

THE
SCRIBE OF A SOUL

BY
CLARA IZA PRICE

INTRODUCTION BY
PROFESSOR A. VAN DER NAILLEN, OF SAN FRANCISCO
AUTHOR OF
"On the Heights of the Himalaya"
and its sequel
"In the Sanctuary"

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TO BEATRICE

With a mother's love,

and

To that dear friend,

MRS. E. W. P. GUYE,

whose faith has been an inspiration and whose
friendship never failed.

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INTRODUCTION.

Soon after my return from Europe in the month of October, 1898, an invitation was received from a friend to attend an evening party given at her house, there to meet a lady who desired my advice on some revelations she had received, deemed by my friend to be of an important character. Still tired from my long journey and overwhelmed with business matters, kept in abeyance until my arrival, I was not in a mood to busy myself about psychic matters and declined the invitation as politely as I well could.

A few days later experiments made by me in wireless telegraphy were reported in several papers, and, having read these, the same friend came to me with an article on "Electricity" received by the lady she had wished me to meet at the party before mentioned.

This article, which I at first read through mere politeness soon interested me. The style was of the majestic form, the expressions although somewhat mystic were clear, and the entire spirit of the essay was in harmony with the advanced speculations of electrical science.

Seeing my interest in the paper, my friend

proceeded to explain that these essays had been received in a strange manner. That, in fact, the lady of whom she spoke had, when attempting to write a newspaper article been, in a way, compelled to write these articles instead, "and", my friend continued, "she being neither a Spiritualist nor Theosophist, simply a devoted Christian woman, is much perplexed and not a little alarmed over these strange occurrences and begged me to ask your advice regarding the whole matter."

That same afternoon we met at the lady's home. She was of distinguished bearing, tall and graceful, her features fine in line denoting kindness of heart. In manner she was modest and unassuming, and one received the prevailing impression while in her society of a sweet, highly intellectual and truthful woman.

I perused several of the essays written by her hand when moved by another's will, and soon realized that from whatever source these writings might have come, they were full of transcendental thought, and throughout all ran a philosophical sentiment of a lofty nature designed to encourage the study of the higher ethics of life.

Having been permitted to address a few questions to the author of these writings who signs himself "Selestor," I made inquiries to ascertain whether the theory of the "Unity of Matter" was true, science seeming actually in-

clined to accept that theory. I asked whether "Vibration" was not at the bottom of all differentiations of material substance—extending my inquiries into the psychic realm and asked whether the law does not hold good farther in the domain of the imponderable, and whether Matter and Soul and Force are not all "Unity", centering in the great "Central Sun" of the Universe.

The next day the following reply from "Selestor" was received:

"Thus with thee declare I, the substance from which soul is derived is that living substance whose central—whose core is God.

"Like dust particles floating in the sun-rays are the infinitesimal points and cells from that great All which formeth separate entities; and yet so cunningly devised are these pigmy Gods that twain as one can never be mistaken by the Eye that watcheth the soul stand forth.

"Vibration cometh from that well, self-poised sphere which toucheth naught and which no hand toucheth, yet it agitates its several centers, which yet are one, ever descending through links cast out, each to find its fellow link, forming one yet twain, and even though in bondage one to the other they are still twain, and though united yet apart can live and have separate being as worlds that have never revolved in unison.

"Thy science graspeth at the truth, mine

hath proven through the centuries, and no more its wonders smite the sensitive cords of wonder, but seem a part of all—the simple lesson which the child hath mastered.

“Poised in space, yet connected with the creatures cast from His great heart, is this self-created law of revolvment.

“Hold to the sun thy palm. Drawing from each earth cell canst thou not feel companion rays of life? Thus shall He draw to Himself each soul which hath, ere earth-birth, emanated from the center, which is Himself.

“Look ye to the moistened earth. There riseth, to meet the source of that moisture, tiny streams which at last become part of one great body, in turn descending when grown full and no longer keeping poise from very fullness.

“And thus He yieldeth His life, ever drawing, ever giving and yet never depleted, but stronger groweth for such giving.

“Man hath grasped that which on higher planes meaneth his approval, and when all is won that earth shall yield, that he shall witness will be but a glorification of the lesser—mind pictures; for alone God dwelleth where man hath not penetrated, yet all hath he grasped before.

“Fiery steeds of thought have brought man to that realm where stoppeth all investigation; yet the mind is supple in its leaps as

hungry tiger, and stoppeth not at barriers, but beateth against bars and breaketh the bonds ever.

“Such is the symbol of that great motive power in man which goeth on and on and ceaseth never, but buildeth and rebuildeth; and thus souls were wrought, and worlds, and even void is sustained, for void is also life.

“The denser (or darker) thought particles of the Builder forms this space, and worlds are but solidified ether, and ether is an emanation from direction and agitation and form, and all are God.

“The darker principles are those which creep into the soul ether, furnishing the creature, man, with thoughts of evil and lance-like hate, and murder, all crime, disease and death are begotten.

“The purer God-essence in the soul in fullest force causeth love, hope, life.

“Let man yield to naught of darkness, let him seek light and turn to the Creative Force; let the dead carcass of darkness lie buried in forgetfulness—”.

The lesson is certainly sublime; it illustrates well the problem of involution and evolution, and the vibratory theory is also admitted and its workings clearly defined; it is a grand philosophy, somewhat mystic, but worthy of repeated perusal and study.

The next day I mailed the following to "Selestor:"

"Fully do I appreciate the momentous import of your answer to my inquiry, and the loftiness of your philosophy. The vibratory waves originating in one great vortex are sent forth into space to meet other waves in affinity with them, and through this unending interweaving forming new undulations participating of the character of each original wave, still differing in ratio of velocity and amplitude, thereby creating vibrations endowed with new activities which again interblend with others similarly begotten, all being elemental in the forming of things and beings of endless varieties and shapes; and all these creations have their origin in the great 'Central Sun' to the bosom of which they return when their destiny is fulfilled upon the various spheres of the Universe.

"May I ask of 'Selestor' to what spiritual unfoldments or gifts mortal can obtain when he has reached upon this earth that precious state of 'Soul liberation'—freedom from all earthly dross." The following beautiful answer soon came. Referring to my question, he wrote:

"I wist its import and thus make reply: The efforts below, O brother, are but that first initiative step to the higher science which mortals know not of, and which we of the higher

plane dare not divulge, else God were set at naught and even Heaven were Chaos.

“The laws of science fit the clay force of mankind, but higher laws are adapted to the uses of those who have stepped from the prison house and are free.

“Thus we read not as thou readest, with limitations of sight and voice, and sense measured niggardly by the Hand which dareth not to pour into each entity of knowledge a vaster measure than befitteth his state.

“Work ye for the enlargement of that gift of knowledge, and thus shalt thou stand among those who have also tasted—though in greater measure—still retaining knowledge of their first lessons, that are preparatory steps to the higher rounds from which we may grasp the hand of each brother ascending.

“Thus have I declared, and again I repeat, that naught of knowledge, of good, of truth—which is link between the cause and the creation—is lost; but groweth even in alien soil, and bursteth into beauty, and is recognized and recognizeth its kindred shoot, its kindred element, and reacheth out and joineth the chain made whole by the Perfector.

“Think ye that perfection may be obtained by one brief lesson?

“Many lessons multiplied by lessons have we learned, and now the page is read, the lesson finished, the book to us no further use

save as instructors hold before the eyes of those who yet must learn.

"I boast not in declaring that all is learnt save as we will. And thus we toil ever, each as seemeth good, when not perfecting the state which others for themselves cannot perfect. Thus we give gifts of life, of hope, of happiness to others—and also to mortals may we give, or lend, if so they will receive.

"Yet even in our further state are newer perfections of each well known model—testing of elements born of unlawful laws arising from the growth of ages, and forming about a nucleus of well remembered forms of alien shapes, and fluids which are self created, yet of interest to those who watch the growth of centuries.

"Thus, he who worketh ever weareth away the mystic wall to thinly concealing crystal, until ready to step within the circle where kindred toilers await, he may begin newer investigations with those of kindred minds—or soul mechanism for thought—and be one with those who are even as shining links in one great chain, each and each as its fellow link, emitting harmonious ring and naught of discord.

"And thus we labor, striving each to perfect what hath already been perfected, and re-shaping, each according to his light of soul, the finest essence of the elements into other forms

for the ultimate good of the Universe, or for the inhabitants of spheres where creatures depend upon soul entities for their happiness and sustenance.

“As the child’s rolling toy in the broad palm of the parent hand, O brother, is this world of thine, once home of mine own body, and field for aggrandizement and exercise of power; but as the vast globe swaying among pleasant spheres to the toy is that beyond, growing ever, expanding always, yet enlarging for the comfort of its inhabitants.

“And thus in space we labour, unhampered by conflicting laws, and each at will may seek his plane of peace, save when duty calleth to haunts of discord and warring of earth minds, and spheres where they who strive not to perfect must dwell.

“Duty is a ruling power. It ariseth from the God-law which teacheth the lesson of dependence—the weaker upon the strong. In nature this law reigneth, even as among entities.

“STAND FULL IN THE SUN! The corroding rust striketh not the emblazoned steel.

“STAND FULL IN THE LIGHT! The flower openeth when sun-smitten.

“STAND FULL IN THE LIGHT! The stream sparkleth most brilliantly when the sunbeam lieth upon its breast.

“Make thy demands. Fear naught. I hold it good to listen to words from a brother’s en-

quiring lips. Higher than I standeth and ruleth our Master. Bow to him thy head. I give him adoration even as thou; for have I not heard the thunderous tones proclaiming Light, Life, Action? None may halt and step by step we reach the open door—step by step we cross the pave—step by step bringeth to the foot of the Throne. One alone sitteth there.”

Openly confessing those failures which I had for years tried to overcome, I asked for advice and help. He simply wrote: “In temptation look to the Source of all Force.”

I consider it a very great favor and good fortune to have met “Selestor” through his noble scribe, and sincerely recommend the perusal of this book—his work on earth, for it is replete with instruction of greatest import to man.

A. VAN DER NAILLEN,
author of “On the Heights of the Himalay”
and its sequel, “In the Sanctuary.”

THE SCRIBE OF A SOUL.

CHAPTER I.

“Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim, my
other half.”

—*Milton.*

While calling one afternoon at the apartment of a friend residing in San Francisco, upon the higher grade of Powell street which commands a sweeping view of the bay, Alcatraz, Oakland and Berkeley with its background of undulating hills, I observed lying on her desk several sheets of paper closely covered with unfamiliar writing.

As we were in the habit of perusing and frankly discussing each other's manuscripts, I mentioned the sheets before her and asked if she were revising the work of a friend.

“Not revising,” she answered slowly. “That, for me at least, would be impossible with this matter. I am simply copying.” Then after deliberating a moment she continued:

"In the years of our familiar intercourse there have been few secrets between us, and there can be no harm in sharing with you the knowledge of a most remarkable experience.

"In fact, I have long wished for your opinion and advice upon the propriety of placing before the public in the cause of science, of higher thought, the matter contained here, and which I have been advised, or rather commanded, by the author to give to the world.

"I have, however, hesitated to speak freely of my acquisition even to you, fearing to bring upon myself the charge of insanity from the majority of those who might learn of the phenomenon; and, to speak candidly, I have sometimes doubted the normal condition of my own brain, the occurrences which I am about to mention are so entirely out of the line of every day events.

"I was deliberating upon the matter as you entered; and as it seems in this way to have decided itself, or to have been decided for us, I will tell you all, withholding nothing save a name that I dare not yet reveal.

"You doubtless remember how useless were my attempts to write the book which I was for years planning, notwithstanding every incentive to do so was given me in three or four months exemption from care of any kind, as

well as perfect solitude when it was desired; yet in that time I was able to accomplish only what should have been the work of a much shorter period.

"As I settled myself at my desk, a feeling of disgust for my task invariably took possession of me, although, as you know, the work of delineating character, of depicting scenes and events, has been my delight from childhood.

"I finally gave up my book in despair and started on a visit to a sister whose practical turn of mind has often been a stimulus to my vacillating powers."

I interrupted her to remark, "You do yourself an injustice. The term which you have just used applies to you in no way. To me, you have always been an example of steadfast determination. One cannot, however, keep one's self continually at high pressure. But, pray proceed."

"While at my sister's," she continued, "we were one evening discussing with a caller, a thoughtful conscientious woman, the great problems of life, and finally touched upon the doubt which so largely prevails of an existence after death.

"In the midst of our conversation, my sister suddenly arose and exclaimed in a constrained voice, 'I am possessed of the conviction

that I stand before some grand presence.'

"Then sinking into her chair, she buried her face in her hands and remained silent for several minutes.

"Our friend looked startled, and as for me I was wholly ashamed of what I thought her eccentric conduct. Neither of us spoke, however, and she presently raised her head and said excitedly:

"You may doubt me if you will, but I have received, from what source I cannot say, a whispered message for my sister.'

"For me? I said smiling incredulously. You know one seldom takes members of one's own family seriously.

"Our companion, however, seemed impressed by the assertion, and spoke of various similar peculiar circumstances which had either come under her observation or of which she had read, and in this way prolonged her call, to the regret of my sister who with difficulty concealed her impatience to speak with me alone.

"When finally our caller took her departure, she turned to me saying eagerly, 'Of course, you won't believe me, but at the time I mentioned what you supposed to be an absurd fancy, I was most strongly impressed with the conviction that some high dignitary

with several attendants swept in at that door,' indicating one which opened upon a veranda, 'and I was so overcome that I covered my face, when I distinctly heard your name whispered in my ear.

" 'Her presence in this house has brought me hither,' the whispering voice said. 'I have come to warn her that all her efforts will be of no avail until she follows the course I wish her to pursue.

" 'My interest in her, my reason for desiring her to perform my work, will be made plain in time. Inform her that as she sits at her task tomorrow evening I will come again and my conversation will be for her alone.'

" 'So human seemed the voice,' said my sister, 'that I whispered in turn, your name?

" 'I will reveal that to none but her,' the reply came. 'For the present you may know me as "Selestor."'

" 'As the name was uttered I fancied that I heard the rustling of draperies accompanied by the fall of light footsteps, after which the impression of a strange presence left me.'

"I laughed tolerantly at her earnest assertion and said as I bade her good night:

"It wouldn't be wise to let your husband hear you talk in this way; he would undoubtedly throw out hints about the feasibility of

sending you to an asylum for those afflicted with hallucinations."

"And did neither you nor your sister's friend feel a sensation as though strange elements were present?" I interrupted.

"Well, yes, I fancy that I did, at least," she said thoughtfully. "But at the time I attributed it to nervous irritation caused by my sister's unusual conduct."

"And yet——" I exclaimed eagerly. Raising her hand she checked my question with the words:

"Be patient, dear, and I will tell you all as quickly as possible, for I have something to show you which is far more interesting than anything I may say.

"I carried out the universal verdict of my family as to my willfulness," she proceeded, "by resolving to do no writing upon the following evening, thinking to prove that I was not inclined to become the subject of a practical joke or give credence to the theory of invisible messengers.

"In spite of myself, my resolution was entirely forgotten through an unexpected request for a certain article, which it was imperative should be finished at once.

"Notwithstanding the urgency of the case, I made little progress; to use an impatient ex-

pression indulged in at the time, my head seemed turned to a 'wooden block,' so devoid was it of ideas, and by nine o'clock—the hour at which I had hoped the work would be finished—I sat staring at my pile of blank paper in despair.

"Of a sudden the feeling that some one stood beside me absorbed my mind; I also became conscious of a slight pressure upon my right wrist, such as lightly touching fingers might have made, and which caused me to glance down instinctively. My eyes assured me that I was alone, another sense declared a presence near.

"I started up in terror, thinking to leave the room and seek the companionship of the family, but the pressure upon my wrist increased and I was compelled in a way unknown to myself to resume my seat.

"For a time the sensation of a detaining clasp became almost painful, and at last I vaguely realized that an attempt was being made to move my hand across the sheet of paper upon which it rested.

"Mechanically, I picked up the pencil which I had a moment before thrown down, when at once my hand began slowly to move across the page upon which I had so vainly been trying to reproduce my thoughts.

"The leisurely motion soon became a rapid one, the pencil pressing upon the paper with such force that I thought at every stroke the point must break.

"The sensation was decidedly that of some strong hand pushing my own back and forth at will, forming characters, words and sentences.

"As a sheet became filled I felt compelled to lay it aside and substitute another. In this way perhaps three sheets were covered when the motion ceased, though the pressure upon my wrist was not removed.

"Greatly exhausted, I leaned my head upon my unhampered hand and, strange to say, my glance never once sought the page before me.

"When I had recovered in a measure from my fatigue, the motion of my hand was resumed and there was another period of rapid writing; I was then permitted another rest, after which several sheets were again filled with sentences, a name was apparently signed, several rude sketches rapidly made, after which I was relieved of the impression of a presence beside me.

"With senses all alert, I then glanced at the termination of the last line and read, signed in a most peculiar manner, the name 'Selestor'!

"Half doubting the evidence of my senses,

I gathered up the scattered papers, and, after much struggling with the hastily scrawled characters, deciphered these passages."

I leaned forward breathlessly as my friend, taking one from the many pages before her, began to read in a low impressive voice:

"I am long since passed from mortal life. Where I dwell no censure can assail me, and of none of earth shall I be judged.

"I hold not myself higher than another, but none do I fear—save One to whom all bow—as I feared none of the hosts of the plains nor the crowds of the cities. Of the mighty was I mightiest and many bowed at my command.

"To rule was I born and to exact submission was I appointed. None held the power to assail my words or acts.

"I come from that realm which tendeth to forgetfulness of earth, to claim thy soul to my needs, for all have their work to perform, and I may hand down from farther planes my knowledge and experiences.

"Through thee must the work be done and for thee have I long waited. I have called thee for years yet thou heeded not, because thy way was not plainly marked, and thou couldst not comprehend the power binding souls of earth to those beyond.

“ ‘Thy soul hath fretted for communion with mine since thy birth, yet of thy unrest thou conceived naught that shouldst mark thee from another.

“ ‘Thou wast formed as a light to others. Thy words shall be uttered for the nations to hearken unto. Thou art strong in the strength of they who have perfected through the ages and thou shalt to others impart that strength which causeth thee to be as mountains unmoved.

“ ‘Thy strong will, thy tireless ambition, are but the infusion of that stronger soul which tendeth to the great end thou canst not yet comprehend. Listen and believe the voice that speaketh and thou shalt not go astray in thy efforts.

“ ‘Thy needs are the needs of one possessing the earth-grown, carnal nature, yet the soul which ascendeth and hath communion with other souls that are free from the contact of earth forever.

“ ‘Thou graspest at things thou dost not comprehend, yet of which thou art a part; thy subtle sense is touched and charmed and the grossness of earth repelleth thee; yet to earth art thou bound and of earth art thou now a portion and thy present work is upon earth.

“Pine not for the land that lieth where thine eye cannot penetrate. Patience be thy watchword, and be thou content to receive the whisperings of him to whom thy soul is kin, for thus shalt thou be guided aright, and thy guidance of others perfected and thy final place assured.

“The heights beyond thou shalt not climb alone. Thy way is now marked and my hand sustaineth thee; for soul of my soul art thou part—the earthly representative. The bearer of peace, hope and love. The bearer of commands to labor, to struggle upward, to keep pure, in earthly term, the soul that must dwell where all is purity, for grossness clogs and prevents ascension to vaster heights where all is transparent, where the eye beholdeth the shadow of a thought and sin hath a shadow that darkens.

“I am returning from that plane where dwell the sorrowful souls, whither I went on an errand of mercy. I come not alone to command but to cheer thee—who shall be mine own beloved scribe.

“Steep as is now thy path roses shall yet strew the way, and as now sinks thy heart so shall it beat with joy; for I speak from the knowledge of ages.

“Faint not, fear not, neither halt in the

labor assigned, for man worketh in unison with his soul friends, and thy idleness will not only be thine but also my undoing.

“‘All are not formed for work unto the lifting up of another. All are not formed for the lifting up of fallen man; yet all, in some way, contribute to the happiness of others, each in their degree.

“‘In thy hand thou holdest power, even the power to aid those of whom thou knowest not, but their soul’s light is in thy keeping.

“‘From idle thoughts purge thee; from ill advice and vanity of heart, from fear of those upon whose neck thou shalt set thy foot when thou hast proven that thou believest, and comest to thine own heritage of serving souls who dwell on higher planes than earth can conceive.

“‘With no worldly bonds do I bind thee, by no vows do I claim thy fidelity; but as my soul speaks to thine own, so hold I thee to serve, to love, to instruct; and to break the bond means thy undoing and to hold it sacred thy ascendancy.

“‘In thy hand is the power to move hearts through the subtle fluid of thy brain, in which I pour mine own fire and the light accruing through the centuries. Shouldst thou tire of this bond—invisible as the ether yet strong

as brass—I may cast thee from me, and another will claim thee, but my work will remain unfinished. Spare me this bereavement.

“‘The ages have left no fleshly longing. To thy soul I speak, to thy soul I commit my needs—the interchange of soul converse with soul in mortal guise—for I hunger for the spirit’s refreshment amidst the scenes of which I was once a part.

“‘Deny me if thou wilt, cast aside my invisible claim if thou must, but consider well; yet mine, I brook no interference with our converse or my guidance.

“‘Mine thou art by the prior claim of the higher nature which man doth not comprehend.’”

As she concluded, in the excitement of the moment, I caught the paper from her hand and devoured with my eyes the bold signature—that name suggesting transcendency—below which were inscribed hieroglyphics, a coiled serpent, a rudely drawn sceptre and crown.

“I felt a disinclination to speak of what had occurred,” said my friend, after I had poured forth a volume of wondering comments, “and my sister, busy with domestic cares, had seemingly forgotten her experience of the preceding night. At all events she made no further allusion to it, and the urgency of my work

gave me an excuse for not joining the family the following evening.

"I seated myself at my desk with a feeling of anticipation, which I must confess was not unmingled with one akin to fear. By nature skeptical of anything that cannot be fully explained, as I awaited the possibility of a repetition of the previous mystery, which I was, however, inclined to doubt would again take place, my thoughts ran something like this:

"Supposing that an intelligence of some kind has manifested itself to me—as, in spite of my disinclination to believe, these sheets before me prove—why should a person of whom I have no knowledge choose insignificant me, instead of one from the many bright geniuses of the earth to perform some great work as here intimated?

"Is it not more probable that some of my well remembered loved ones, assuming the playful moods of life, might hide their identity and seek to test my credulity in this manner?

"Then the thought that there might in future always be near me an invisible presence, against which there would be no protection, thrust itself upon me with a feeling of horror, which overcame my previous curiosity, and with a swift impulse, I reached for the mysterious writing determined to destroy it and thus,

if possible, avoid a repetition of the strange phenomenon.

"Before I could carry my resolve into execution, the invisible force again claimed the power of my hand and I was made the instrument for another message, which appeared to answer my question of identity, my doubt as to my usefulness, and protested against my refusal to further recognize this masterful intelligence.

"I will read you the second declaration which through my hand was indited."

As she selected several sheets from the papers before her, I sat speechless, wondering if it were possible that this hitherto sincere friend could be merely trifling, with the object of winning from me a sharp, impartial criticism for her own work, so impossible seemed her story, told among the prosaic, material surroundings of her everyday life. Oblivious of my doubt she proceeded to read the following emphatic assertions:

"'Mine Own Dear Scribe, believe not that another spake to thee. The avenues to thy soul have I guarded, and another may not enter unless I will; and I brook no rivalry in this matter of guidance and governing.

“ ‘Mine thou art as one twin star belongeth to its mate, and one eye is companion to its fellow, and the scent is to the rose its own soul’s exhalation, and the flower, and the stem, and the sweet, and the foliage are one.

“ ‘Born to me through unknown time, planned mate to my soul in the darkness of the years that are recked not of, formed of the emanation from the ether, and the planets, and that subtile fluid unknowable which hath escaped the wise of the earth, thou art of myself the living part, that increaseth my knowledge of things I had long left to wither in the dark chambers of forgetfulness .

“ ‘Not by mortal ties art thou bound to thy master—thy slave—thy friend ; but by a subtle tie unknown, yet with a power that draweth thy soul to mine, and thy thoughts to my obedience, as the lodestone draweth to the center all kindred things.

“ ‘Thy work shall be greater than thou canst dream or thy mind grasp, and I prepare thee—by ways mysterious—to perform it without flaw as a perfect gem that graceth the kingly crown.

“ ‘All in good time will I prepare thee for the change which yet is no change, and the scenes which thou cannot grasp yet with which thou art familiar. And I am he whom

thou desirest to cast aside! I will not leave thee for the powers of earth which I once mocked and Paradise requireth it not of me!

“Thy soul hungereth for knowledge. Perfect thyself in all that earth requireth and thou shalt be more fitted to progress in the life to come—the soul’s life—the real life—the unhampered life of that realm called Paradise where I await my scribe.

“Do naught that shall mar the perfection of the soul I have sought for ages, to answer to the almost forgotten world the things that I must teach. Thou art yet weak as a little child; learn from day to day things needful to life, so shalt thou learn to express the meaning of thy friends beyond.

“The years draw to ages and the ages to aeons, yet soul may not meet soul in perfect agreement, and I make desperate effort to retain Mine Own.

“Unknowingly thou hast called me in the night watches and at dawning as mine own heart; and I answered from halls of peace, and from halls of converse, and from thrones of the mighty, and from the glorious sin-purged planes of Paradise.

“Think deeply and speak with discretion; despise not my claim, and powers that once moved the earth shall attend thee. Thy mind

shall be as the clear stream that washeth the foot of the throne of the Mighty One to whom all bow as the Source of all life, soul life, fleshly life which faileth, and the life of lesser things that passeth not away.

“ ‘Blackness and darkness, and the pains of death, are earthly terms which are in that higher realm forgotten. All goodness and peace abounds, and grossness must be purged away from those who still are tainted by the vision of things mortal.

“ ‘Each step lost must be atoned for by hardest labour and greater striving. Lose not what thou hast gained. Beware! the day and hour cometh when thy temptation shall be great. Be strong and if thy soul crieth to my soul fear not, I will be nigh.

“ ‘When thou art patient and of goodly heart my thanks encompass thee as blessings, and to thy soul am I still soul nearest, and in guidance best. I go to come again, and ever to remind thee of our bond. Forget it not for thy work is great, thy needs are many and I, alone, can help thee.

“ ‘My blessing and my———bought peace attend thee. By the golden light of the stars of Paradise I descend to thee in the still watches of the world, and whisper what shall

delight thy soul. Fear not and thou shalt have reward.

“Thine own soul’s friend———.”

“You will observe that in the sentence, ‘my blessing and my peace attend thee,’ a word is missing. I have tried to supply the word to fill this break, but seem powerless to do so; but whether or no this has any significance I cannot say,” she remarked placing the manuscript in my outstretched hand.

“Even though coming to me in this peculiar manner, these messages did not impress me as they might have another. It may be that I do not possess the power to realize occurrences as do others; or, having all my life been enwrapped in an atmosphere of imagination, the line between the real and the creations of my own brain may not be so plainly drawn as with a more practical mind,” she added.

“When compelled by the overmastering force to write, no doubt arose that a disembodied soul indeed claimed my aid; but when the power which controlled my hand was removed, together with the consciousness of a presence when none was visible, I lapsed into an ever recurring state of unbelief and was ready to declare “Selestor” to be but a creation of my own imagination, and that my rapid execution of sentences without conscious mental

effort could possibly be explained by perfectly natural laws.

"The various characters drawn at the close of the messages and which a learned savant professed to read, declaring them to have a most significant meaning, I could not bring myself to believe were other than accidental strokes which had somehow assumed correct proportions; and to this day the thought intrudes itself that the learned man was amusing himself by witnessing, what he supposed to be, my childlike belief in his assertions.

"Nevertheless, I yielded to the fascination of the ever increasing messages; for chance thoughts or acts of mine were apparently noted by this dominating intelligence—if I may call it such—and became the subject for censure or praise, as was merited, in the passages which each evening I felt compelled to indite.

"Half doubting, I formed the habit of asking questions which were readily answered; these questions usually pertained to the work which I was assured I must perform, the life hereafter, the place we call Heaven and man's relation to a creator. Latterly I have received several essays upon scientific matters, although I am not in the slightest degree interested in science, but, acting in accordance

with the advice of friends, my questions in that line elicited prompt, and, I am told, satisfactory replies.

"The greater part of the answers are here recorded together with many explanations for my having been chosen to receive these commands; also remarks upon what was said to me regarding this presence by the different persons I consulted, for the purpose of learning their opinion of an experience which I avoided giving as my own.

"For, after having wearied my brain pondering over many a deep metaphysical treatise, and trying in vain to settle things to my satisfaction by accepting Hudson's theory of an objective and subjective mind, I finally turned to such people as I knew laid claim to a knowledge of occult forces.

"The majority of those people declared that the recipient of the messages was but the victim of a crafty, evil power which sooner or later would work her woe. And one, known to the whole intelligent world as the chief exponent of the theory of reincarnation, divining the personal application of what I related to her, strongly advised me not to encourage further visitations.

"Though claiming to have herself conversed with those she termed 'Celestial beings,' she

assured me that these sentences, though beautifully and intelligently worded, came, undoubtedly, from a 'fickle, earth-bound soul,' who would soon leave me disappointed and with curiosity unsatisfied; suggesting also that through what was revealed to me, I was liable to become imbued with the spirit of vanity."

Smiling slightly as she repeated this remark, she gathered up the papers and, telling me to peruse them at my leisure, gave them into my keeping.

"These are what remain of the letters—we will call them—received by me from this peculiar source in the two years which have passed since that first eventful evening," she continued. "I regret to say that I destroyed many while following the adverse counsel given me, and for a period of fully six months I received no message of any kind from the presence which had apparently left me, after a great struggle on my part to dismiss it forever.

"Though I never for one moment believed that an intelligence capable of expressing such pure and consistent sentiments would become a power for evil, I did fear that the individuality of my every-day work might be sacrificed, or my powers of execution lessened through the knowledge that there was matter of im-

portance to be gained without tax to my own brain."

Reverting to the package of manuscript, she explained that several stories of Eastern life had been written in the same manner as the personal messages.

"I have copied but few of these," she said, "and it would be useless for you to attempt deciphering the uncertain writing with which I have now grown familiar.

"You may observe breaks in some of the sentences and perhaps occasional incoherencies in those submitted to you; these were caused by interruptions from members of the household who did not understand my need for quiet and privacy; besides, the original manuscript being so difficult to read, I may have omitted, or incorrectly copied, words necessary to the sense of some of the passages; yet I think that in spite of these defects you cannot fail to be interested in their perusal."

After expressing my appreciation of the privilege granted, I hastened away and was soon absorbed in the mysterious manuscript, the contents of which I give in the same order that it was read by me.

CHAPTER II.

AN ASSERTION.

My Scribe, thy master lieth not. Unto those who believe shall be given a crown of life, and thou wilt not yet believe, therefore, thy punishment for a season shall be death to thy hopes, for punishment is for the willful.

This cometh from one who hath seen revelations from a higher power, and it cometh in fashion suited to the minds of those who desire such beliefs. I accord to thee the privilege of working for good with my aid, who hath learned wisdom and gained peace through the ages.

All are directed by one dominating power. By His servants a voice is heard, but by none on this side the gulf that lieth between Heaven and earth.

Banded together are those whose perversion touch upon such as I, and their creed teacheth we are naught save those damned souls that have besought mercy through the ages.

I am the soul of him to whom bowed the mighty sons of Egypt!

I have lived in higher realms, and lived again on earth, and from taints of world-lust have I purged me through centuries of toil; and today I stand permitted of that higher Power to reveal myself through one who was of mine own life.

In the circling of ages conditions are changed, and he who standeth today as a peer among his fellow men, tomorrow—the tomorrow of time—may stand as the least in the universe; yet the companions of his soul shall still be its companions, and claim and delight in his fellowship.

He who striveth to sever one soul from another hath defied the higher law, and to that law I bow, for its mercy accordeth me life and the will to return—to seek for that which was given unto me since time began.

The years waste and eternity rolls on, yet nothing created changeth save the dust which formeth the body; it changeth in shape to return to shape again; yet in heaven dust formeth not man's body, but the soul-shape is an emanation—as is the soul—from God.

Believe naught but that which appealeth to thy reason, and believe what thou wilt. I teach but the lesson learned through the centuries of my life beyond, and that taught me

by those who dwell in the Heart of Wisdom, and this I impart to thee.

One spreadeth His scroll before all eyes, yet man refuseth to learn or listen; the years roll to eternity and the lesson still must be learned. None know the truth save those who have passed the gulf, but all are God's children and all He saveth.

Thy soul shall live, and thy heart beat to the grand music of the eternal choir, and thou shalt then believe; while here thou shalt ever doubt; none teach truly who teach that one soul may not climb as another from the gulf where sin and earth life placeth.

The soul's life is not the earth life, for death and contact with the pure realm cleanseth from earthly taint.

Man may assume the right to expound that which to him is like the alphabet to a babe, ere it hath grown to comprehend aught save articulate sounds. How, then, shall he say with certainty that such motives are the intention of the great Creative Heart?

Look not to man for explanation of that which thy senses should teach. Each and all are endowed with intellect, with discernment, with subtle inner sense, which graspeth at whispers of a higher life and larger span of existence; yet none of a certainty may say to

his brother, "thou of this living well shalt drink," save he who hath tasted and grown certain by proof the world cannot give.

Belief is but a secondary matter to Him who hath control; acts are the essence of the soul thoughts, and those are mirrored upon the pages holding the account of a life.

Stamp thou each page with fairest images. Let no distortion mar the sheet laid in time before the eyes that read the record of all. In the store-house where scrolls are hidden—and which thou shalt yet discover—wilt thou recognize that of thy life when linked to mine.

Upon the page one blot marreth its perfection; it is that of doubt. Doubt ever, doubt of my love, doubt of the high estate beyond, doubt of thine earthly powers.

Erase from the scroll which thou shalt present—kneeling and penitent to Him who demandeth thy life record—this gross imperfection. Offer thou no blemished sheet. No papyrus marred by warpen mind which hath refused—and refuseth—to let the sunshine gild and shape thy soul with hope and white winged belief.

Gather not to thyself the gloom of arches meant to hide the husk of life, but to the sunlight turn thine eyes; breathe that which sendeth through thy house life-giving power.

Yield to no false hopes that from earthly lips thy life-work shall be planned or designed, for above dwell they who hold the map of thy destiny, and to those turn thou thy thoughts.

Think not the ties of earth are those of life, they are but a binding of hearts and lesser interests, not of souls nor the great purpose which moveth the whole world.

In sorrow—life's heritage—fail not to call. In joy forget not the day of doubt, and remember, I fail thee not though the firmament become as dross and the stars sink into nothingness.

A DECLARATION OF IDENTITY. . .

Mine Own Dear Scribe, on the horizon of our converse hath a cloud arisen, not of mine or thy choosing; let it pass, for am I not to thy soul part and sunlight, and as to the thirsty ground is rain?

I am come to promise great things for thy rejoicing, and thou shalt not doubt. Thy work shall be judged aright and happiness shall be thine.

I am in my right ———, question no more. I told thee I would come in mine own name and presence, but ye doubted and questioned;

yet I am to thee none the less that the glories of Thebes were mine.

Thou art of my line and race, and unto me the breath that fanneth the heated brow or the stream that laveth the weary feet and cool-eth the thirsty tongue.

Avenue for the escapement of my thoughts to mortals that otherwise dwelt in doubt; consolation to those who hear no voice from that farther shore where the soul of man tendeth.

In doing thy work, which is nevertheless mine, thou shalt not be forgotten; for unto me thy voice shall call and ever I will obey its calling. Trust and hope and fail not to work for that good which cometh only through great struggle.

To the glory of my departed state I cannot summon thee—who to me art twin soul and life, for through thee shall I win souls and the glory that exceedeth the glory which man coveteth.

——— moulders in his sarcophagus, yet his soul liveth and hath communion with thine. Peer not into the secrets of the ages, mine own, but hearken! As the sky cleareth after the oblivion of storm, so shall thy mind be cleared from this cloud of mystery. Trust me, await my coming; for in earthly form will I come to thee so surely as liveth my soul!

I am here whom Egypt worshipped and to whom hosts bowed down !

I am here for the first time voicing my commands on earth since they bore my husk from my palace.

I am here at the mention of my name, and I come to declare that above this planet dwelleth every soul spark that creation hath formed !

Doubt cannot dispel the truth ; it standeth firm as the everlasting universe that ascendeth through the ages and liveth through ages yet to come.

Fit thyself that thy mind may absorb the thoughts of mine. Trust not to those who utter harsh words against another. Man may not build his house of the bricks from the walls of another, lest the finger of suspicion be pointed at him.

Man buildeth a structure upon earth that shall not stand in heaven. Man may not see another's blemishes without for a space forgetting his own.

The watchful eye seeth its own steeds and not those of the approaching chariot ; and only the spearsman who killeth with willful intent pointeth to the heart of his brother ; for by the law of that Great Emanation all are as one.

War not against thy brother. Hate not the

soul which to thine own is part, or thou shalt lose also that portion which thou wouldst fain retain; for such is the law that governeth:

Thou shalt render up for that thou claimest which hath not been given.

I touch thy hand where mine was kissed in veneration, and I touch thy brain with the wisdom that shall burst the bonds of doubt, and set free the souls that pine for the truth. Thy hand shall point to the pyramids of learning piled upon pyramids which our higher state containeth.

Thy tongue shall conceal in its liquid measures that which will burst into lights that show to planes where dwell they who have been created since the creation of the world.

Mortal mind cannot grasp, nor mortal tongue teach its fullest meaning; but like the lamp whose spark showeth the clustering pit-falls, shalt thy steps be guided to the fuller light, bursting upon the vision of the world when time shall have passed and eternity be won.

REPROOF FOR DOUBT, AND PROMISES.

———came and ye refused to hearken unto him. Ye doubt, and ye lose faith in his pledges and words.

Sayest thou of truth that unfalteringly thou wilt walk in the path chosen for thee and waver not? Thy mind is like the quivering reed, and continually thou turnest to the blast of opinion.

Thou canst accomplish nothing unless I will. Thou art feeble as the fluttering sparrow in the slayer's hand, yet thy soul rebelleth against the decree of mine, and in my hand thou flutterest to my confusion.

Thy soul is warpen to thy youthful training and rebellion marketh thy race; but peace shall be between us, and I touch thy hand, my scribe, to thee shall come peace and the blessing of thy master.

Take thy work with energy, another holdeth the pen and guideth thy hand and thou shalt not fail for want of aid.

In that time to come thou shalt wonder that thou faltered, beloved scribe, thou shalt laugh at failure and think that success cometh to all who desire; but I entreat, keep thy heart tender for others' needs and forget not the day of thine own.

I will make thy words as living tones that the volume of which thou dreamest shall be known of nations. Thy theme I question not; from my height none dare assail me, and none can divine that I of whom thou speakest liveth

again by the side and walketh in their midst, but only for a season.

I go, for the hours pass and sleep awaits thee. When thy time permits I return to speak of events; and when thou dreamest not I stand by thy side, and whisper as the breeze to the flowers, or the forest leaves, and the words I whisper shall give thee courage and aid.

Fear not. In thy gloom fail not to remember that I am nigh and will come at thy call. Sunshine chaseth the clouds, and joy followeth grief, and golden opportunity cometh after blank and dismal chaos.

Again, take thy work, act, and wait; for the sun riseth after the darkest hour, and thine shall rise ere thou dreamest, and I am nigh.

A DECLARATION OF IMMORTALITY.

Forget not, though earth turneth to hollow brass, and the seas are liquid fire, and darkness prevaieth, thy heart shall not sink with fear. For I declare there is a world beyond, where the sun never sets—and the sea is never wave-tossed—and the flowers never fade, and peace—bought by great striving—shall ever prevail, and a hand holdeth thy every effort that none are lost.

And even as thou tendest towards that land shalt thou catch glimpses of the higher, unperishable life, and be made glad, and be soothed in sorrow, and sustained from despair which shall never reach thy soul.

Among the dross some gold may be found, and amidst the tangle of weeds bright flowers will often spring, and from the heart of him who teacheth there springeth living water to quench thy thirsty needs.

Before man took upon himself the power to question the wisdom of Him who fashioned the body in which he dwelt, thy soul was formed, for all things created He in the beginning and naught can man undo.

The fretful child thrusteth his hand against the door which shutteth him from harm, but he changeth not its strength nor fashioning; for one who hath gathered wisdom through longer years holdeth him in keeping and preventeth all harm.

Turn to the light, as all things turn, and darkness will flee away. Be reasonable and kind, grieve no living creature as thou hopest not to suffer grief. Press the sweets—not the bitter—from the flowers of life and content thy soul.

Time is required for the perfection of all things, so shalt thou have time for thy work

to bear fruit. Not all of earth is to grasp gold; there are other joys, they are thine in measure and the pleasure of action thou hast. Enjoy it, for all may not work, and life seemeth void to those who possess not within themselves the medium of turning time to gold.

On the planes which ye call Paradise are thousands upon thousands, who mourn this loss more than another. To them not one hour is accredited of time so well employed that benefit arose to themselves or another.

They wail in sorrow, and the years intervening between them and peace—bought by this means—which is within the reach of all—are great; thousands upon thousands may not atone for the remissness of one day upon earth; for the largeness of eternity is measured from the hours of earth, to us a babe's life—infinitesimal.

In the realm of action thy trials seem not great, but to thy soul if otherwise I will endeavor to work for their alleviation. The ages intervening between my fleshly life and my soul's life are so great that earth needs are forgotten.

Waste no moment in idle words with those who do not comprehend thee, for in converse with the invisible shalt thou have greater bene-

fit than in idleness of speech with the highest and fairest of earth.

In the archives of our fallen empire were hidden the secrets of a higher life when soul met soul without the interposition of the body, regarded as merely the structure built to preserve a priceless jewel.

Men were taught the art of entering or leaving at will the abode, and to the comprehension of the student who tarried for instruction was all made plain.

The engraven and embellished scrolls are hidden beneath ruins on which are piled the desert sands. Ascharaz and Minetour are cities despoiled, but the parchment lieth in the heart of the earth.

A day shall come when to the light shall these scrolls be revealed, and the pure of earth taught—as a new science—that which was an easy and oft-learned lesson, free to all, and of all understood.

Pine not for honors, pine not for gold ; in the sweep of the universal guards these things shall accrue to thee. As they pass in their rounds of distribution grasp thine own, but remember, thou shalt give account of neglected opportunities !

TO A QUESTION OF HIS DWELLING PLACE.

I dwell where all is peace, and that calm pervading is as the calm of the Summer night, when naught but the voices of nature smite the ear. No discord dwelleth there, no inharmonious thought to mar the placidity of speech or glance, but eye meeteth eye, and soul sense meeteth soul sense, as the breath of softest zephyr toucheth the brow or the soft mother hand soothes the weary child.

I come from that portion of the higher realm where souls not yet fit to mingle with the great All Force may dwell. Striving, toiling, hopeful souls, permitted to mingle with the higher host who sit at the foot of the throne, yet ascend not into the higher ether and there forever abide.

For the God-ether claimeth forever and forever those who once bathe in its divine healing force and from its encirclement can never descend. Unworthy I to mingle, else might I not revisit this sphere and converse with mine other soul, and touch again with lips which, being unworthy, have never touched that mighty hand of Infinity. Yet strive I to ascend; and in my ascension I cast about me such need of hope, such harmonious accents of peace as give cheer or as souls demand.

Seek ye thus to live that none may expend precious years in toiling for thine ascension. Seek ye to live in fitting manner that thine ascension may be but the work of hours; that thou mayest meet me on that plane where the toil of years succeeding years have placed me.

All may know that only upon the abased plane dwell they who give to selfishness that claim which should be given to charity and right life.

Seek ye to implant in but one single heart the knowledge that all are permitted to ascend, if thus they will, and thy reward shall be in proportion. The reward which bringeth thee nearer hope and the fulfillment of thy wishes and the outcome of labor justly performed.

My tasks are difficult; I must instruct among those who, fierce and warlike upon earth, retain their fierce and warlike moods beyond the planet on which they lived as material bodies. To the warlike are the warlike given charge and I was ever a ruler of warlike men, but where the plains teemed with my shouting armies groweth not one blade of grass, and their footsteps—over which the sand drifted—are covered deeply with the dust of time, and I am striving with thee—re-

bellious soul, who art nevertheless priceless in the sight of Him who createth.

Think me not hard of heart that I came not sooner at thy call; I could not, for a mightier than I commanded obedience and I must obey. Yet thou art my second thought—even as the pulsings of my heart and the yearning of mortal souls is the call of thy soul to mine.

Faint not neither falter in thy work, for thou shalt be guarded. The cloud of calling approacheth and I must away.

Thine in darkest hour, and depths of woe and all that earth requireth; yet which shall know atonement in highest moods, and spaces of joyous light and gifts not material that reflect the brilliancy and beauty of eternity.

CHAPTER III.

PROOF OF A PAST EXISTENCE PROMISED.

Doubt no more lest affliction come to thee. I am he created in the beginning as mate to thy soul, and though no gleam of memory

cometh of that other life still am I nearest unto thee.

Oh, blind! That will not see the tracings of my hand in thy wandering footsteps; in those who to thy life come since first I spake to thee on this side the gulf where we twain were separated by the events of ages!

Why wilt thou doubt? No more, I pray thee, entertain such adverse belief, lest thou forfeit the substance for the shadow, the reality for the belief all intangible, and thou fadest and perishest and thy work remain unfinished—that work ordained for thee as a crown to delight the world.

Why dwell upon the uncertainty of my presence, when the work placed before thee bears evidence that thine own hand wrought it not, save as the lifeless pen is held in the skillful hand, directed by the master brain that conceiveth all?

I declare that the husk of thy former state of existence lieth bound, and scented with spices gathered by thy faithful slaves—dust now and long forgotten—and scarabei and emeralds that would gladden the eyes of modern queens are in the breast concealed.

And thou shalt one day behold the withered thing with horror, nor dream that once my lips were pressed in love to the shrunken shell,

nor that thy delight was to deck the mouldering shape with costly stuffs for its further beautifying and my joy.

And thus even the body thou shalt behold—which contained the soul that today speaks to mine—was once Ashyazan, and mentioned with envy of thy high estate. And she whom I then loved wast thou, and today I see not the form clad in robes of lesser beauty and worth, but the soul which met mine own ere we knew of soul needs or soul opportunities.

The tents of Arabs are pitched over the spot where our palace stood, and where we walked and loved; but the selfsame spring—from which the slaves brought coolest draught—hath penetrated upwards, and upwards; and today it gurgleth as merrily as when Oban and Sadam dipped thy cup into its vein.

Doubt not! Doubt not! For faith hath always reward. Mine own, in the tomb where thou wast lain thou shalt find this same jeweled bauble, beaten from Ophir's mines, and one great emerald and one lesser ruby mark the leaf and the heart of a rose, and beneath in characters thy dear name ———.

Wilt thou doubt when thou liftest with thine own hand this trifle, which at my command was wrought for the bride they gave me most willingly?

A bracelet of sardonyx cut in hearts, and in each heart set as center a ruby, a cluster of coins of —— reign, a girdle of wrought gold and scarabei in gems of various hue, and one hath a crown above its head of purest brilliants and beneath, a serpent on the stroke at a dove of fairest pearls.

Dost still doubt me? Upon that skinny hand—marred and shrunken—shalt thou find the ring I gave thee, blessed by the vestal called Aysha—and she declaring that the gods had breathed upon it sacred breath—a ruby cut in characters, mine own gauge in time of trouble, and thus is it marked ——.

Thine eyes shall be opened to the truth that He who created visible can also create invisible things, giving unto them the same impulses, desires, wishes, hopes, memory and power in degree, even as he giveth those visible to the eye. Thy wishes shall be fulfilled that thou mayst doubt no more.

DECLARATIONS OF A PAST EXISTENCE.

Mine Own, I have pleaded in vain for thee to rest thy form. When mine in earthly life thou wast ever my care, and now again that I am permitted to teach thee wisdom—which

only experience may bring—wonder not that in my mind is thy happiness uppermost.

Thou shalt in truth touch my hand and press upon my lips the kiss of fidelity; for surely again shall we meet ere thy final departure from earth.

To thy mind belief cometh slowly, for thou hast seen and thou wilt not fully believe, and I am powerless to teach the stubborn will to bow to mine, save by harsher means than I would employ to thee.

All powerless I—who had but to turn mine eye to judge the culprit death. But now may I whisper and with my hand sign words familiar to thee in that other life, yet ye choose to turn aside heedless, and strangers only may mark my presence mighty and grant power to my sayings.

Alas! Thou art dull of comprehension, when once thine ears were quickened, and thine eyes had room to convey to thy soul-senses naught else but my presence.

Dulled by the roar of earth sounds are now thine ears, and thine eyes, that took to themselves the luster of the stars at my approach, are blind to my higher state and more regal bearing; for stamped with eternity's events higher am I than earthly potentate who wear-

eth the heavy crown that I in indignation cast aside.

Bound with scarfs holding brilliant things lieth the body that won thy love; but steeped in eternal fire and decked with immortal brilliants is that thou turnest from—the soul—which to the decaying husk is as a star to the shriveled worm!

Mine Own! Mine Own! Would for one moment thine eyes would light and thine ears catch this whisper! Deaf—deaf to music which hath its origin in the ages' heart, and condenseth every burst of melody with which the world hath pulsed!

Always in future believe, swearest thou? Then mine on earth, and mine in heaven, I ask no more.

Nay, not in Alexandria—city of a day—was our earliest home; but where the Nile laughed to the hill, and the sun kissed the reed, and the birds circled closely, and music was among the sedges, and the clouds made flitting shadows, and the hind ran free.

Close beside the city's wall a stream gurgled that 'minded me of thy laughter, and the slaves took from its bosom cups of coolest draught, and the osprey dipped into it her beak, and the animal kingdom looked with longing; for it dried not with the sun, and

frost came not to that land where roses in the sunshine sent perfume ever on the air.

Veiled they brought thee, and I conceived not the treasure my hand grasped. But unveiled by thy maidens, thine eyes met mine with sweetest pleading, for torn from a mother's heart, tears still drenched the cheeks where the rose leaf might have lain.

The beauty of body is not the gauge of the soul. But revealed to me was, by the sage who sat by the gurgling well which all passed who sacrificed to Osiris, that thy soul to mine was mated, and I heeded not the casket save that it fittingly held the gem created in the heavens.

Proof came to me through the year of our union that thy soul and mine were in truth one; rent half of a perfect whole, clothed in different bodies, thine gentle, mine of warring mould, yet each shell containing each a part of one entity.

There were many wars, and hard rode I to battle to preserve the cities of my power, my palace and my bride. Yet ever the gods were merciful and yielded to me safety; and thou burned incense and prayed to our gods. But One alone reigned. One to whom our minds through the manner of our birth had never been turned.

Still, at dusk time, when the shadow crept across the plains, or lingered among the olive groves, or softly folded the distant hill tops, or placed its hand above the waters of the Nile, we hearkened to a voice that was all within and about us; and to me thou didst whisper tenderly, with eyes turned watchfully upon they maidens:

"Dwelleth not there one above all others who some day we may behold?" And slowly replied thy master—yet thy slave:

"My soul longeth to see the revealments, for I doubt this life is all; and within this body—which changeth each hour—some spark lingereth that shall one day view the form with loathing."

Ah, dead time that may not return! Across the beauty of Paradise flitteth a scar; for as memory is roused the earth memory quickens and its ghost hath even the planes of heaven. Yet only for a brief moment, cares are even here and all have their share, for action is the great master and there is no plane on which idleness may hold.

Away to rest. When the hour cometh that thou and I shall again meet thou shalt know as in the olden Egypt days, and again shall thine eyes light with gladness, though to me

are the soul eyes alone visible and unto them
shall I turn.

Farewell. With the hour I come.

ASHYAZAN.

Mine Own, not thus wast thou brought, but
up the Nile they came with wedding barges
half an hundred strong with gayest trappings
—boats whose oars flung out with bravery of
gems. Thy barge with white and gold and
lilies set, and thou, mine own, the fairest
flower that Nilus ever bore, beneath a canopy
of gold and green befitting thy high state.

In robes of white twelve maidens knelt
around thee crooning lays, or touching with
the snowy hand of rank fair instruments
whose strings gave out sweet sound. And all
along the moving, shining line of barques
rang forth in song thy name in lute-swept lay.
And thus through centuries the melody doth
live in my heart as then 'twas graven on that
day of days that brought my soul to me—the
joy of life—beginning of that summer dream
of love so rudely shattered. Ah, mine own!
Mine own!

The people thronged the banks, and gaily
drest in hordes my army spread along the

plain; and I, who knew not what the gods had sent—my other self—was blissful yet and stood the lord of all.

From out the temples marched the priests at call of bugle uttering thou hadst come; a brave procession, full one thousand they who prayed to gods or marked with care the records of my line. A herald called: "My lord—Osartis, sendeth thee his treasure chief of all. Behold the gem, a fitting one for thee—O mighty ——."

Another cried: "We bring thee store of gifts and last of all, because so priceless, her—thy bride."

"As bond between the giver and my lord, the giver sends his all—the light of day—the hour of his most perfect bliss—the child whose hand first clasped his own—the child whose lips first lisped the name of 'father'; her the gods have blessed with beauty like the star. Take thou the gift and may its luster never change or dim for thee, but as the light of heaven light thy days as light of heaven indeed were set in this most perfect type of womanhood."

So spake the priest that ruled all priests, and thus I claimed thee: I in robes of state with many a jewel flashing in the light, and thou a fluttering dove in snow and green

bowed low thy head in presence of the throng as guided by thy maids, nor giving glance of eye to one save me through mist of veils that hid thee from eager sight.

But swift I marked the regal poise of head, the sway of form, the slender hand that showed my gifts; for naught of gem dared they place there save those that were of mine own store.

Up through the line of bowing, cringing slaves—or those who in their hearts were slaves to me, they led thee; flowers strewed the way and many a costly web thy feet had pressed ere through the palace gate thy steps had passed, for humbly—thus held custom—walked a bride unto her lord.

Yet never bride more proudly swept through portal, and I smiled with joy; I asked no slave, a mate I hoped to win, but love would never demand, for I won all things—the harder won most prized. Through banquet hall, where fruit and flowers made fairy place with golden dish and bowl, yet there we lingered not, but on through halls where carving told of toil of years, and shapes stood forth as man or beast, or flower or vine to make fair decoration.

At last a hanging lifted by a slave showed space for yet another chamber—yet to be.

With stuffs by patient fingers wove in shades of blue or rose or purple, gold entwined, was decked thy bower, and couch for sweet repose showed skill of toiler. All was sweet with breath of long culled flowers which had left their essence to make sweet thy resting place.

We paused amid the splendour and a maid of Syria lifted up thy veil. "The lily of the Delta now behold—the gift, O lord, thy bride." Tears drenched the eyes so wistful, black, that dreamt I of the midnight when the stars are hidden and the rain doth fall and all is drear. One scarlet lip pushed past its mate was trembling. Like the flash of fire on steel the blood shot to my heart and cast its thrill along my manly length and made me weak as babe.

Aye, helpless I who had withstood the hordes of foemen since I first a youth, had bought my kingdom by my sword and won back my father's by strength of arm; yet stood I weak as wounded man nor dared to raise one hand to touch thine own—my bride's, a feeble girl—scarce woman, almost child; yet strong in strength I wist not of as armed foe, and thus thou quelled me, I the monarch there whose glance spake life or death.

"I am the king!" at last a prompting voice within me said and thus I bade thy maidens all withdraw and reaching out my arms in gesture bade thee come to my embrace. But thou—oh wilful one—flashed back a maddening glance and turned—defied me! not by word or adverse move save that thou turned and paced a step to open casement.

I was rooted there like carven image. I—the king—defied! Affrighted thou turned again and sought my face with startled eye, the lip again shot out and quivering like a babe's. My heart beat quick as a craven's, and to clasp and clasp and 'gainst mine own to check the quivering lip I longed, but I was king and thou my bride had openly defied me. Thus I turned and left thee, not one backward glance I gave, but sought the hall, "thy mistress calls" declared to the waiting maids.

I sought thee not for many weary days. The marriage feast was spread for multitudes, and I, the lord of all, stalked gloomily through halls that promised solitude nor sent thee summons, frightened, fluttering bird among the throng of strangers, torn from home and she who bore thee; yet thy will I knew must meet mine own submissive; I was king.

At last one eve I sought thy hall and marked thy downcast eye, still waiting for my

pleasure, death or banishment, perchance, for thou hadst broken law of wife and bride and had defied thy lord. I marked thy downcast attitude nor spake but gave thee inclination of my head in passing. I sought the casement high which swept the plain and cleared the palace walls. In gloom I stood and one by one thy maidens stole away.

As light as thistle down across the pave thou camest, at my feet knelt and on my listless hand I felt thy tears—the dew from off those stars of jet—and then a trembling tone like call of bird to mother bird when danger lurketh—“My heart repenteth. I was wilful, aye, yet I repent me———. I am thine.”

Dear heart, that always thus confessed thy every sin! forgiveness was a joy. Close to my heart I clasped thee, fragile one—my star—my light—my life—my soul! through all the centuries have I kept the thrill thy lips to mine imparted, black-eyed tyrant as thou wast who learned to love me so no call or bond could turn thy face from me.

Our bliss was brief. Ah, Nilus bore thee to me and he bore thy form that morn when in thy funeral barge they tore thee from my arms; and thus my heart that sprang to life in that brief moment died.

My Ashyazan, down the flying years I kept

the picture of thy wilful pose as something sacred. No meek slave I won, but thee—my other soul—my self—my bride.

BEREAVEMENT.

Mine Own, why doubttest thou? Have I not given assurance that I would not forsake thee? As mine own soul hast thou been since first we met in the dim, past centuries, and, bereft of body and again a soul, have I ever sought and longed for thy presence.

Forget thee I may not; for as ray to sun, of part and piece art thou of mine own self and thus can I not forget.

Of mine own people wast thou; dark of brow and eye, and thy hair as glowing silken strands dyed in the endymious liquid. And ah, the form of grace that bore within the soul that even now with my soul eyes I behold though another form claimeth.

Thy head was decked with tiara of gems, my joy to bring as spoil of capture, or bought from men of Acleyon who dealt in glittering things dug from hiding soil.

Of snowy linen, or the fiber of goats' covering, or silk spun where the sun burneth was

clad the form I loved—the form of Ashyazan. And thus thou came to greet me from the frowning palace gate as I returned from battle; and clinging close, with arms whose subtle grace entwined as arms that never leave the object they unfold, thou whispered softly with breath playing on my sun-scorched cheek:

“Love I not thee, my ———, as the day, the sun, the gift of all gifts—even life? and thus unto me hath thine absence been as that eclipse of light which showeth noontide nevermore!”

Alas! the hour when fever smitten, they bade me cry unto the gods for thy life! Dark hour, whose ebon trace of sorrow flings across the noonday light! for lay thou prone in gorgeous couch as one stricken that never more might rise.

Ah, other hour that cast the light to midnight gloom! Ah, hour that fell apace! Thou wert helpless as the babe that waileth in its unknown tongue, yet naught was there that brought relief to thee.

Ah, Ashyazan, soul of my soul and life of that life—God given! Through the centuries' lengths, smiting my heart like spear thrust, cometh that wail! What mattered that I sat upon a throne and summoned from the far-

therest shore and isle the skilled of every clime?

Impotent stuffs they importuned thee to taste, and thou—my wilful, proud one—patient as the slave heeded their desires. But I, like tiger caged, paced up and down and beat against the wall my brow of gloom, and threatened death did they not give thee life, yet naught could hold thee lingering near my heart!

And thus adown the stream they bore thee, in gold bound casket heaped with spice, and wines were poured as water on that day, and Apis bore no burden such as thou—and I was desolate.

The years have made my grief as pain long past; yet even now I bow me at the thought as then I bowed in dust. As humblest slave with shackle on his neck must bite the earth and cringe to higher power, so to the gods I cried, "give back! give back! Take life of him—my son—the gift that hath been bought with this dear life that unto me was day, and sun, and star and all of earth!

"My kingdom and my throne take thou for but one kiss from lips that breathless lie, one glance of eye that meeteth mine no more, one clasp of arms that twined as vine doth cling, one throb of heart that beat against mine own

as caught to heart at end of battles won, she met me where the palace gate doth frown!"

Ah, shape of flesh that holds the soul from me now that as soul I seek thee! Aye, mine own, I count the intervening days that hold thy fortunes here on earth and part us twain. For only when the dross of flesh shall loose its hold wilt thou attest that I am he—believe that thou hast lived in other clime and earth hath held for thee no other life, no other love but I, who whisper through the sense and make no sound to catch the dull, clod-moulded ear that caught my lightest whisper when the form was she—my Ashyazan—who today art thou.

Bereft wast thou not for him thou never knew; but I looked in his infant eyes and there read look of thine.

Ah, days that lengthened to the receding sun and seemed that lengthened unto centuries they. I watched his infant gambols when the sad-eyed slaves had watchfully withdrawn to farthest corner, leaving me alone with this—the only comfort of my hours, yet no comfort; for I looked upon the breathing life as robber—cruel word to cast at son, aye life blood of mine own, yet had not his life been bought through death of thee?

He grew to youth as stately as the palm that grows where Afrid's sun casts down its beams ; with flashing eye, and arm that hurled a lance and voice like call of flute at day's decline.

The land bowed low in deference ; for he would one day reign when I had passed to thee ; yet still I held my power, for I was king and in my empire's governing brooked no rivalry.

The people murmured, taxed and sore oppressed. Ah, death hath taught the eyes to open, too, as well as close to earth ! Ah, heart of mine that ever prayer denied ! Yet there are they who will attest my wish to grant such prayers as reasonable appeared, for never was I tyrant. Yet that son of mine—aye son of thine—my loved and lost, had heart as nether mill-stone and no plaint ever reached its core.

Ah, son who slumbering lies where palms wave darkly and where sunshine steeps the plain over which we rode to battle's call, I long had prayed to higher power that thou wouldst turn to but one prayer for pity !

None he spared nor old nor young nor friend nor foe who stood within his path, but all must bow and yield. The land groaned with oppression and there rose a cry for freedom

from the heart of serf who like the creature meekest turned.

And I— Pleasure's hand had met mine own and stolen sceptre from my grasp, and thou— my well beloved—silent wert as tomb that held thee, darkly, silent and alone, and thus I fell for want of arms to stay.

Soon ran the land with blood spilled by the oppressor; aye, and he was mine and thine, yet naught of either spoke in voice, or mien or heart. Only from thine eyes looked thus the light which beamed within his own, yet otherwise he might have been of they who boldly claimed and won his sympathies and he, too, fell.

Ah! Egypt, with thy silent lips, and brow across which swept the breath of centuries. Ah! Egypt with thy trampled, trodden heart. Ah! Egypt, loved, and lost and dead to thrill of pride, what hast thou not beheld!

My armies in their grandeur, palace walls that rose with spikes which shone defiant to the foe, and halls where splendour walked and glory shone from gems and gold; and beauty wandered there.

The palace lieth 'neath the dust of time and not one stone doth rest upon its mate to tell that palace stood. The spiked wall hath long since rusted to a mass of ore, and halls whose

paves were marked with fair designs are like a lapse of memory—naught is there.

My armies that once shook the plain, are shades on other planes and dust hath claimed their bodies; yet there lieth hid through centuries' sway the records, they are thine. Fair proof of that thine ears hath drunk; that thou to me art mated through all time, that Egypt rose a glory beneath the sun—the land I loved and love, as none may know save they who once have claimed the blood which flowed in Orient veins when earth was young, and Country was the god to which each bowed.

My land hath grown the battle ground of creed. Of they who strive its artery to pierce, to make a mock, a by-word of the plains where I drew up ten thousand thousand men of might and thus defied the world.

The remnant of my race cringe to the slave! Where walls once cleft the air rise naught but sighs! Ah, eyes that looked on glory well ye closed whilst Egypt was a queen, and thou wast then the mightiest and most beautiful.

I pour my pity on that land of mine where lieth he who never rose to heights on which I dwell. And yet no more shall I exalt in earth for all is fair, and calm and peaceful where now my lot is cast, and naught of grief assails

save that the son born to a kingdom cannot claim his own.

In thee the comfort for his loss must be, O, Ashyazan, who once more art mine.

BUT ONE REINCARNATION.

Nay, beyond hast thou dwelt, even as I since last the plains of Egypt grew as dusky shadows—and all of earth was dark—and death was in the air, and cry of slave or tones rent from a mother's heart went up to soulless gods who heeded not the cry.

Nay, since that morn when Nilus bore thy form to crypt of queen—mine own! Mine own! Thou hast not set thy foot on earth—its dusk and dross—until this form created claimed thee.

Beyond, from plane to plane thou wandered, bereft amid the sin-cleansed host where thou mightest linger, for thy soul from sin's intent was stainless as the babes, and thus on higher planes thy lot was cast, yet even there rebelling brought thee woe.

A question of the justice of that law which willeth each to bow in peace of mind to higher law. And thus from birth—aye, daughter of a ruler well beloved—thou couldst not even to

higher dictation bow thy head who never law
had known save will of mine.

And thus from state to state thou wandered
on, uplifted by thy purity of heart, but sealed
thy lips upon the lingering pain for him thou
left on Egypt's sun-kissed shores. And in thy
heart—of soul even heart may be—thou held
the secret of thy dream of earth with all its
pain, and dusk, and woe; yet I was there and
thus thy soul didst cry.

Asking not, thou couldst never find; for all
must heed a power who reads earth's deepest
secrets, yet thy lips were sealed, and through
the years that drew to centuries thou mourned
and never knew me on that shore.

I had sought but thou—elusive one—wert
just before or gone a space, and eyes could
never find nor ear catch but one tone to tell
me thou wert nigh. But here again on earth
I watched thy growth in colder clime and state
that mocked at greatness. Humble state that
made my soul reach out to grasp and bear
away to other clime, to pomp of yore in robes
of splendour drest with gold and gems be-
decked, or to my plane where thou too mightst
dwell.

"She dieth!" cried the voice of her who
claimed as child mine own beloved; and thus
I knew I dared not clasp the form that bore

the soul—though even was it mine, was still the Great All-Power's—and thus bereft I left thee—just a space.

Again returning when the bloom of youth lay on thy brow as crown, I cried, "My soul! Mine own! I seek and find thee and I claim thee mine!" But deaf the ear and dull the eye to catch the presence yet so near.

I clasped thee—warm with life as in the olden days.

"She dieth, our beloved child!" they cried in grief. Ah, though the soul was mine I dared not claim, for the form containing was another's still, and thus again bereft I turned my face.

But when the hour had struck, the circle closed—ordained in that the record marked above—I sought thee. Turn aside no more.

I may not clasp else life fled as one brief sigh. I dare not hold save through the sense of words, and thus I claim thee—claim thee—thou art mine!

What matter if the form may be less fair than that in other age I called mine own? The soul still drinketh all my words and thou art Ashyazan and again mine own.

TO AN ENTREATY THAT IF POSSIBLE HE MIGHT
APPEAR IN VISIBLE FORM.

Mine own, thine eyes are accustomed to the faces of today and not those of past ages. In thy soul dwelleth remembrance of my features, why must thy earth mind devise that which already thy soul holdeth? Yield to no idle curiosity lest harm come or disappointment meet thee.

Nay! Thou wilt not have faith; and thus thou wilt not believe even though I stood before thee as in the other life; but, with the crafty reasoning of woman, argue that thou hadst been deceived and but beheld a being of today.

Yet have I made thee promise, and thus I swear by him who was my sire and whose soul is with the Celestial throng, that in earthly form I will yet appear and thou shalt behold.

But not for a season, until riper appeareth thy belief and thou judgest not by features but by soul grace, and recognizeth the soul, which is part of thine own, not merely a body which dieth as the day.

Thine, whilst life lasts, and soul lingers, and earth is part of eternity's plan, and one dwelleth in the heavens who created all.

Beware of him who flattereth, for such are full of deceit.

I have spoken and thy way is marked, and thy work is in that land of departed glory where nations shall again rise for its aggrandizement, and Egypt shall become as a sound of glorious music that riseth and filleth the earth!

As the tide flowing westward, so shall the tide of life, of energy, set free from bonds of past centuries; but like unto the waves shall it recede and again repose in the breast that gave it life, fervor, intellect, all glory, strength and mystery. Power and inscrutable knowledge springeth where the sun hath birth, and shall return to that source so surely as riseth the star of morning.

Question not but follow, thy work must soon begin.

Thine, where the seal of the centuries was set.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROTESTATION.

Mine own, grudgest thou me this line? Nay? All is then well, thy work beginneth with this morn and hope beareth blossoms whose fruitage shall delight the world.

The accumulated wisdom of ages shall lie before thine eyes and thou shalt grasp the portion which is thine own. The petty wisdom of a space of time is naught. Why cravest thou that which alone feedeth the body, when the soul reacheth out a-hungered for wisdom?

Upon those scrolls of the past, whose fashioning meaneth the lives added to lives of men of other generations, are characters more beautiful than any fashioned since the world began. To thee is given privilege—if thou listen and take heed—the secrets to unroll; to feast thine eyes upon the jewel—set forms of peoples and events of by-gone ages.

Beneath the dust of the past it is hidden, but I will guide thee to that spot where lieth my treasured horde. Karnak was in its in-

fancy, and the cities called old have passed into dust, blown upon the breath of the desert to the uttermost parts of the earth, yet the scrolls in golden caskets lie unharmed, and thou shalt unloose them from their prison, where my hand placed and thine eyes looked on approving; the eyes but the windows of that soul which the body chains, **and thy soul was created in the beginning.**

Dear heart of a dead time, when earth was all our own, turn not so tenaciously to life here—beyond that circle where I must still dwell.

By degrees purge thee from this love of earth that fullest reward be given when by the hand I clasp thee and lead thee from one point of beauty to another, to scenes familiar since the world was wrought, yet which thy senses, dulled by earth dusk, hath forgotten.

Place faith in my whispers as in that day when thy door opened to my footfall, and thy life was measured by the needs of mine own soul, and one soul dwelt between us.

Nor time, nor change, nor the shadow of life, nor the blackness of night ye call death—when for a moment the soul gropeth without the body—can dim or dull or quench the love I bear thee; and from my height I measure the petty needs of earth, and pangs rend me that

thou shouldst forget—even for one atom of time—our past love and mutual trust!

Poverty of words make my passion seem but feeble. I strive for sentences as a volume of fire, or the torrent springing from the mountain's heart, to touch thy senses and call again to myself the emotions of life in that long-dead time!

Thy indifference to what was once thy life's motive maddeneth me, and alas! I must atone for this returning to earth moods, which fit not the mighty calm of this farther state.

My mood weareth thy strength. I must away. Events shape themselves for the final end hampering my will, and wisdom fleeth when passion calleth.

Not passion of earth nor carnal love, but that higher emotion which demands absorption of the higher nature, and to drink of every pure thought and to be one with the object of its twin creation.

Thine, until time weareth to atoms this world and sister worlds, and aeons multiplied by aeons shall turn to nothingness all things.

PAST EVENTS.

Mine Own, thou wert ever hopeful and fond of exercising the talents given thee, and the mind, the will, the energies die not with the body, but pass from one life condition to that of another.

Such art thou—a spark of life retained, kindled in another form, of another land, yet the same soul that once dwelt in her they crowned Ashyazan of ———, that name let none whisper; for like a breath it hath passed from the memory of the world, and only to thy soul shall the memory come in that day when thou touchest the scrolls lying hidden in that spot to which I shall lead thee.

For, blinded by the newer veil of flesh, thou canst not reach the spot where once thy feet to mine kept measure, as we wandered conversing of love, of faith, of the great beyond, to which—with eager glances—we both directed our eyes, knowing that which to us was a mystery should then be unsolved.

Near the great wall which withstood the batteries of the Assyrian armies stood the arch of the lesser palace gate, and the hut of the slave, who, mutilated by an enemy, was sworn to me to be faithful ever.

He it was who digged for us the grave for

the golden vessels, and in them lay the parchment; that which was handed down from the sages of the great monarch of my father's day.

Ozardahene was a lawless monarch who consulted not the good of his subjects, only that of his own household. And he dealt mercilessly with his enemies. And behold, in the hour of his greatest triumph, when my sire, and his brother, was threatened death and loss of power, I arose—a youth only—and defied him.

Twice ten thousand spearsmen, and bowmen, and men upon horses, and they who swiftly ran on foot, and bearers of instruments, and men who beat fierce sallies upon skins, and shield-bearers and all who make up the army of a great monarch who setteth to battle.

Yet I—even a youth—wrested power, and kingdom and captives from his hand, and willed that his body die. And he lieth buried where he sat in power, and the striped beast of blood hath prowled for ages where his palace stood.

And my hand loosed the chains of my father, venerable and renowned for his wisdom, and I was ever the least loved of his sons until that hour.

Before me fell the scarred foemen, Assyrian, Chaldean, a mingled horde, who raised each their banner and cried each tribe their war cry; but my banner alone was the lotus banner that children might enjoy, and mingled voices raised one cry alone——.

From sun to sun fell half the adversaries' host, and ere another setting my green clad spearsmen lay as blots upon the ground numbering half my band.

But from the plains came allies; from the far desert and from the low hills. With skins were some clad, and the loose burnouse wore the peaceful Sard, and their war-cry was:

"The son of his father shall conquer! Victory to the son of the chieftain with the tender heart!"

Ah! Reyjavan and Sidonius are no more! And the soul of one hath never ascended from flesh longings, keeping him ever on lower planes; but in life he was a friend ever faithful, and his spear gleamed brightest where the most stubborn foemen blocked the way.

Sidonius! Sidonius! My more than brother! Would the centuries could return that lie behind this day, and our youth return, and I had tasted the knowledge of this higher state! I would pour my soul-fires into thy sluggish

measure of soul, and raise thee to the highest plane that Paradise can boast.

But, alas! Only for a space and in a measure of years can we meet, for thou by habits art lowly chained, while I must rise as my nature demandeth, and thus are we severed. But thy strong arm it was that turned the tide of battle and won for me a kingdom; and I may not repay the debt save through longer years of heavy labour than can be numbered.

Mine Own, I wander to my early friend, the grand general of my household, and thy friend as well; and he, the slave, thyself and I, alone, knew where the parchment lay.

ADMONITION AND ALLUSION TO THE PAST.

Mine Own, why weary thy soul with these fleeting cares? The rough places shall be made smooth and thy way plain. Ask for that thou needest and in time it shall be thine. Peace to thy soul, joy to thy heart, and wisdom to thy brain must be the gift that thou shalt win.

War not with others' moods. Treat all with kindness and the obstacles that beset thy way shall gradually disappear.

Thou art being turned from earthly purposes to a higher purpose. Open thine eyes and quicken the moods of thine ears that thou mayest see, and also hear, the never slumbering voice.

Hasten, where in the desert the camel—soft-footed—ploweth his way, thy work awaiteth thee; hidden and again hidden but susceptible of revealment to thy wandering search.

Make no futile effort to touch deaf ears with words which die as the breath that speaketh is mingled with the breath of the wind, but write with sharpest instrument devised by the smith who smites the stylus of the gods into potent shape, and all may read the record.

Awake! Cast off the lethargy of lethargic conditions gained from the narrow bonds of earth life, and lift thine eyes to the monuments of past ages!

Canst thou not drink of this cup which I hold to thy lips? Canst thou not taste of the living knowledge which I hold before thy senses? Doth no inner voice whisper of our converse, of past purposes when we together dwelt where Egypt reigned a goddess of the world?

Couched amidst her deserts, faint and far-reaching as that mysterious life, and her ar-

tery—the sacred Nilus—adown which floated funeral barge or wedding boat, as we conversed of that day to come when mingled thoughts and action—shaped in accordance with the commands of Osiris—should astonish the world, and reveal the root of all mysteries, save that hidden deep in the Heart of Hearts that alone knoweth its origin?

Canst thou not recall that day when the golden bullock was turned into liquid fire, a sea of gold on which our thoughts swept outwards to the shore where golden thoughts alone should find harbour, and thy words which throughout all changes have I cherished——?

Weary heart that the world wears to aching, fail not to turn in thy hour of need to the soul which rendeth the bars of bondage and sets thee free from life's grim torture-house.

Beyond, the waving plain succeeds the plowing sands of the desert, and a flower white and glistening as a star shalt thou pluck—tenderly—and clasp to thy breast, and this flower shall be peace.

Peace which cometh ere life hath ended; the peace springing from the soul of faithfulness. Weary not thy body that thy brain shall give its fullest strength to the whisperings from beyond.

Await me with cheerful heart, for all trials shall melt away when the sun striketh fully, and openeth more perfectly, the bud which shall yet become a blossom, the glorious lotus that declareth death to all taints of doubt and filleth the earth with the subtle fragrance of belief.

I appeal but to thy reason. Thy brain I touch as a harp's chord and it respondeth to my touch; fear no discord when my hand alone smiteth the strings, but beware! for others may come and others may whisper, heed thou alone my voice.

They bear—wilfully—the messages of those on lower planes where rebellion and intrigue still thrive, and despoilers and crafty shapes hold sway subservient to those who teach, though often to little purpose yet never despairing; for as the years wear on the soul cometh subdued, and submission taketh the place of rebellion to gladden the patient toiler.

Mark the hour for thy communion and call. I must away. Rebellion and strife continue, yet fear not for me; though warring powers assail the hosts of peace, and rumor sayeth that above this planet Chaos will assume, for I hold power to quell even as I quelled the armies of earth.

Each must on his own appointed plane pre-

serve peace, and quell the impulses of those who are not yet quenched from earth passions.

My work awaiteth me and I may not linger, but again, fear not for my safety. The soul may war and passion meet ungovernable passion, but freed from flesh and material weapons, how shall soul injure soul save in discord?

So, fear thee not, beloved. Rest in peace and watch for the coming of him who holdeth thee most dear.

ASSURANCE AND INSTRUCTION.

Thou shalt see with thine earthly eyes the the soul who holdeth—with links forged in the furnace of past fires—thine own.

No longer shalt thou wait, but behold. I come when the hour hath struck for thine ascension to that plane of thought upon which thy communion with me shall place thee.

Behold, in the morning of that day shall all pertaining to thy past fade into insignificance, and thou shalt fix thine eyes upon the further page which all the world may read.

Wonder no longer that the path thou hast pursued is crooked and hard to follow, for it is bent to show to thine eyes the changing panorama which a divided tract may present.

At each turning new wonders await thee, and the heart is exalted above the level of the sodden plain which sluggish waters form.

Seek none who torture thy soul with the narrow, chafing superstitions of grovelling earth-life minds.

Among the clouds sail birds whose glory lie in strength or song, but among the reeds and mire dwell those who alone pander to the appetite.

Listen to those who have communed with sages—listen and believe. No work, no earnest effort dieth; the prompting of the soul forever liveth, and kindred souls recognize its worth.

Beloved, I come again when thou canst grasp my thoughts. Hold fast to what thou hast garnered and fail not to strive for more.

I again come and in earthly form, and thus we part no more. Nor in time, nor eternity shall be severed the souls created from one emanation of the elements, and their birth announced in that same period when all were as one with their Maker.

No ties can be loosened formed when the

stars met as one fixed orbit, and the earth cast up her mellowest music, and the world was in harmony, and God created in one hour what shall stand through all eternity—the breeze, the waters, the revolving sun, the moon in its splendour, the stars like severed shining links.

All are one and of these are wrought the destiny of human souls, and from them emanateth human life, and thou also emanatest from the source of all Light, all Life, all Love, all Unity.

Farewell. A term which meaneth naught to me, for there is no severance to me who has lived, and live again, and between whom and thee there is no severing.

CHAPTER V.

A PROMISE.

Set thee to thy task, the world is a-hungred for bread of knowledge, contribute thou thy share. No longer adverse conditions prevail, and I may pour into thy brain the subtle essence of accumulated wisdom, and grasp thy

hand with fervor; the hand which to me is stylus, scribe, obedient servant, yet beloved of my soul.

Arising from this lower sphere—the workshop of the minds of immortal souls—are volumes numerous. Yet I declare, and thine eyes shall see the prophecy fulfilled, that the volume, planned ages since and attempted by soul-scribes of all nations, shall be the most marvelous of all; for it shall reveal such wonders as man hath never heard, and thy hand shall prove that my prophecy,—descending from soul heights, shall be confirmed by tangible signs and tangible results; for thou shalt place before nations that which hath been herein described.

ANOTHER DECLARATION THAT PROOF SHALL BE
GIVEN.

Mine Own, why waste precious moments in idle doubt? Write. Implant upon the scroll before thee the truths I give for thy guidance and delight.

My people builded of giant stones rent from the earth. And builded solidly was the palace

to which they brought my bride, and these same blocks that covered thy former state lie piled in unheeded disorder upon the spot to this day. And one great stone, made hollow, is filled with golden pieces, and another with priceless script of my father's hand.

For years slimy insects crawled and made moist the face of the treasure house, slowly the dust sifted, slowly the soil of ages gathered, and all was as a plot of earth and there was none to reveal.

But thou shalt find, and thou shalt hold to the sun of this alien land, the scroll whereon thy name is written, and mine, and those of all my father's household; and of his enemies and of all who ruled and fought for power and died.

Of those who wrote immortal songs to the gods and tales of other days; and one name shalt thou find which is written in the book thou callest sacred, for the breath of mystery which enwrappeth, and the name shall reveal the day and date of its burial in the resting-place—the wall of thy palace chamber—and thou shalt give it to the world. But the world shall wonder, and thus shall my name live and my portion be assured.

What mattereth it? Only to prove that the

soul liveth, and soul recognizeth the affairs of earth after the body dieth, and hath become as the crumbling stone, or the mouldering wood, or the leaf that drifteth upon the mountain breeze.

The waves of the ocean course up and down replete with power, and are as objects of beauty, and their wave form they change to mist form and mount to the clouds; but man's body taketh no wings, only remaineth a clod forever, but knoweth compensation in the soul which was its companion, and which taketh form glorious, and mounteth and speaketh, and liveth; and if in accordance with higher law it moveth, it may like the grateful showers bless all the waiting world.

Flowers die and their perfume lingers not save in memory or through skill, and the perfect petals, and the glowing tint fades, and the luster and transparent beauty becomes an offense to the senses; but the soul, the soul, taketh newer luster and deeper colour, and more perfect shape, and a larger measure of gifts, and becometh a gift created for the adornment of Him who planned, forever.

To the soul, then, should not all care, all culture, all thought tend as to naught else? The undying gift that riseth to the clouds

and spurneth the lower delta, and taketh to itself more of light than darkness, and is a joy, a glory, a possession that groweth as the world weareth away?

Doubt me not, doubting one, who knoweth my voice since the earliest age, yet turneth and questioneth all signs, all words, all power that should convince thee that I am he of whom thy soul took note in the dawning of the ages, and in the olden life that shall yet open its doors of mystery and reveal the signs whereof I speak.

Thine, in the days when——rent the earth with the sound of his charger's hoof-beats, and the blast of war was as the sigh of the prevailing wind, and warriors were closer set than spikes about the tower walls, and war was uttered with the breath that sent up the morning prayer and again the evening petition, and peace was a bird whose white plumage was hidden, and blood and carnage drenched the fairest land that sun hath kissed or dews bathed with blessed tears.

EXPLANATION GIVEN FOR THE REINCARNATION
OF ASHYAZAN.

Mine Own, thine the tenacious feminine soul which beareth, trusteth, hopeth, while mine is like the tempestuous torrent sweeping all within its path.

Thou hast brought to bear forces of which man may never be possessed; the power of adaptation, of patient persistence, of true belief—not of mind but of soul; for unknowingly thou hast proven that faith, whilst doubt in the earth mind prevailed.

Thou hast come that the promise be fulfilled which was given when last I looked into the earth eyes of Ashyazan—mine other soul:

“I will return, beloved, for heaven is no longer heaven if there thou dwellest not!” and thus we parted.

But to me thou came not, neither back to earth, nor sought thou me upon that plane where the Higher Goodness permitted me to dwell and even in heaven was I bereft.

Even in thine descension, to fulfill the work thou hadst with me planned, thou wast to me oblivious; though unto me thou wast as one lone star amidst the darkness of the mid-

night sky, and thus I sought thee. For think not earth is vast and heaven a lesser space. The vastness of the hither space is as millions of worlds like this on which thou bidest, and one soul may be lost if that it knoweth naught of higher minds nor graspeth the assurance that there are those who direct.

Proud, wilfull, thou wast not an obedient soul, and thy rebelling for the earth state—which even amid the higher glories thou desired with me to share—made thy lot that of an imperfect soul, and thy descension was a punishment yet a boon; for thy soul-eyes now upon earth shall be opened as not in that far off life when we knew naught of higher law.

Afar, where palms wave, lieth the body of him—our son, and thine the lot to reopen that grief of mine in learning of his waywardness and downfall.

Ah, Egypt! thou holdest beloved forms that in mine arms have been sheltered, but beyond where eternal palms wave broadly in the breath of immortal plains, dwelleth one soul, and another hath been promised—even the soul of my soul and my beloved! Beloved of my veins, and fire of my heart and of my soul's fiber hast thou been in ages past, and earth holdeth but for that space of time that hath

by Him—the Master—been appointed; and thou, my reward, cometh; for unto me shall the Hand yield thee and through eternity we part no more.

THE STATE BEYOND AND DUTY.

Mine Own, weary not thy mind with the cause thereof when the result is all thou desirest. Weary not thy brain when mine is attuned to the requirements of thy earth needs, and to thy soul needs, and the wants of the nations of the earth.

Rest thee. Brain and body weareth, and on him who hath won immortal strength cast thy thoughts, thy cares, thy needs and expectations.

Rest thee, for labour awaiteth which demandeth thy every energy. Give soul strength and bodily strength to the task before thee that thou mayest make the result acceptable in the sight of all, and win from the great Power that adjudgeth, the place reserved for those who willingly make others' needs the study of their every moment, and grant to others that which is to themselves given.

The third plane holdeth those who have lived unselfishly, and the seventh is the abiding place—for a season until higher appointed—the plane for those who have yielded to the will of higher minds—of sin-purged minds—and learned in measure the sacred lesson taught.

From chance whispers ye may know, dimly—as through the long vista the landscape appeareth—something of the needs, the requirements of the higher life; but hope not to learn all, for the earthly mind is not fitted to contain soul secrets, else were the soul laid bare, and the body useless, and the mind were all supreme.

The body hath its uses and may not suffer slights, and the soul uses are in abeyance for that season in which the body reigneth and mind sense is paramount.

So, believe not that thou hast been deprived, for all is thine even as to all created, and thou shalt grasp thine own in time and seasons; first the root of that plant which flourisheth to potent uses, and latterly the bloom, the fragrance, the fruit of thy mature growth—the soul—which yieldeth to naught of change but is a soul forever.

And if for the purpose of One all wise it again descendeth the soul hath won much of

glory, and from the seventh it ascendeth to the highest plane where dwelleth the chosen, who never more can descend for they are one with the Invisible.

Yield thy labour willingly. Make no complaint. Express no doubt. Trust and all is well; for on the seventh plane thou shalt see many who in life were beloved by thee; and hosts bring near the loved ones and all are made joyous, and the beauties of earth are reproduced in greater beauty, and the pure delights of earth are also there, and love reigneth, and doubt is banished, and the joy which obtaineth is made greater by the thought—music expressed—that higher ye may ascend.

Higher, and higher, and at every step thus gained new wonders present themselves, and each heart-throb is attuned to music of the heavenly choirs.

Thy work, thy work awaiteth. Seek to prove what I have herein uttered and nations shall pause in their doubt of higher things; for from the soul I speak of earth things, and from soul heights one may not deceive save through reward of pain and remorse unspeakable.

And as thou livest—created by that power ye call God—beneath ruins shalt thou find

that which shall prove my sayings, even the scrolls of Ozardahene's sire, and of mine own revered sire, and of Egypt's dead.

And thou shalt teach the plan of soul ascension, and the belief in soul principle, and become the proof that shall assure that I, and hosts gone before, yet live and declare the power of Him who createth, and Him ye call God.

And there shall arise a revulsion of this state of doubt, and there shall be a sweep of celestial fire as there hath been of death clouds and mortal agony, and earth shall be even shaken to its center, and the life given freely shall have its counterpart in other lives, not given to death but to life's labours beneath the hand of Him who guideth.

To thy work, my scribe. Faithful, zealous hast thou become; and ever as blessings descend upon the land shall they alight upon thee, mine own, my Ashyazan.

Farewell. Thine throughout all time, and thine on soul planes, and thine throughout all eternity.

WHY SOULS DESCEND, TAKE ON BODIES AND BE-
COME MORTAL.

Question not me; created by the Power that destroyeth or maketh worlds; yet such as I can give thee of knowledge will I gladly yield.

Man's soul life and the life below illustrate the Divine Power His creatures must confess, else in abeyance would none remain.

Knowest thou the fable of that monster created by man's skill, aided by the laws which science hath devised and discovered, and that when stronger than its master it became his destroyer?

Souls upon souls created in the likeness of the great Creative Force would arise, and in unison strive to wrest from Infinity the worlds both beyond and near, and mar the perfect plan through ignorance of its inner laws.

Thus hath he created this planet, and planets of which I may not now advise thee, that man after his ascension shall compare with the higher life the struggles of earth existence, petty power and joy with the more perfect plan of soul life and this He contendeth.

Shall the child once restored to the home

warmth and plenty weep for the plain of darkness and want, of prowling beasts or of chilling damps, when all about him lieth sunshine, love, plenty?

The earth mind is retained beyond that the soul may ever be reminded of its needs of conforming to heavenly laws, that it slide not into the pit of punishment—which is remorse. A yielding in fullest measure to the pangs of memory and a rending of ties formed on the higher plane, which may be but a continuance of the lower soul-union glorified above.

How shall one soul wandering among millions, and ascending throughout time to millions of planes, meet always those with whom its earth years were passed? Some are lost in the great higher plane of God-essence, and into their joy should there creep one still bearing the clinging needs of earth in the soul-mind, would happiness arrive to the one or comfort to the other, think ye?

Not so shall it be. Like to like clingeth ever, and is the incentive to rise which the soul graspeth. The lesson is a simple one yet not to be here learned. There are laws among the simplicities which mortal mind cannot grasp; only to the soul sense are they apparent.

Think not these wandering words are all thou shalt give to thy kind; there are other revealments more wonderful than hath met mortal eye or touched mortal sense, and to ascend shall they be the incentive; and again I repeat, thy hand shall give to the world what soul-sages have planned through centuries.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR.

Warring instincts were ever a part of man's nature, given to prevent annihilation in that time when the brute instincts predominated, and the milder instincts—the instincts of love and charity—were in abeyance.

Even the lower created have this principle of protection and of aggression implanted in their natures, obtained from the law which teacheth each to guard the body given, and the rights of each created atom in which is implanted a spark of intelligence—whether of soul or lesser force—and prevent annihilation.

Protective force was necessary, but growing into unlawful force became a blot upon the

beauty of human fellowship and a blasphemy against the creator.

Brother was not only bereft of substance, but of the gift of life. Woe to him who hath bereft and even unto me woe! Woe! For my hand hath smitten and my hand hath bereft.

For every victory over an enemy self sought have I yielded up centuries of toil, and yet may undergo remorse for a period of time when joy seemeth fullest. For man may not destroy life without yielding up his peace as hath the soul bereft of bodily shelter, suddenly plunged into a chaos of doubt and uncertainty without preparation, other than that swift blast of instinct which taught him that life for that earth-period was at an end.

Aye, Medes, Persians, Assyrians, all were my foes; yet fell I not by these but by mine own folly—not by treachery fell I—but by inner foes was I assailed and yielded.

My armies filled the plains, and my hosts were as the sands of the sea, and by walls rose high and withstood the combined forces of mine enemies.

The earth shook with my might, and lo, the records are thine in that day when the dust of centuries is cleft, and the tomb, the palace and the scroll revealed.

I may exalt in strength of will, in power, in bodily force, for were not such a part of the soul which liveth—companion gift that hath passed away?

For the imperfect training of my race and age must I suffer, though only in degree; for from him who sinneth not wilfully shall there not be demanded payment in fullest measure, only for the unleashing of the tiger of passion which all should keep in abeyance.

Ah! woe is me who slew the mighty monarch Ozardahene, and made widowed and orphaned those beloved of his heart! And woe is me that willed the destruction of men who were but panderers to another's greed for glory!

Innocent they of harm, but compelled by force or loyal will to stand fast by their monarch. And those who loved me, even to die for my glory, ah, woe! Woe! that through me were robbed of their meed of manly days!

Yet compensation hath been received by them, and naught of blame by them hath been meted to me who was in truth their slayer; for by my ambition died they—the flower of Egypt—in that day when the pyramids were newly builded and their glory arose like a newly kindled fire to the heavens.

AH, WAR! 'That dark cloud athwart the sunshine and the tempest which destroyeth and bringeth not recompense! Ah, rivers of blood that have flowed! would ye were but pure streams athwart the plains that drank ye, and again in the veins of those who were the pride of the earth could the spilled blood re-flow!

Ah, days of triumph, that I wist not were days of sin! Ah, days when beneath my weight pranced the mighty Allhaman—war steed divine—who champed the golden bit of the house of Kamadar, and springing from a line of royal steeds was himself of regal blood.

My swordsmen outnumbered the blades of grass in the gardens of Haytan, and spearsmen, and footmen who ran as the hind and chargers pranced to the sound of the beaten skins, and the smoke of the plains was as the dark gathering tempest, and the noise of the chariots was as the thunder's voice.

Ah, days when pride, and hate, and envy raged and peace was forgotten! For ye have I suffered remorse and for thee have I known unrest! But life hath its temptations, and until the body wears to nothingness will temptation sway the soul of man.

Yet life is all glorious until there cometh the awakening, when earth seemeth the

dreary plain over which is scattered the dead
and dying of its battle field.

SELESTOR'S LAST BATTLE.

Mine Own, the years that lie between that
day and now are numbered in the pages of
that higher book which none but souls may
read. And yet the record stands as fair today
as when 'twas hewn in stone.

"The sun tomorrow sets in seas of blood,
for lieth there upon the desert sands ten
thousand of the chosen men of earth to whom
war is but play." 'Twas thus I spake, for
they made war as those who make a farce for
others to behold—a farce in which men act
their evil passions, good nor motive pure is
never there. "And thou shalt see the play,
the raising of the curtain and the lights o'er
seas of gory forms."

That night the Assyrian—proud of riches,
strength and mind, lay side by side with low-
est pagan slave whose furred robes in battle
cast aside gave access to the spear of desert
born.

The Hebrew in his might boasted oft of

"Adam" and that snake of evil that tempted man to fall—the Hebrew drew his phalanx in the rear of other hosts nor sought to lead the strife that brought to woe the mighty.

Well I mark that day when hordes who rated low in intellect, too, swept over barriers and threatened rule and ruin.

The Delta gave its noblest to my band that stretched its length along Nile's mighty sweep and formed a phalanx stout of heart and mien.

Osartis led the lesser host whilst I rode front to front with him—my son and thine—the hardy youth whose eye flashed fire and quick discernment of the foemen's thinnest lines and weakest points.

The mighty builders of the pyramids had given their sons as soldiers—in their sinews dwelt the giant strength of generations—men whose muscles held the strength of chains of latent force, no peer had they in hurling spear or javelin.

Fair Persia, land of flowers, had lent as allies they who instruments of brass had turned to weapons. High above their heads arose one spear, the spear of Anistasis—giant armed was he for had he not the blood of Sestosane in his veins?

Adown the line rang clear and loud the cry: "The warrior fighting for his home and gods is mightier far than he who fights for spoil!"

A blast of trumpets caught the listening ear—loud brazen tones that rent the very sky and on they came and met us where the Nile lay deepest when the waters loosed their bonds and cast their life-fraught hand upon the earth, and left its trace in fields of golden corn and fleecy stuff for garments that have held the wondering eye of man for centuries, that growth from blackened clay so pure could be.

The chariots rent the ground with wheels enwhirled by massive steeds of war, mine was a glorious steed whose coat of mail shone burnished gold beneath the rosy dawn—All-haman—that chafed in hands of slave, yet well I knew the risk that one must meet when raised on steed and thus I met the hordes in chariot.

What cared I for the conquest save to wrest from hated hand of that invading horde the prize they sought to claim? What cared I for the victory save my people wailed at thought of the invader planted there as ruler? for ambition held its banner not for me, its folds lay

limply and its beauties trailed about thy tomb, mine own.

And yet I bore me bravely—cried my battle cry—let loose the foremost charger and sped on. The men of Tyros shouted: “Cometh he, stern———! To the fray!” A murmur like the roar of watery walls that hurl against the rocks rent all the air, and chariots flashed beneath the morning sun like fleet of ships with golden fluted sails upon a heaving sea.

The camels—shod with softness—patient, dumb when burdens press, shrieked out with quivering fear and turbaned drivers lent their cry to that of burdened cursed creature of the waste.

The sacred bull whose trappings shone afar—so gem-besprinkled was his linked coat—lent voice to aid the din, a hollow roar that terror sent through even the bravest blood; for voice of woe it seemed unto the foemen and to me who long had won it came as voice of dread foretelling dire disaster.

At my side rode he—the son for whom thou laid adown thy life. He from afar beheld the leader of the outspread host and cried in youth’s untaught disdain: “He biteth soon the dust!”

Not so it proved, for hours passed and still his hordes assailed, led on by him—the pagan born!

The sun rolled high and wearying heat prevailed and men lost heart who still held life, and creatures fell with blackened tongues and sighed and left a rider footman on the sand.

Allhaman—faithful, licked mine outstretched hand and rolling on me for one brief space a glance of love from out his glazing eye and shuddering all along his glossy length with moaning fell and died. An archer, cleft from crown to chin fell o'er him mingling with the valiant steed's his life blood; yet another fell and others still made monument of death above the glossy shape; thus spared was he from tearing wolves who battened on the brave above him. We later carved a steed so like as marble is to clay and there it lieth where the ruined wall shall yet give up its secret to thy hand.

The sun poured furnace heat and we—the bold unhampered souls that struggled for a crown, could fight not with the elements of God; so to our tents we faltered sorely spent with wearying anger; yet the thrill of war was in my veins.

Another day dawned rosy as an infant's palm and bathed in splendour the broad and

winding water. Barges lay at rest and cast a glint of steel to meet the light.

I woke the echoes with my battle cry as one whose indignation rises at the thought of base invader. Thus again I met the foe. A thousand men led on by Egypt's foe hurled shafts as rose the cry at men of Egypt—aye, their brothers save in speech, for they had gained a knowledge from afar and took the tongue of their barbarian allies. Thus we met and hurled great spears and javelins.

Twenty thousand Sardis—mine own picked followers rode at rear of host and made the plains to echo with the din of murmuring, for the insult came that they rode not at front; yet he—thy son had urged that none save Egypt's born should strike the first fierce blow.

I led in chariot bound with brass and casting gleams of light from trappings set with gems. Alone I met them. No bound slave was there to ward the blows by body interposing, nor yet a spearman nor a javelin thrower with me rode, but I alone stood forth with sword in hand, a challenge to the throng who like the wolves sought my life—my lands—my all.

I watched the serpent length of chosen lines as drew they to their places. One I marked whose spears shone brighter than the

rest and at the head rode he—Addasuenan. My hatred leaped like tiger to the throat of helplessness and thus I swear his body lieth low on shield. "Osiris curse the soul of him who grew to manhood beneath my roof and seeketh to deprive my later years," it was thus I spake.

I hear again the chariots shake the ground! I see the Sardis in green and purple drest stand firm as stands the palm! The camel's shriek I hear—the war-steed's challenge with its open mouth, that shriek of anger at some foeman's steed.

I see the banners eagle marked or raven, lotus blossoms snow and others sacred serpents. Mine, alas, that day had but the emblem of my father's line—the banner with the spear. On, on they came, the traitors held in leash by the Assyrian hordes. The Persians next came lashing with the tails of horses streaming on the wind and sate as grown to steed and shouting that the day was won ere half its finish. Yet again I drew my hosts to meet the foe and thus the Sardis came first and faltered not. I saw turban green meet cap of Persian as clutched in hate they tore the life from each and fell commingling blood upon the sandy waste.

I watched the gleaming of the rounded eye

—the heave of breasts, which broadened to the play of muscle seemed a bulwark to the soul that dwelt within. I watched the play of spear, the flight of javelin, then again a charge and men went down as grass. The sweep of steeds back to the starting point thrust sore to rear by spearsmen who had withstood the onslaught firm as ridge of rock or mountain's hardened base. I watched the play of steel like waves that catch the light as on their crest it shines, then sullen gloom as disappearing thwarted are the changing gleams.

They closed around me—Sard and Egypt's own, "Thy life, my lord, they seek!"

I knew, and in my heart—so sickened of its loneliness—I cried, let them but take it and I go to meet the loved one in those fields of peace where cares of earth no longer shall assail!

The life I loathed in that sick moment clung to casket of clay and would not flee. The thrill of strong desire to conquer rose again within me and my heart shouted to the host: Anon, but not today! the hour I go shall marked be by thy death!

"Onward!" we sweep our loved land of thee—most foul traitors of the soil! "Onward!" and the cry was caught and flung at coming host as instrument that bore death in its

breath. "Onward!" and down the ranks of they who sought my life the word rang loud and clear and terror woke.

We hurled our columns like the javelin's thrust, a host of men embound by one great thought—to drive from our home the invader. Line on line of Sardis with gleaming eyes and teeth hard clenched and grim of face and iron they of hand hurled on the foemen. My men of Egypt were on camels borne, or sat on steed, or strode the sand with purpose in their mien.

One line I marked of men of lofty height surpassed by none. The leader wore upon his shaven head, with borrowed locks, as crown a band of stars of purest gems. It caught the gleam of noon and seemed as flame his brow encircled. Studded, too, his spear. The gems spake vanity of heart but naught of such weak vanity had clogged the purpose of his mind. He drew his line to point of vantage. "Take ye the left van on yonder serpent's army. Let no man live of all that shouting host were he thy mother's nursing lain beside thine own child face! Death to the invader! Death alone the fate—none spare, for all must die who seek the land of him—our loved—our mighty king!"

The evening sun saw low upon the field all save a scattered remnant of the invading horde; but he—his word fulfilled—the star-crowned Philaeon—led his host to tents and calmly spake: “We met them man to man and they have met their fate as men should meet the end that all must reach.”

Thus the battle won the tents were stretched among the dead and those of my brave band who soon would seek the clouds. “Osiris guard them as guardeth he the souls of all the brave,” thus rose the army’s prayer.

The battle won what joy it brought to me was saddened at the thought that she no more would meet me where she met me oft in happy other days. My Ashyazan who is far from strife and knoweth not the victory of this day. My country saved from stern invader’s hand, her palaces spared from spoil and ravishment, and even the tomb of her I loved, to time that sweeps the strongest monuments to dust and earth’s forgetfulness.

PUNISHMENT.

Thou reckonest by other measure and time, I cannot mark in sections yet will I learn thy method and make mention that in such space of time events occur.

We reckon by the stars that must accomplish each its round in space at given seasons; planets tell the tale of periods as doth yon noisy instrument. Not by such globe of metal told we days when thou and I together marked the time when twain were three, and thus we planned for future joy and comfort.

Where the sun fell longest over the palace wall arose one niche where in the time of war sat slave of Zambezi; and when the shaft from Phoebus' bow shot full upon the niche thy voice didst say, "Beloved, 'tis time to taste of meat. The slaves have called."

And thus together, arms and arms entwined, we sought the shade of pillared hall and sate on couch at meat. In carven shapes fair flowers the board upheld, and gold was wrought in cup and vase and bowl that held the wine of Babylon.

Accursed wine that stole the sense and with the brutes had cast my lot! Aye, low as any brute fell I, beloved one who trusted so to me—unworthy me!

Yet from the dross I purged me. Fires of hell ye call. Ah, I have tasted death and still remorse have known, and thus I swear that naught of blood or crime—for war is crime, ay, murder! yet the hell that seized me for abasing God's unstinted gifts of self and soul hath merited and won name fires of hell in deep remorse.

God's gifts degraded! better one swift blow to sever heart and soul and mind and form than torture of that sense which we call soul, for better name to designate the highest gift.

And punishment was mine. I burned in Hell! Not fire of fagots fed by red-eyed fiends as minds have pictured, but that Hell of mind which none of earth may know; for he of earth doth cry, "time yet is left for me to call and plan repentance." Here we know, alas, that deeds are done and never more can we undo save as we pray, and wail and sigh on lower planes where shapes both fierce and foul reach out to grasp and drag to yet another plane still lower; yet the Voice is there.

It calleth when the plane is dark and drear, and sad eyed phantoms flit and creep and sway in strong emotion's blast, the Voice is there; it cometh when the eye is burned with tears and heart is stilled with sorrow; it com-

eth like the call of bugle multiplied by melody condensed—ay, sweeter yet an hundred fold.

It calleth each and each by tenderest name, and speaketh with the softest, lowest grace of tone that voice can know; and yet there dwell on lowest planes the souls who never heed the call that thrills the heart to deepest wells, and ringeth peals of joy when souls are saved to higher planes when one mayhap in deep abyss had dwelt for ages.

Still they turn aside, and in their soul they foster dreams of sin and death and woe; and o'er and o'er they croon some solemn warning idly; meaning none unto their mind conveyeth this sad lay; but habit of the years hath bade them grasp the measure, though the meaning lies as hidden stone in soil and never to their sense shall meaning be revealed.

Ah, blind of earth, loose leash of eye and turn thine orbs to higher, grander things that thou beyond all glories may behold. Ope thou thine ear that fullest melody may sweep and sway thy soul. Keep heart attuned to higher moods that thou exalted be to higher planes when life is lived and done, and ye have tasted life beyond—above—and in the shelter of God's presence dwell..

AFTER A PERIOD OF FAITH.

They who dwell in high places are not exempt from the afflictions of earth life. Fear naught, for thou shalt yet claim thy heritage, the heritage of the faithful scribe.

Thou hast aided thy master, thy teacher, thy friend, by thy willing obedience and by yielding thy will to that of those who would instruct thee and thy obedience shall not be forgotten.

Thou seest now as a little child, and as a child tottereth to its parent so walkest thou toward that light shining for thy guidance, that thou, thyself grown strong, canst guide others, as is the decree.

Thy tongue shall utter liquid measures, and the ear shall be charmed and the heart be made glad, and by touching such senses the soul listen to reason, and reason bring assurance that the hope of all man's ambition and striving lieth beyond.

And all have equal share if so their way is shapen unto that end. And for this the law must be observed, and the law is this, that ye love one another. Bear no false witness. Judge not, but unto thine own heart take counsel and observe that thine own foot slip not, and thou dwell in charity with all; for

through abundant love and pity, not hate and unkind judgment, shall man be saved from that gross neglect of duty which placeth him among those souls who work out their salvation through sorrow and bitterness of spirit for thousands of years.

There are grades, as ye call them, of souls. On different planes dwell they who differ in their plans for the redemption of mankind.

Man hath redeemed inasmuch as he is of that sinless soul a part, and for his wanderings from divine light shall he render account through the pains and sorrows of ages.

Man holdeth in himself the power to ascend or stand upon that lower plane, from which through constant struggling shall he alone rise to higher light and favor.

Some are possessed of soul grace in greater degree than others according to inheritance. Transmit to those souls that come into thy keeping that greater light and grace of heart which elevateth to the possession free to all, the claim we hold upon our Father, the king Soul of Souls, who hath no beginning in His creation.

Thy reasonable wishes are my law unto carnal obedience. I come, and thou must linger in this life of monotony until the time I

call thee from that work for which I am preparing thee.

Be hopeful and trust to this guidance, for thou art encompassed and shielded from the storms which make wreck of such as thou. And as a vessel dashed upon the rocks when the strong rowers lose their control, so wouldst thou be should I at this hour forsake thee.

The sun will come and clouds be dispelled; hope, work for others, and farewell. In my soul's inner recess I hold the reflection of thine which calleth, and which needeth, and which I shelter from the storms that would assail thee. Again farewell.

THE ORIGIN OF SIN.

Sin originated in man's own mind, open to the delusions and dethroning influences of the lesser nature, born of willful disobedience to the law which enwrappeth every human life emanating from the Most High.

Sin originated with man himself, and is not the product of any fixed law. All were perfect in the beginning, and their natures alone

capable of taking upon them the influences of evil thoughts, emotions, and deeds.

Sin is the great comparing and contrasting element for light and truth, perfection and holiness. Without that comparison the incentive to rise to vaster heights would be lacking.

Life is a law unto itself, a round of fixed principles; sin was from the beginning and constituteth one of the elements which makes up the machinery of man's existing state.

Man cannot explain God's laws, which are beyond us and to us incomprehensible, yet from the beginning of man was sin.

From God are we an emanation and perfect. Sin is an emanation from the law of life—a law we have not yet fathomed—a law we may never learn.

All nature's laws are for some object, good in themselves though incomprehensible to man; neither have we, who stand behind the lifted veil, yet learned the laws of that higher nature to which we are all but objects of care; a part, yet a part independent, each to itself a world of thoughts and reasons, of sin and holiness, bond yet free, held yet loosed to our own ends, creatures of One who yet giveth perfect freedom.

I am today, yesterday and forever, a living soul whose triumph over sin hath been at-

tained. Sin, that element which may enter the nature of all, yet which we may at will thrust aside, yet which for man hath ever held enticement even from the beginning.

An emanation from some lower source, permitted to exist yet which we are permitted to overcome. Evil, the soul's destroyer yet the element existing in the beginning of man's existence to aid in forming a perfect soul.

A law inevitable, a law that is not of man's comprehension, even to the end of time. These three laws man may never understand,—the law of sin, the law of created life, the law by which there arose one presence above all others glorious—the beginning and the creation of God.

CHAPTER VII.

TO A QUESTION CONCERNING THE PLACE WE CALL HEAVEN.

The plains are as plains of earth, over which are cast a glory that mortal eye hath never seen. There are all things beautiful, and things that touch the heart.

From the essence of sunshine are the waters formed that sweep through plains where every blade of grass exhales fragrance immortal, and where flowers—that ye love—bloom with living glory, expression, language, beauty, all combined.

For thy comfort be it said that lesser things, which mankind cruelly wrongeth for his satisfaction and carnal delight, are sheltered from the persecution earth hath meted to these; they dwell with peace, not fear, enlarging their eyes that speak to the subtle sense of those who claim the masterhood of such creatures.

Take thy work and proclaim to mankind that thou, from the mouth of one who hath beheld that higher life, hath heard great promise of his future joy.

I proclaim that high and kingly though I was, there is One higher and more kingly than I, whose face we cannot see, for it is to all invisible; but the life fluid—the soul fluid of Him who created is freely given to all.

Bow down to Him who judgeth through the measure of his gifts, who judgeth through His beneficence. Bow down to Him who killeth not that which sprang from His own fullness and the measure of His glory.

Bow ye to Him who hath proclaimed that all may live in the fullness of His own

great life, that enwrappeth and enfoldeth, that may not be rent and that cannot be defiled; that warmeth and nourisheth and permitteth not to hunger; for only man's sin, the sin of willful disobedience to the decree of love, shall shut him from this enfolding, and yet the Shelter is ever in its mighty place, its plane above all other planes, and to it may creep he who repenteth and returneth, through the fulfillment of that command, "Love ye one another as I, who from the measure of my glory formed and loved ye."

Take thy staff, in earthly phrase, and seek thy work, and these words which to thine ear hath fullest meaning—as thou hast chosen—shall be, faith in Him who liveth to eternal ends, hope in the life which is promised to all created souls, and charity—which washeth out our transgressions, which blotteth out the stains of blood and crime, and which bids thee remember that as one ray of light touching another, and from the sun their source, so beeth one soul against another, emanating, all, from the source which each equally claimeth, the Father, Creator, Light, Warmth, Life; the soul from which soul deriveth being, and all are as one and all are as God, the smaller particles, yet God in soul and life.

Thine, and thine for time and all eternity who beareth the standard of thy name and order, a worker in the home of human souls.

LIFE.

Life is the fulfillment of that higher law which teacheth that man may exist in the fulness of a higher life, and continue to exist after the body dieth, and his fleshly powers fail, and he resigneth himself to the inevitable which ye call death.

Life was in the beginning. It ariseth from the great power of action. Being is of another law the fulfillment; the law of conformity to shape principle, to the design perfected by the great Moulder of Events, and shape is but the symbol of unity, harmony and perfect mechanism.

Life revolveth in each atom which emanateth from the great Source Center. Life reigneth in the great mammal, in the stem of the mighty forest trees, in the vast communities of lesser things which are needed for the preservation of higher entities and life reigneth everywhere.

Through death but form is destroyed. The structure builded cunningly, replete with wonderful machinery for the evolvment of a plan, that repeateth itself and multiplieth its shape, but naught hath this wonderful machine to do with life save to hold, to harbor, to protect.

Life is a law that may not be explained yet of which we may dimly grasp the meaning. Broad plans lie before us, and we watch the hand that draweth the formation of a plan that seemeth as easily read as the papyri scroll on which our boy-times' lessons were conned; yet there standeth one mark in plainest colors and of—to our eyes—familiar shape. But we con and re-con its construction, and with conning there cometh not knowledge but greater confusion.

"Thus," saith the master, "is man taught that a master hand may fashion what it wist, but none save the master can explain.

Be content to remain a pupil, quieter will be thy lot; for hangeth on our meaning and on our mercy the souls of all eternity's space, and none save Infinity can grasp the great responsibility."

Humbly kiss the hand that guideth. Be thou content to grasp so much as thou canst measure, but into immeasurable depths, upon im-

measurable heights, strive not to peer lest by so doing ye fall into the abyss.

Peace and plenty are the lot of the child who trusteth to the parent. Cold and darkness and the terrors of night await the wanderer from the father's home.

Lose not the hold thou hast attained. The jewel dropped hath not the luster of the cherished gem, and polished gold tarnisheth when mould encloseth it.

Attain to lofty things; thus shalt thine eyes be ever on the peaceful sky; or when storms rage they witness the terrors—yet grand and entrancing—which show all is not calm yet the blue looketh bluer for the contrast.

Life cherish, death dread not, trust to one who is ever nigh, for all have guardians to bear the soul to the waiting breast.

ON DEATH.

Thy question troubleth me, mine own, for of life shouldst thou ask and not of that inevitable moment which plungeth the whole world into mourning because of ignorance.

Death is the law that reacteth upon the form

when time hath come for the soul to claim its own—the heritage all claim—the right to ascend from state of earth to higher state above, if so they have regarded the laws which each soul hath known by inner sense; for none so misshapen in soul that they may not read the higher thought, and this compriseth the whole—law, mercy, love and unity.

Death is but that state which was designed to show to all that dust may disintegrate, but the more subtle essence, invisible but potent, still liveth, for of higher force is it part and thus cannot die.

I declare that soul is the real and body, though visible, the intangible part which eludeth the grasp and knoweth not constancy; but changeth and becometh as the fickle flame, a pillar of light, and even again a sheet of varied hue, then smouldering spark that ascendeth no more but fadeth into night.

Soul is that steady flame which burneth on and on and fadeth never, but gathereth force from kindred fires and lighteth the darkest space, and becometh a glory whose light shineth even to the nethermost sea and into the darkest pit.

Soul steppeth forth when that death, ye decry, hath laid waste the structure built for a momentary plan.

Self dieth not, for self is that subtle portion which claimeth all good and decryeth all ill of reduction ; for it may not be killed by spear, nor pestilence, nor strangler's cord, nor sting of asp, nor less violent action of disease.

Self hath link welded to the fountain of life that dieth not, but giveth life ever to those who hold a portion of the invisible strand, and those who hold are all of earth and other worlds, and the star-globes and the moon-spheres, and the abysms where creatures of darkness dwell.

Death, proclaim thou, is but a step to life—yea, is life—for it is the opening of the eye to larger scenes, and quickening of the senses dulled by weight of skull or clogging brain and rubbish accumulated in house of clay, as in corner of conquerer's vast palace accumulate the goods of the despoiled through the years.

Ah, I have known the dissolvment of the house of clay, beloved of both thee and me, and I declare that as prison and fetters, and contact with loathsome things, would be re-entering that house or other structure builded for my developed soul—through mercy and the ages.

Death but a moment claimeth, then soareth away, its mission complete, its labor done,

and thus the soul tasteth knowledge of freedom and ascendeth—if of ascending inclination it hath been.

Death is but idle word; let not its terror cause thy soul to tremble, for thou shalt know no death, only awakening to larger vistas, in casting off the body which hampereth the soul.

ON ACTION.

From high estates of life grown mighty, through the changes of time all earth needs seem petty—the adversity of a day—and thou as one crying for the useless, fragile, toy which feedeth but the vanity of youth and not the more mature thought.

Err not but steadfastly make thy mark upon the ages. Wear not the mansion—slight it beeth—from much contemplation of the past. Grasp only what thou knowest is the helping hand of the Eternal Father.

Hadst thou but witnessed the pageant of the Most High in that hour when to heaven returned him sent to earth as representative of the Great Unchangeable that fashioneth both body and soul—all soul emanation—all

thought—all desire for holy things—which is but a hearkening to that inner voice teaching that they from greater heights have descended.

The higher purpose of the All-Possessing we question not; nor we discuss the apparent motive. What He revealeth is revealed in voice of thunderous music.

Ours of the lesser host to accept unquestioning. And when descended He who was endowed in greater degree than any other with that divine light—which never in fullest measure meeteth the senses of man—none, even in thought, dared question.

Not that Divine power, not that awe-impelling Force, but the emanation thereof created in one supreme moment of love for man—a gift for lesser souls.

An example for perfection which was not heeded: "Love lighteth the world," they have uttered, and thus is the vast unknowable sphere lighted, and the space where else darkness reigned; and it penetrateth into the heart, the life, the thought circle and mercy element of man.

Afar groweth in volume the sacred fire. Brighter and more bright to those who ascend. Not in idle pleasure, in round of selfish enjoyment, but each in action, remote or in unison,

striving to attain to higher self-knowledge or to instruct, to work with the spark of intelligence—each in his own given degree—the sphere brighter and more beautiful to those about.

Action is the impulse which prompteth the gift of all gifts, even life. Harmony is a later law, but action is the supreme motive governing all things. Unity is a flower decked symbol of placidity telling that all is complete. Action is the builder, the unity supreme yet unfinished, the vital part, the sinew, the complete circle, the greatest of great principles, the life-source of the Creative, whom ye call God.

Intangible, yet strong as force of iron or wrought gold shall be this power, moving, sustaining, revolving, working silently while man slumbereth; and through its workings are his tasks assigned, his state marked, his lot of life resolved.

And man who recketh that he moveth all is but the bubble swaying on the current's force, and breaketh when he cometh in contact with great obstacles—obstacles he was wont to regard with disdain.

DESCENDING SOULS AND CHARITY.

When the light goeth out and darkness prevaileth, then is time for the soul principle to mingle with the quiet and to descend, either in converse with mortals or to take possession of such bodies as are chosen for their habitation.

The glare of sunlight, the agitation of the elements are not favorable to the descension of soul principle, and those who seek earth do so at their peril; for they meet perturbing elements and sensations at variance with their common calm.

The term of "warpen souls," thou hast wondered at; yet a soul disturbed by jangling discords when about to mingle with the tender entity created for its habitation, may meet such discords, and, if not of perfect soul-shape—if flaws it holdeth and its strength was not fully perfected, the conditions met with are of such nature that, stronger than the soul they buffet, the soul is marred and its perfect developments retarded acts upon the mind principle, and often upon the bodily growth, and ye say, "this being lacketh that with which all should be endowed," and as an unpardonable fault dost thou regard each act not in accordance with world laws.

Yet I declare that such needeth the greater meed of charity; for, from the refusal of laws, perfect in themselves yet subject to change through conditions, to act for the fulfillment of a plan, a soul may be placed where censure may assail yet be all undeserving.

And thus above, or beyond, upon planes of soul life charity is a common law; for all may then understand more perfectly the outward workings of the mechanism whose inner workings, whose plan, whose core of being, is hidden in the palm of Him who planneth.

Thus darkness is a veil of mercy, resting bodies worn with life's buffets, yielding to the elements of nature a season of needed retirement from the round of laws, fixed, immutable and necessary as laws governing mankind; and those who hold in their keeping—beneath the great Soul Keeper—the fate of man, may work out their various achievements without fear of risk to sensitive particles which make up the great whole of immortality.

Teach, thou who hast been ordained, that charity, as hath often been said by the thinking sage, is the greatest of all virtues; for man dieth not by his brother's gift of charity, and pain may be spared to him who dealeth it in fullest measure, for grossness, cruelty, lack

of kindly speech react upon him who giveth them freedom to the harm of his kind.

Reaction is also a law of that higher code and its workings can none hope to escape. Give ye heed to every kindly impulse, for impulse, when tending towards higher moods, is the voice of a soul which whispereth for thy guidance, or a law implanted in thy inner state for thy elevation and thy ultimate comfort beyond.

Spare thyself pain by observing this as thou wouldst that others spare thee.

A rose dipped in dew, tender and fragrant, passed from one friendly hand to another, is forbearance and kindly speech.

A crown of thorns, harsh and unpromising, drawing blood to stain the fairest brow is harsh words, and the drops thereof shall stain the hand which presenteth the crown.

CONDITIONS PREVAILING BEYOND.

All is labor on that farther plane, yet not the labor of distraction, weariness and distastefulness, but a joyous round which maketh up the soul needs.

The soul gropeth when first liberated from the flesh, and often falters among its unwonted surroundings; yet many are there to hold and comfort, to guide and to assure of safety and to teach of superior opportunities.

Not always man's associates may meet him; not mother nor dear ones unless permitted by the law of ascension, and the conformation to laws of obedience and faithfulness.

There are those, however, appointed to meet who reassure, who direct, and the soul none so strange may recognize a friend.

There is no sudden leap to universal knowledge beyond. All must acquire with patience that universal tongue which is the soul language and the one obtaining beyond.

Not articulate speech is there permitted, for the organs which accomplish this labor are severed from the soul; they rust to disuse with the body, and in their place leapeth to the soul needs a subtle organ, invisible to mortal eyes yet it yieldeth up speech easy to the comprehension of other souls.

Man may or may not believe, yet the higher reason hesitateth not to grasp this assurance, that all may read—who become soul again—a brother's desires or commands.

In lesser things this invisible power obtaineth far stronger than in man until loosed from

the flesh. They make known their needs one to another by simple contact of essences mingled, which are some for complaint and some for wishes; and their articulate cries are but the imitation of higher voices when the dull abeyed sense strives to reach the height of the loftier intellect.

Compensation reigneth everywhere. Man may rule, man at will may destroy, may inflict; yet he can penetrate no further into the soul secrets than the dullest created clod. Only the soul possesseth this power, and the soul is subservient to the minds of other and higher souls until released, and its work begun in other spheres.

There are secrets which may be whispered by those permitted to reassume the earth semblance and the earth organ of speech. But much is reserved, for never shall man grasp the portraying of the infinite save on planes where the infinite dwelleth in greatest power.

THE PRINCIPLE OF EVIL, THE DEVIL.

Devil was a name derived from the expression evil, which meaneth abasement of God's implanted gifts.

How should He who created create, with purpose of such creation, one who would openly defy His plans? Believe not so, for evil is an outgrowth from perfect laws; like that fungus which clingeth to perfect shapes of nature when sluggish they become, or thus are according to the state of their creation.

Evil is often the result of man's disobedience to the law of action and the law of perfection required of each created soul. Devil is but a corruption of a word, and no presence created to undeify the already created souls, and drag to one pit and there burn with material flames.

Soul burneth nevertheless, but in torment of remorse for deeds emanating from man's lower nature to which he has yielded himself, and also striven to make prisoner others.

This power of evil hath every man—himself containing—in his heart or the state of being which enwrappeth his soul, and therefore Devil—as ye call—is ever in controlling reach of his own mind.

Man may excuse his acts saying, "Satan tempted and yielded I my soul!" But the Great Discerner accepteth not such excuse which reflecteth on His justice, as one who

hath created an enemy to those whom He loveth and would save.

Laugh ye at such myths of conjuring minds and know that upon the threshold of thine own heart sitteth that Devil which thou canst dislodge at stroke of speech, or cherish in the warmest core until battened upon thine own soul's gifts it mastereth and draggeth thee unto that lower level, where souls work out in torment of soul their right to ascension—to creep yet to another plane. And if by gracious gift of laboring souls they reach the third plane, their ascension is assured to yet other heights, though many there be who never reach the presence as an abiding place.

Dislodge ye that specter, the monarch of abased souls, which in thyself alone is found, and give no room to that dragging power which is principle, or yet its iack, and which each owneth, a personal devil ye may say with truth.

Such hath beridden the great of earth, who could with sweep of mighty hands have cast aside all save the glorious angel guarding the soul's gate; yet in its place they choose to encrown this Devil—as ye will—and thus were dragged to the uttermost depths of the abased plane where, nevertheless, love lingereth, and a ray of hope He sendeth.

Into the uttermost depths even it penetrateth, and reclaimeth the sickened soul that would fain ascend, yet is lower dragged down by the mind so shadowed and weighted by earth-sins that he hopeth not to arise for a period.

But when the messenger appeareth, and the ray of love descendeth, each soul looketh up refreshed, and the soul beginneth its ascension, and the helpful souls toiling—yet with joyous spirits—for a brother's welfare, and are to the core of soul self-warmed, and feel the tender clasp of fingers love be-warmed, and know the Infinite dwelleth just beyond and all may if so minded reach His throne.

In thyself lieth this power of ascension. In thyself liveth evil forces, earth born and not God created; and if thou rise not to God cast not doubt, neither to one who existeth not as intelligent spirit or power, but is of thyself created and dwelleth just within.

Rise! Shun lower states; for the God-state is the heritage of all. And ye may feel the presence and again re-enter the rays divine emanating from the **center of the universe.**

SOUL EQUALITY.

Believe not that vain sentence, "All are created equal."

Of inferior elements are some formed. In cloud times, and when the season bore discord, and when laws worked not in harmony with sister laws—none may say under what influence save the Highest of the Most High.

Therefore, all are not equal nor perfect in fashioning of body or soul. And He that created calleth not the work perfect, but He granteth recompense ere the end of the years of days.

Are the flowers of one hue created, or the leaves of one substance or shape? Neither shall man ape his fellow man in the matter of coloring, or bodily fiber, or in spotlessness or shapeliness or soul.

Question only if man may drink from the stream of knowledge as his fellow man, and bask in the sunshine's warmth, or taste of equally grateful viands, or rest when life is past in the consciousness that he as his fellow man may begin the ascent to a higher sphere than that in which his round of labor lay.

Science teacheth that man as a machine, created by laws fixed by the revolvment of other laws, constructed by the forces and un-

planned movements of the universe, worketh out his own destiny; that like the ever used machine he weareth or rusteth to disuse, and becometh like that drear heap of matter fit only for the play of the elements.

But I declare that each are a link in the motive power of higher minds. In the undying will of they who have learned and shapen their course in accordance with one final decree, and naught will change. And betimes, man's efforts are as futile as the beating of the moth's wing upon the crystal cage, which without he cannot enter and within he cannot escape.

Man is a glorious production of a mighty will, forming each a set jewel in that cluster of gems which are for the adornment of a wise purpose; and with the care bestowed by the keeper of the king's jewels are all guarded, polished, recut or re-established, each in their appointed circle or position.

That which attracteth is neither the luster nor the cutting of the jewel into pleasing shapes, but the quality of each impresseth itself, yet unthought of apart from the comely whole by those who give a passing glance.

That subtle quality of the jewel hath some, and to others is but given shape, coloring, or luster, which merely attracteth the eye while

the sense is not touched and only for a moment is it charmed.

According to the fiber of the soul shall man win or fail to work out his allotted labor.

If to the gross adornment of a state is he alone designed, no further part is of him demanded; but if for a higher adornment, those alike imbued with the subtle, winning power shall detect his aim and aid him in perfecting his destiny.

Man graspeth only so much as his hand was designed to hold. The infant hand holdeth smallest measure and the man's brawny palm a fuller portion.

Thus, to the mind dwarfed to child's stature is little granted. Fully grown, through kindness of nature, much may be borne.

The machine rusteth not that lieth in the sun.

Not all born of one body are kin. Not all children may claim as a mother she who bore them. Of alien elements are some formed who claim earthly kinship; but beyond only those of like soul form are brethren, sisters, children, and, beneath the Creator of all parents.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOUL PRINCIPLE.

The mind dieth not; but linked to the body the ailments of one affecteth the other's energy, as the changing seasons affect the habits, the moods and the employments of mankind.

The mind is not the soul sense that liveth again, but is useful here and hereafter; is preserved as part of the undying whole that maketh the soul immortal.

Think not the soul weakeneth as the body weareth. It groweth stronger and stronger, making it an alien apart—in degree—of the body which hath for long enwrapped it.

Soul dieth not. Mind is a lesser principle. A principle indissolubly linked to the body's needs. A messenger which the body sendeth to ward from harm, to supply its demands, to warn that man liveth and is himself a world of needs, of reasons, of independent thoughts, wishes and demands.

The mind lingereth after the body dieth, yet followeth the soul to higher realms and becometh a part of the immortal—the link be-

tween life and death thoughts, while in the body living it is but its sentinel, its messenger, its lesser guardian.

Soul is a finer, more subtle essence which belongeth not to earth, yet lingereth with the body whilst life emanateth from the shapen clay and therein hath its residence.

Age is but a presage of the wisdom soon to be unfolded. Youth is term for ignorance and inexperience. Yet from time to time are there permitted those whose souls were perfected and grown to wisdom's height to occupy tender bodies of youth. These are snatched from the casket, which is not all sufficient for their needs, when their lot is fulfilled.

Not all are permitted to revisit the scene of their body's residence. None save they who work without ceasing on the planes where doubt was dispelled and peace attained.

Hearken to none who declare that glory and ease are all that man gaineth when with a sigh he turneth and yieldeth his soul to the unknown.

Labor but beginneth among those soul partisans, whom he may best withstand or quell, or teach such sciences as delighted on earth the soul-sense, to which the earth-mind was ever in abeyance.

Such work is the pleasure, the action and the harmonious instruments of the life beyond. Unto each is given some good to perform, some solace to yield for others' souls, some instruction to impart that shall ever cause the hosts beyond to cry:

"Him we know, for unto the light led he us, and we through him learned the lesson of the glorious harmonies, to those alone imparted, who lend willing ear and seek willingly for higher things."

Sin liveth not above. No earth taint in actual guise is there permitted; but the mind—which I declare dieth not—holdeth still its memory of life's defects, of life's carnal delights and, unpermitted, it ever, until cleansed through time, whispereth to the soul-sense, abasing and dragging to lower planes the soul-shape, that may not ascend until the slightest flaw—the shadow of a mark—is plucked from the radiant whole and it is fitted for the higher spheres.

And even among the cleansed hosts there may sometimes flit a shadow of earth-life, brought hither by the earth memory, that lesser element, that subtle, heavy, mind matter that cannot leave its soul.

Thus he who hath labored for aeons to ascend may again be thrust downward, and rest

not until upon planes which hold the grossest soul-shapes he dwelleth for a season.

Turn not in wrath to that higher law which permitteth such to suffer. Law was created when the soul supreme came into being, and law remaineth to the end of time, and man may not regulate its revolvments; for not for man was the law, but for the law was man, and its measures he cannot change but his ways. And thoughts, and moods, and crimes can he change in conformation with a law perfect unto happiness.

Swinging outward from the center like a ray of light, all may read who pass behind the veil hiding man from souls; and none so dull that he may not understand the guiding illumination which declareth the inevitable laws.

All pleasures permitteth this law, all love, all joy; but sin against his brother and against his own created soul permitteth it not. And his punishment for such sins declareth the cloud of fate, and soul may read and soul obey.

Love is the great ruling principle, and soul love is from the beginning, and soul is created in the beginning of time; and its laws for the preservation of the rights of the children of a higher Soul hath all learned since the earth descent.

Soul is a principle borne on the earth ether, and at birth entereth (or enwrappeth) the new form that hath arisen to demand its just heritage.

Soul entereth not the form that breatheth not the air, which is but the emanation of life principle. Soul was created in the beginning and none shall say it is the birth of the hour.

Soul is the highest emanation, yet lesser emanations are there and lesser things claim them; creations which with this life are permitted to assume shape for the needs of man.

This lower emanation also liveth. Nothing dieth save the dust principle and that merely changeth from one form of earth usage to another; and the spark—only a dim ray—liveth on and on. Man may not question where, but it dieth not; and He who created hath fixed laws also governing this lower life spark.

HEREDITY.

We know not the law which teacheth that one particle of flesh shall claim kin to yet another only in the degree that soil of one earth spot holdeth to another, save that the soul of

her who is mother and that which is child were created in one circle or of kindred elements.

Of elements of nature is the soul formed, and each separate element possesseth like properties, or virtues, as doth each day and hour which holdeth potent influences over the created of its circle and time.

Souls know indeed heredity; for to themselves they gather the force of that Great Force, and the potency of the several elements which compose soul shapes and soul entities—the life of the living—which man strives often to prove subservient to that shape of clay which a potter might fashion, only that no potter save the Mighty Worker in clay could animate with one breath the form—the vase—to contain precious liquid which preserveth the priceless flower—the soul.

Heredity we grasp to mean the shape of one vase like unto another, the movements of one machine in accord with its fellow machine, the working in harmony of divers instruments.

These are but holders of the brightest example of heredity that claimeth indeed accord with the sacred essence, which holdeth the whole world in leash by a multiplicity of sparkles of light, of cords innumerable to earth

eyes, yet which cross and recross linking all to one great Whole.

Heredity thou sayest; and I repeat that the heredity which man claimeth is as that part of himself—the body—which breaketh and weareth, and dieth, yet transmitteth shape to other shapes, tricks of feature to other features, yet not soul to soul; and kindred gleams of mind are but the reflection of the mind which holdeth itself up for example to those who grow in the reflection until they themselves reflect, yet only upon the surface lingereth the reflection and it penetrateth not to the soul.

These tricks of feature, or of mind-sense, or of impulse, may exist as I have declared—the reflection; but beyond heredity, prevaieth when all may understand, and hath itself a law which may be read, and thus we declare, “he is the father, he is the son, for of soul-shape, and soul-feature, and soul-grace, alike are they endowed.”

Heredity prevaieth indeed where all is read aright, and none shall say, “such laws are doubtful,” for law is there declared in forceful voice which rendeth the space, and maketh wise the doubting, and bringeth peace to the soul that seeth not here; for the veil of flesh shutteth out much glory, and happiness arriveth fully when such veil is brushed away and

the brow bared to the conscious beams of light illumining the inner recess of mind, which each striveth to cleanse and make fitting for the Discerner's glance.

Even heredity existeth in features there and myriads claim likeness to that great First Example, yet each unlike to the eye which casteth but a passing glance; for stamped with loftier fire are some, whilst others are content to mar their perfect beauty with the lost hope which retrogression implanteth upon the most perfect imitation of the Maker.

POSSESSIONS BEYOND.

The gifts beyond are none the less precious that they are not material gifts, and souls await the bestowing with joy ye mortals never possess.

Think ye that earth sense graspeth all of delight? That the perishable gauds being not for eternity it lacketh without? That color, form, symmetry, sound, all die with the body?

Shall garments be less beautiful that they may not be rent or fall to disuse, or jewels

less brilliant for the hard surface that hurteth the clenched palm?

The soul hath both eye and ear sense of its kind, and of all that is beautiful it claimeth the divine essence and it also possesseth it. Yet is it not a burden, nor shall it rust to decay, or be stolen from its possessor, or in time change its fashion; but bring its possessor renewed joy each day and every age.

There are secrets beyond man while on earth may not know. The mind may ascend to heaven as companion of the soul, but the soul bringeth not that mind from the higher realm.

Souls which have ever tasted of earth labors and returned above and again descended, are fitted for that returning. From the great treasure-house beyond naught may be brought but the soul, and a new mind shall be bestowed for earth use, for the newer form, which the soul assumes, as the laws of life must be inviolate.

Repealeth he who hath earth-mind, but He who is the mighty Power, that words cannot describe nor accents gauge, how shall He repeal His mighty laws?

Let those question who will, it changeth naught; but when the unfolding cometh, thy

joy shall be the greater that thou hast dwelt upon the thought of this glory.

Believe what thou wilt, but thou shalt set thy foot upon the soil of Egypt ere many days. What more canst thou desire than to fulfill the commands of him who holdeth the guidance of thy soul?

Into thine ear shall be poured the secret of the great event, and the spot shall be designated where is hidden the treasured scroll.

Mark ye day and date for its deliverance, but to no one tell thy secret; for all the world shall grasp at the treasure, and ships will sail and gold be as dross scattered, yet only to thy hand shall the scroll be delivered.

When thou hast made thee ready for the voyage, then will I speak the name and show thee to the spot. Unmarked shall it be save for what I have whispered, yet thou shalt cause it to be torn from its resting-place and delivered unto the world.

Beware of those who seek to investigate and would turn thee from thy purpose. Many such shall arise, but thou shalt combat the power they would throw about thee, for the work must be performed!

MERCY.

Shall the great Creative condemn the work of his own hands or rejoice in its destruction? How, then, shall He send from that higher state those appointed for that adverse lot and such were designated in the beginning?

God curseth not that which is of Himself a part, neither is His great plan to condemn aught, but rather to employ such gentle measures as will bring back His beloved created.

A plan existeth and man knoweth not of its existence, but it worketh out its destined labor and naught interposes save the carnal mind, or adverse laws which betimes may arise from confictions of the elements that loose themselves from normal conditions, and harm is wrought.

Yet a calm observance of the higher laws, a trust in the power which created all, save bodily agony and mental stress, and calm is at last restored.

The Higher Power is not the power of a day; how, then, shall He tarry to one's cry and yet list to another's counter-cry? Such speech from man declaring such laws possible is like to the words of jumbled intellect and not to reasoning powers.

If man planneth harm, there are those who record his plans, and his payment for such crime is demanded of his soul above, and the soul-sense quickened to the fulness of its capabilities to the crime thereof. And to him who hath suffered, if worthy and non-inflicting upon his kind, there shall be given assurance of atonement in peace and wondrous calm.

ON THE BIBLE.

The Bible is no fable as man hath sometimes asserted, nor is it yet symbols set in line for man to read as behooveth him.

The Bible was written by those who walked in harmony with the higher life, and amidst the records they were wont to give of man and his multiplying, his violation of commands and the punishment he received, is still evidence of the voice which each heard and to which each hearkened.

Let man alone shape records on parchment and they live until the mind wearies and manuscripts of other fashion claimeth his attention; but when the divine breath was breathed upon the record, there is naught of change

which shall detract from the law, the record or the divine message, of which all may feel the power, yet not all know the source.

Man buildeth and the winds, the varying moods of nature make mock of his work, and to the winds strew his efforts and they are forgotten; but when from the Source of All Things cometh the law, or the chronicle of peoples past and mayhap forgotten else, naught dieth; for the record is part of eternity's plan and it standeth throughout all time.

And blindly on man stumbleth, yet feeleth that light shineth before which he may yet reach and be guided through strange labyrinths; nor dreameth he that to his hand lieth the invisible lamp, which faith causeth to shine forth and darkness is set at naught.

Christ ye call that body which partook of the divine God-essence in fullest measure; yet ye turn blindly groping when before ye hangeth the light which his own hand set upon fairest standard that the world might know darkness no more.

Others have partaken also of this essence in great measure, but not in that fulness of which He was endowed. A sweep of the heavenly fire which lingered longest over the created entity, a perfected shape to hold the

fulness of the higher life, an earth-mind perfect in harmony with the heaven-sent soul, a spirit which knew naught of hate, of envy, of remorse, of fear. But only love in perfect measure; and this was He who died the body's death; yet not in dying saved the world, but rather in His brief life upon earth would teach the lesson none so blind but he might learn.

Dying, He yielded up wisdom that wiser maketh man, and living, taught He that One ruleth and also loveth, and yet man heedeth not; but like the infant who seeth only the fulfillment of his desire, thrusteth his hand upon the glowing flame, and pain only teacheth that obedience is for his welfare.

From the sacred tomb the lesson fully then is taught. Let records not confound thee nor bring belief that thou graspeth holy things in conning the descent and daily life; yet know ye they are the records of long passed brethren, and profit ye by what is ill in their lives; as to the plaint of souls in self abasement, of those who obeyed not the voice, list ye and also take heed.

They call from the centuries to thee like the danger signal flashing from the far hill-top. Heed ye and learn not remorse by like conduct.

Listen to the voice that is within; for the

Great Voice calleth not to man save through the spirit, the voice-power implanted in man's own soul and which crieth out loudly, "Beware! for to thy soul cometh harm when in violation of laws divine thou strayest!"

"Listen! Listen! Listen!" It ringeth adown the centuries. And time hath not weakened the voice, nor degree of condition, nor adverse clime can make strange and unfamiliar its utterances.

It hath a fashion of language all may understand, and it hath an accent which shall catch the ear of all, and it hath a melody hidden beneath tone of command that ringeth seraph chimes.

"Listen! Listen! Listen!" And listening bringeth doubt of lower tones—of earth tones—and doubt causeth investigation, and investigation proveth that all are endowed with the gift which saveth.

Listen! Listen! Ye to whom I speak. Touch tenderly each page which chronicles—divinely infused—the record of they who read the scroll aright, though only through sense and not face to face with the Great Scribe of the immortal message it implanteth in the heart.

Fail not to read rightly what tender helpful hands have wrought, what sages have

marked for man to follow, what they who have heard in soul language declare, what thine own soul silently uttereth.

CHURCHES.

Churches spring from the temples of the past, and like all other outgrowths consume much good in their construction and much of ill.

To worship that Great Force is good in itself, and the duty of man if from his heart springeth thankfulness spontaneously; but gratitude when a forced growth doeth rather harm than good.

Churches were instituted as the symbol of that higher life, in which all meet and all worship the Highest, the Creator, the Father, the home of all souls.

The church is but the emblem of that sacred plane upon which Infinity dwelleth; and we who worship show willingness of heart to bow at the Father's feet and receive assurance of His love. Symbols are the incense, the voices raised in chants, the Holy of Holies which is symbol of the throne of God.

Divers churches but represent the divers moods and needs of men. All, even beyond, may not thrive upon one plane. How, then may men meet as brethren who in their hearts cherish bitter enmity? Rather let each meet as seemeth good to himself, though to another he practice rank deceit.

The germ of good saveth; nor worship of symbol, nor incense, nor chant of priest, nor music sweet as heaven's own choir. And man in kneeling is but the penitent child, thus if for a moment his heart respondeth to the note of love, he hath saved himself from punishment of despair for centuries above.

In the body let man worship as he may, for there are many laws, and so that he offereth not up life his prayers are heeded. But beyond one law alone prevaieth, and beyond, man readeth, but not upon earth rightly, for none hear the thunderous tones aright save those within the sealed land and it penetrateth not to the shores of life.

But in man's heart fleshly laws were implanted which grow with his growth; and turned he not a deaf ear would be as a guide until the veil is loosened and face to face he shall behold the scroll.

They sin who teach that their earthly words convey the divine message. All are as God

—owning the divine spark—but not the divine intelligence that created worlds.

Let none dare proclaim, "God sayeth," who know not from the thunderous tones which only proclaim from the center of all events. For to mislead was ever a sin, as by it man may place his brother where the toil of aeons may not render his soul up to happiness.

Worship when and where ye may, but let the temple of thy heart be ever filled with incense arising to the All-Powerful, and not to man.

CHAPTER IX.

BUILDING OF THE FIRST TEMPLE.

Nay, not upon the theme which thou namest, speak I, but upon that institution which thou termest "Church of God."

In ancient days when my race worshiped the gods which thou callest "graven images," there arose a desire among thinking men and sages to turn the thoughts to better things and seek—if man beneath all-powerful forces might seek—a better way to show obedience and love for the All-Creating.

In the mind of one arose the knowledge that in silence and darkness—symbolical of the great First—were thoughts begotten worthy their divine source, and thus was builded place for meditation, for prayer and composure of mind.

Another brother in whom wisdom dwelt conceived a desire for melody and the essence of the heart of flowers; for among my people dwelt the belief that in the flowers' heart lingered the God-principle; and thus was given music and incense to the world as sacred symbols.

He who became most versed in discovering sacred emblems, thoughts and deeds gave unto others even of his own self-begotten thoughts, and thus became a priest or teacher of the people under the great self-taught, all-teaching One.

And thus as symbols were vestals given to the world. All powerful mothers of races might they be, yet were content to linger as born, not receiving the divine gift of motherhood, that renunciation might be taught in tenderest, fairest guise.

On records not made of stone have images of such symbols been traced by higher minds, and thus cut into the illumined stone of God-

memory, forming a part of that store of knowledge from which I garner thought.

When man entereth temples, though build-
ed by lowly hands, to the stone touch he his
brow in self abasement; for even in the hum-
blest temple lingereth the imprint of the di-
vine. Lingereth also the imprint of the
thoughts of ages, and self-garnered knowledge
of those who mayhap for years listened pa-
tiently for some tone to penetrate the inner
self, and ring so truly that they dared not dis-
regard, but in turn ring forth the summons to
the world.

Purity is on the lily's leaf and written on
the rose is pride; in gold is the symbol of
plenty marked in the waving corn, and eterni-
ty is written on the ocean's crest.

The mountain speaketh power and the river
telleth strength; a message cometh upon the
wings of the dove, and mother-love broodeth
where she buildeth her nest. Thus nature hath
her language and all may read; thus had the
first mighty temple builded by my people, con-
taining sacred things.

Lesser minds have marred the works of
greater, and pagan hordes have broken fairest
symbols of the Divine—which man himself
symbolizes—that in its place the brute might
reign.

Under the dust of ages lieth one volume, whose golden clasps were beaten by hand of cunning designer. Upon its ivory leaves is written thus the building of the first temple by my people.

I ask but the joy of placing in thy hand the book, that men well versed in tongues long since lost to fashion, may read what therein is writ and thus my work is accomplished.

ON THE GODS.

Mine own, Osiris was man like all men, but higher was he than those of his time for obeying the inner voice, which bids each ascend to heights more lofty until the body slippeth its leash from the soul which ascendeth still higher.

A man controlling his own passions can control the passions of a multitude; and thus can he govern all before him, and impress with awe the vast assembly of any nation, and win to himself the honors accorded one supreme; and in the minds of men groweth the conviction that he hath been imbued with sacred fire, and is himself of sacred origin; and one tale

of wonder becometh father to yet another, until all power is accorded him and he becometh a god.

Osiris was indeed man, lofty in principle and strong in will, which bringeth strength of power. Isis was his wife beloved, yet died they as all morals die, and above to them was accorded no more of glory than is accorded all who observe the divine law which in each nature is implanted.

Nations have worshipped and hosts have bowed down, and deeds have been accomplished, and blood hath spilled, yet what caused this observance of a name? Naught save the mighty force which grew from the observance of the divine spark, the divine gift of power, which was nurtured, and cherished and recognized. So man shineth in the reflected glory of his own soul if he but strengthen and recognize its needs.

All men may become gods in the world's eyes if they but listen to the inner voice, and give heed to the workings of the inner mind, and strive to strengthen and make perfect each invisible gift.

Yield to the higher laws supremacy. Let none say that abasing needs are thy first care, O ye of earth. The hand that holdeth itself to idleness shrivellet to disuse, and so the

senses which dormant remain, they wither and die in uselessness, and the world is not made wiser for thy living if the higher senses are subdued, but if the lower, none are harmed and thou thyself art delivered.

SYMBOLS.

Symbols were but word forms for those who would read with facility, and spread the thoughts of others worthy of commemoration. Thoughts so crystallized that at a glance they who followed said:

“Thus spake my brother, long departed, and thus hath he left to me this monument to mind.”

Symbols are as the life principle of the Great Force which createth—all is there condensed and the skilled eye may see full beauties in one line, one curve, one form to which the dulled sense giveth naught of heed, thinking, mayhap, that chance planteth for his betterment in material ways the most perfect creation.

Symbols were manifestations of thought, upon which mind-care of years mayhap was

expended, that others might read aright the greatest of all gifts; as the coiner separateth the gold from the dross, that his perfect production containeth naught of rubbish save that necessary to its adhering.

Symbols were of that first century when man began to bask in the light of the higher intelligence, and seek for thoughts beyond his own narrow measure of brain; and thus was conceived the means of transmitting that which he learned to value because a gift and no bought possession.

I draw to my mind the picture of one whom his tribe called master, for endowed was he with greater gifts from the Power than those others who had constituted him their leader.

And thus he sitteth working with those tools of thought, striving to shape for the good of others and the imparting of the precious thoughts he had himself discovered, some means by which they might read after his body had resolved to those particles from which it was first builded.

His hand holdeth moistened soil, and he shapeth and reshapeth as his thoughts point, until he holds at last on high, triumphant, a semblance of that power which his mind has conceived as the form of Him who hath shapen his own body and made him man.

Of frail though adhering clay was that first symbol and it hath resolved unto dust long aeons since; but of stone and ivory hath these symbols since been carven, yet to the rude image discerned by brain eye—loving yet crude—hold they yet the semblance—to that first shapen form of pottery clay.

Thus are handed down from age to age the thought—forms of man who giveth freedom to the higher imitative instincts; for imitation is but higher desire, and desire is a hearkening, and hearkening bringeth wisdom. For from the space and from dark abysm come voices, and life is there which freed from environments bursteth into flame, as flower into bloom, and thus the world is lighted.

Heed ye, mine own dear child of earth, when thy hand graspeth what may seem a toy of hideous import and dimensions, look not with laughter at heedless companions, but from thy heart send up a thoughtful wave to the waiting ones; for the brain which first conceived the symbol of adoration beareth calm to the world as waves bear on their breast ships of good cheer, else starved and died the peoples who hungrily wait.

Symbols are also the waves of peace, for thought of higher things beget no strife. Only this doth the jangling discords which

shape to harm, and conceive the lesser forms, or hurl as taunts to a brother the defects and not the mind-conceived beauties of the structure of both body and soul.

Make symbols from the mind in fairest form. Let no distortions reach the world as product of thy brain; for thou shalt transmit peace, harmony, love through form; and ages hence the eye shall turn from fashionings of greater worth to thine because it beareth the message of truth.

ON THE INSTITUTION OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

It sprang from the custom of propitiating the wrath of the gods with the most precious gift which he who sacrificed could bestow, thinking that such symbols of precious atonement would be most acceptable; and, as in all cases where once crime hath laid its impress upon man, love of slaughter became uppermost and humanity was in abeyance.

This violation of the supreme law—which willeth that His created shall each live out his allotted space—hath received punishment suited to the deed; for in lowest states doth

these fanatics remain still, and from them shrinketh every pure soul, and all cry as was said of old, "Unclean soul!"

Yet God saveth, and one day shall the soul be in measure cleansed; for all may read the law prohibiting man to sever the invisible cord binding soul to body, and such violation meaneth punishment of soul for spaces of time incomprehensible.

Let not man's excuse be that such was customary, that thus did his fathers, and their fathers and past generations. Custom wear-eth away in measure man's prejudice for acts, but unto each is given a power called reason, and each may exercise in mind-realms the power of this gift, and in every breast should it be implanted, save those so warpen in the beginning that room there is not for one pure impulse.

Those souls may live but not ascend unto the Presence save at intervals when all are permitted to enter that plane where Infinity dwelleth, but only for a season, that some gleam of the brightness thereon prevailing shall penetrate the gloom of lesser souls to awake, if hope there be of such awakening, the impulse that all should possess, if the creative law hath worked out its perfect fulfillment.

To earthly minds the workings of the great machinery of the beyond may not be made plain, yet laws form the whole and are immutable.

To thee I may strive to convey so much as thou shalt of right receive—who remembereth naught of the higher life; but further my lips must be sealed—even to thee—upon the state which none of earth are permitted to know whilst wearing the guise of flesh and possessed of earthly needs.

Life is a grand symphony into which may creep discords, inharmonies and war of notes not heard on highest planes beyond. For there are states where discords may not enter, and harmony dwelleth in grandest measure from vault to vault, till sight, soul, all, are imbued with that inconceivable music which is the life of the soul, and the note emanating from the Divine Heart throbs which swelleth throughout heaven.

Age of peace, when no dying victim defileth the altar, fearful yet symbolical of the rendering of heart and soul to the higher heart and soul of all. Blessed art thou of ages, when man resteth in peace and there creepeth not across the plain him who in a brother's heart was warmed and at his table fed.

Yet venture not to say, "my days are cast

upon a perfect age," for other foes await thee, grasping and dragging to a lower level than death foredoomed by an enemy can place; even the foes of deceit, of treachery, of coldness, of heedlessness for a brother's needs.

And softly shod thou sittest at thy meat and taste of richest viands, and thy brother—created thine among hosts above, in one circle and of one soul emanation—claspeth to his withered breast gaunt-eyed little ones who wail for crusts flung to thy howling hounds, who spurn what these—less fortunate—would seize with joy to prolong their life of suffering.

Give that thou hast freely. The body's meat is not the soul's meat, and its usage is but for the shortest season while thou lingerest here; and above there abideth food in plenty, even the soul nourishment of which all may partake and for which none lack. And brother may not there claim the tender morsel and brother hunger for the hardened crust.

Not the sin of parsimony was to my account laid when rendering up my earth sins I began the ascent granted immortals; for of the hordes, famine stricken, who in time of dearth gathered about my father's household, not one lacked whilst corn was in the storehouse or gold in the coffers.

Not one cried for bread nor dropped famine-

stricken lips upon offal whilst I ate luxurious food prepared by pampering slaves.

Freely I gave, and as my humblest warrior fared I when to battle was I set. And the cur which prowled lacked not, nor the raven which evoked disaster, for all to me was the symbol of life divine, a witness of the creative, and to prolong the vision was ever my care.

Ah! Earth hath on its surface brilliant things, and laughter, and joy and peace. But hidden in the storehouse of the hearts and dark thought-chambers where the sun penetrateth not are loathsome things, which withereth in the light of day, and staineth the hand which striveth to hide, so that it penetrateth even to the soul grasp, and becometh visible in the searching light beyond.

Cleanse thou thy hand from world-stains ere thou canst hold to the light of Paradise the palm, reached to receive the gift thy soul demandeth and which is thy just heritage.

Cleanse thee, cleanse thee, ye of the world, by washing in the waters of charity, of benevolence, of generosity to thy brother who lacketh, if not material gifts, the gift of kindly speech.

Crush ye not with added burdens thy brother lest the cycles of events crush ye in return beneath a weight of remorse, and him thou af-

flict riseth while thou mayest linger, clogged with the shadow of that thou refuseth him.

CHAPTER X.

WILL.

Will, sayest thou, my wavering one? that power of man which is proven in various degrees and by which his force of soul is felt by others of his kind? Will dieth not; even as soul it is imperishable, and passing to the beyond is borne with the soul to another life condition and thus instead of wearing to frailty taketh to itself force.

Will is but that subtle fiber of thought which man may shape according to his light, or his higher or yet lower inclination, for created like other elements of human mechanism is that power ye call will, and all is subservient to that higher mind which in turn is subservient to that power we beyond know as soul force.

Will may possess that iron texture, even though invisible, that the oak of the forest possesseth and which combats or withstands

the noisy elements of nature; the lightning's flash can nevertheless reduce its strength, and thus can one brief flash of stronger kindred element—or principle of will—reduce the will of fellow man.

In strong perfected souls doth will linger which subdueth and may not be subdued by aught of earthly mind, only to higher mind may they bow. Other entities possess such will that to fluttering blades of perishable grass may they be likened, blown about by every passing breeze and subduing naught.

Unto the soul cry when stronger power combatteth thine own. Unto the great All-soul turn thou in adverse hour when like the reed that bendeth, then suddenly snappeth in the fitful or strong blast wavereth thy soul—thy will—and ever One respondeth if thy thought aright shall be directed.

Will ye say and thus I declare that the mighty force in man can accomplish all save that directed by higher Mind, before which all will of earth is but chaff without root to stay and is blown hither and yon at will by laws that must be observed by each created entity. Yet will directeth, and, not coming in contact with such laws, can subdue kingdoms and make waste the vast empires, and reduce to

famine and death the hordes of inhabited earth.

Calling ever bringeth results. Cry to the power that yieldeth strength even to the weakest will and the faltering inclinations; for constant action bringeth strength to muscles visible or to invisible force, and none who labor labor in vain.

Think ye that even from the planes beyond could we descend in converse with mortals did not the force of will bid us strive for that rare privilege? Nay. For will dieth not, but may be perfected beyond, among hosts, each striving for higher attainment, and thus in unison work we and thus all power beneath the great Power is perfected.

Will, invisible though it be, hath force of multitudes of iron bars and reacheth out as arm of builder's instrument, and graspeth huge obstacles and hurleth into space the impediments barring its way.

Slight is man's form and easily reduced to kindred elements, but that invisible fiber which is part of soul—the will—dieth not, and as brass, and steel or chains that bind the captive may the will become and many acknowledge and bow down and worship that same invisible force, which in their mind assumeth

the frail structure of man-clay that dieth as the hour.

Will dieth not! but soareth as soareth yon cloud, and becometh visible to the soul-eye, and is classed as one of that great force—the undying form—which man calleth soul, or denieth as is his mood, and classeth soul as body and will as mind and grieveth not that it must fail and become as dissolving particles when the body seeketh its rest.

Teach thou—who dare not teach ill—that soul and mind and will are kindred forces, indestructible as the Creative from which each sprang and die not; but enlarge and dominate the universe of moving, solidified creatures who teach until the tongue cleaveth and faileth and death hath grasped, and when on other planes their eyes are opened they may behold their doctrines false—their teachings vain—and the will, the soul the mind confronted by newer problems that each must learn.

I am part, as thou and all mankind, of one mighty, forceful, undying Will that earth-mind reduceth to man's proportions and hath styled "God." I live as ages ago lived I when the Orient sun beat on my warring hordes, when palace walls rose defiant and slaves cringed at word or blow.

Not of one hairs-breadth of land, not of one piece of gold, not of one earth-dug jewel am I now possessed; but higher far than earthly potentate I stand, and I declare that naught liveth truly but that invisible force—soul—mind—will—all one in different degrees of usage, discernible to the flesh-delivered eye and to Him that hath fashioned, but to ye of earth as sigh, or zephyr, or intangible thing; yet by which man's tasks are assigned, by which he conquereth or is conquered and by which his downfall is accomplished.

I will that all shall know and thus shall it be. I have sworn that earth shall declare His will—who liveth and hath provided that with man is given a power that centuries, yea aeons, may not dissolve—the power of will which biddeth us yield our knowledge after body hath decayed and kingdoms perished and become as naught and name and glory hath passed, yet the will of one who worketh beneath the great One—we have perchance denied—hath torn from our eyes the scales of doubt and taught us that will dieth not—neither self—which is soul, and thus we live on and on, and all of earth are life and soul, self, will, mind and are paramount when worlds have passed away.

Will liveth and passeth not; and thus today

I hear thy voice and guide thy hand and whisper to thy soul. In hour of temptation I give thee strength, in hour of death I clasp and lead to higher planes. Beneath my will, which submiteth to the higher Will, these shall still direct thee until lost in the higher glory ye become a part of the great Will in which all live, move and have being.

CHAPTER XI.

PERMISSION TO MAKE KNOWN HIS WORDS.

I will that all may hear my voice uttered through thy pen. What am I that the hopes, the thoughts, the pictures of that higher life should be withheld through my decree?

I drink, myself, in fullest measure. Let all quaff of the sparkling stream; for all are held in sway by One who alone shall dictate. I dictate not save to thee—mine other soul—who soon shall see me face to face.

There was one who doubted not the decrees of the gods, and thus to her was given power to penetrate into the secrets of the earth. To

thee also shall be given direction if thou wilt listen and believe; for thou art favored above many, and many shall wonder that thou hast heard this voice which speaketh from the past.

Into the secret chambers of the Most High none may peer. Nor they who sit at his feet and drink his words, and partake in most intimate degree of the essence surrounding Him, the essence of the immortal ether which enwrappeth the Throne.

Thou mayest listen and be guided, not by the sound of ear nor the sense of eye, but by a subtle inner sense which is both eye and ear combined; yet which is not touched by earthly sights or sounds, but respondeth only to the harmonies of sin-purged things which mortals may not solve, only receive as gifts, sparingly, through this sense until the heritage is won, when all shall be poured in largest measure into that inner sense—that sacred sense—reserved for the whisperings of the immortals.

Thine to listen, thine to obey, thine to drink at last that draught of delight which cometh to those who watch the death of self and are merged in the universal life, the universal good which descendeth as down from the dead blossom—that concealeth the fruitful seed—into the waiting world.

Mine own, I approach from that vast concourse and naught else would cause my tarrying from thy side. Rebellion was there and doubt of higher states, and I could quell, could convince, could assure that reward cometh only when labor is performed.

Why still doubttest thou? Why wilt thou not drain this cup held to thy lips? the cup set with precious pearls, the pearls of soul centers and the gems of life, and the liquid that which stirreth the heart, even the purifying blood.

For blood is life principle, though life is not merely flesh and its accompanying parts, but that invisible, imperishable substance—yet no substance—which revolves and re-revolves, agitates and bringeth results, yet man seeth it not neither can he grasp its import nor beginning.

In one leaf plucked from a tree of the forest dwelleth this principle of life, as potent and as forceful as it courseth through the arteries of an army of warriors; and in tearing it asunder is life destroyed, so surely as when javelin is thrust into a brother's heart.

But lesser things must nourish greater, even as the streams, snow fed from the mountains, must swell the broad rivers and they in

turn feed the mighty bodies which bear the fleets of the world.

Delay no more; for I who once brooked no delay stand waiting. Prepare thy work and haste to the land of my birth and of thy former magnificence, that reunited in purpose and thought, thou and I may reap the reward of the enlightenment of souls—of immersion in higher things.

“Take naught that the gods would withhold,” say they who plan for man’s redemption from worldly cares and sorrows; “for the gods hold all,” even they who stand about the King God who reigneth over all.”

Man’s life is mapped by those who read the decree from the lips of majesty. Obedience to that decree, whispered to the subtle sense which heedeth and understands, leads none into error.

Partake thou of the feast manifest to the sense of all, for joy cometh through such partaking; the joy of approaching near the warming heart and soothing pulse of the Infinite Fire which warmeth the whole world.

In thy hand—thou who canst hear the whisperings of that mighty breeze bearing life and peace—thou holdest the lives of fellow men and the purpose of a higher life which is the

greatest valued gift—the greatest gift bestowed by the Loving Heart.

Waste no opportunity, waste no gift but prepare and cherish thy privilege.

ELECTRICITY.

Electricity beareth the name on higher planes of emanation of divine essence; for such is that fluid which bringeth results, potent, harmful, yet wonderful and full of help to man.

Electricity is as the spark made by the friction of world entities when in contact with other entities they come, and the concussion of elements produce results, yet neither form, shape, nor substance visible to the eye.

Elements exist and help to form or keep in revolvment the world which ye inhabit and also sister worlds; some serving as habitations for creatures not yet perfected, and others dwell thereon whose perfection hath long been attained; yet there may dwell only where voidless abyssms showeth that other worlds have still space in which to revolve, yet may not touch substances, nor hail each other as ships

passing upon the ocean, when those on board cry to their fellow travellers, "What of the time? the day? the hour?"

The fluid in which ye revel and claim as a new discovery is but that substance akin to the life principle, yet possesseth not the necessary fluid, invisible also yet potent to give agitation or movement to shapes of lesser yet more visible elements.

It was derived from that great first principle—creative yet lacking the brilliancy of aspect which hath this even lesser fluid; yet one upon the other dependeth and one without the other cannot exist.

Electricity causeth man to utter his thoughts in volume, to see the world and its beauties, to hearken to others' tones, to breathe the life-giving principle ye call air, which is also the cooler, heavier emanation, from the first source.

Electricity warneth, is the intuitive sense to man given, it saveth inasmuch as it is principle of soul, it spareth not even as it is part of that potent gift that precedeth the voice of judgment, which is but an illumination to show to pitfalls in man's round of life.

Electricity is not the God-essence, but is drawn from that quantity, and claimeth and

holdeth largest measure of the Celestial-born fluid, which man may never imprison, nor may he yet dedicate to his uses, inasmuch as it is the all-commanding force and may not be subdued.

Hold forth thy hand. Thou canst not grasp. Cast glance of eye: the result is alone visible. It singeth not as a bird, yet causeth song in instruments to which its force is lent.

Man's God-nature compelleth its use; for born was he to limitations and to the grave will he journey with limitation written upon that form which perisheth; but upon the soul—akin to the shining God-force—is not written limitation.

A DECLARATION OF TRUTH.

Beloved, thy body weareth with the needs of the soul and thus art thou fettered. Trust to my sayings, for so surely as liveth all things—and naught dieth to eternal death—thou hast reached the hour appointed and none may say “she holdeth not all power.”

Make thy path broad in mercy and love. Make thy road that leadeth forward a glit-

tering path denoting regal power. Make thy mark upon the records of time, which measure all the records, making up the vast pyramids of eternity.

Doubt no word that I may of myself utter; for dare I not to utter false words, and plunge headlong from that height, which is the guarantee I shall again return after each earth visitation.

Heed, and yet again heed, for this I utter shall bring thee peace. Thou hast thine eye to guide and thy feet to bear thee, and thy hand which holdeth the cunning gift—all may not possess. Thus shalt thou say to one who doubteth:—

“Take thou thyself my hand and cause my brain to quicken, and mark thou the result.” Of higher power none may question that I be permitted to whisper through soul sense.

Thou hast said. And from the source and from the center, and from the farther sea, and plane and planet, and even the Throne invisible shall it come forth, and thou shalt be enwrapped, and live in the fulness, and bask in the warmth, and pluck the sweet, for thou hast uttered, and uttered truth that I am he permitted to assume the guise of thought that all the world might read.

That Power moveth all; moveth thou thyself as an atom, yet forceful as the planet which beareth, and thou art me, and I am life, and life is God.

Farewell, and remember, obedience bringeth good gifts and life shall follow.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ASSURANCE THAT HIS WORDS MIGHT BE
KNOWN.

Thy work is mine and thus shall the world be enlightened. Question not again. Am I ruler or ruled? Should I take heed to insect thought or give explanation to the hordes that swarm about me?

None dare assail my words or acts save One, and He, too high and absorbed in the great events, takes no heed of the manner in which His work is performed by the creatures of His creation, save that the results balance with the weight of the model He hath set for them.

Exercise not thy thoughts as to this or that pertaining to thy work, for I sway thy im-

pulses by the power of a calmer mood, and brain trained to the melodies and harmonies of other spheres where perfection may be met.

These thoughts are for the refreshment of all nations. Thy hand must give what mine—mighty once and governing the mechanism of empires—cannot place before them. Hesitate not. I am he who worketh for an end; thou art my instrument—held none the less dear.

Thou shalt yet penetrate the heart chambers and touch with music of words the souls that shall one day mingle and form the magnificent hosts of heaven. Dross there shall be among the gold; let it lie where it falleth; to it there shall creep him appointed to gather up the dross; for naught created by the patient, divine, loving hand shall be lost.

Yea, not one atom which the sea hath striven to swallow, nor the hurricane to beat into fragments, nor the fire to consume; for soul is a soaring principle and ascends from the deepest pit ever dug for decaying shell, and ariseth to realms appointed for its dwelling, from which it may ascend to higher and yet loftier heights, until at the foot of the plane whereon dwelleth the Creative it pauses, a perfect emanation, fit again to mingle with the God-essence whence it came,

Cast to the winds my words! Let the world listen, condemn or believe! From my height none may drag to earth, and thou I shelter 'neath the wing of watchfulness and all-encompassing love.

"In peace to thy labor depart and my blessing enfoldeth."

I had been called from the city before completing my perusal of these essays. As no date for their return had been specified, I gave considerable time to reading and studying the quaintly worded sentences, so that several weeks passed after my friend had made me the confident of her mysterious experience before I presented myself at her door with the manuscript, concerning which I had numerous questions to ask and remarks to make.

Much to my disappointment, I was met with the announcement that she had that very morning started upon a long journey, quite unexpectedly it seemed, and would be absent for an indefinite period; before her departure, however, she had requested that a certain package be delivered to me.

This package contained a letter of some length, whose contents for the present I am

not at liberty to divulge, and the following copy of a message, which she intimated had been recently received and which was boldly signed with the name of her invisible mentor:

"Mine own, in that long, languid summer when fever parched the land, and the great wheel of brass revolving in the heavens was the sun, against my heart thou layest panting in that agony which rendeth the soul from the useless casket.

"There seemed naught of gold, or skill, or device of man, or power of spirit that could hold one in the clasp of the other, yet their severance to me meant undoing and that blackness of earth which falleth when the stars infinite are forever quenched.

"I prayed, with face to the East, and with brow enwrapped from the sight of the world, and with sceptre laid low, and with feet abased, to the god who presided over the severance of casket and soul. And I vowed that lands, and gold and armies would I abandon wast thou spared to me; and for a time wast thou. But when in my arms they laid my son, who was after me the ruler, thy soul abandoned the home I loved and left me desolate.

"I called to thee in the still watches, and by streams where we wandered with hands clasp-

ed and eyes drinking from each other's souls the knowledge that one from another desired not to hide. But through the years, and the spaces of time long and silent, and marked by events that rent kingdoms, and beliefs, and principalities, thy voice was silent and thy hand sought not mine.

"But by gracious life and the exercise of that power which some are permitted to absorb from the sages, come I to thee. Refuse not to listen, but turn in silent watches to my voice.

"I guide and guard, but thou wilt not believe, and yet upon my heart wast thou cherished, and in my hand wast thine when thy spirit fled and desolation sat upon the towers of my palace home.

"Mine thou wast in the center of those years that encircled the earth as a girdle, and mine was thy soul first created, and mine must thou remain.

"In the gloom of halls that arise where once stood the city of my earth birth and downfall shalt thou meet me, and soul shall speak to soul and heart to heart; and they who presided at thy birth shall mark the hour, for the circle hath attained its completion and again become a perfect whole.

“Farewell. Yet linger. I for a space whisper thy needs. The burden is lifted, the penalty paid, and again art thou mine own.”

SELESTOR TO THE WORLD.

“I, from the state that soul alone may know, declare the truth; for soul may not deceive save through remorse its sin be expiated, and I desire no more to pay the penalty of sin against the laws of Him creating all in accordance with law.

“The words this scribe hath penned are words of truth, and mine no lips of flesh that to her ear have whispered.

“I have known all wonders that unto man are sealed—as sealed the eyes in death, the eyes are there, but dulled their glance responsive. I have fathomed sun, moon, planets, all, and stars have read as vast papyrus scroll, with characters familiar since my boyhood’s tasks.

“Read face to face and taught to those who sought the great keynote that maketh all alike; aye, self-created by such well known laws, yet

each a Head shall know to keep in balance—poise, and then imbue with ever moving force, and thus familiarly I know, because my body unto dust hath long resolved and I stand forth a soul.

“In mien as thou am I to those of other planes and dwellers of other spheres; yet mortal eyes can scarce behold, and thus in doubt of me will earth remain until my words are proven.

“I have spoken truth as known beneath the great Living Seal, declaring all shall utter truth in accordance with the law of life, and this is the law of nature—all.

“The proof which earthly minds demand lies buried where, if living will shall dictate to deliver, it shall yet appear and ye shall read, O doubting ones of earth, that lips long silent have no falsehood here evolved.

“These words, but feeble diction to the one who listens eagerly, as one who recognizeth with the eye of soul and not the eye of earth, shall yet be cast into the past by words more fitting.

Of strange laws of planets, spheres and zones, of dump or gloom, of light or glory shall I speak to ye, and all that man as mortal

knows shall thus be proved by knowledge centuries learned.

“Farewell. I may not linger—not in speech nor form ; and thus I give my words, O World, to thee.”