the subjugation of the lower man, to emancipate him from the control of the animal soul, with

its appetites and passions, and to cultivate his conscious connection with the higher principles, the spiritual life. But only Spiritual Science endeavors to emancipate him from all painful physical conditions, helps him to use the body as an instrument without being fettered by it. Even Christian ministers, followers of him who sent his disciples into all the world to "preach the gospel, heal the sick, and cast out devils," are faithful in their obedience to only part of the command. They do not make their faith practical. They preach of one who can save *to the uttermost*; why not, then, from sickness as well as from sin? Man has within himself unlimited powers of emancipation from all bondage. The Christ came to show by example what possibilities are already ours. "The works I do ye shall do also." Have we followed the pattern? Has not the copy set for us by the Divine Schoolmaster been most feebly, imperfectly traced by our blundering, stupid hands?

The thread of vitality which we call life is never a property or an emanation of the physical body. It can never be re-enforced on physical grounds alone. Spontaneous generation has been effectually disproven by modern science. There is but one source of Life. It is circumference more than centre, in which we are immersed as are the fishes in the sea. We absorb it through our spiritual principle, and it is thence transmitted on the vital thread to the physical organism, which, although nourished on the plane to which it is related, perishes when its connection with the spirit is severed. This second principle is a bridge between the spiritual and the material, and over this bridge is transmitted from the rational or thinking principle, the formative power — even our thoughts — a tangible vehicle for a tangible substance.

Thought is the foundation, the pillar and cap-stone of man's organism, nay, more, of the world's structure and progress. Thought

exists on the psychical plane as visible substance, colored according to its nature or intensity. Sensitives, on this mortal plane, can see the emanations from mind to mind as vibrations of different colored light, and also perceive by the halo, or aura, surrounding an individual, the temperature or peculiarity of thought in which he habitually indulges. Other psychics, whose sensitiveness is on the plane of sensation rather than of sight, can feel the nature and character of thought entertained towards them by any stranger whom they chance to meet. If unfavorable, a blow on the chest could not be more tangible. Such as these, whose consciousness is not confined to the physical plane, can receive the transfer of a thought from any distance. The human voice is but a concession to the material plane, adapted for the use of those whose inner sense is not developed to note more subtle vibrations than those of sound, as the deaf use the still cruder medium

of manual signs. Intelligence can be expressed on any plane. Therefore why should we not have psychical telephonic communication, as well as the less perfect method in the material world which crudely copies such transmission of thought? May we not look forward to a period of development in the future when such communication will supersede material telephones, a sensitive operator at each end of the line to catch the thought-waves sent by the thought-transferer, a method it would be impossible to cripple by storms, or long-line distances? It is a well-known fact that our North American Indians had means of warning distant tribes of danger, when no messenger was sent between the scattered encampments.

It has been supposed of little moment what sentiment colors our thoughts in the retirement of our homes, if we prudently maintain a polite reticence of speech in regard to our opinions, but we are learning in these days that there are no secret thoughts, that we are

wielding the most potent weapons of blessing or bane, the thought-realm being the plane of reality and power. The mind of man is often a most unruly steed, a ship without a pilot, a monarchy without a king. It is a popular belief that we cannot help our thoughts. They drift across our consciousness like wayward, wandering clouds, they spring upon us from the most unexpected, often unwelcome quarters, we give ourselves up to their sway, and muse, by the hour. The spirit subjected to the influence of this erratic leadership is dragged downward by the polluting tendency of material thoughts until held in physical bondage by erroneous opinions. Our mental atmosphere befogs the mirror whereon divine intelligence might stream, and thence be reflected.

As spirit is the only substance, as the life that is spirit is the only reality, so its offspring, our thoughts, are real and tangible things to the spiritually illumined understanding, they

are potent forces for good or ill to ourselves and to others. Among the truest words of holy writ are "as a man thinketh, *so is he*." We all know how a sudden fright will blanch the visage, set the heart to beating wildly, cause the limbs to weaken and tremble, all these demonstrations being but the reflection in the physical of the thought of fear. The effect would be the same under a false alarm. Similarly, though with more subtlety, a thought of envy, jealousy, spite, or malice will produce a bilious condition in the system, living under the mental bondage of another will produce restricted physical action, a discontented spirit breeds neuralgia, losing one's temper or harboring angry thoughts is a prolific cause of the inflammatory condition known as a heavy cold, which the sufferer wonders how he caught, though it is most frequently attributed to the east wind that prevailed yesterday. We can think a cold on to another if we indulge in ill-will toward

him, an east wind of thought. If thoughts are real and tangible things, what barbed arrows may we not dart at the life, health, and happiness of our brother, who is off his guard, to say nothing of the baleful reflex action upon ourselves, the backward kick of the gun. What blessings also may we not scatter abroad on friend and stranger alike if we keep our thoughts pure and strong and ennobling, if we think no evil, if we replace the unkind thought with the charity that suffers long and is invariably kind, if we peremptorily decide what thoughts shall henceforth find lodgement in our minds. What a world this might become, what perfectness of health it might enjoy. We fear the half-understood forces of steam and electricity, yet deal with a more potent, less perfectly understood force every day, one more deadly or beneficent as we shall determine.

How ignorantly all our prominent men are *thought to death*. It is very noticeable that

even a slight attack of illness to such a one, under which an ordinary patient would speedily recover, almost invariably results fatally, simply because of the deplorable publicity given to the details of every hour in the sick-room, the oversight and ignorance that deliberately invites a current of thought which no sound, healthy person could bear unscathed, and which so often results in unintentional murder in the first degree. If we feel the impression of one person's thought, how incalculable the effect of thousands of combined minds fastened at once upon one already prostrated individual. And yet, no sooner does one of our statesmen or divines sink wearied under his pressure of duty than the worst possible construction is immediately given to his case, telegrams speed forth from that sick-room, which should be an inn of recuperation and upliftment, and spread all over the land, dipping under the sea to other lands, that there is no hope of recovery, and immediately sixty million thought-telegrams flash

back "no hope," and are focussed on that one worn and fainting spirit; faithful reporters write up the obituary which must appear as soon as the great heart ceases to beat, and that thought is straightway externalized. There is thenceforth "no hope." But what if all those combined minds in conjunction, and with a knowledge of this truth, should send the sufferer a strong uplifting thought-current of health and vigor? could he resist the tremendous force of such righteous treatment?

Every thought-wave is actualized on the external plane. We cannot move until we think to do it. Every action has this lever as motive power, every condition of physical life is the outcome of thought alone. Then what excuse for unfavorable bodily conditions? We are true creators with material at hand which we fail to intelligently utilize, we bear burdens whose weight a truthful thought would disarm. We are the result of all that we have been, our life-chain is made up of Karmic links

from other experiences in former existences; we also bear the impress of the thoughts of others, the prenatal beliefs of our parents, the fears of guardians and friends. None of us can live his life alone. Race-beliefs and ancestral prejudices color our mental atmosphere.

Take, for example, that common form of slavery, the habit of taking cold, a subservience to physical conditions which is quite unnecessary. Does the spirit feel cold, and we are spirits? Should we — children of the Infinite — remain under the dominion of physical laws, of changes in the temperature, or of pure atmosphere considered as draught? But from infancy children are nurtured in nothing more carefully than the fear of taking cold, often summoned from their ruddy, breezy play by the mother's cry: "I'm afraid you will take cold." This oft-reiterated lesson is thoroughly learned, colors their whole life, and is transmitted to the next generation of slaves to this fear. It would be amusing if not so pitiful

to see what careful precautions are taken by the most enlightened minds to guard against colds, these fearful souls seeing in mind not the cold alone, but the possible result thereof, diphtheria, pneumonia, and other creations of fear, that have no existence on the plane of spirit, on which it is possible now to live. How quickly the expression of alarm and apprehension would be transformed to one of tranquil assurance and security had the spirit ever learned its power. Material fears create scarecrows, before whom people prostrate themselves, not knowing or realizing the divine powers which they possess, the possibilities of absolute freedom from physical bondage. As long as the necessity of taking cold is a tenet of their faith or fear, as long as they lend themselves to its sway, they will continue to sneeze and cough at every convenient opportunity.

The popular fling at metaphysical treatment, a remark one often hears, is : "Oh, you must

think you have not got it, as the Scientists do." Nothing could more quickly show the speaker's inadequate conception of the truth. Metaphysicians stop a long distance short of that position. They do not have to "think they have not got it." They live on a plane above one related to any such "it," whose unreality to their enlightened comprehension is so apparent. Like attracts like, and we always relate ourselves to that upon which our thought dwells and therefore endows with power. We can be whatever we choose to be, we can live as physical beings, subject to all lower conditions, or we can live, now and here, the life of the free-born spirit, on the plane of spiritual reality. Dropping the physical form as we do in so-called death gives us nothing of power, of wisdom, or of strength. The psychical form which we then wear is a little more enduring than the physical. It is not visible to organs made crude enough to discern material objects, but

if the indwelling spirit has not hitherto outgrown mundane attractions and limitations, its next experience will be no higher or more unfettered than its last.

This hour is the spirit's opportunity. Spirit is a substance having two poles or gates. To live in health it is only necessary to keep the gate closed which opens downward into the realm of shadows and unrest, to be always positive in that direction, and negative always upward toward the source of all Life, which we never can exhaust, the unfailing fountain of strength, of power and wholeness. "Walk in the spirit."

CHAPTER VIII

THE BONDAGE OF FEAR

It is true that thought is the shaping power, that whatever we wish to become we have only to keep constantly in mind as an ideal, to eventually grow towards the same. But thoughts are the offspring of the spiritual nature, and if we live in the spirit, the thoughts will correct themselves; they can then only express the purity, chastity, and beauty which are attributes of the spirit.

Spiritual Science is imperfectly represented when confined to the mental plane alone. It is the foundation of all there is in life, or its philosophy, being in harmony with all truth. It is Theosophy applied, it is Christianity in motion. There is but one Truth, and every

religion, or science, copies its little share of the word of God, its one scattered ray of the all-diffusive Light. But the true metaphysical healer works less on the plane of thought than in the realm of spirit. He endeavors emphatically to change the mind of his patient, to turn the current of his thought into healthy channels, but, more than this, he strives to release the spirit from bondage, he aids it to live its own untrammelled life, which will then express itself in pure thinking and a corresponding external manifestation. Coercive mental control is never excusable unless in cases of delirium or insanity. In such extreme conditions even a mesmeric control of the spirit in prison by the operator may be allowable until the chain of error is broken, when the equal rights of each individual should be strictly maintained.

Here we touch upon the law of Karma. The healer can never become a vicarious atonement for the sins and mistakes of his

patient or pupil. Whatever the sufferer has sown he must also reap, but whereas erroneous living is more frequently the result of ignorance than of wilful misdoing, it lies in the path of the healer's duty to remove the scales from blind eyes, and point out the path of rectitude. As each day bears its own Karmic record, as we have the possibility of making good Karma every moment, of wiping out old stains and annulling their effect, to-morrow's condition must be vastly improved by the intelligent, painstaking manufacture of good Karma to-day, by tempers restrained and faults overcome. Karmic results may be needlessly prolonged by a slavish acceptance thereof, or an unintelligent, pessimistic outlook regarding one's own possibilities. There is no need of clinging to the burden as a penance when the hour has struck for its removal, which enfranchisement the divine soul within can hasten. The time is ripe for a world's emancipation from disease and infirmity. We have grown as a race to

the comprehension of our innate health, from the fact that we are component parts of a Perfect Unit; we awake to the exercise of our powers as spirits, controlling all which lies below us.

If the next generation of mothers and fathers could grow into the realization of this truth that there need be no disease, and (as the body only presents what the atmosphere of thought reflects) let their minds hold only spiritual truths, what manner of children would be born unto them, and, letting conviction grow doubly sure with the growth of years, and establishment in a health which nothing can destroy, what would our grandchildren think to look back on the present status of the world's thought, how would they be mystified by the long hard names, by which in these days we try to spell error and mistake. Our nomenclature is richer in this respect than that of former days. A cold on the lungs, with fever, is now pneumonia, an inflamed throat is diphthe-

ria, or, at the very least, tonsilitis, hoarseness and weakness of the throat is bronchitis, lurking bodily pain, if its position justifies it, is pronounced sciatica, and the fear and anxiety of the patient increases in proportion to the number of syllables that spells out his malady. A case could be cited of a lady who, holding the thought of humor in her blood, was treated seven months by a skilful physician for ulceration of the limbs, her despondency far more increased by this portentous diagnosis than by any discomfort attending her condition. Catarrh of the bowels has become a fashionable ailment in recent times. Whatever the malady, if the mind unenlightened spiritually, however erudite on mortal planes, holds persistently such thoughts and beliefs, and naturally dwells upon the possibility of a similar infliction, the physical condition will certainly respond to the mental invitation.

How lamentable is it in this advanced age to have a plague or an epidemic sweep over a

land, or jump from country to country, as in the recent case of the Russian *la grippe*, which laid low the most valuable lives in its course, like a cyclone uprooting giant oaks. But in the latter case, both forces — those of vegetable growth, and of the elements — are on the same physical plane; the greater naturally overcoming the less. Those whom an epidemic prostrates are not of the genus matter. They are spiritual beings, and if the theory be urged that the disease is a microbe, a living thing which is breathed in by atmospheric inhalation, the question still arises which is mightier, the insignificant microbe or the immortal godlike soul, that in its past evolutionary experience has outgrown and overcome the lower kingdom? There were those in our land whose nostrils were not closed, who freely inhaled the same presumably tainted air, whom no disease-creating animalculæ could affect, who walked unscathed in and out of localities where the pestilence was rife. They exercised

no watchful care of their health, used no forcible mental argument to prevent contagion or enhance security; they simply *knew* it could not assail the spiritual nature, on which plane they were living. The majority of our citizens, on the contrary, prepared themselves to attract and assimilate the germs of the epidemic, by making it their chief topic of conversation. On cars or street, in parlors and counting-rooms, little else was discussed but the minutiae of its "run," the early symptoms, the suddenness of its attack, and at what stage the disease was fraught with greatest danger. Everybody's mental atmosphere was saturated with malarial thought; its externalization was inevitable. Becoming discordant, they related themselves to discord. Sentinels of fear and anxious foreboding occupied the outposts of every one's consciousness, they invited the epidemic by their constant expectancy. They unwittingly treated themselves for every symptom they had ever

heard of. Consequently we had the spectacle in this century, and this country, to which the message of Truth has come, of whole communities of intelligent souls overcome by a microbe which a microscope could scarcely detect; business was crippled, schools closed, and families were plunged in mourning for their dear ones, so suddenly stricken down. It was indeed a sad thing from the suffering it caused, the valuable lives sacrificed to its potent sway, but sadder far because it was all so needless, except among the very ignorant who have not grown to realize they are anything more than bodies, the life of the animal being the only one to which they have consciously attained.

Doctors, who could not stay or shorten the complaint, but only strive with faithful, sympathetic ministration to alleviate its rigors with palliative drugs, which man also has outgrown, were no more exempt than their patients, indeed a large percentage of doctors

in every city were among the first to succumb to the painful malady, showing the imperfectness of their system of treatment for the world's needs, however it might be honored by their devotion. The apostles of the new dispensation, on the contrary, were not overtaken by the plague although coming in contact with it repeatedly on its most potent side—the realm of thought. They *stood the test*, and never lost a case, finding this unwelcome visitor the easiest of errors to overthrow. Must we not then admit the validity and truth of the position they hold? Would not a study of Spiritual Science be advisable as an effective means of physical defence, if not for the higher incentive of spiritual living?

The same proneness of susceptibility to contagion noted on a larger scale in the Russian influenza is repeated in more confined localities every season. Typhoids, diphtherias, and agues periodically follow the overflow of green meadows by spring floods, or the decline of

vegetation in the autumnal months. The fearlessness of bravado is insufficient protection as long as a belief remains in the *unconscious* mind of the possibility of illness. If the gate is not closed downwards, if one lives on the plane of physical realities, a contagious disease is often contracted when the conscious mind is unaware of its prevalence. More frequently still, a disease which is not contagious is reproduced in a mind which dwells sympathetically upon the case and its symptoms. A carbuncle on the neck is not usually considered contagious, yet a lady recently, whose dear friend lay dying of such painful visitation, was attacked by a violent pain in the back of her neck, and with every symptom of at least an abscess, which she tried her best to encourage by every fostering thought. Would the intelligent physician advise a physical treatment for her condition, a scattering lotion for the neck, or a purgative for the blood? Would he minutely examine, or

stroke into placidity, the facial muscles to remove the distortion caused by distress or fright?

Sometime in the not far distant future, will not a treatment of disease seem amusing that begins and ends in the realm of effect without touching the cause, without educating the race to the standard of just men made perfect, each one his own physician and high-priest unto God, no longer at the mercy of fears and erroneous beliefs that mock God's perfection, His love and tenderness? Thought is the shaping power. Our beliefs and opinions make us what we are, invariably. On them we build ourselves to any design we have in mind. If we thoroughly believed we were one with God — think of it — God living Himself out in us, where would be the limit to our mastery and control of all conditions? As soon as we stop fearing and believing in sickness, it can no longer attack us; according to the old couplet,

“The best receipt for health, say what you will,
Is never to suppose you can be ill.”

God is the all-good, the all-perfect. Can any path be wrong, or theory mistaken, which leads to the realization of that perfection, which builds up a life lost in Him? Can any form of worship be more acceptable than to bear about in our bodies the mark of our Lord's power, to die daily to our lower nature, to be hourly resurrected in that perfect life and love which casteth out fear?

CHAPTER IX

THE HEALING POWER

THIS gospel of health, or the state of physical freedom as the result of spiritual living and righteous thinking, has been often presented in an impractical, visionary, or too radical manner, which has not appealed to the common-sense of mankind, even though the demonstrations of its worth and potency in cases of illness, where other treatment has failed, multiply on every hand. Every truth must run the gauntlet of ridicule and opposition, its advocates that of derision and scorn. But the heterodoxy of every age becomes the orthodoxy of the next. Humbugs are short-lived. A craze is of mushroom growth, springing up in a night to wither in a day. The "mind-cure craze," as it has been often designated, has passed its

trial season. The sensation-lovers who first espoused its cause have dropped away, after finding "nothing in it." The mercenary, who see only the possible pecuniary advantage to be gained in any new movement, have in some instances learned to love wisdom better than gold, and weaker souls, who have hitherto drifted through life without a rudder, have found a quiet anchorage for their restless hearts, and an unfailing compass for future guidance, while many sufferers in homes all over our land have been raised by its heaven-born ministry from years of painful prostration to renewed lives of strength and usefulness.

Noble, unselfish men and women take up this banner of Truth, and, by example and precept, by voice and pen, in the study or chamber, on the platform or by the wayside, are presenting its pure gospel to the acceptance of those who hear them gladly. There is now, perhaps, no city in our country without its practitioners in this science of intelligent

living, no hamlet that does not possess its little share of metaphysical literature, whose loan from house to house is in frequent demand. Books and pamphlets multiply, magazines increase in number and have a large and appreciative following. Classes are constantly held by earnest teachers, while little groups and coteries of friends meet together for mutual query and response, or for discussion concerning this pearl of great price, offered to all without money and without price.

It becomes no longer possible for the world to reject this truth, or remain oblivious to the rapid progress the movement has made, and the strong hold it has taken upon all classes of people. Every one numbers on his list of friends some firm advocate of its efficacy in relieving suffering, in letting the oppressed go free, in reforming lives and transforming error-bound natures. It becomes necessary to be able at least to discuss it intelligently, or the

tide of the world's progress will sweep on and leave us behind. How is the value of any truth to be known and tested? By its works alone. "Believe me for the work's sake," said the Master.

What nobler vocation than to follow in the footsteps of Him who always preached the word and healed the sick conjointly, one being as necessary as the other, who by His command, "Arise, and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee," emphasized the close connection existing between health, and purity of life and thought. There must also be an intelligent as well as a pure mind, a consciousness awakened to the fact of the soul's own divine attributes, and its connection with the healing power of the universe.

And what is the healing power? We recently heard a naturalist allude in a public lecture to "a certain class of people who, having discovered the well-nigh limitless power of the human will, were utilizing it in the cure of

disease." There could be no more imperfect understanding of the metaphysician's position. His office is that of enlightener, his work one of invitation, entreaty, and appeal to the sufferer's will to choose this day which he will serve, God or mammon, flesh or spirit, to decide whether he will henceforth live in the lower human will, or that of the higher self, which is always one with the Divine will. If a person of strong will makes, as is frequently asserted, the most successful healer, it is because that will betokens a strong positive nature which naturally carries a fervor of conviction with it, which a weaker individuality might not do. But the healing power is not of a mesmeric nature. When mesmerism is used, when an undue control of the mind of the patient is exercised by the healer or teacher, we find mental malpractice. The mesmerism of the friends of the patient, however, as well as his own, is a foe against which the true healer constantly contends.

Another theory, popularly held, is that only weak-minded patients are readily healed, a belief to whose fallacy every healer of experience can testify. A person of strong mind will always hold the seed-thoughts of truth most firmly, which produces the quickest, most permanent results, while a weaker mind needs the prop of constant re-enforcement.

Is prayer the healing agency? Yes, in the sense that Dean Stanley defines prayer, that "with every aspiration the soul is on its knees." It is the prayer of the flower that exhales its fragrance upwards to the source of its life and beauty. It is the prayer of the water-lily that grows *away* from the slime and mud and darkness of its material root, aspiring through all the watery depth by which it is encompassed, until it expands in the pure air of heaven to the loveliness of its primeval type.

Is the healing accomplished by electricity or by magnetism, is often asked, and instances are cited of remarkable cures performed when

such agency was employed. There is no doubt that such cases are genuine. There is only one power in the universe, but a myriad diversity of its manifestations. A pure benevolent mind, in harmony therewith, cannot help conferring a benefit, even though it prove alleviative more than curative, in the sense that the sufferer has learned nothing of his own being, or the laws which would secure his immunity from any other similar attack. The sympathetic hand, with its gentle soothing touch and seemingly vitalizing quality, is no more an external gate than the organ which mental healers use as transmitting avenue—the brain, but it occupies a lower plane, inasmuch as the false reality of the body and the locality of the disorder are fixed more firmly in mind by this application; and that locality is only a chance reflection from a cause that is not by this method of cure reached in the slightest degree.

Electricity, that potent elixir, the motor-

power of thought, that indispensable agent between soul and soul, between worlds and suns; who understands this wonderful expression of spirit, who can define it, who safely limit its important offices in every channel of life? We have not yet learned our electric alphabet, albeit we are spelling out a few words, such as light and speed and motion. We hitch our chariots, if not to a star, to a train of light and power caught, perhaps, from the revolving stars, and yet no servant more faithful than this electric current to execute our commission, to summon an assistant, to announce our arrival at friendly doors, or guard our streets with efficient police surveillance. So subtle is this most ethereal form of matter that one hesitates before classing it with material agencies. It seems the vanishing point of pure spirit before expression begins, the veil between the visible and invisible. There is an electric school in Paris which is at work on certain lines of

manifestation and experiment, from the assumption that man is himself an electric motor, drawing in with every breath great draughts of air, which is electricity in solution, and that by learning to store and concentrate these divine powers man approaches omnipotence.

There is a spiritual electric power, a soul-force which it might be well to recognize, in connection with a spiritually enlightened understanding. It is a harmonization with the Force which we call God, that which drives the suns in their courses with mighty speed, that poises their satellites as faithful attendants, that vitalizes air, water, everything which contributes to our present growthful experience, a force we have not yet utilized as it may be applied by our descendants.

What, then, is the healing power exercised by the Spiritual Scientist? Life, Law, God, call it what you will, it is that Perfect Wholeness of which we are all parts. As soon as

we become awakened to this realization, we are healed. Healing consists in the discovery that there is nothing to heal, that we are always well in spirit, in reality. The method therefore is education, more than any miraculous transfer of vitality, or curative agency. A lecture often carries with it a stronger healing influence than any treatment. The mind is lifted by the speaker's argument into an atmosphere of conviction that works its own healing. Such instances are very common, because the work must always be accomplished in the realm of cause which will produce its own healthful result. The patient must therefore heal himself at last. He must, as the revivalists used to say, "come under the conviction" of truth. If he is content alone to receive the gift of freedom from the healer, he must eventually relapse into slavery. A Lincoln could with a stroke of the pen strike off the fetters from a race of slaves. He could not thereby raise them to a conscious equality

with free manhood. There must be an unfolding of the bowed and stricken human nature which so long has cringed in bondage.

The weapon which the healer wields is less tangible than a pen-stroke, yet it is by no means a trivial one. It is a thought strong in the truth, a vital power "endowed with being, breath, and wing." Does this seem a strange remedy with which to quell pain and fever? Try it and test its potency. Silent agencies are always the most potent. Do the blessed rays of sunlight fall noisily upon the earth, to which they carry life and quickening, or on the window-panes when they flood our rooms with radiance, or on our brows which we raise to meet their warm kiss? Is the touch rude or clamorous? Do we ever hear the dew fall on a thirsty flower, or a leaf grow, listen ever so closely in a season when Nature's forces are most rapidly at work pumping life-giving sap into millions of green veins and juicy fibres? The working of God's thought

is always silent, as is ours, which feebly copies it. Think not to measure the curative agency of thought by the old methods of physical tangibility. Thomas, with his "unless I thrust my fingers in His side, I will not believe," is not held up to us for an example to copy. Jesus said, "Blessed are they who have not seen (physically) and yet have believed."

Did any one ever hear an answer to prayer? Each thought is a prayer, every desire, each aspiration, unuttered or expressed. We pray to each other, we pray a curse (horrible thought) when we indulge in spite or ill-will toward another. When we pray "nearer my God to thee," do we thereby draw God any closer to our atmosphere, He who is with us always, in whom we live and have our being? Nay, by that aspiration we only clear the fogs from our own spiritual vision, lift ourselves above them so that we can come into nearer, closer realization of the divine abiding Presence that can never leave us or forsake us.

Similarly our mental appeal to the patient's spiritual, diviner nature clears the mists from his atmosphere, and in our earnest desire to make him realize his divine birthright to health and harmony, we join in God's prayer to every child of His, we voice His kind, loving invitation and entreaty, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER X

SUGGESTIONS FOR TREATMENT

THEORIES that read well are often impracticable; the presentation may be faultless, its logic without a flaw, but the power of demonstration seems lacking. Now, how shall we demonstrate this science of healing? How do we treat our patients? How is a treatment given? Is there any hard and fast rule for practice in all cases? Most assuredly not. Many people seem to think there is some occult secret which healers hold, some formula whose mechanical repetition produces a magical result. Can *any* one by faithful repetition of a certain form of words cool the heated brow, or quiet its pain? Again no! a thousand times, no! Better the mere inactive presence of a soul strong in the truth, which, by its atmos-

phere, radiates a healing, uplifting influence, than a parrot-like rehearsal of words and phrases imperfectly comprehended or realized by him who endeavors prematurely to wield these tools.

Practical suggestions are not easily given, for every healer's manner of treatment must be essentially his own. No two disciples of any truth can demonstrate its potency in the same way, and, while the human family is so diverse in development and experience, no two patients need the same application. No formula can ever adapt itself to all cases. Formulas are, at their best, the mere dead letter of the word, and not the living breath of the spirit. A rigid adherence to their use is fatal to growth or illumination, as is any belief in infallibility, personal or creedal. Directions for treatment cannot be given; suggestions may prove useful. Experience may point out certain mistakes which the novitiate might thereby avoid.

A common error is the tendency to talk too much before there has been some demonstration. The healer, feeling the first glow of enthusiasm natural to the message-bearer of so great a gospel, longing with pure desire to bring to every soul the freedom he or she has found, rushes impetuously and unwisely into a prolonged statement of the truth, which the patient can no more appropriate than he could an address in Choctaw. It arouses antagonism, often creates quite pardonable disgust, and the difficulties of the healer's task are increased. The patient has not as yet sought instruction, as he will eagerly do when his error is exorcised. There is nothing, O healer, which you cannot tell him silently in the universal language of thought. He will think the idea just occurred to him personally, and will give it back to you in query at some later day, with an awakened appetite and yearning for more of light and knowledge. To such, you must then be able to give full reason for the faith

that is in you, be so rooted and grounded in truth that you need take no thought what ye shall say, for it will be given you in that hour what ye shall speak and what ye will do.

Trust in this guidance implicitly. All doubt must have been outgrown before the healer's work can begin. Remember, you could not by any chance possibility have been brought into the patient's atmosphere unless there were some message you, perhaps better than any other, could bear to that soul. The message-bearer cannot suffer shipwreck, if she meet opposition. Count it all joy when ye fall into divers perplexities, for the trial of your faith worketh patience, and patience is akin to godliness. But avoid argument before there has been some demonstration of the truth, for the liability of your success will be diminished.

The power of a few bright cheery sentences, however, from lip to ear, are often of inestimable value, are a treatment in themselves.

A nervous, frightened patient can sometimes be quieted by the simple impressive repetition of that beautiful text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, *because he trusteth in thee.*" It falls like soothing balm on the troubled heart, and a wave of courage and hope comes with the "Perfect trust casteth out fear." To the lonely and longing for companionship, give the "Lo, I am with you alway," and "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." To the faltering and timorous, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," and "I can do *all* things through Him who strengtheneth me." Just for to-day, "His grace is sufficient;" and to the despondent and sorrowing, give that appeal which rings like the cheery blast of a trumpet, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." "O trust in the Lord, *wait patiently for Him*, and He *shall* give thee *thy heart's desires.*" "Commit

your way unto Him, and He shall bring it to pass," and there are many more. A wrong selection could hardly be made.

Occasionally bring a breezy bit of anecdote from the outside world to change and freshen the mental atmosphere of the sick-room. At first, the patient will look with surprise and almost with reproach that you do not realize he is too ill to be interested in that sort of thing. It is doubtless very bad taste on your part, but make no concession to the error by which he is bound, and presently he will begin to look for your visit with especial interest in whatever brings him something new to think about. With this much gained, beware of letting conversation drift alone in secular channels. Watch for opportunities of sowing good seed. Catch up every remark that points to material realities and causes. Turn it about, albeit gently and amiably, without provoking antagonism, and let him see how everything looks inverted in the mirror of sense testimony.

Be only careful, if the patient is doubting and faithless, that he be not successful in treating your mind with his doubts. Always bear in mind the unreality of disease. Never be deceived by its appearance. You are not treating the shadow. There could be no such reflection in the body, if there were not diseased or erroneous thought-substance to cast such corresponding shadow. Treat the thought, not as does the homœopathist, curing like with like, but meeting the particular current of thought with its opposite, the poison with its antidote. To the thought of fear, bring a strong mental wave of courage and hope; overcome despondency with good cheer; meet weakness with the firm conviction and realization of the strength that never faileth; dispel anxiety and dismal forebodings by the bright sunshine of truth which scatters every cloud. Let the quicksilver in the patient's mental barometer register cheerfulness alone, above the area of threatening

weather, and the disease is already baffled of its prey, having little left to feed it. Fear was the element of contagion to which the patient succumbed, fear and belief in the reality of physical conditions. Seek to overcome this materiality of belief, replace the error with truth, the mortal with immortal mind, the human with the divine. Be *sure* you can accomplish this. Beware lest you be tempted with a thought of doubt concerning the final victory. What place is there for doubt, when you are a part of the Supreme Omnipotence who works through you? Look up through yourself to see God. Never *try* to cure a patient, or let him "try" you; you will certainly fail if you do. *All* things are possible with God. You and your patient are parts of that power which, having created, can also heal or re-create the divine image and likeness. Our past (would that they were forever past) material measurements and methods of thought and practice prevent our realization

that spirit is the only substance, that spiritual doses are as real and tangible in the realm of causation — on the plane of the true life — as senna and salts ever were in the realm of effect.

It is quite unnecessary, as is sometimes taught, to know the full name by which the patient is usually designated, or that of any of his ancestors. This puerile device perpetuates the mask which we should strive to ignore. We are working on a plane above that of personality. What matters it whether this particular expression of God's thought be known in this lower state as John or James? It may receive a "new name" when it has overcome mortal limitation. It is now God's child, which is enough for us to know; we seek to establish the patient's realization of this fact.

Neither is it imperatively necessary to call the roll of every vice or passion mentioned in the Decalogue, in the endeavor to hit the

patient's case by a random shot at the possible root of his malady. If the healer possesses the true intuitive unfoldment necessary for the work, he or she can soon feel the nature of the holding thought. But a call to the spirit to break the fetters of its material thralldom and climb higher, covers the whole ground. Old errors, perverted thoughts, will almost unconsciously be outgrown as the true blessedness of living on the higher plane is realized.

Talk to your patient in thought, as two spirits should. His inner self will recognize the message as the language which that higher soul remembers, and gladly responds thereto. Tell him the beautiful story, already so often told with varying tongue, that he and the Father *are one*, in essence and in likeness; that to a life hid in God, encompassed and ensphered by Divine Love and Strength, no weakness can come, no harm befall. Tell him his forebodings and alarm are but the

cry of a child in the dark who cannot see the tender mother's face which still bends above it all the while. Tell him his fleshly dress and its conditions bear the stamp of his own manufacture. He has it in his power to change and alter the same from this moment to whatever ideal of health, and comfort, and usefulness he has in mind. Through the contagion of thought he will soon share your utter disregard of physical conditions, will ignore them as trivial and unreal, as a mirage which occupies a false prominence above the horizon of his perception: he will become unconscious to all messages from that plane as his spiritual consciousness awakens to realize his soul's oneness with Perfection. There will then be no need of labored denials that matter can be fevered or in pain, or exhibit any but a delegated power. The patient's own aroused spirit makes this unnecessary. Even in a stupor, or faint, his spirit cannot escape this call. It recognizes the language of Truth,

and, drinking from that fount, returns to raise its instrument with renewed force and vigor. The tempting thoughts as they arise thereafter to nudge his elbow, one by one, he will himself subdue, and grow stronger by the effort.

All patients, it is true, cannot thus speedily become conquerors. Many strange natures are met in practical experience. It is necessary to be all things to all men, if by any means we can gain some. We must be wise as serpents, while harmless as doves; the dual nature, which means ripened development. Some patients are like swamps, sluggish, unnavigable either by land or water; not wholly devoid of bright sunny spots, but abounding in unexpected quicksands, deep, dark pools of error which it is a discouraging task to empty. The soil does not hold firmly the roots of the thought-plants we endeavor to nourish. Steady, patient toil is necessary here, thorough irrigation, uprooting and infilling, in season and out of season, till the waste

place is redeemed, as it invariably will be, and yields abundant harvest. And there are natures like the placid surface of a summer lake; they ripple in response to every breath, yield at a touch, reflect the light of truth most quickly, joyously. Clouds may hover above, but do not overshadow them long, while God's sun of righteousness, with healing in its beams, pierces and warms and thrills the innermost depths of their transparent hearts.

First and always lift the patient's thought and faith away from the personality of the healer, to the principle that heals. Never, never answer "yes" to the query, "Can you cure me?" Say emphatically, "No, no, the power to heal lies between your own soul and God, is as much a latent power of your soul as mine. If the tie which connects you is slackened, and you do not feel its hold, I may unite the broken links, tighten the bond, or open your eyes to do your own mending, and then I drop away, needed no

longer." Try to encourage forgetfulness of the instrument. Healers often thoughtlessly declare, "Oh, yes, indeed, I can cure you," and frequently recount their really praiseworthy victories with, "I cured such and such an one." They mean rightly, but it is the *Truth* which worketh in us, and through us, to will and to do. Avoid making any promises with "I" in them, or *any other promises either*. Assure the inquiring patient that he doubtless can and will be healed; or grow to a realization of the health that is already his own, but place his confidence where it belongs. Tell him also that healing is the very lowest demonstration of this Truth; tell him that we are working to educate and uplift humanity to a plane where neither physician nor metaphysician will be needed, a millennium whose dawn every true-hearted doctor would welcome as gladly as we. All that physical practice can do is to make the outside of the cup and platter a little cleaner. It is the life we would

change, the thought we would uplift, the soul-force unfold, for it is a Christian life the enfranchised patient must lead, not alone a treatment to be received by the spoonful, from the possible spiritual surplus of the healer.

Treatments should not be given too frequently. Nature's methods of growth are gradual, with waiting seasons and periods of seeming rest. God's work never hurries. Instantaneous cures are possible, but quite exceptional. A severe case must of course receive for awhile daily attention, but the ordinary patient should very early learn to walk alone, which he will never do under too close espionage, or without time to assimilate in his spiritual fibre the new food he has received. Of course, no imperative rule can be given here. The intelligent healer will rightly divide the word of Truth to the separate need of every student.

We have spoken of treatment in silent mind, of the silent transference of thought, of replac-

ing the diseased material thought of the patient with strong, healthy, truthful thoughts; but the best and highest form of treatment is above and beyond all thought. It is a silent treatment in the sense that to be alone with silence is to be alone with God; for God does not speak in the whirlwind of argument, or in the tempest of mental conflict, but when these are past, in the still small voice. Far better than the old formula, "Tom Jones, *listen to me,*" is it to develop in the patient the possibility of listening to the voice of God in his own soul, the voice heard only in the inner silence, whose message is of higher purport than that of any healer, however true and beautiful his affirmation may be. All physical laws have their spiritual correspondences, and it is well known that for some of the chemist's experiments the atmosphere of his laboratory must be one of perfect tranquillity. Alum, for instance, makes the most beautiful crystallization when the utmost quiet

prevails. It is in this atmosphere, also, that Truth crystallizes most perfectly.

As the treatment goes on, the need of even silent argument seems to diminish; we realize that it is unnecessary, because we and our patient are two spirits in the unseen universe, where there is no time or place for discord; messages from the senses no longer reach us; the contact with chair or floor is scarcely felt; we enjoy the freedom that is our rightful inheritance, using the body but not fettered by it, a Nirvana-like absorption of the Real. From this plane of pure spirit, our call to the other spirit to arouse from its bondage cannot fail of response, the spirit in prison repents. Error can never again have such firm hold over the enfranchised soul, or the body make successful endeavor to reflect painful conditions. Nay, for where the spirit of God is, there is liberty. "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage."

CHAPTER XI

SUGGESTIONS CONTINUED

APPLICATION of this Truth can be made, treatments can be given as well absently as in the immediate presence of the patient, though, ensphered as we are in the Omnipresence, how can there be such a thing as "absent" treatment? We cannot treat where God is not. Distance exists only in matter, not in mind or spirit. Both space and time are not, in the realm where we work. Two minds in one household can remain widely asunder, two spirits of closest consanguinity by ties of blood bear no soul-relation to each other. To those who can meet in thought, material distance is no longer remembered.

In treating an absent patient refuse to

recognize that your message must travel to reach him. Deny distance, annihilate it in thought. For the time being, there is nothing in the universe but you two souls and God. It is an assistance to some healers to bring the patient near them in mind, to imagine him sitting in an adjacent chair; while a more active spirit, one who has found its wings, may find it easier to fly forth and find the sufferer. Sometimes the strongest treatment can be given absently. It is more easy to hold the patient in thought as a perfect reflection of the divine idea, when the deflection, or distorted image, is not evidenced to the senses. Modern cures of a similar character to that of the centurion's servant everywhere abound, and really should occasion no surprise as we outgrow material methods of thought. When absent from the flesh we are forever with the Lord, and with each other in spirit, which is reality.

In giving absent treatment it is advisable,

or is of very great assistance, to have a certain time appointed for your interview. Ask the patient to sit quietly and alone for ten or fifteen minutes to receive the treatment. A reverential attitude of mind on his part, or one of waiting receptivity, is to be desired, and the patient should also lift his mind wholly and entirely away from the healer to the Infinite Source from whence the healing tide must flow, and, realizing that it can flow also from his own unborn divine possibilities, let him lift his thought towards his own higher nature away from the lower, treading down all thought of the material body exactly as he would tread water, if in danger of drowning, to keep his mouth in the air. Exactly so, he can reach up into the pure realm of spirit for the vital breath of the soul. In fact, there is a demonstration often met in practice, a deep, long, restful breath (unlike the sigh which expresses the weariness of a restless heart), a fluttering upwards of the

uncaged spirit as the bars of its prison-house are unloosed, a demonstration which rejoices the heart of the healer. It is the infilling of the breath of God, the swell of Deity's uplifting wave.

Discord in home life is a prolific source of illness. The common polite courtesies of society are neglected there. We say to our own what we would never say to those less dear. If one member of a family stands in fear of another, if only in fear of his tongue, that mental bondage will produce restricted action somewhere in the physical system.

There is an apostolic injunction to the intent that wives should submit themselves to their husbands. With all respect, and honor, and kindly service—yes—but the wife is just as much an individual thought of God as the husband, and *vice versa*. Many acute dyspepsias have sprung from nothing else than marital slavery, a one-sided subservience; and many such have been cured by ignoring the existence,

even in shadow, of digestive organs, by simply changing the attitude of the dependent spirit to one of freedom from a craven submission that was unjust and productive of harm to both husband and wife, by setting the key-note of their life-score to a finer rhythm and harmony, whose modulations shall henceforth hold fewer accidentals.

We hear much of diseases of inheritance. Patients talk loftily and with much family pride of this or that malady which had always been in their ancestral families, or all their maternal aunts had died of it, as if it were some title or coat of arms, whose appearance in their own person was a badge of distinction rather than a disgrace. Ask such an one what he inherits from his heavenly Father. There is an inheritance of the soul of perfect freedom, strength, and vigor. Should not the higher inheritance annul and overcome the lower, as we are not bodies merely, but of the order of Soul, the kinship of the flesh being often a mistaken

one? And the lower birthmark was only transmitted thought. The body renews itself constantly on the physical plane, by the casting off of effete elements and the accretion, through absorption and assimilation, of new properties, but the mental state bearing still the same impress, stamps every new element as it appears with the same taint; therefore, the false mortal inheritance is needlessly perpetuated. Diseases of inheritance, so called, however firmly held, are most easily healed.

A similar kind of bondage, frequently met, is prenatal thought, the scar of a mental birthmark. How many children bear on their sad, pathetic little faces the story of unwelcome maternity? If the pregnant mother carries a heavy heart, the thought-bias of that little nature to be embodied will be bent towards sadness and lassitude of spirit, and its physical reflection will be nervous weakness. If the mother is in any bondage of fear,

or in a distasteful locality, restricted action of bowels or of the lungs of her offspring it will be the task of the later-day healer to eradicate. Balsam and physic may reach the effect of this prenatal thought, but never the cause. Treatment in such cases should be directed to the mother's thought: argue mentally that she never was in bondage, for she never was in any sense her body; her spirit was always as free as the wind that bloweth where it listeth, was able to escape its false fetters at any time, and enjoy the perfect freedom of the soul. It was a mistaken thought, an error that casts an illusive appearance as mistaken as itself. The seeming condition of the patient has no existence in reality; he should and will, henceforth, reflect only the perfect thought of God, in whom he has his real being, independent of mortal birth. Deny the prenatal idea *in toto*. Help the patient to build up a finer inheritance for future expression, one that will not again

bring him, by the potent law of attraction, into conditions of unfavorable parentage.

Restricted physical action is often induced by one's occupation, if it be one of close confinement, a steady tread-mill round, day after day, of devotion to labor, however honorable, that leaves little time for the necessary moments of spiritual upliftment, of communion with one's own soul reservoir of freshness and perennial power. Treat, here, to create an increased appetite and longing for the true bread of life, without which satisfaction and true freedom are impossible.

Another thought that follows steady application is the common error that one's eyes must necessarily resent taxation and fail. The devotee to study or business is so fearful his eyes will suffer diminution of their pristine vigor, that he already sees himself with failing sight and inflamed lids, and, by the law of expectation and persistent mental treatment on this line, he really hastens and precipitates

that condition, for there is no more powerful promoter of inflammation than thought. The fallacy here consists in the idea that there is just so much strength portioned out to the physical organ to use through life, and that haste makes waste. If this were true we should be blind through eternity, when these eyeballs become a handful of dust. On the contrary, practice makes *perfect*. Strength comes *with use*. Do the muscles of the blacksmith's arm shrink and fail from steady swing of his iron hammer? Which is stronger, the wing of the bird, who, with mighty strokes, ploughs his course through league after league of space, or that of the birdling whose fresh pinions have never been so severely taxed? If, on a physical plane of reasoning, we believe the molecules of the body are constantly changing, why cannot we perpetually have a new organ, constantly vitalized by the spirit, which is alone the source of life, of sight, and of power? Treatment for the eye and ear

should always be, first, an effort to cure the spiritual blindness of the patient by reminding him, both silently and by argument, that it is always the spirit which sees and hears. It stands at its outer portals to catch the messages from the external plane. It breathes forth this instrument for its temporary use; with increased power and knowledge, it can breathe out or express its creative impulse in a fresher, stronger organ. Fight down the fear and belief of failing powers that might induce an imperfect condition. Hours of rest for these valuable servants are necessary, and should be regarded. The spirit grows weary of controlling too long in one direction. Change is rest to the spirit, a change of action and direction.

The world is psychologized by another belief that it must grow old, and that at a certain age energies will fail, faculties grow imperfect, eyes and ears will be so *passé*, these organs that are constantly being made over new, that artificial

aids to sight and hearing are necessary; that canes must support enfeebled limbs, whose motion the spirit alone makes possible even in the vigor of youth. Why to-morrow more than to-day, or next year than now, if our spirits drink perennially from the fountain of eternal youth, if we can daily, hourly renew our powers? We faithfully copy our ideals, or are swayed by the world's opinion. We expect that increasing years will bring decay rather than ripeness, and our law of expectancy is fulfilled. There is a beautiful form of so-called old age, which is less a decay than a withdrawal. The soul, having expressed itself on the mundane plane to the extent of its desire or necessity, gradually transfers its capacities and powers, its desires and interests, to the next higher step in the eternal stairway, cutting, one by one, the links of the material chain that would detain it from the exercise of its fullest liberty and growth.

We should always remember, not alone in

the exceptional periods of upliftment, but in the ordinary daily task, even though it seem often akin to drudgery, that the Holy Presence, the Shekinah, dwells *within* us, and, like Lazarus in the tomb, only awaits the call "Come forth," to arise, though bound in the habiliments of this clay, and demonstrate its absolute supremacy. Shall material thought forever bear sway? It doth not yet appear what we shall be, as we grow to find our souls, and appropriate more and more of the divinity which is our own, as we reach and grasp of the infinitude of deific Love and Wisdom which awaits our possession, and of which physical healing is among the least of its possibilities and its prophecies.

The last enemy which shall be destroyed is Death. Sickness, disease, and materiality of thought—heretofore giant foes of the human race—are being overcome, are already vanquished by some. Their long potent reign is due to the world's belief in their reality and

the necessity of their continuance. May it not be thus psychologized by the belief that death is a necessity, accepting it as it has sickness, dreading it, fearing it, or courting it, clothing it with imaginary terrors, regarding it as the grand finale of all enjoyable experience? Concerning the sphere beyond, little natural thought is expended or any sensible theory held. Vague supernatural beliefs abound of white robes and golden harps and eternal rest, that worst purgatory to an active, restless spirit which ingenuity could devise.

All these errors, with many more, spring from that attitude of mind which regards man as his body, losing which, he is dead, a material cognizance that cannot realize the true spiritual life, above and entirely independent of manifested form. Jesus, after his crucifixion, assumed material form at will, and fashioned it to look like or unlike his old self, so that Mary Magdalene did not at first

recognize him, neither did the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, from whose sight he suddenly vanished, or, while remaining, perhaps, in spirit, loosed his hold on the material elements which he had gathered temporarily for his use from that space, in which in solution must exist all the physical properties which support our material forms. It was the inner spiritual recognition which he sought to awaken.

Is it too much to hope that the world's children sometime (when the unborn fill our places) may conquer the last enemy which Paul intimates will be destroyed — Death; that with the growth of the spirit and its finer expression, they will refine and sublimate all material ultimates of expression, will grasp the body or loose their hold upon it at pleasure; that the process of transition will be subtle and gradual, by the replacing of physical atoms with spiritual ones, until there will be nothing left to bury? There will be no

more death. The form can be shed, or assumed, according to the sphere wherein the next duty bids the spirit work, itself unaffected thereby. To death there will be no sting, to the grave no victory.

CHAPTER XII

FACTS SELDOM RECOGNIZED

"WHERE two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This was the Master's promise. Blessed companionship! And if one spirit guest, why not another, *and many*? Why deny companionship and intelligent association to all save the flesh-embodied alone, if "all is mind, and there is no matter"? All life is one, all expression of mind or spirit one, clothed or unclothed. All that knows and loves and thinks and manifests is of the soul, and admits no barrier to its spiritual intercourse.

The healer is frequently asked, "Do you recognize angelic assistance in your work?" Few metaphysicians admit the possibility of

such aid (though, it would seem, inconsistently), while others hesitate to acknowledge it, lest they be ranked with those who submit themselves as blind tools in the hands of half-understood powers, no more intelligent, perhaps, than themselves.

“He maketh His angels messengers, and His ministers a flaming fire.” Now, if the healer has grown to that plane where such high co-operation is possible, why should he not receive such assistance as well as accept it in other lines of work, on physical levels? Intelligence can be transmitted, assistance rendered on three different planes, the lowest or material, the psychic or realm of mind (and when growth in conscious realization of spirit permits), on the purely spiritual plane. Every worker of any rank, if laboring unselfishly for the advancement of the race and the education of humanity, receives the co-operation (whether consciously or unconsciously) of all minds everywhere, both embodied and disembodied,

who are interested in the same altruistic cause. Thought is a powerful magnet. The law of affinity, like attracting its correspondence, operates nowhere more potently than on the psychic plane. Groups of kindred souls move together toward any grand result, each a connecting link in the encircling bond of Divine Love, all living the one life of the spirit, even though differently clothed. A few of the workers are exiled temporarily from clear, unclouded vision, from the exercise of fullest freedom, because of the great need of their brothers and sisters, still more darkly enshrouded, wearing far more galling fetters. So, while the few volunteer to descend into the murk, and toil and sing their songs of cheer to the oppressed and heavy-laden, these brave-hearted workers feel (or *should* feel) the helpful companionship of those left behind, of "the great cloud of witnesses sent forth to minister" to the heirs of salvation, and to those who are endeavoring to bring a perfect

salvation to the race; they fellowship the angels, "who are given charge concerning them."

And why should there be any reluctance in making such grateful acknowledgment? In union there is strength. Spirit is the only worker, when using the senseless body as its instrument. Does it stop working after shaking itself free from the clog? It is through the mind that a healing treatment is transmitted. Cannot minds unclothed with clay treat as effectually? No more so, it is true, since dropping the mortal form adds for the time not an inch to the mental or spiritual stature of the soul, contributes nothing of growth or of knowledge; but by aspiration and noble motive we can, while embodied, attract to our atmosphere, or enter the realm of advanced, illuminated minds from supernal spheres of intelligence and power. Our work is wholly and completely our own. No other soul, angelic or archangelic, can become a

substitute in our stead for the duty we only can accomplish. Helpful suggestions such might give, exactly as would an earthly confidant or adviser, and as naturally. Super-sensuous such promptings doubtless are, not super-natural; co-operative, never co-ercive.

A false theology has too long preserved an impassable barrier between the world of spirit and the world of matter, which impinge as closely upon each other as the shadow always follows upon the substance which casts it. The walls of that barrier have crumbled into ruins. There is constant interchange between the seen and the unseen, two planes of the same world of absolute spirit; and the Science which refuses to recognize this fact of the universality of soul, the metaphysician who ignores the daily presence of our brothers and sisters, like as we are except these bonds, has not been brave enough to declare the whole truth; has not wholly outgrown the bondage of prejudice, or fears lest he be classed, by such avowal,

with adherents of another faith, or with those media (rapidly growing few) who delegate all power to spirits, who are prone to forget the spiritual injunction to *try* the spirits, blindly accepting *anything* proceeding from a supermundane source, an attitude of mind which is not conducive to the highest self-culture. The avenue to Truth lies through one's own soul; we cannot take its message second-handed. We do not wish to sing with Sankey, "O to be nothing, nothing," but strive to be something within ourselves; to be grand, noble, self-forgetting spirits, here and now, living a spiritual life to-day of great beauty, purity, and all blessed ministration, becoming one with that beneficent life-giving stream which flows from the heart of the Infinite.

It is only the pure in heart who can at all times choose their spiritual companionship, encompassed as we are by such a seething mass of spirit life. For as Nature abhors a vacuum, so the vital power which we call God fills all

space with its superabundant life. It omits no possibility of expression, it crowds life upon life, builds upon the tree and plant and leaf, already filled to bursting with their draught of the divine elixir, colonies of intelligent insect activity, while it fills each drop of water with a teeming, swarming mass of living creatures. Life is the one overflowing energy, the all-pervading principle. No realm is stagnant; no nook escapes its penetrating power. Shall then the air alone be tenantless; and what form of life hovers there?

As the late Lord Lytton has so eloquently said: "Reasoning then, by evident analogy, if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is, no less than yonder star, a habitable and breathing world . . . common sense (if our schoolmen had it) would suffice to teach that the circumfluent infinite which we call space, the boundless impalpable, which divides the earth from the moon and stars, is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life. Is it not

a visible absurdity to suppose that being is crowded upon every leaf, and yet absent from the immensities of space? The law of the Great System forbids the waste of even an atom, it knows no spot where something of life does not breathe. Well, then can you conceive that space, which is the infinite itself, is alone a waste, is alone lifeless, is less useful to the one design of universal being than the peopled leaf, than the swarming globule? The microscope shows you creatures on the leaf; no mechanical tube is yet invented to discover the nobler and more gifted things that hover in the illimitable air. Yet between these last dwellers of the threshold and man is a mysterious and terrible affinity."

Nay, not "mysterious" to the quickened vision, nor should the "affinity" be "terrible;" indeed, it never can be to the enlightened mind. It is when this affinity is close and unintelligent that obsession occurs; and cases of obsession are as frequently met in our practice in the

nineteenth century as when Jesus walked these earthly paths and himself released such bondage, as he did, more than any other form of error and weakness. Ignorance on this important matter is so dense that even the fact of spirit possession is ignored, or discussed only with ridicule. Yet history offers many well-authenticated instances of wholesale obsession besides that of the Salem witchcraft, where not only individuals but whole communities have been seized and controlled by a lower order of these dwellers on the threshold of conscious existence — princes of darkness and powers of the air.

Every mind seeks its own level, and attracts to it the companionship to which it has grown. The atmosphere of our thought-life brings us into closest relation with similar strata of thought. A cheerful mind meets sunshine everywhere, and genial intelligences gravitate naturally to such environment, while a gloomy, despondent spirit is a magnet to attract

saddened, depressed souls ; for such there are in realms we call immortal. All ranks and conditions of spirits go out of mortal existence, and they do not become suddenly glorified, they are not made omnipotent or omniscient by the transition. A drunkard does not immediately outgrow the longing for his degrading cup. There is no affinity as yet between his lower animal soul and purer states of existence. The law of gravitation—the potent attraction of like for like—brings him again to the old familiar haunts ; and if he finds there a mortal whose atmosphere is sufficiently negative for him to enter and mingle therewith, he psychologizes that brain to act as he shall will, to crave the liquor which shall renew in that spirit's consciousness (so close is his control of that mortal organism) the old base gratification. Many times have clear seers, with opened vision, beheld such half-crazed spirit beside a young man who poises the glass in his hand, not caring for it overmuch, yet feeling impelled to

quaff the draught, he knows not why, the brain so handicapped by this evil obsession that it holds no memory of the old promises and the brave resolves to abstain from such indulgence. The only cure for this unfortunate victim is to cut the fetter that anchors the disembodied spirit to earth, to help it to grow, quicken in it a desire to develop that one spark of divinity which has slumbered too long; and wise, helpful co-workers from the other side, invisible to him as yet, will help the weakling onward, but the first suggestion must be made, the first treatment given from the mortal plane to which he is nearest. Surround the embodied patient also with a positive atmosphere, cultivate in him that spiritual strength and equipoise which will effectually protect him from becoming a prey to those wandering, vagrant, undeveloped souls.

But all obsessions are not of this nature, or in these ranks of life. There are kind, loving possessions, all the closer because loving, and thereby no more intelligent. Love is proverbial

ally blind. A recent case could be cited of a young lady who seemed in rapid decline. There had been serious attacks of hemorrhage, a severe cough, with loss of strength and appetite. Inquiry elicited the fact that her mother had died in consumption about two years before. The course of treatment, aided by strong impression, was thus made plain and clear. Still faithful in affection, she sought her child's dear society, but, on blending again with mundane environments, the power of association unconsciously renewed in her thought the memory of her former sufferings, just as the same law will recall to our minds, while still embodied, feelings of joy or sorrow experienced in certain localities, whenever we revisit them, and this mental image was reflected in the organism of her child. The patient also thought most of the risen parent as she had last seen her, pale and wan, and coughing incessantly. Each soul had to be awakened from its dream, and the unreality of this false

image and its reflection was demonstrated. What could cod-liver oil and other pulmonary remedies, in good and regular standing, accomplish here? In four treatments the cough had ceased, there was every sign of returning health, and the patient voluntarily renounced all further need of aid.

Spirits still have needs when freed from the flesh, and it should be the acknowledged duty of spiritual workers to minister to these "spirits in prison," as did the Master. In such cases, however, no *command* to the spirit to depart should ever be administered, for if the spirit (as is likely) retains one spark of human obstinacy, its persistence in remaining would be increased. Entreaty is better, gentle argument more advisable. Reason with the spirit, kindly and sensibly, open its eyes to its mistaken position, educate it exactly as if it were still incased in flesh, wait for it to choose between the possibility of progression, or of remaining longer fettered. And that spirit will one day return

from the heights it has won to thank and bless you for its complete enfranchisement. Attune your ears to catch its message.

There are states of semi-existence, half-formed, embryotic spiritual monads, who dominate the elements; and certainly, only such as these would Jesus have sent into a herd of swine. A passionate nature might attract to its atmosphere the elves of fire; a materialistic, grovelling soul might fellowship the gnomes of earth whose tendency would be to drag their half-willing prey still farther downward. If *such* obsession were met, an opposite treatment would be necessary; argument, entreaty, or reason would be thrown away, but an intelligent, imperative command to depart, from a superior being, is always recognized by an inferior order of existence, as the animal kingdom always recognizes the dominion of man — the topmost blossom on evolution's mighty tree.

Healers should treat every susceptible

person towards the realization of at-one-ment with the Great Spirit, the only Intelligence. Elevate the patient's plane of consciousness. Build a wall around him spiritually which nothing can cross over, that will protect him as effectually as did the Israelites' pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. Let this bulwark of defence be open only upward — Godward — till the embodied spirit grows so strong in its aspiration as to educate and carry along in its mighty current every other spirit, bond or free, that contacts its atmosphere. Let each soul grow strong in itself, and rely on its own power to grasp more of wisdom and of light. There is no aristocracy of spirit, with embodiment as its line of demarcation. Growth alone marks spiritual levels. It is possible for us to reach a higher plane while still ensphered on earth, than many spirits occupy who are no longer clothed upon with flesh. We are all spirits together, embodied or disembodied ; we climb together,

side by side. Differing opportunities come to each, but each comes to all in time, for the same divine germ dwells in every breast, the dews of heaven, the sun of an all-pervading Love warms and enriches every heart alike. According to our receptivity, it is given unto us. Let our growth be so strong and healthy that we shall afford no shelter to infesting grub or clinging parasite.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT CONSTITUTES A HEALER

To one who notes the tentative fashion with which minds of every grade lightly essay the difficult task of becoming metaphysical healers, as if this high calling, this sacred duty of striking off material fetters and opening prison doors, were an easy, graceful office, something that can be learned in a fortnight like a feat of legerdemain, or a trade whose artisans are in good demand, the query naturally arises: "What are the qualifications for worthy and noble service in this difficult field?" And at once from that treasure-house of suggestion, precept, and counsel comes the answer we crave: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Now, where did Christ bid us look for the kingdom of heaven but *within* us? Then we should enlarge and broaden the boundaries of that kingdom, enrich its revenues, defend it staunchly from foes within and enemies without, fill its coffers with supplies that will exceed any demand upon its resources, before we begin to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. In short, we must make all we can of No. 1 before we can feed and quicken the soul of No. 2. It is our first duty, one intrusted to our especial care; if we do not attend to it, none other will. Each individual, by the care or the carelessness with which he treats his own soul, increases thereby the sum total of human weal or woe. Not that No. 2 drinks his supply from the soul of No. 1. He is also a ray from the Central Sun, but the wise instructor always learns to read before teaching the alphabet to beginners; the conscientious healer has tested the sustaining power of this truth, has felt the

growth of divine powers before awakening such possibilities in the heart of the neophyte.

Maturity of thought is necessary, though this need not imply maturity of years, as the reservoir of knowledge and power has often been accumulated in some past expression of the soul. What did Jesus mean when he placed a little child in the midst, and said: "Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"? Eliminating from the mind the old idea that the creation of a fresh form necessitates the beginning of a new soul — a soul that is immortal both ways, without beginning as well as without end — this "little child" is revealed to us as the product of many mortal births, and with all its store of varied experience, acquired treasure and power, in being given a fresh opportunity, stands much in the position of the angel, who, having outgrown all lower embodiments, keeps the reminiscence of them. We all recognize on the face of the babe the

expression of wonderment as to how he got here, a place he does not wholly like, the endeavor to reconcile present conditions and environments with the real life he has just left, before the plunge in Lethean waters so strangely effaced them from his mental record. The slate is clean now for a fresh inscription, though the old blurred lines sometimes show faintly through ; but before the babe can speak to tell what he knows and dimly remembers, the picture has faded, as does a dream, which we often vainly reach out farther and farther to grasp, as we feel ourselves awakening to the mortal plane of consciousness. Acclimation to these terrestrial scenes, and the accumulation of external knowledge, crowd out reminiscence of former experiences. The cultivation of the intellect does not foster the unfoldment of the intuition. The soul, like the Roman's god Janus, god of the year and of the past, which had two faces, one turned toward peace, the other

toward war, looks through the intellect out on to the plane of existence, while it looks through the intuition within, where the kingdom of heaven is, the realm of true being. If we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven except by becoming guileless and receptive like a little child, then we must cultivate the intuition which remembers the path by which we have travelled, must renew conscious connection with that divine soul of which we now represent only a part.

And yet no premium is to be placed upon human ignorance, nor can intellectual training and culture be regarded as unnecessary for a spiritual healer. Shakespeare says truly: "The one sin of the world is the sin of ignorance." There are metaphysicians who limit their library to works on Christian Science. A danger signal should be hoisted over the doors of such libraries. The mind constantly biassed in one direction, like the bow always strung, loses force, snap, and a true poise or

aim. The mechanic brings fresh powers to his work each day because of the moments of recreation which have intervened, in which he has forgotten his work. Above all other workers, the healer should avoid becoming narrow, should refuse to cherish or allow a limited range of vision. There is a temptation which often comes with the first exuberant fealty to the new Truth, to see nothing, read nothing, talk nothing else. The life which seems to have been wasted hitherto must make haste to grow ; the new literature is most entrancing, absorbing ; we must devour it all. The current events of life lose their interest, the different moves of the knights and kings on the vast chessboard of empires and republics lose their weighty significance, and so this tracing of the finger of God is lost to us. If Divine Providence can hold all in the hollow of Its hand, can we, who strive to become one with It, scorn any of these interests ? We may be soon called to some

patient whose entire range of thought begins and ends here. How shall we turn his mind into new channels unless we can stand with him long enough to take him by the hand and lead him into broader paths? He will walk with us more readily than if we call to him from a too rigid adherence to our own plane; we shall win his confidence, his liking and respect by a comradery in what he regards as a common-sense plane; to him we are not the crank he thought us, or might deem us, if we gave him nothing but Science, if we unwisely tried to feed babes with meat. Then, when our turn comes to talk, he is in duty bound to give us a fair hearing. Verily, we must be all things to all men, if we would gain even some. We must not grow one-sided but all-sided; in every direction, enter all avenues, store the mind full of every pure interest, keep our ears open on car or street to catch the trend of conversation, the status of the world's interest, often gleaning thereby

valuable metaphysical suggestion and illustration.

The healer should also snatch time (alas, that even the brief draught from such refreshing fountain should be almost crowded out) to gratify the cravings of his soul for art and music, that it grow not too weary and homesick for the language of its native ether, or become dwarfed and stunted, missing this stimulus. A moment of discouragement can often be entirely effaced by pausing at an art store to study, or even glance at, some beautiful ideal of color, harmony, and poetical conception—the pure message of truth that has come to some other soul. True eyes see truth everywhere, quickened ears catch it on every breeze, or in the song with which Music “washes from the soul the dust of every-day life.” Not trifles these; far from it. We will carry richer force to our next duty by such wayside inspiration. For a brief while of every day we should forget we are metaphysicians. Relax the tension, change

the direction of thought, that thought may grow stronger, our work receive a grander, loftier power. By all means, O healers! store your libraries of heart and mind with something besides that pearl of great price—metaphysical truth. Be the nautilus, with its many far-reaching tentacles, that secretes its pearls in *all* waters. Strive for the broadest growth, be the grandest, deepest, merriest, sunniest expression of life in all thinking.

If there are those who have enjoyed as yet but meagre opportunities for intellectual culture, let them remember that healing in its highest demonstration is a spiritual rather than a mental power. It was the beggar, we recall, who taught the great preacher, Tauler, "wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew." An illiterate person often "takes" the treatment, or appropriates the truth as his own, quicker than the most erudite scholar. There are in such patients no preconceived opinions to overthrow. There is simple trust, a wealth of kind-hearted-

ness and gratitude, all betokening an unfolding of the spiritual nature, which forms a clear, lucid mirror on which the faintest breathing of the Great Spirit leaves its impress. It would perhaps be possible for this illiterate person to become a healer of great power, inasmuch as a generous, self-sacrificing eagerness to relieve suffering, to do a kind act to another, forms the clearest, most transparent atmosphere through which the Light can shine. Such a spirit is a qualification for healing, it confers a degree that no college can ever grant, for the truths of the soul are not apprehended by the intellect ; and yet no information can be too varied, no intelligence too diverse to enlarge our usefulness for this work. To be manifestations of God, we must be many-sided, not alone in our knowledge of the Truth, but in assimilation and demonstration of its spiritual power. Buddha, we remember, in reviewing every link in his chain of existence as it was forged, found in that moment of divine revela-

tion, that everything which had advanced him, or prepared him to be an Avatar, was the good he had done, and not the intellectual position he had attained.

There is a beautiful compensation in working for others. While the true worker bends from the plane of utter self-abnegation, surrenders all thought of self and self-interests, he therein most truly, rapidly advances his highest divinest self-hood. He that loses his life *shall find it*, while he who strives to save and enrich his soul by selfish care for *it* alone will, undoubtedly, dwarf, if not lose, the same. Work for God and for others is eternal. Its lines are ineffaceable. The selfish man loses the prize he seeks, or discovers the empty worthlessness of its acquisition. It fades in his grasp. Pleasure-seekers never find the happiness which comes to those who in hard work for others forget all about it, they cannot know the pure joy of self-sacrifice. "Verily, what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Next to a deeply spiritual nature, a thorough understanding and apprehension of the Truth, a heart aglow with the love of human kindness, perhaps the best qualification for a healer is that supreme gift known as *tact*, the fruitage of a rare intuitional culture. It comes with growth, it also comes with an implicit trust in, and consciousness of being led, guided, and directed by, the Infinite Wisdom. Lose the *my-*ness, the sense of responsibility. The work is God's, not ours alone. It shall be given us in every hour what we shall speak and what we must do, if we place our hand trustingly in His to be led. Give no place to distrust. The Truth will stand without the prop of our anxiety. To sow the seed is all we can do; He will look after the harvest. "Cast all your care on God; that anchor holds."

Let the timid healer boldly enter the arena of conflict, and deal valiant blows at error, regardless of this or that personality now under its sway, and in fighting others' battles he will

soon find he has none of his own left to wage. His selfness is lost in the Supreme Self. By holding others up to a perfect ideal, imperfection loses its hold upon his personal perception, he grows to mirror the divine perfection, he forgets whether he is growing or not, if only Christ's lambs are fed. The highest advancement, the strongest growth is always gained through self-forgetfulness. There is no immortality in self-aggrandizement. Only good is eternal, not a good that is accreted and niggardly hoarded, but a good that is poured out for others, that is lavished in the light and joy, comfort and liberty of those who are ministered unto. To him who hath this good, shall be given more abundantly.

Speak boldly the Truth you now hold, knowing the light of to-day will seem a dim twilight to-morrow compared with the grander revelation you have grown to receive. You have only touched your lips to the hem of Truth's wonderful garment, seen but a faint

glimmer of her radiant glory, translated but a line or two of her transcendent message. There is more and more to be given, not only through time but throughout eternity, a drawing nearer and still nearer to the Infinite Wisdom. Give pure truth, if in small doses, to those unprepared to receive more, but do not dilute, or approach the level of error if you are dumb. In the soul of your patient, as in your own, must first come the blade and the ear, before the full corn in the ear. The time of harvest is not yet. Fulfilling the conditions of growth, God cannot fail to give the increase. Open a spiritual correspondence with God. *Feel* your divine environment, and grow into a wider, higher one. What then can you fear from the environment of error into which you will be often called? You are the alkali to neutralize that acid, the touchstone to separate the grains of pure gold from the baser alloy. The gold is there. Eliminate in your thought the error from the patient, the sin from the sinner.

Hate only the former, but love the reflection of God's thought which the latter will soon wholly become. Sit by as the refiner would watch the process of transmutation, and you will be rewarded by a new revealing of the Infinite Love that will not let any perish but bring all to a knowledge of the Truth. The healer's work should be that of education in the science of spiritual health, instead of physical healing alone, which it necessarily includes.

A sacred treasure is the life we bear, a life which calls for the most earnest consecration from the devotee of Truth in any form, but especially must the spiritual healer exemplify in his daily walk and work the truths of the spirit. He or she must grow beyond the possibility of passion, anger, or pride, else how can they quell these errors in another? If the healer has a vulnerable point, the enemy will surely find it. If still a victim of fear, how help another to that perfect trust which knows

no shadow of trembling? If easily provoked, impatient under rebuke, how lead a weaker brother to the charity which suffers long and is always kind? If jealous, how point to the Universal Love? We must outgrow personality. If another healer perchance carries a case upon whom our own earnest effort had somehow failed to produce the desired effect, what matters it which particular piece of the whole lump, what name this or that part of God bore? It is *God's Truth* that invariably triumphs, and we, its torch-bearers, losing all selfness, rejoice heartily together, and are exceeding glad.

The ideal, though high, should also be made most rigidly practical. Even fans ought to be no longer the possession of the true metaphysician, for if we so descend to the level of sensation as to let the enemy enter in the shape of heat, how are we going to expel him from another in the form of pain? There is nothing easier than to invoke a cooling thought,

to stand in mind beside the sea, or to raise the consciousness to a plane above and beyond a distressing bondage to physical conditions.

The conscientious healer has not his own reputation alone at stake, but the good credit of this new demonstration of Truth which he bears before a critical world, who scans the reason for the faith that is in him. It is what the Truth, or God, *is to us* that we healers must exemplify. "God, the only reality; Spirit, the only substance; Love, the fulfilling of the Law."

What constitutes a healer? How does Paul tell us "in all things to approve ourselves as the ministers of God"? "In much patience, in afflictions and in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonment" (the world has grown some since Paul's day, and the apostles of a newer dispensation are not now physically stretched upon the rack or burned at the stake, but there are enough mental persecutions and ostracisms), "in labors, watchings, and fastings.

By pureness" (the purest life in thought, word, or deed that can be possibly lived), "by knowledge" (the broadest culture in every field), "by long-suffering, by kindness" (the kind, the soft answer to the hard words which error will certainly fling back at the Truth), "by the Holy Ghost" (the spirit of the dove brooding ever in the heart), "by love unfeigned, by the word of Truth" (and nothing but the highest Truth whose conception we have yet reached), "by the power of God" (the only power), "by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report" (plenty of either), "known as deceivers" (and yet in our heart of hearts true as God). "As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live" (dying daily, to the lower nature and propensities, resurrected constantly to newness of life); "as chastened, and not killed. As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet *making many*

rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

The possibilities of the future it hath not yet entered our hearts to conceive. The heights that we see dimly outlined before us are enough for our lesson of to-day. For the immediate present, "the world is our country, to do good our religion;" but it is ever beyond, up higher and higher paths that the pure banner of Truth is borne, which, waving in the white sunlight of heaven, cheers our hearts, and nerves our energies to mount nearer and yet nearer to the summit of all soul-infoldment and achievement, and on that banner we read—Excelsior!

CHAPTER XIV

GIFTS OF HEALING

CAN all spiritually minded students of Spiritual Science become equally successful healers? Do all who enter the field of practice demonstrate the Truth with equal power? Certainly not. The "same spirit" of charity and good-will expresses itself in "a diversity of gifts." There are *gifts* of healing, as there are gifts of music, of art, and of oratory.

This does not imply that God is any respecter of persons, or that He endows any one of His children above any other. Each soul, made in His image and likeness, holds every good and perfect gift in its germ, and none of these gifts can possibly fail of ripest

unfoldment and development, somewhere, sometime. But all gifts do not alike reach their ripe fulfilment in one embodiment, unless in cases of advanced incarnations, like that of Michael Angelo, who could be poet, architect, artist, and sculptor, all at once. Genius is the culmination of previous growth, the result of diligent application in some former experience, the seed-fruitage of many flowers of existence.

Therefore it happens that some who are called to heal in this present time have developed that one particular gift in a marked degree; this is the hour for its expression. Therefore like a trained workman, who skillfully wields the tools of his trade or art, they potently divide the words of Truth, having grown to a conscious conviction of the Omnipotence of the Force with which they deal, and of which they are a demonstration. To question such a one, who has made his calling and election sure, regarding his possible suc-

cess in any case, would be to him equivalent with the query: "Is God dead?" If one with the infinite all-pervading Life, the abiding Presence, what room can there be for failure? How is impotence possible?

Yet let no students be deterred from engaging in metaphysical work from the fear that the healing gift is not theirs. It never will be until it is cultivated by individual effort. Each soul must work out its own salvation, and grow into the completeness of the Divine Likeness. Sweep away the world's débris and rubbish which cover the latent germ, nourish and quicken it into action by earnest effort and endeavor. Healing in its last degree is always education. To surround one's self with a truth-loving atmosphere, to live out one's conviction in daily expression, radiates a healing influence as potently sensed as is the fragrance of a bouquet of flowers. Ought we not all breathe forth this pure emanation of soul-strength constantly, remain encompassed by

it, as is the planet with the surrounding ether? What a blessed thing to be able to make everybody better, stronger, happier, aglow with purer motive and nobler incentive, who come in contact with us, to carry healing even on the hem of our garments. And we all have this capacity to be a flower, giving forth rich perfume to friend and stranger alike. The sense-perception of the lower nature is no more keen to its surroundings than is the higher spiritual soul to respond to the thought emanations of those whom we meet or sit among. If we could see with inner vision how the clear atmosphere of some fair morning is clouded by the smoke of our discontent, our undue ambition, unwillingness to serve, or material promptings, would we not all make stronger effort to keep our thought-atmosphere pure, and radiate thence only light and beauty and harmony?

Some maintain that every successful healer is a psychic, or one whose psychic powers are

developed on the healing plane. This development again is possible for all. Media, or the transmitters of a message of light in any form, like poets, are "born, not made," but born thus because their apprenticeship has been served hitherto in some other school or workshop. A medium is simply a pane of glass through which the light shines and floods with radiance an otherwise dark apartment or condition. It is a gate between knowledge and ignorance, the spiritual and the temporal. How blessed to be a window rather than a wall to shut out the light. Every one is a window to the limit of his growth or development, and through such clear transparent atmosphere the Truth is always most readily discerned, a healing tide transmitted.

Jesus did not disdain to use psychic powers. Like him, though in a lesser degree, we too can tell when we are touched, or when virtue has gone out of us. There are those of us who could also have told the woman of Samaria

how many husbands she had had, and many events of her past life ; but Jesus did not stop there, as modern seers sometimes do. He pointed to the living fountain of Life for which every soul should thirst, aroused that spiritual hunger which he could so masterfully awaken in her heart. Those individuals who are *only* psychics are often the prey of psychological influence from other minds, are swayed hither and thither by every mental current. They are not masters of the plane on which they stand, until they have grown beyond it, have developed spiritual powers. From that altitude they can safely and skilfully use the psychic realm of being, and often with great advantage in the work of healing.

The psychic plane is a reflector, like the clear surface of a placid lake, which reveals a nether world where every reflection is inverted as are spiritual realities on the lower plane of sense-perception, often revealing them with startling vividness through this limpid medium.

Similarly the healer who properly uses the psychic realm can often more readily detect, by its aid, the true spiritual cause of a patient's inverted physical condition.

The matter of remuneration for healing and teaching is one that is frequently discussed, a favorite stone thrown at the apostles of the new dispensation being that, as Christ and his disciples made no charge for their services, neither should they; that to receive compensation for exercising a healing gift is debasing a spiritual power to the low level of the world's barter. The disciples of primitive days who gathered the people together on the mountain top, by the lake shore or in the open air, and broke, in their presence, the bread of Life, received no salary therefor, it is true; but it is a well-acknowledged and universally accepted fact that ministers of the same pure gospel, in a different age, shall be paid for such ministry. Coal bills, grocers' and landlords' demands, are stubborn facts. Many of our metaphysical

workers have such demands to cancel, have often a family depending on them for food and raiment. If these workers devote all their time to service in this humanitarian field, what chance is there for wage-earning in business marts or in other lines of labor? And, is it not better that they receive their support from those whom they serve, and upon whom they confer an inestimable benefit, than by those on whom they have less claim? Justice demands such compensation. Every kind of laborer is worthy of his hire.

The healer should have a care that his pure message be not tarnished with a mercenary taint. Watch warily against the entrance of this subtle foe. Freely have we received, freely should we give. No grief can await us on the other side of life, nay, in the *real* Life, so keen, perhaps, as the remembrance of a missed opportunity for doing good. Our meagre bank account will trouble us little then. But while keeping our charities bright and

shining, we should make no concession to that miserly spirit which we often meet, the penuriousness of the well-to-do; in fact, when this spirit is met, the case will not yield until that thought is taken up; often the "case" is because of this. Often, also, for such patient to part with his dollar is the most salutary treatment that can be administered. Loosen the fettered heart, open its avenues into all freedom and generosity. Again, there are many patients who, having paid two or three dollars daily to a regular physician for two months, refuse to risk the expense of more than three metaphysical treatments because they "count up too fast," little realizing that, if their physical malady is not immediately removed, the first germ of spiritual consciousness, of a higher diviner growth, may thus be quickened and established, a boon which the world's baser wealth can never buy.

God's treatments are worth as much and more than man's. It is a pearl beyond all

price that this truth offers, apart from its promised freedom from physical bondage. Never take a patient (such request is often made) on the condition of no cure, no pay, and full payment on the return of health. Failure will then be inevitable. Health will never be restored through the atmosphere of doubt, and it is much better in treating those in poor circumstances to have a stated fee of fifty, twenty-five, or even ten cents (returning it in full, probably, at the end of the course), for it encourages in the patient a spirit of independence, and a sense of justice. People care more for what they pay for, and that which they secure gratis they usually grow to believe cannot be worth much, or it would not be given so freely.

Charity has many avenues besides that of free treatment. A business basis for service rendered, if the terms are reasonable, seems the most sensible and advisable. But the healer always remembers that he is working

for a day that will need him no longer, for the advancement of the race to a point where physical suffering will seem a nightmare of the past.

The healer's path is not bestrewn very thickly with roses, or, if so, he often meets the briars and thorns first, but they are prophecies of bud and blossom, and if the flowers all droop on the other side of Life's garden wall, then he will find them there.

CHAPTER XV

SPIRITUAL GROWTH

WHEN a patient has been healed of his physical infirmities by an understanding of the Truth, and begins to feel, as he will, the awakening of new interests, the quickening of new impulses and growthful ideas, the stirring of higher aims and holier cravings to become all which he now sees it is his duty and privilege to attain, when the pattern of the Perfect Man is revealed to him as never before, and the possibility of cultivating his oneness with the Divine dawns upon his consciousness, the first appeal which this enfranchised one makes of his healer or teacher is, "I see it all, but how shall I get there, how apprehend the Truth as you seem to; how can I develop spiritual gifts?"

How shall an acorn become an oak, how does the babe become a man? How, indeed, save through the law of steady, persistent growth? There is no other way, no recipe for miraculous transformation, no short cut to the state of perfection. There is no royal road to education in any sphere.

How shall we grow? How do we reach any altitude that lies across our horizon, how climb to any summit? We must first desire and make the choice to set forth in that direction. Our interests are then centred there, our affections are set upon things above, and where the heart turns, the will, with all its guiding, forceful energy, is enlisted. An all-consuming hunger for the true bread of life voices the soul's dissatisfaction with present conditions, and it is they who feel this blessed hunger who assuredly shall be filled.

Humanity has always grown in the direction in which it has chosen to advance. Its loves have decided its realization, it has gained what

it reached to grasp. The interests of this world have contented a race whose affections have been centred there; mundane pleasures have proved all-absorbing, entrancing, a fleeting glory the prize to win at any sacrifice; a false wealth has so dazzled human eyes that true spiritual riches could not be received. Having lived thus, year after year, do human souls now inquire, "How shall we grow?" Will they ever learn the method, or gain a higher stature by persistent looking downward for the goal to which they would aspire? Does the seedling, having gained its anchorage in material soil, elect to grovel there? Does not its upward-reaching lance strive bravely, sturdily, steadily every day toward the zenith, and that bright magnet which lures it on? It not only chooses to grow, it grows because it feels within the pulsing of that mighty, forceful tide of life which impels it forward. It grows because it must, and grows also by its own inherent strength; it cannot utilize the supply which comes to any other plant.

Know ye not, O brothers, that ye are the temples of God? Your growth likewise will be spontaneous when ye become conscious of and one with the Omnipotence which dwelleth within, when ye forever lose all sense of separateness from the Eternal Source of Life and Infinite Power, and realize in every fibre of your being the influx of Divinity. But ye cannot grow towards a goal which ye do not desire, which finds no habitual lodgement in your mind. You become like what you think of most. Thought must be centred on spiritual things, the soul now starved must be fed with spiritual meat, not however to the exclusion of material expressions of life, as in the case of the monk or nun, but let the daily practical walk and work be lifted above the level of drudgery by the spiritualization of thought. Let business be purified from the selfish greed of gain, and of injustice to our brother man, which characterizes present competitive systems.

What is it to be spiritually minded? It is to live a life above that of the mundane plane, to reach the development of powers hitherto unknown, to discover Truth through our own realization of the Divine, in short, to reach illumination, to feel a lofty inspiration respond to every true aspiration. The height you would surmount, brother, is within yourself. The ineffable Presence dwelleth there, in the secret chamber of your own soul. Go to that inner sanctuary, and, when you have shut the door upon the world's tumult and desires, commune with the Author of every good and perfect wish. The highest heaven you can reach is your own unfolded spiritual nature at its point of contact with the Divine. Throw to the winds the old prejudices and beliefs in the innate depravity of man. Humanity will always mirror the thought in which it is held. Look for vice, and you will think it into existence; call the roll of human weaknesses, and each one will answer, "Here."

Look for good under the most repelling exterior, and the scales will fall from your eyes to perceive it. Hold firmly, as your basic principle, the total divinity of the human race eventually, and you will become a strong motive power in its establishment.

If you would keep your mental atmosphere pure and sweet, let the mind never serve as a sieve or drain, into which the impurities of other people's thoughts are poured. Give no ear to the indelicate jest, the idle gossip of the hour, or newsy recital of some scandal-monger. It may be an o'er-true tale, but we once stood where the poor victim now stands. She like ourselves is growing slowly, and needs the helping hand to climb higher, on to surer ground, instead of a thrust to unsettle her present slender footing. Sharpen not the teeth of self-reproach; their wounds are deep and bitter. Restrain the impatient word. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Prof. Rarey, the

horse-tamer, has known an angry word to raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a second. Think of its effect on a child or the sensitive heart of a friend.

The individualized spirit is always pure, as were the allegorical children of the garden of Eden, from whence they fell into materiality, though only in the outer expression. The divine germ forever remains inviolate. There is a point of equipoise, a central point of perfect calm at the heart of every raging cyclone. So the human heart, with its stormy passions and material appetites, has always one central germ in which the deific calm and peace are found, a part that never can be ill, or grow weary, the one spark which the true healer endeavors to kindle to a flame, the divinity which we should always strive to see in the soul of our neighbor. In ourselves, it is the inward monitor. How often do we realize its reality and power, or render firm allegiance to its promptings? How many hours of our

twenty-four do we give to self-examination and spiritual upliftment? Is this a thing that should be crowded out? We devote much time to intellectual culture and social demands. We have study and reading hours, pay dutiful homage at the shrines of music and art, are faithful to the practical demands of business; we are punctilious in etiquette, fashion finds in us submissive votaries, but how many moments from this overflowing *repertoire* do we delightedly give to the quiet chamber and the cultivation of enlarged receptivity to the divine baptism? What wonder that spiritual growth is slow, that materiality of thought is fostered, that harmony is lost, discords increase, that envy, pride, and jealousies creep in to produce their natural physical results, all these errors being only reflections of that separateness from Divine anchorage so fatal to soul-health.

We have an Oriental precept that reads, "Kill out desire for growth;" a strange com-

mand if read according to the letter of the word, but the spiritual vision detects its true significance. The highest aim of life is to kill out all selfness as well as all selfishness, and this most laudable desire for spiritual growth often cultivates a narrow spirit of exclusiveness and personal pride. Therefore kill out desire for personal achievement in the line of growth, for growth's sake, save as by such advancement we can become better workers in the vineyard of Truth, the true harvest-field of the world. Thoreau, the Concord philosopher, once exclaimed that "Self-congratulation seemed as absurd as for a man to break forth into a eulogy on his dog who hadn't one." The aim of growth is fruition, and that for the good of the world, not alone for personal advantage, or the honor which may thereby accrue.

Each shining stem of grain in our rolling fields, that grows towards the harvest, drinks not nor absorbs all the golden sunshine, the

rich wine of earth, the baptism of rain and the dews of heaven for its own needs. Its whole existence is but a means to a desired end, that of fruitful service to others, of feeding and nourishing the full expression of a larger life than its own, even that of our own souls during their season of earthly planting and harvesting. Our aim in growth should be a similar one, "forgetting self for Love's sweet sake," that Love which is the Light of the world. An Omnipotent Hand dropped the seed of our souls in their mortal environments. It is the fruit of the ancestral tree, and must in some distant harvest day be true to its primal type, which is Divinity.

Having realized the divine nature of that already planted germ, the soul, and the great care and watchfulness of the Divine Gardener, be not neglectful of its needs. No plant ever flourished on intermittent care, and no flower ever bloomed beneath the soil. Cumber not the germ with layer upon layer of perish-

able rubbish — the driftwood of worldly life. Struggle away from material environments and stand firmly. Refuse to drift and swash with human tides. All possibilities are astir at the heart of the seed, but it is weighted by heavy clods of passion, pride, and malice, all crumbles from the same lump, that of selfishness, the universal sin of the world. Then learn self-abnegation. The Divinest Soul the world has ever known *pleased not himself*. Each pulse-beat of his glorious life from the manger to the cross was a breath of noblest sacrifice.

As we rise nearer the Light, growth is stronger and freer, obstacles lessen and decrease. Although self-imposed, they have been transmuted into glory, have proved an enriching phosphate to the soil in which the soul is planted. We have grown beyond those parasites which once clung to us, the habits of appetite, of thought and speech, of belief in separateness from the Divine Health, of fear and anxiety lest disease, weakness, or pain

overtake us, mental attitudes which clogged our avenues of spiritual supply and blighted the fairest buds of promise. Even the ripened grain has to undergo the mower's scythe, the thresher's flail; and when the pruning-knife of sorrow and bereavement has been used in our growth, when the husks have been rudely beaten from our hearts, we have counted the winnowing process grievous rather than joyous, yet afterward it hath yielded richest fruit.

This is the soul's winter-time; but through every experience it bears always the faint remembrance of another spring which it has known, of warm, sunshiny, ripening days; it recalls also the Gardener's granary in the loft where it rested until the hour struck for it again to come forth and become one of the creative energies of the world.

“’Twas a little seed, in the dark cold ground,
That said, ‘Why must I slumber here
With the mists and the dampness all around,
Where no ray of light can ever appear?’

And a voice shot down on a beam of the sun,
One morning before its birth was begun,
And said, 'Little germ, why murmur you so?
It is your business to lie there and grow.'

A soul within a body chained
Dropped down to earth, despised, reviled,
With darkness and with mists veiled,
Unconscious of the lip that smiled;
It said, 'Why am I imprisoned here?
Why chained in form of clay so low?'
And a voice dropped down like an angel's tear,
'Be patient, soul, 'tis your time to grow.'

And thus every darkened place of earth
Holds some secret germ of a brighter day;
And where there seems to be mould and dearth,
There shall the richest glories play.
And for every struggling soul that sings
And murmurs in its march so low,
There shall bud and blossom an angel's wing;
So toil on, dear hearts, and use time — *to grow.*"

We who are "cradled in the lap of a
progressive Deity" cannot help advance, for
progress is the order of this mighty universe.
That infinite law everywhere obtains, and in
that soul which now seems enshrouded in error

and ignorance, or steeped in the dregs of infamy, the Voice of Infinite Truth, Harmony, and Peace will yet sound through every darkened chamber, and even that soul will one day rejoice in its own god-hood. We rest in the hollow of our Father's hand always, and shall some day sound our pæan of triumphant gladness, because at last we have grown.

CHAPTER XVI

EMANCIPATION

DURING the closing decade of this nineteenth century, and in this free and masterful republic, a revolution of thought has been inaugurated whose culmination none can foretell. The present age also marks the growth of a new and helpful religion for the masses. Socialistic, nationalistic, and other altruistic societies are striving with noble purpose and intent to advance the race to a higher vantage-ground than it has yet gained. That the world is ripe for such effort is proven by the rapid, universal acceptance of this growthful impulse; but it moves as a heterogeneous mass without individual culture and illumination, moves with the weightiest of its old burdens unlifted. It still

carries its load of physical infirmities, of liability to contagion and disorder; indeed, the ideal republic of A. D. 2000, as pictured in Bellamy's immortal dream, makes provision for a certain yearly amount of medical service, an element of weakness quite unnecessary and inconsistent with true national greatness, a heresy most unacceptable to those who have already and forever outgrown such bondage. More than this, while the worthy national reformer struggles bravely onward with brightest hope and purest purpose, he remains in ignorance *of himself*, of the true nature of the individual man, his own innate divinity and omnipotence. Self-knowledge is the key of power. It is the illuminated ones who have always led the race to higher levels of thought and action, who have inspired humanity to a grander achievement and unfoldment. And that illumination is not an especial gift to the few. It has been won, a step at a time, by every soul. It is possible for all, being only

the realization and appropriation of that universal Divine Radiance which knows no eclipse.

The demonstration of Spiritual Science in our midst to-day is a mighty lever toward that realization, toward the freedom, upliftment, and spiritualization of all who are in any bondage. It strikes off the fetters of material thralldom, purifies the baser desires of the animal soul, imprisons that lower nature, develops spiritual consciousness, and reveals the path which leads to Truth's high altar.

What a glorious freedom for the human race stands on the threshold of this half-open door. What a mission to be agencies in the turning of those slow, rusty hinges firmly set with age and disuse; in sweeping away the rubbish which has accumulated at the very entrance; in preparing the world to receive the full radiance which shall burst upon its blind eyes, through those widening portals, — a glory that goes beyond, ignores even the need of lifting

physical burdens, a baptism of the spirit that shall unfold powers of the soul, latent so long, will discover to each and every soul that it is a son of God with deific possibilities. To be pioneers in the early dawn of this millennium should fill our hearts with gratitude and consecration.

What a world it will become under the influence of this advanced thought; for the globe itself can outgrow its immaturity, its convulsive, cyclonic conditions, only as the mind of man that works upon it is perfected. When *we* breathe forth fairer flowers of thought, and bear a riper spiritual fruitage, we shall be the Floras and Pomonas to grant, as did the fabled goddesses of yore, an abundant harvest, a richer type of fruit and blossom than the slow-growing planet has ever known. It reflects our imperfection now; but the divine pattern set, the life that, sharing the glory of His life, cannot be wholly dimmed, shines through at every crevice.

One with God, consciously one with His all-pervasive energy and universal will, what of growth may we not attain, what errors overcome, what of nature may we not control? The Eastern magician has acquired the power of gathering Nature's forces, or of concentrating her slower methods into a few moments of time so that the mango seed is planted, germinates, grows, and blossoms before the astonished beholder's gaze; but we do not crave to be wonder-workers, to demonstrate our soul-unfoldment on a material plane, but rather, by spiritually germinating seed-thoughts in other souls, to advance their growth toward perfection.

The Eastern mind is contemplative, introspective, a quality encouraged, perhaps, by condition of climate and modes of life. The Western type is one of greater force, — intellectual force, however, rather than spiritual supremacy. A union of the two, a utilization of their joint wealth, a spiritual practicalization

of occult truth, a fuller revelation of divine wisdom, so long hidden from the masses, would give birth to a new humanity, one emancipated from every fetter, physical or creedal, thereby attaining that illumination which is the inalienable birthright of every child of God.