

THE  
INNER



LIGHT

---

O the Lion of Judah  
Shall break every chain,  
And give us the victory  
Again and again.

—Anon.

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## PREFACE.

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I TOUCHED upon the "Secret of Life" in poem "Sleep" of Mystic Poems, which is Spirit manifested in the borderland of Super-consciousness, or the Sub-conscious State, and in the poem "The Way." In this book I reveal the "Key" that can rationally unlock the occult door and bring back to you in the "morning quiet," when brain and memory are the clearest, a knowledge of the "Wisdom Mind" in its oneness with the Higher Self; from "Sleep," or the subjective state; also a knowledge of the "future" in Earth life.

I am convinced that we are on the edge of a solution of the mystery of the "other Life," not by the "psychic" (with its mediumistic dominating influence) but by bravely passing through this realm, with the aid of Spirit Will unto Spiritual Intuition; or Sub-consciousness, the borderland of the Super-conscious State. Not thereby to loose the "hold" of Earth life, but to enjoy the conscious sublimity of having moments when we can live in two worlds at one and the same time.

My experience is similar to that of Swedenborg, except that I am in an initial step of occult inquiry; yet I believe that I have developed, at least for myself, an additional fact,—that of bringing back from "Sleep," and through "occult doors" to the physical brain memory a reality of a "knowledge consciousness" from the Sub-conscious State; or a revealed knowledge, to an extent, of the Akashic or Book of Life records.

I am told occultly not to issue my "Occult Diary," (kept now since June, 1902) until the year 1905.

Immortally yours,

A. JUSTIN TOWNSEND.

**This Book**

is dedicated  
to the

**Brotherhood**

of

**All Nature**

---

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**All Anxiety**  
as to its fruit or

**Results**

is

**Abandoned**

## Alpha.

The Universe lay in absolute repose,  
In a passive state of rest.  
When we<sup>1</sup> reposed in Consciousness  
Absolute, between two active periods :—  
Where all must rest.  
Desire was peacefully quiescent,  
Digesting in unconscious slumber  
The Lessons of a past era of active Life,  
Objective in its hunger and dream-like  
In its subjective acquirement of faculties.  
Nature was hushed; as We reposed  
In Our Cave of Infinite "Thought" :—  
Our natural Wisdom of expression  
Centered in Our spirit-leaven of Consciousness.  
'Twas then we heard the restless "moan"  
Of the children of Manus,  
Born of desire for active life.  
We also felt the silent throbbing  
Of mineral, vegetable, and animal monads,<sup>2</sup>  
Touched not yet by the fire of Manus;  
Yet longing for the mental growth  
In the individual path  
That leads to Wisdom's home.

We must again "limit" Ourselves  
To recreate in active mood  
A Universe of matter;  
Even as the mother limits in love  
Her intellect to Infancy.  
And Manus, too, the Breath of our Life  
Leaning close to our Wisdom  
And the Christos' power;—  
Desires again to wander,—to suffer on  
In objective life and onward perchance pass  
In Our next Prelaya<sup>3</sup> unto our Cave of Wisdom.  
We are moved in divine Compassion,  
To glance in our Thought of Love,  
Through spiritual Ether's infinite void;  
Where dense planet matter was by Us,  
At the close of Our last objective period;  
And ere this present state of rest;  
Ground to Etheric atoms.  
Our thought sees but a void of rest,  
Consequent upon Our last inbreathing :—  
And now, We breathe out again in Love;—  
That Manus and the Monads  
May learn again of objective life.

Our Thought divine, shall thrill in Life;  
Electrified in active mood  
And spiritual goodness :—  
Unto Our Primordial Substance,  
The negative pole of Our Being.  
First shall our Love in sacrifice,  
Breathe out a Universe of Light;—  
Etheric and spiritual.  
Which, moving through Etheric atoms,  
Shall quicken anew Vibration's law;

Throughout Etheric space.  
Sound, also, shall constant follow,  
As the first expression of creative Nature.  
Heat, also, born of light and motion,  
Shall generate anew astral matter,  
Until the first Logos shall awake,  
Within its central Sun,  
With power from our central "Thought"  
To create a Universe.  
Aye, farther;—We gave It power  
To send forth in sacrificial Love,  
Clothed with our Life and Light,  
To separate from itself  
The Logos children  
For the planet systems.  
Our "Thought" turned lovingly to Christos,  
The astral Sun, Producer of the Solar Light;  
The "Word" the Sexless One,<sup>4</sup>  
Moving in sacrifice through astral dust,  
To compass the solar system.  
Encompassed by Our Wisdom,  
He shall send forth dust,  
Condensed from astral atoms :  
In the bosom of trailing comets;—  
A few moving in parabolic curves;—  
Fighting for their lives,  
And from destruction saved  
By their own velocity :—  
While many sink into the solar sun,  
To benefit the solar planets.

Thus born were the solar sun and planets,  
Whose atoms were baptized with our Spirit;  
In their instinctual potential Life  
They craved an active state.  
The children of Manus  
Who dwelt in living forms  
Were clothed in the Light of the morning.  
Christos also formulated on the Earth,  
The eternal astral cells,  
The human ones,  
The first and never-dying race;  
So near unto Our Eternal Self  
Yet mindless in individuality.  
The egg-shaped astral form of man,  
Resting on the astral Earth,  
Or floating in the air  
As floats the protoplasm of the deep,  
Knew not its future occupant.  
It lived as fishes lived,  
Yet knew not why :  
Obeying Our power of Evolution.  
Sexless it lived,  
Yet reproducing itself,  
On the path of continuous life :—  
Like astral Scarabi<sup>5</sup>  
That We shall whisper down the ages  
Through an occult source.  
It lived for an Eternal purpose,  
Known ever to Our Life and Love.

Next came Our second race;

<sup>1</sup> Let Us make man in the likeness of our (spiritual) image.—*Bible*.

<sup>2</sup> Monads, or spirit potential centres of evolution, similar to the potential life of the oak in the acorn.

<sup>3</sup> Prelaya is Sanscrit for a passive state of rest; between two active "Universe periods."

<sup>4</sup> Sexless One.—"In the Kingdom of Heaven there is neither marriage, nor given in marriage."—*Bible*.

<sup>5</sup> Scarabi, or the "winged" globes of Egypt.

Born of the spleen,  
 Always anew; from the side,  
 To its life continue.  
 It moved more densified in matter:  
 That Our Universal Consciousness  
 Might become individual mind;  
 Yet in its embryonic state  
 It knew not why it lived.  
 Our third race on the Earth,  
 Lit by the Ego spark,  
 Sent from the Breath of Christos  
 To be individualized on the Eternal Path;  
 Must perforce downward move  
 In Our Circle of Life  
 To know the density of matter.  
 Then each child of Manus,  
 Knew its earthly home,  
 For an objective life experience.  
 Desire yet slumbered,  
 And sinless the race moved on  
 In its potential life;  
 Language they needed not,  
 For each could read the thoughts  
 Of its earthly mates;  
 By its inherent Spirit force;—  
 Living yet so near Christos,  
 Nor yet condensed in selfishness,  
 In the sense of separateness;  
 And in the depths of matter.  
 The third Eye<sup>6</sup>, too,  
 Not yet concealed from sight of heaven,  
 By the density of flesh  
 Still knew the forms divine  
 In Our subjective Life.  
 Christos, patient in our Love,  
 Beheld the sweat-born and the boneless;  
 Exuding life from life;  
 Until the egg-born race  
 Became condensed in matter  
 And stood upon their feet.  
 A fit abode for the children of Manus,  
 Who, patient watching the other planets,  
 In their spiritual rest,  
 Between objective lives  
 Streamed anew to human forms;  
 And men were called self-conscious  
 With the spark of Wisdom-Mind  
 In their descent of the Circle;  
 From Spirit into matter,  
 Yet sinless still.  
 The astral Earth  
 Passing the gaseous state,  
 Was now established as a solid globe;  
 Magnificent in its infancy.  
 Continuously it has obeyed  
 The centrifugal force;  
 Born in the Christos One;  
 The Earth also gave heed  
 Unto a centripetal power;  
 Born of the Solar Sun,  
 Until it knew gravitation;  
 The first material law;  
 And sprang into its orbit.  
 The children of Manus,  
 Moving afar from other planets,

In a subjective state;  
 Still entered oft the human forms.  
 For an objective experience.  
 While the patience of the sexless "Word"  
 Kept ward o'er human life,  
 Potential in its monad toil;—  
 Which patient in Æons of life  
 Had gained a rich experience  
 From mineral, vegetable, and animal life,  
 To master be on planet Earth,  
 O'er all of nature's physical realm;  
 For it was writ in spiritual law,  
 That none should know the Earth or Heaven,  
 Or knowledge gain,  
 Except that it had lived the life,  
 Had felt the pain of matter's stain.

The race moved on  
 More dense in matter;  
 The Wheel<sup>7</sup> tilted,  
 And men knew heat and cold;—  
 Who, for Lemuria's home,  
 Forsook their tropic Eden  
 In the Arctic seas.  
 Men dense in matter selfish grew;  
 Though clothed in form hermaphrodite;  
 The third Eye, too, was hid forever  
 In matter's sense of separateness;  
 Division came, with weak and strong;  
 And sex life knew its own;  
 And knew that it was naked.  
 Each tasted of the Tree of Knowledge,  
 Knowing like unto Ourselves;  
 The evil and the good.  
 Man must be individualized  
 In Spirit and Mentality  
 Through ages yet to come.  
 Within his heart we place desire,  
 As an ever-flaming sword  
 To hold him to objective life  
 And to enshroud the soul  
 From the Tree of Life.  
 In planet and in Spirit sphere:  
 That springeth ever from Our Love  
 Throughout the Universe.  
 Pride, vanity, and love of self,  
 And worship of another's form;  
 Came to the children of Adam's fall;  
 As sex life spread upon the Earth;  
 And child-birth pain and sweat and toil  
 Were the reward of selfish path.  
 Yet sons of light kept watch and ward,  
 And souls incarnate came to Earth  
 To live out lives so dense in matter,  
 And know the negative pole of Life.  
 They moved on hence as Sons of Light;  
 To elevate the monad life;  
 That in the cycles yet to come,  
 Must pass into the human form;  
 And move above to Spirit home.  
 Thus Spirit sinks deep into matter,  
 By electric Life from Ether's wave;  
 Until in sentient knowledge born;  
 It shall in Love come to its own.

<sup>6</sup> The Pineal Cone, situated in the back of the head, midway between the ears.

<sup>7</sup> The Wheel or Earth "tipped" on its axis. We are occult told that this has occurred four times in 800,000 years.

## Gethsemane.

Deep darkness spread o'er Palestine,  
Fit emblem of Satanic curse  
That sought the form of Christ divine,  
Or Jesus, by the traitor's purse;  
For dark was e'er the priestly mind  
That never knew the Christos<sup>1</sup> soul;—  
The mind that moved as a whirlwind  
To Jesus kill;—as surges roll.

Jesus had broke the bread of "Life"  
And gave the "Spirit-cup" as food;—  
The "Cup of Life," soon turned to grief,  
Bitter in taste, as when he stood  
Yet later still in garden wood.  
But sweet to Christos came the flood  
Of Light, that moved the Jesus will;—  
Not mine, but Thine, Love conquers still.

Fit night was this an act of strife  
To consumate in path of Life;—  
Egyptian darkness must have lent  
It's old-time power, to heart of Judas;  
Who sallied forth on mission bent,  
To sell the Life of Christ, or Jesus;  
Poor Ignorant Soul who never knew,  
The difference between the two.

Then Jesus said to Zebedee's son  
To James and brother John, come on,  
And Peter, too, who knew the Life,  
The Rock<sup>2</sup>;—to crush Satanic strife;  
Come now unto Gethsemane,  
Come, my beloved, come with me,  
And watch with me, e'en just one hour,  
While I drink "cup" by Spirit power.

They walked, all four, through garden gate,  
The children lingered in sleepy fate,  
Their eyelids heavy, their senses deep  
In Maya's<sup>3</sup> path for need of sleep;—  
For psychic minds must e'er demand  
More rest than Life in Spirit land.  
The Christos Love knew well their fear,  
Kindly said watch and tarry here.

Jesus walked on in path alone,  
Yet not alone, Christos was there,  
And God in Love, from mystic throne,  
Moved in Gethsemane atmosphere;—  
To so baptize the bitter cup  
In His own Love and Spirit Will,  
That Jesus might to the last drop  
Drink all, and taste but living Well<sup>4</sup>.

The Christos now bathed Jesus' face  
In sweat of blood for human race,  
That wet thy soil Gethsemane,  
And conquered death;—arch enemy  
Of suffering man, since Adam knew  
The taste forbidden, in path of woe;—  
That sexual life brought forth on Earth  
In vanity and lustful path.

To stain the life of Adam<sup>1</sup> wise  
To blast the love of Paradise;  
Jesus so loved the human race,  
That he could smile though sweating blood,  
Baptized in Christos' Love not Earth,  
In Life that God Himself breathed forth;—  
When Jesus had the battle won;—  
Submission made, Thy Will be done.

Now I must suffer for brother man,  
'Tis Christos' Love, 'Tis God's own plan;—  
As through this Hebrew life I roam,  
Swift passing to Eternal Home;—  
There Christos know, where God is nigh,  
With occult Power o'er Earth and Sky;  
And view Gethsemane afar,  
Where strife shall ne'er my Spirit mar.

Ye win by Love, O Bethlehem's Child,  
Saved once from Herod's slaughter wild,  
Until this hour, that man may know  
Christos can conquer death, man's foe.  
Ye have drank Life at spiritual fountain,  
And stood with God on Zion's mountain,  
Have walked in dark Gethsemane,  
Faced lower self, Life's enemy.

Yet Jesus loved the Soul of Man,  
Was moved unto those He must leave,  
And Jerusalem, the living plan  
Of human life; He came to save.  
The Christos called, yet Jesus waited,  
Three times turned back, to loved ones seated  
In deepest sleep; said Watch and see  
The suffering of Gethsemane.

Three times turned back, yet they slept still;  
Sleep on, He said, it is God's will,  
Sleep on, in psychic sleep still roam,  
For now "Mine hour is surely come."  
They came with staves and darkest look,  
The beloved three, in terror woke  
And quickly fled, yet Peter near  
Stayed; to strike off a priestly ear.

The traitor came with e'en a kiss;—  
More fatal than a serpent's hiss;—  
Yet it could never touch Christos,  
Though it made Jesus take the Cross  
And suffer on to Calvary's height;  
In spite of Love and occult Light.  
Thou Jesus! bathed in sacrifice  
In Christos' Love, God's Paradise.

You came to dark Gethsemane,  
In fear and trembling, sweating blood;  
You left there psychic enemy,  
You then with "Father in Secret" stood.  
Perfected Soul, the path you've won,  
In Love divine, as God's own Son;  
No more shall tempter touch your Soul,  
You are baptized in "Eternal Whole."

<sup>1</sup> Christos is Sanscrit for that "Sexless One" or the "Word" in the beginning, or that living flow of spiritual "Light and Life," born of Love in the heart of God.

<sup>2</sup> "And I say unto thee, thou art; Peter." We are told that the semi-colon should be placed in the text after "art," thus conveying to Peter the fact that "Existence or Life was the Rock," and that Jesus should build His church on the "Rock of Life."

<sup>3</sup> "Maya's path" the "path of sensual illusion."

<sup>4</sup> The "Father," like a well of water, springing up unto everlasting Life.

'Tis now no suffering, burden of Cross,  
 'Tis now no shame, but Matter's course  
 Of psychic lust and priest desire,  
 Baptized in Maya's<sup>5</sup> hateful fire,  
 Thou hast found Peace not psychic woe,  
 For Thou hast met the Christos flow;—  
 Its Unity with God's own Life,  
 Assuages woe in path of strife.

Ye would not now drive forth e'en thieves,  
 The Christos Soul would e'en save these  
 From selfish lust and Satan's fire.  
 Thy Soul attuned to Nature's Lyre,  
 Of spiritual beauty, hope, and Love,  
 Would carry all to Home above.  
 Thou ne'er would'st score the Pharisee,  
 For Thou hast passed Gethsemane.

Now let them nail Thee to the Cross,  
 In soul of hate and psychic wrath,  
 'Tis Heaven's gain and Earthly loss,  
 'Though Thou hast left the Christos path;—  
 And occult Life from God's own Life,  
 To comfort ever souls of Earth.  
 The Comforter ever shall bring relief  
 To souls baptized with hope, or grief.

Oh, glorious thought! You rose again,  
 To crush forever pain of death  
 In Soul of Man; Thy sweet refrain  
 Still sweetens life and kills all pain;—  
 "Thy brother, Woman, shall rise again."  
 Blessed are they who lead the Life  
 In glance of Light divine and Love,  
 Who seeing not, yet still believe.

You suffered in Gethsemane,  
 To quicken God in heart of Man,  
 To crush Satanic Enemy,  
 And show God's Love as saving plan.  
 You suffered e'en while men slept on,  
 Like Peter, James, beloved John,  
 Or those who slept in path of sin,  
 Denying Christos; Earth to win.

Now stranger as o'er Earth you go,  
 Let Christos Life in Spirit flow  
 Throughout your soul to all mankind,  
 And Nature, too, the Christ Love send.  
 Drop separateness; drop self forever,  
 And move on path unto Life's river,  
 Unto a life of Spirit power,  
 That rules the Earth forevermore.

Kind friends, I now write to you all.  
 I wrote Gethsemane in positive mood;  
 But while I stay in Earthly thrall  
 Or linger close to brotherhood;—  
 While I may read between the lines,  
 Of poems many unto you,  
 Yet spare me on Gethsemane,  
 My soul is passive to Earth view.

## A Monologue.

To WILLIAM P. HALL, Swampscott.

[Reprinted from "Mystic Poems."]

Listen!  
 Friend Hall,  
 You and I  
 Don't know  
 It all;  
 So, listen!

"Oh that mine enemy would write a book,"  
 So I could catch him with a crook,  
 And twitch him forth into my power,  
 Where I could "yank" him by the hour.

Now, yank away; yank, friend "Bill,"  
 You still will have to climb the hill,  
 Dogmatic hill, dogmatic life,  
 Where there is argument and strife.

That ceases, when you know your soul  
 Rests in Peace, with eternal Whole.  
 Long since, friend Hall, I found you out,  
 Now, I am "yours," without a doubt.

Good luck, sir, from A. J. T.  
 Lynn, Mass., June 19-three.

## Hall's Reply

To

Townsend's "Lie?"

"(Truth.)"

DEDICATED TO A. J. T.

I knew before you wrote a book,<sup>1</sup>  
 That at the truth you would not look,  
 But sought from Oriental lore,  
 To find the prize that I adore.

That is the origin of life,  
 With which the Scriptures are so rife  
 And symbols of our divine Lord,  
 Are found throughout His precious word.

From taking skins by God's own hand  
 To Israel's types that filled the land,  
 And recognized by God, who said,  
 To cancel sin, blood must be shed;—

But when the ancients left their God  
 And walked where Enoch never trod;—  
 They carved out images of gold,  
 Of man and beasts and birds we're told.

<sup>5</sup> Maya is Sanscrit for "illusion."

Their foolish hearts became so dark,  
They could not see a single spark;—  
That lighted up the true pathway.  
But like blind brutes they went astray,

And having strong desire to live;  
They worshipped all that seemed to give  
The slightest hint toward that goal;—  
And conjured up the "Immortal Soul."<sup>2</sup>

Although their downward course was sad,  
They did not mean to be so bad;—  
And when they thought they had done wrong,  
In their crude way, would chant a song.

Or when their deeds they did bewail,  
Would offer sacrifice to Baal;—  
And cut and stab until the gore  
Would from their poor weak bodies pour.

They sought the Sun as prince of life,  
The Moon was worshipped as his wife;—  
As constellations blend and nod  
And as they thought, begat a God.

When autumn's leaves had filled the dell,  
Their bosoms then with grief would swell;  
And while the stars their vigil's keep,  
Would silently for Tammuz weep.

But now the story of His Son,  
God told His children, one by one;—  
Adam, Abel, Enoch, Noah,  
And what could poor man ask for more;—

Until the time should be fulfilled,  
That He should for mankind be killed;—  
And raised up by the power of God,  
To redeem sinners from the clod.

So if I sought you with a "crook"  
To have your name wrote in a book;—  
The "Book of Life" who you could dwell  
In "Heaven"<sup>3</sup> with me, instead of "Hell."<sup>4</sup>

It was because my love for you,  
Was like our Saviour's, warm and true;—  
And as I stand and o'er you weep,  
May your "Good Angel" ever keep  
You in the "Path" of "Truth and Love";—  
That you may reign with Him above.

Oh! "Bill."

TOWNSEND'S REPLY.

Is it a "lie?"

Friend Hall I've read your story well,  
Your path to heaven, your way to hell;—  
I love your honest, sincere soul,  
That strives to reach "Eternal Whole."

But yet I see your armor bare,  
Like knight of old you're incased there;—  
You limit Spirit to "Bible Book"  
And close the "lids" like weakly "crook."  
You weakly fear that Inspired "Word"  
Might whisper "thought" to India's horde;—  
In Gita's lore, inspired so wise,  
On spiritual "Path" to Paradise.

Or do you fear the Budhic<sup>1</sup> Love,  
That in God's Spirit e'er must move?  
That came on Earth in Blessed Myst<sup>2</sup>,  
Five hundred years 'fore time of Christ.  
Christos said sure, "I am the Way,  
"That men must move to Spirit World;"  
Mayhap He knew Love's blessed "Ray"  
Moved India's life in "other fold."

Toss quick your armor off<sup>3</sup> 'tis fear,  
Drink in the Ether atmosphere;—  
Let it baptize your nervous force,  
'Tis oxygen near Spirit source;—  
It sure will help to Spirit win,  
'Tis far removed from path of Sin;—  
'Twill strengthen arm for "Sword of Love"  
For 'tis God's air in Life above.

Wise Jesus knew He was not God,  
"Why callest Thou me even good?"<sup>4</sup>  
He knew that Christos breathed in Love  
Born of God's Life by Spirit's move  
Ere Abraham thought or Adam knew  
To see the "Path" or heaven view;—  
Brought forth in "Silent Majesty"  
First "Solar Breath" Love's "Ünity."

<sup>1</sup> Mystic Poems.

<sup>2</sup> Friend Hall is one of those honest and sincere "Adventists" who so love the "Letter" that "killeth" that they really believe that the "Bible" does not teach "Inherent" Immortality.

<sup>3</sup> "Heaven" or Immortality.

<sup>4</sup> "Hell" or "the Grave."

<sup>1</sup> "Budhic" is Sanscrit for "Wisdom."

<sup>2</sup> "Myst." abbreviation of "Mystery" divine.

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis fear that keeps it ever on,  
Fear born of self, O weakly one.  
When fear sees "Truth" Life's Amazon  
'Twill die at touch of Spirit Zone.

<sup>4</sup> Matthew 19: Verse 17.

Buddha once came in Christos Path  
 Then Christos moved in Jesus' birth;—  
 Perhaps "It" came e'en by rebirth  
 This "Power" o'ershadowing psychic wrath,  
 This "Spirit-Love" in "Voice" so still,<sup>5</sup>  
 Whispered that "Woman" had a Soul;—  
 And Buddha, hearing "Divine Will"  
 To India told the message, whole.

He was the first in time of old,  
 Moving in Christos-Spirit mold;—  
 That told to Aryan life afar,  
 The curse of Slavery's<sup>6</sup> cruel law.  
 He spoke, when military man  
 And priest, had crushed the Christos plan;—  
 When Brahma-man, with heart of stone,  
 Had closed the "Ear" to Sudra's<sup>7</sup> groan.

Stern Aryan priest, in psychic law,  
 Pariah outcast made, a flaw,  
 A blotch, on "Book of Sacred Veda"  
 That breathes out Christna's<sup>8</sup> Life in Deva;—  
 Soaked "Sacred Page" in foulest blot,  
 Like the "dark age" that Jesuit wrought;—  
 Both were baptism in dogmatism  
 With selfish "hug" of inspired schism.

Yet Christos' Life in India's path,  
 Or Western world's stern psychic wrath;—  
 Came forth to roll away the stone  
 From grave; where lingered slavery's moan.  
 Then feudal<sup>9</sup> life came higher far  
 Than Slavery's creed, just cause for war;—  
 But feudal life was backward borne,  
 And left to die, its "cause" to mourn.

Stern Luther struck the feudal rock,  
 And Christos Life gushed "living" forth;—  
 Both priest and master felt the shock  
 Of Water's flow in German north;—  
 That baptized occult German blood,  
 Then swept across the Channel's flood;  
 And bathed the English life in mood  
 Of freedom, love, and brotherhood.

Now, "Bill," this fact you ought to know,  
 That mind and matter, in Love's flow,  
 Will ever move, if moved at all,  
 To Spirit know; as "All In All."  
 The industrial rights we have today,  
 Or intellect mastering matter's clay;—  
 Could not e're move in righteous might  
 Till mind was free, in spiritual Light.

I'll not deny the Christos flow,  
 That moves o'er man, from Spirit home;—  
 Assuaging earthly life of woe.  
 Or bigot's "inspired" bookish<sup>10</sup> dome.  
 I also love the universe,  
 Would lift from man dogmatic curse,  
 That limits "Scripture" by psychic force,  
 And limits "Light" to Hebrew source.

Seventy Jews carved once an "Image"  
 Septuagint<sup>11</sup> for priestly clan,  
 That spilled man's blood o'er Christos message,  
 And stern forsook the "Living Plan"—  
 Gave forth a Tsar in popish form,  
 More fatal than a Negro fetich  
 Bathed souls in fear and Jesuit storm  
 O'er all the Earth in force psychic.

Shame! Shame!! to whisper of an "Image,"  
 Ye, who adore as God,<sup>12</sup> a man  
 Who taught in Love the Spirit message  
 Of spiritual Light, not psychic plan.  
 But sensual man must image have  
 To stand between himself and God;—  
 You take the teacher, who came to save;  
 While Sudra heeds the Braman nod.

The "spark" that came from occult zone,  
 Was Ray of Light from Spirit throne.  
 The "Light that lighteth all the world,"  
 From "Absolute Life" was silent hurled  
 Through Ether space;—And Christos knew  
 Its glorious Life o'er heaven, on Earth;—  
 To save man from a selfish woe,  
 The occult Ray to man came forth.

The "Immortal Triad,"<sup>13</sup> Life of God,  
 In living Love and Spirit flow;  
 Shall brood forever in Christos mood,  
 Save every soul from psychic woe.  
 God will not loose no part of Light,  
 He will not waste the Spirit flow;—  
 'Twill all come back by Christos right  
 When Spirit-Life, the Soul shall know.

John told us that the Light<sup>14</sup> came forth,  
 To show the "Way" in Jesus' path.  
 'Twas shown in "Love" at Pentecost  
 Which poured out "Power" by Holy Ghost.  
 'Twas "Father in Secret";—all may know  
 With "Higher Self"<sup>15</sup> as "Union One,"  
 That ever moves to "Earth below,"  
 This Jesus taught as God's own Son.

<sup>5</sup> See 1 Kings, Chap. 19, Verse 12.

<sup>6</sup> Buddha denied the anti-slavery position at a time when Aristotle declared that anti-slavery agitators were enemies of society.

<sup>7</sup> Sudra. The name of the lowest "class" in India, except the "Pariah outcast."

<sup>8</sup> "Christna," a "Divine Being" sent to India in the early life of the Brahmanic religion.

The Roman Catholic Church was the "Spiritual fountain" of feudal communism, and learned men of the feudal period looked upon "feudal society" as a permanent social condition.

<sup>10</sup> The fatal examination of Jesus by "Letter worshippers" might not have occurred had they understood the "Oneness" of Jesus and the "Father," <sup>11</sup> The Council of Seventy at Alexandria, Egypt.

<sup>12</sup> Jesus rebuked Peter in regard to hero-worship, saying, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Yet Peter failed, as the Church now fails, to understand the meaning of Jesus.

<sup>13</sup> The "Triad" of "Light, Life, and Love."

<sup>14</sup> "That Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Read first Chapter of John.

<sup>15</sup> "My Father and I are surely One,  
 The Father in me and I in you."  
 This strikes a light from occult throne,  
 "And lighteth All with Spirit true."  
 With a Ray of Light, even from the beginning.

You "would e'en save me from a hell"  
 Now with my soul, Hall, "all is well;"  
 A hell I had upon this Earth,  
 When I moved in dogmatic path,  
 Yet knew it not, till I forsook  
 The "Letter" that killeth by psychic "crook."  
 I trembled even at God's plan,  
 And knew not that I was a "Man."

Hell is a state of consciousness;—  
 And heaven's life in gentle flow,  
 Is also conscious in its bliss;  
 Both here in Earth life, man may know.  
 One is a curse, the other bliss,  
 One selfish stops the Christos flow;—  
 The other teaches happiness,  
 And knows the Spirit path to go.

Weep not for me;—Weep not, friend Hall,  
 Know Spirit power is "all in all,"  
 And angels will their vigils keep  
 Faithful in Love; while you shall weep.  
 They'll move us both in life forever,  
 Swift on in flow of "Mystic River."  
 Then mourn not, weep not, near God's throne  
 Tears vanish e'er in Mystic zone.

Friend "Bill," this "Book" of which you tell,  
 Is not e'en all of "God's own Book"  
 'Tis limited in "septuagint hell"  
 Oh "selfishguard"<sup>16</sup> with creed<sup>17</sup> of "crook"  
 Your act enslaved the mind of man  
 In "Bibliomania's" illusive wrath;—  
 It selfish warped e'en God's own plan  
 Of "Wisdom Love" in "Spirit Path."

Dogmatic man e'er selfish is,  
 Who limits power of God in heaven;—  
 Who folds to heart a "Book" of His,  
 And "scripture" limits in priest-craft leaven.  
 O bigot man! Septuagint  
 Was "iron armor" to stop flow  
 Of Christos' power in "human print;"  
 And limit path that it should go.

Septuagint pleased the Jesuit mind,  
 It made of God a Pope, or Tsar;—  
 It stirred up "death" and made men blind;—  
 They saw not Love but Letter's law.  
 It brought upon the Christian age,  
 "Dark Age"<sup>18</sup> of psychic death and woe;—  
 That struck in madness, e'en a sage,  
 Cursed "Living Light" and science flow.

Why move ye in dogmatic ire?  
 Why worship "Letter" as inspired fire,  
 And hold so fast, like dog to bone,  
 Sink "Union Love" in psychic moan?  
 'Tis thus your soul will slumber on,  
 In deathly power and psychic groan;—  
 To Bible read and "think of Throne"  
 In bigot pride and blind as stone.

We must e'er cease dogmatic force,  
 Fear and hate are of selfish source;  
 Must unite Love, Christos baptism,  
 With "Eastern Life and Mysticism."  
 Then we may link in occult flow,  
 By "Spirit-Love," not selfish woe;<sup>19</sup>  
 For know you that the "Mystic Zone"  
 In Budhic-Love, meets God's own Son.

What do you fear, in Bible sphere?  
 Is it that Christos, ever near,  
 May harm receive from Budhic lore;  
 If Saxon should ope wide the door  
 To Union's Path of Brotherhood,  
 To Universal Love—God's Road?  
 Then know, though Christ was sure the "Way"  
 'Twas Christos' "Word" in central "Ray."

O Missionary to India's shore  
 Baptise yourself in occult mood;—  
 'Tis time you learned their hidden lore,<sup>20</sup>  
 And found the Path to "Brotherhood."  
 Then stop; let not your psychic groan  
 Sink evermore in India's slum;  
 You can still heed Pariah's moan  
 While you touch the Brahma home.

Our missionary on India's shore,  
 Destroys the books unto him sent,  
 Containing "Gita's" sacred lore.  
 O man, sunk in Septuagint,  
 You're twin of Koran's Caliph good,  
 "Who Alexandria's library burned"  
 Lived separate from brotherhood,  
 In life of "crook" the Spirit spurned.

Omar<sup>21</sup> burst forth in zeal of Earth,  
 Loved the inspired Mohammed path,  
 Koran contains the "Whole" of Truth.  
 It is inspired by God, not wrath;—  
 If library e'en has one error,  
 'Tis dangerous to Moslem soul;—  
 It is e'en but satanic mirror,  
 For "Truth" we fight, as time doth roll.

<sup>16</sup> The Council of Seventy, at Alexandria, Egypt.

<sup>17</sup> Every "creed" that must "fight" to exist, or even "revise" itself may contain within itself a "seed" of "Error," no matter how honest the "pill" may be "sugar-coated" with the sweetness of spiritual "Love."

<sup>18</sup> The true student of "Theo-Sophia," or divine knowledge, does not doubt that Moses brought not only the "Ark" but also Truth and "hidden lore," or occult "Light" from Egypt shore.

<sup>19</sup> It is well known and remembered by educated Chinamen that English commercial greed gave to China the curse of Opium.

<sup>20</sup> We are told by educated Aryans that they receive and read books from missionaries, but when the compliment is returned the Brahma books are often destroyed by the missionaries.

<sup>21</sup> Omar, it is said, in the year A. D. 640, captured Alexandria, and gave orders to destroy what was then known as the finest library on earth.—See Enc. Britt. "Chicago Edition," Vol. 1, Page 494.

And if those books on Egypt's shore,  
E'en hold the "Truth," what need to man?  
They're not inspired hidden lore,  
They breathe not Life in "Book Koran."  
So let them all go up in smoke.  
Burn them to ashes; Allah is great.  
O precious books burned thus by "crook"  
Who lived forever in "Inspired" hate.

Methinks, O "Bill," in former life,  
You stood forth in John Calvin's make;—  
Held cloak; like Saul at Stephen's death,  
To watch Servetus burn at stake.  
You gave consent unto his death  
Just to please wrath; in gloomy mood,  
You listened for his latest breath;—  
In hell, you found not brotherhood,

Do you still hear from priestly throat,  
St. John's occult vibrative note?  
The Revelator spoke so sharp,  
Knew priest had not the "occult harp":  
And could not vibrate in sixth sense.  
He warning gave to Aryan dense;—  
Add not a letter or line, take none  
Away;—from "Book" I wrote, said John.

Does psychic priest, now as of yore,  
E'er wave this curse, as psychic gore?  
Gore born in hell; touch not the "Book"  
The "Book" septuagint saw in "crook?"  
They, foolish, took the place of God,  
In arbitrary "psychic," mood;—  
That shut out "Love" and closed the door;  
To "Wisdom Light" from India's shore.

What though "Great Breath" its "inspired gold"  
Must speak through psychic heart's alloy?  
What though it's stamped with "Hebrew mold"  
Or "Buddha's Freedom, Love and Joy?"  
What through it speaks from Calvary's cross,  
Or breathes in dark Gethsemane?  
It still gives man Life's hope, not loss;—  
And conquers "death," arch enemy.

Pure Spirit lives not on the Earth,  
It must through human mind speak forth;—  
Jesus<sup>22</sup> saw psychic enemy,  
And suffered in Gethsemane.  
Yet Christos spoke in mighty flood,  
Thou shalt not tempt the "Lord Thy God;"  
For God, Himself, is tempted never,  
Satan can reach not "Life's own River."

Let intuition move your soul,  
"Tis the first step to "Eternal Whole,"  
Must you first look at Christos' Sun?  
Your eyes would blink, Its Light would shun.  
Know Wisdom's Spirit ever lies  
Beyond the ken of sensual eyes;—  
Your soul may see the Inner Light,  
But face of God is hid from sight.

All Nature's kin, this I'll avow,  
For Truth fore'er shines on Its face;—  
Its occult Life is even now  
Known broader than the human race.

Listen to Nature's sacred Lyre,  
Listen to music of Earth's sphere;  
For God's above and Man's beneath,  
'Tween both flows Christos' living breath.

No more I'll say, this poem now  
I'll close; But not to Christos' flow,  
To "Budhic Love" I'll not cry woe,  
But try Its inspired "Word" to know.  
I'll ne'er cry halt to any race  
That loves a "Book" as inspired "Word."  
I'll take as "Scripture" by God's grace,  
All "Love and Light" sent for Earth's good.

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## The "Way."

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Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.—*Bible*.

Our point of union the church invisible.—*Hegel*.

Tongue is the first of Mother Earth,  
To greet, when Spirit cometh forth;—  
Yet 'tis the last to yield to God,  
The last to wield the psychic rod.  
'Twill carry soul to dire disaster,  
Ere purified to greet a "Master;"  
For it stays close to psychic ground,  
Till it has lost the power to wound.

Inward heat is e'er revealed  
By force of surface warmth and light;  
Compassion's bowels first are moved,  
To teach man Love's own law aright.  
First days of life babe cries for milk,  
'Tis receptive, childish, or such ilk;  
Yet e'en its cry stirs mother-love  
Life sacrifices from above.

God's Love first stirs emotional life  
In soul of average man;  
It stirs up self to escape strife  
On psychic desire plan.  
Yet higher still lifts God the Soul,  
To Love and Spirit sacrifice;  
Till man forgets "self" in the "Whole"  
Baptized in Christos Paradise.

Before I start to show the "Way"  
Of occult "Light" that glows so true,  
In Life above, Eternal day;  
I must give credit where 'tis due.  
I'm psychic, and of puritan blood,  
It pulsates high on upward road;  
It hinders Muse in occult mood,  
And clouds the path to brotherhood.

My teacher true is not a myth,  
Known now on earth as Helen Smith;  
I joy, that saved from psychic flow,  
Are many lines my Muse has given;  
For her keen mind in Wisdom saw,  
The cloud that fogged Its occult power;  
That hid the view of occult heaven,  
Where Muse is touched with Spirit leaven.

<sup>22</sup> Please note the fact that the author regards Jesus as the "man teacher," and Christos as the Ray of Light from God.

In spite of teacher and Wisdom law,  
In spite of Muse in subtle flow;  
I know my psychic blood is flaw  
In Path of Life that I would go.  
'Tis not for self that I fear flood  
Of psychic power; for God is good;  
It must not e'en control my pen,  
To send forth psychic thoughts to men.

No hero worship<sup>1</sup> moves my soul,  
This Spirit power forbids, I trow,  
And Helen Smith, as time doth roll,  
Drops self in Teacher's "thought" and vow.  
The curse of man in selfish creed  
Is "leadership"<sup>2</sup> in bigot mood;  
It hides the Light that soul doth need,  
And limits flow of brotherhood.

Oh, N. H. Bean,<sup>3</sup> as time rolls on,  
You silent walk in duty's path;  
Perchance that "Light" has o'er you shone,  
Rayed downward from the Christos Sun.  
You patient toil in occult lore,  
Just as the raindrop wears the rock;  
You oft have helped me rap at door  
That ever yields to Spirit knock.

Rejoice, O friend, rejoice in Love,  
Rejoice in Spirit from above;  
As Darcy said, "The Sun do move,"  
Thus God shall man's own Spirit prove.  
'Darcy" spake better than he knew,  
For Pleiades,<sup>4</sup> in power so true,  
Moves "Solar Sun" with Orion's glow,  
As Christos' power moves in God's flow.

\* \* \* \* \*  
In "Mystic Poems" I wrote of "Sleep"<sup>5</sup>  
It is not new, 'tis Aryan old;  
I wrote to stir the Saxon deep  
To Wisdom mind and occult fold.  
Subjective state brings occult Light,  
To mediumship 'tis opposite.  
'Tis God-like Will and Mental Sight—  
And not controlled by psychic strife.

Sleep<sup>6</sup> is the power behind the throne,  
Subjective path to occult home;  
It doth unite with Spirit-Will,  
To save you from a psychic "thrill."

Unite them both to active force,  
And you defy the psychic source  
Of mesmerism and hypnotism,  
And leadership of every "Is'm."<sup>7</sup>

Then know yourself as absolute<sup>8</sup>  
Epitome of Christos mind;  
You then can touch vibrative note  
And soar above the astral wind.  
You can e'en meet the Universe,  
Potential Life, as time doth roll;  
You can o'erstep the psychic<sup>9</sup> curse,  
Pass safely to Eternal Whole.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Man knew rebirth in times of old,  
Teach it not now to Saxon bold;<sup>10</sup>  
'Tis better far to tell of Love  
And Spirit Life from world above.  
Believe me, Love on path of heaven,  
And Love divine, o'er psychic Earth,  
I think is more appropriate given  
To Saxon friend, than Earth "rebirth."<sup>11</sup>

The Saxon, sure in path he goes,  
Looks but an inch beyond his nose;  
Thinks astral world, subjective calm,  
And life beyond its tune and psalm.  
In a short time he eats his fill,  
But takes four hours, digestion's mill,  
He thinks that he can "reap in heaven,"  
When for a blessed rest 'tis given.

When will he know that on this Earth,  
In objective Life he will come forth,  
To reap the growth of former life,  
In blessed path, or psychic strife;  
Then passive rest for a thousand years,  
Or fifteen hundred many say,  
In path of heaven to quiet his fears,  
And find his "bearings" in God's Way.

Yet man is moved in desire's path;  
And often tired, he loves to rest,  
But when 'tis o'er, in psychic wrath.  
He longs to meet Earth's life as best  
To satisfy his latent hunger,  
Begotten in a preceding life,  
To come again on Earth to linger,  
To reap and square accounts in strife.

<sup>1</sup> Jesus forbade hero-worship and it is still forbidden in the white lodge of Theo-Sophia.

<sup>2</sup> "Why callest thou me even good  
Is Union's path to Truth and God."

<sup>3</sup> Bro. Bean is Secretary of the Lynn Branch, Am. T. S.

<sup>4</sup> It is now known by astronomers that a power exists around or about Pleiades and Orion that draws on our solar sun and system in its wake. This knowledge must render obsolete the one-time view that the sun as a solar centre remained forever in "one portion" of etheric space.

<sup>5</sup> "Sleep" or the subjective state.

<sup>6</sup> It is a known fact that when a person "sits" at a seance for the purpose of becoming a "medium" or to submit to the hypnotic selfish influence of a "spirit-mind" that nature tries to come to the rescue with "sleep."

<sup>7</sup> Concentrate the will on the continuous movement of even a finger or a thumb and it will be impossible at such time, so we are told, for any one so doing to become a mesmeric or hypnotic subject.

<sup>8</sup> Absolute in the sense of oneness with the "Father."

<sup>9</sup> Science "postulates" the fact that ether fills all interstellar space, and Theo-Sophia or God-knowledge "postulates" the "occult fact" that between the brain-mind and the Spirit there flows in astral ether the psychic area of our desire life.

<sup>10</sup> It would be wise at least to teach it in the abstract.

<sup>11</sup> This "warning" was given to me occultly, and will appear in my diary in 1905.

Yet I will pause, this theme, rebirth,  
Shall not now be my tale to you,  
I'll tell of life upon the Earth,  
And tell a story that is true,—  
Of conscious man in occult Life,  
Of man asleep,<sup>12</sup> in Spiritual realm,  
And bringing back for Earth's belief,  
Subjective Life, with God at helm.

Man's segment mind in earth life brief,  
Is not its whole, blessed relief;  
And Earth life may the "Higher" know—  
And know the "Path" by which to go;—  
Can bring from "Sleep" in morning quiet  
A knowledge of the Wisdom Spirit,<sup>13</sup>  
Then close his eyes to sensual sight  
And learn of Spirit divine aright.

The Light of Life, within the head,  
Gives us Sixth sense, "Life's Book" to read;  
One-pointedness in "Abstract Mind,"<sup>14</sup>  
Will reach this sense;—the message send  
To "Man of God" that Love—divine,  
Baptized in Light<sup>15</sup> on Earth to shine,  
Can prove that Soul, baptized in Will,  
May know of heaven, while on Earth still.

Instinct in the life of beast  
Is baser level of intuition,<sup>16</sup>  
That comes to a Melchisadec priest  
As Light and Voice; occult fruition.  
Yet man, though touched with Abstract Mind,  
Is clouded dense, in separate sense;  
To Ego pride he is inclined,  
And veils himself from Light intense.

Self-conscious man sees not the Light  
That beast knows not to throw away  
Whene'er he sinks self-conscious might  
In selfish pride;—Ambition's sway.  
For Goodness rules the universe;  
All else shall sink to psychic doom,  
Where selfish man continues curse  
That blindly sees but gate of tomb.

Forever on the Earthly road,  
In path of man stands intellect;  
'Tis born in conscious brotherhood  
And subtle Spirit doth reflect:  
'Tis born in Love from dew of heaven;—  
In conscious Spirit, Love and Light;  
'Twill broaden forth in occult leaven,  
When self is sunk in Wisdom's might.

What have you seen, O poet, man—  
Pray tell at once, sir, if you can?  
I've seen at dawn, at break of day,  
With a clear memory, and brain—I say,  
With Sixth sense, sir, and sensual eyes  
Closed to Earth, seen sights so wise,  
Seen future path I was to go,  
If I must dodge a certain woe.

Say men, "I dreamed, it was not real;"  
'Tis false, sir, as the path of sheol;—  
Think you I'd trifle on pure belief?  
Hold out to man a false relief  
From matter's clouded, dense despair;  
And send him back to skeptic's lair,  
No, sir! No! not so; oh, heaven!  
What! trifle thus with affection's leaven?

What I have seen and what I know  
I have attained through Spirit flow;  
I've fought desire and conquered fears,  
Have crushed the lower self for years—  
But kept in silence, Wisdom's Path,  
Her knowledge, fearing psychic wrath;  
Or derisive smile, that stings us so,  
No more I'll pause, the seed I'll sow.

Say men again, that it's not real?  
We'll let it go, for with Love's seal  
I'll lead you on in Path of Light,  
To "Rock of Life" in occult Light.  
My Diary, kept near two years,  
In spite of doubts, or spite of fears,  
I will, if I am then alive,  
Submit to you in nineteen-five.

But why not now? I'm occult told  
By Love's own power from Spirit fold  
To wait till then, then more I'll know,  
Of spiritual Life and Way to go.  
'Twill tell of forms that in Life dwell;  
Of spiritual forms I know so well,  
'"Dead?" or alive, the forms come forth,<sup>17</sup>  
O'er space or death, to friends of earth.

My earthly friends oft come to me  
In the quiet of the night,  
Their astral forms I often see,  
Clothed in Light, by occult right.  
For souls can call from deep to deep,  
E'en while their bodies are asleep,<sup>18</sup>  
They speak to me while I'm awake  
With speech as clear as sound can make.

<sup>12</sup> "Earth sleep" or subconscious state.

<sup>13</sup> Found in the "Kingdom within you" and in the subjective state reposing in its "Cave" or central source of Rest.

<sup>14</sup> Spiritual-Will concentration on spiritual truths in the abstract will give complete spiritual-mental breadth and fullness that is never revealed to the lower or analytical mind.

<sup>15</sup> God is Light, Life and Love. See first chapter of John, or in fact the whole Bible.

<sup>16</sup> Intuition is expressed Sub-consciously while the "occult voice" is expressed Super-consciously from the Higher Self, looking down through the senses and physical brain memory.

<sup>17</sup> To be accurate I am constrained to say that I believe we can go to our departed friends and not they to us; for we have the advantage of living, to an extent, in two worlds at the same time, while our departed friends must remain in a subjective state between earth lives.

<sup>18</sup> I presume that my earthly friends are "asleep" when they appear to me in their astral or spiritual bodies, for I usually see them very late at night, or very early in the morning. Permit me to say that both "Mystic Poems" and "Inner Light" were issued upon occult advice from the Higher Self of a living friend of excellent judgment even in the earthly personality.

Yet still I'll tell few things I've seen,  
 Brought back from sleep-like state serene.  
 I saw the Roosevelt party move,  
 In stately mein like band of Jove.  
 Fine days ahead, I saw<sup>19</sup> it, sir:  
 Ere in Bay State it made a stir;  
 With my eyes closed and bated breath,  
 In front of band I e'en saw "death."

But yet not "death" 'twas emblem there  
 From Book of Life, from occult sphere,  
 I saw<sup>20</sup> the skull and cross-bones float  
 Ahead of band and music's note.  
 I'm just on edge of Spirit lore,  
 I thought it meant for Roosevelt sure;  
 But wisely I my judgment stayed,  
 Till I heard death of honest Craig.

"Poor Craig,"<sup>21</sup> by heedless "Electric" struck,  
 O careless motorman, what luck,  
 Should bear you on in deathly track,  
 To crush out life, not given back,  
 Did lot of fools in Earthly mood  
 E'en hound you on; a psychic brood,  
 Just to e'en stare at President?  
 Stand now and take your punishment.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 On August 11th. at break of day  
 I saw Akasha's page on high;—  
 Imprinted, sir, I dare to say  
 Upon a glorious astral sky.  
 It gleamed afar by Ether stroke,  
 Told not in cloud, but "English spoke"  
 "See Vol"—ume "S" and see "page 6" (six)  
 Trifle not; nor in psychic mix.

And underneath, large letter size,  
 "For there is room in astral skies,"  
 Was wrote in Love's own power given;  
 To touch Elijah's path to heaven;  
 "Elijah was ahead on flow  
 Of Spirit Life and 'Way' to go."  
 I arose, looked on page six;<sup>22</sup> to see  
 Franklin's note on Electricity.<sup>23</sup>

Franklin found but matter's force,  
 While Elijah went to Spirit source;  
 That Etheric power of universe,  
 Which solidifies to lightning's stroke

In Earthward force, that matter shook—  
 Gleams bright from Absolute Consciousness;  
 Changes form life in punishment,  
 Yet in the end, 'twill soul life bless.

Straight is the Path, narrow the Way,  
 That leads to this Eternal Force;  
 But few will see the mystic Ray  
 Who cling to Earth or matter coarse;  
 And know you that the "chosen few"  
 "To man baptized in Earth's desire"  
 Cannot reveal the Pathway true,  
 Until man turns to Spirit-fire.

Think not this Power's in man alone,  
 It touches tree and beast and stone;—  
 Yet it must move through human Soul  
 To prove It's power from central "Whole."  
 So use it not in psychic mood,  
 To kill in fear at Hatred's nod;  
 Use it to save in brotherhood  
 On path of Life that flows from God.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I'll tell you now of Astral warning<sup>24</sup>  
 From "Higher Self" I think it came;  
 Baptized my "Wheel"<sup>25</sup> one summer's morning,  
 And warning gave in pity's name.  
 It came on clear intonation,  
 Three times it struck in repetition—  
 Often I'd heard its tones before,  
 And knew it was from occult shore.

I rode four miles at early day,  
 When came the note from occult Ray,  
 Vibrative tone, I knew it well,  
 And sought for message it would tell;  
 Nothing seemed to be the matter,  
 I rode until an hour later,  
 When trouble with the handle-bar,  
 Gave me a start, my nerves a jar.

I looked sharp, I tell you, sir;  
 'Twas broke where perpendicular,  
 Was brazed to horizontal top;  
 Almost broke off, even to drop.  
 And sink me cruel on its stump;<sup>26</sup>  
 I'll not deny my heart gave thump  
 My nerves went weak, full well I knew,  
 The occult warning<sup>27</sup> was but true.

<sup>19</sup> I wish to say that I first wake up, set up in bed, then close my eyes and read the Akashic records or the "Book of Life."

<sup>20</sup> Sir Walter Scott in "Lady of the Lake" foot note to verse 23, canto first, "if force of evidence could authorize us to believe things inconsistent with the general laws (?) of nature enough might be produced in favor of the existence of the 'Second Sight.'"<sup>21</sup>

<sup>21</sup> Remark of the President on seeing the lifeless body of his faithful servant.

<sup>22</sup> Vol. 8, page 6, Enc. Britt., "Chicago Edition."

<sup>23</sup> Elijah's power lay in Fohat or "Spiritual electricity" touching the "Life current" between the positive pole of Spirit and negative pole of matter.

<sup>24</sup> This warning is known in India as the astral bell warning. It came to me on the road from Lynn to Salem.

<sup>25</sup> My "Bicycle."

<sup>26</sup> "We are told" that as the mother influences the father for her beloved children, so can Spirit penetrate and overcome matter; if we can reduce sensuousness so that our physical-brain-memory may receive occult notes.

<sup>27</sup> Permit me to say that the warning notes continued, with intervals of four or five minutes, until the accident to handle bar was discovered.

I've seen my mother's<sup>28</sup> form so dear,  
Four times in thirty days—  
And she spoke twice in voice so clear  
A voice I knew always.  
To me this is an evidence,  
To see her form in astral light;  
In Ether's force not matter dense;  
And hear her voice by occult right.

Sub-Astral State in Life is real;  
Though sensuous minds may doubt it ever;  
Looking for sense in matter's seal,  
Matter that dies as soul shall sever—  
When Soul-life moves in mystic flow,  
Moves nearer still to God's abode;  
There Spiritual laws, vibrative know;  
That silent rule o'er Wisdom's road.

In solar light gleams Nature's Love;  
O'er planet Earth its power doth move;  
Yet higher still in mystic shower  
And Spirit-life doth move its power.  
Man moves abroad in the fifth race,  
In spiritual Love to Nature face;  
And pauses not in solar light,  
But sees afar by occult right.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A part I see is Book of Life,<sup>29</sup>  
A part is Astral living forms;  
A part of these are in Earth mood<sup>30</sup>  
A part in Astral brotherhood.  
The Book of Life sure tells to Earth  
What in the future may come forth.  
The forms of Spirit-souls we see,  
Are Life in God's reality.

I have seen journeys I was to go,  
Been warned of death and psychic woe,<sup>31</sup>  
Been shown the course of Wall Street stocks  
That up and down give men hard knocks;  
Yet when I used this power for self—  
For lustful gain, for gold or pelf,  
I sank beneath to Earth again,  
The Wisdom lost, oh, selfish stain.

It is but fact, sir, I write down,  
Past and the future are but one  
In God's own occult "Book of Life,"  
That floats fore'er o'er Earthly strife.  
For e'en on Earth thought will precede  
The act of man; Thoughts we can read;  
In occult Life they're photographed;  
'Tis easy done by etheric draught.

Let Ether enter your nervous force,  
'Tis Goodness sure, not matter's curse;  
Let Spirit-Wisdom fill your soul,  
'Twill lead you to "Eternal Whole."  
But have a care, go not too fast,  
O'er psychic road, by tempest tossed;  
You may be tried, if you're not good,  
Then listen first to Spirit-mood.

Many paths may lead to Rome,  
Yet I'll survey my pathway<sup>32</sup> home.  
We're on the "Edge of Mystery"  
As deep as Life, and deeper far  
Than curse of death; life's chancery;  
That stops on shore of astral war.  
The Spirit-Lilly it touches not;  
Nor Earthly root,<sup>33</sup> O sacred spot.

Look e'er for Life, O ye who stray,  
Would you e'en now be shown the Way?  
Look to yourself; aye, look within,  
For glorious Path, mystic, divine.  
We can but tell the Way to Life,  
Show you "straight path" to conquer strife;  
God's Arithmetic, man, we can but teach,  
Then look within and Spirit reach.

The "Father in Secret" you may read,  
By your own "Triad Life" divine;  
The farmer can but plant the seed—  
Its monad starts by Earth, sunshine.  
"Fluidic fire, or air of heaven;  
The liquid Water of Spirit-Life;"  
Unites with Abstract-Mind; 'tis given—  
Earth-life to know occult relief.

O brother, would you now know more,  
Of the eternal Spirit shore?  
The key is "concentrative will,"  
In occult Life it conquers still.  
'Tis union's conscious Love divine,<sup>34</sup>  
O'er your earth memory let it shine,  
Loathe nothing e'er upon the earth  
In "Higher Self" there's union birth.<sup>35</sup>

Seven keys there are to give this power,  
That leads afar to Spirit shore;  
"Wise Virgins" still have oil in lamp,  
"Word"<sup>36</sup> is inspired whate'er the stamp.  
The Mystic Seven wise Budha knew,  
They'll move you on the pathway true,  
Should you but toil in Spirit-Will;—  
And hold the reins with Voice so still.<sup>37</sup>

<sup>28</sup> Mother passed away from earth life Sept. 25th, 1903, and the above paragraph was written Sunday, Oct. 25th, 1903. For further notice see Diary to be issued in 1905.

<sup>29</sup> I find after four years of concentration, that for at least five minutes after "waking" I can take a good look at any object and upon bathing my eyes and placing a towel over them I can retain a mental photographic sight of said object. It may be on the principle of a photographic film, developed in a dark room.

<sup>30</sup> The Manas of the living, "We are told" in the case of advanced spiritual minds, usually travel while the physical brain is in a state of "Sleep."

<sup>31</sup> One particular warning of "danger of death" I have in mind came from another, an active occultist, who seldom fails to read correctly the "Book of Life."

<sup>32</sup> We must not be dogmatic; I believe there are many active occultists, now classed as "mediums" whom it would be well to heed.

<sup>33</sup> "The Ray of Light" from the "Father in Secret" and the earthly root of "Abstract Mind."

<sup>34</sup> Strictly the key is "divine unity of consciousness with all Monad Life."

<sup>35</sup> Thus you destroy your "sense of separateness" by union with all Monadic Life.

<sup>36</sup> Who knoweth the beginning or the end of "Scripture."

<sup>37</sup> See 1 Kings: Chap. 19; v. 12.

Sun rises near to break of day,  
 It does not set till about sundown;  
 Time is continuous, June first to May,  
 What matter if its sudden flown.  
 Take time to think on "Eternal Truth"  
 Earth's psychic child may pass it by;  
 Impatient child in Ego's youth,  
 Can hardly know that God is nigh.

Eternity's ahead, my son,  
 Yet waste no time in sorrow's moan;  
 Take time, know Truth, ere life is done,  
 For you must dig it out alone.  
 Don't let another soul do your work,  
 'Though Teacher good and wise you know;  
 You're "Jesuit's child" if you e'en shirk,  
 You choose a path that carries woe.

Hypnotic deep in path of life,  
 It dominates in path desire  
 More fatal unto flesh than knife,  
 Is Satan's baptized psychic fire.  
 Then trust not minister or priest,  
 Who warps your soul from conscious Truth,  
 Dogmatic cry is Satan's yeast,  
 Turn from it now, while in your youth.

Heed not the "psychic cry of wrath,"  
 Or Bibliomania's cry to you;  
 That would e'en push your mind from Path,  
 And limit Christos, pure and true.

They selfish glory in Septuagint,  
 They hold the "Word" 'tween lids of book;  
 To cramp the soul that God hath sent  
 When Scripture ne'er hath race forsook.

O cruel separate sense of priest,  
 That drives down stakes and fences soul,  
 Withholds from man a Spirit feast, אַתָּה  
 And blocks the Way to "Eternal Whole."  
 Mighty and broad as universe,  
 It takes all "Scripture" man has wrote;  
 Bible, Gita, and Veda's verse  
 All vibrate Spirit's subtle note.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Some carry "burden" to foot of cross,  
 And leave it there as Nature's dross;  
 Their souls are moved by atonement,<sup>88</sup>  
 My soul was "saved" in "At-one-ment."  
 It leaned far o'er Gethsemane's wall,  
 Stooped low and let the burden fall;  
 It looked far down the centre road,  
 Saw "suffering path" that Jesus trod.

My Soul dared not to enter there,  
 Or breathe Gethsemane atmosphere;  
 Perchance in time yet far to come,  
 As Soul in suffering's path shall roam—  
 As purified it shall become;  
 And strength receive from Love's own home.  
 It may yet watch with Christos there,  
 Rest purified in Spirit-air.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### DIARY, AUGUST 6th, 1903.

This A. M. while in a "Sleep," and also in a sub-astral state, my muse composed for me the most beautiful poem that, in my judgment, has yet been breathed forth to my physical brain-memory and Earth consciousness. I was so anxious to write that I awoke with a start, helped somewhat, I honestly confess, by the noise of my son on the stairway, for I can truly say that my soul could listen to its beautiful, rhythmic, pulsating flow of Love divine, in melodious voice, for at least a long period of swiftly-passing time in such a sub-conscious state.

This is a touch of heaven on earth, of Spiritual-Mental conscious Life. What joy, if I might thus live with my muse for hundreds of years, between two earth-life periods; but no;

"I would stay on Astral shore, earth-bound,  
 I would tear the veil aside,  
 And whisper intuition's word  
 O'er all Earth's floating tide."

I feel that this "Spirit-flow" was but a subjective heaven, and it is worth all the suffering and toil of a lifetime on Earth to know its beauty, Life and Love.

Following are two lines that I brought back from this sub-astral state, retaining them for physical brain-memory:

#### SUB-CONSCIOUS LINES.

Then watch India's own Spirit flow,  
 And watch in Love the "Way" to go.

I then sank into a semi-sleep state, touching again the sub-astral consciousness and received from an "intuitional Voice" without the least mental effort on part of the physical brain or memory, the following lines, and being less under the influence of "Sleep" I at once aroused myself and wrote a memoranda slip that which the "Father" sent me, being apparently a continuance of the "thought" in the preceding lines above:

<sup>88</sup> It seems to me that a mother from the moment of conception until the delivery of the child suffers far more than the physical suffering of Jesus on the Cross; but the "sorrow unto death" in Gethsemane, when Jesus came face to face with his own soul, must be experienced by each and every soul ere it can be realized.

For Christos Life flows ever wise,  
In Spirit's flow; God's Paradise.

And after a silence of about one minute my muse breathed yet two other lines, that apparently first escaped Earth Memory and seemed to me to be also of Sub-conscious origin, as follows:

God still loved so its gentle flow,  
That He sent Christ the "Way" to show.

I will endeavor to arrange the above six lines as intuition whispers to me that they might have stood in the sub-astral state:

Then watch India's own Spirit flow,  
And watch in Love the "Way" to go;  
God still loved so its gentle flow  
That He sent Christ the "Way" to show;  
For Christos Life flows ever wise,  
In Spirit's flow;—God's Paradise.

### COME!

My Muse gave me the following lines the day after the sub-astral revealment of "Light," as above noted.

Come to me all ye that labor,  
Come to Christos, kind and true;  
Come, oh, heavy laden neighbor,  
There is rest for me and you.

Come ye blessed of my "Father"  
Inherit "Kingdom" made for you,  
Come like children unto mother;  
Come in Love's own "Way" so true.

Come where Spirit flows forever,  
Flows in "Light" so occult true;  
Flows in "Path" of Christos ever  
Breathing "Life" to "me and you."

Come O Sister, and O Brother,  
Come and watch the "Way" to go;  
Listen to its "Life" forever,  
Breathing "Love" in Spirit's flow.

Listen to the "Word" that ever  
Pours out "Life" in Gita's flow;  
Tells of India's "Path" forever,  
Tells of "Love" and "Way" to go.

Come at once, O come my brother,  
Come, O sister, kind and true;  
Come to "Spirit Life" forever,  
"Union's flow" for me and you.

Come, God's Love to cherish ever,  
Come and knoweth the Christos giver;  
Come where sin shall linger never,  
And God's "Light and Spirit" know.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now I must close, my work is done  
On poem "Way" my Muse has won  
A victory, greater far than man  
Can win on Earth by psychic plan.  
For Muse divine in occult motion,  
Has helped control my own emotion;  
And still the thought that pulsates far,  
To punish wrong by psychic law.

We yield to God's own mystic flood,  
That wins from wrong by Spirit mood;  
That stops man's sense of psychic wrath  
In Love's own flow, in "Union's Path;"  
That pours the fire of coals on head,  
That saves the living and moves the "dead?"  
To "Higher Life" in Christos Love;  
That shall fore'er Wisdom's Path prove.

Now you have read this poem well;  
If 'tis not perfect, why, what then?  
You must discern the "Truth" I tell,  
"Or message Christos sends to men."  
Why callest Thou me even good?  
On Earthly path of brotherhood;  
Let dregs e'er sink, and Wisdom prove  
In Christos Light and God's own Love.

We dare not now tell all we know,  
But to disciples<sup>39</sup> here below  
For man<sup>40</sup> to doubt is ever given  
Until he sees the occult heaven.

<sup>39</sup> "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom, but unto them it is not 'yet' given" and the "Light shineth and the darkness comprehendeth it not," yet according to your "faith" be it unto you.

<sup>40</sup> Man first must wear out smiling pleasure,  
Then conquer pain at patient leisure.

# The Keys.

## KEY NO. 1.

'Tis "Union's conscious Love divine"<sup>1</sup>  
In concentrative power,  
Let Spirit-mental toil be thine,  
To bring the occult shower.  
One-pointedness in "Abstract Mind"<sup>2</sup>  
In Spirit-Will tenacious hold,  
Then you may soar o'er astral wind,  
With Abstract Truth to Wisdom's fold.

## KEY NO. 2.

Key number two is "Light in head"<sup>3</sup>  
From pineal cone<sup>4</sup> it comes; take heed—  
Concentrate; Book of Life to read,  
And solar forces know indeed.  
Know "Intuition Spiritual  
Is far above the psychical;"  
This minor "Key" from Spirit sphere,  
With "whirring sound" will open ear.

## KEY NO. 3.

Baptize now and "Consecrate  
This life unto humanity."  
This is the "Key" that e'er doth mate  
With "Love" in God's Eternity.  
More blessed 'tis than to receive.  
'Tis understood by but a few;  
This sacrificial Power to give,  
That brings a hundredfold to view.

## KEY NO. 4.

You can "Discriminate and discern,  
But not to criticise."  
You then will oft to Spirit turn,  
The Pathway of the wise.  
To analyze the sins of men,  
Is negative path and broadest road;  
Your Spirit-Self is free from sin,  
Then stir the good that leads to God.

## KEY NO. 5.

"Rest in the Universal Life,"  
Enough of bread you shall find there;  
What though much wheat may stand in sheaf,  
The Ether world has bread to spare;  
And bread again it has on Earth,  
O selfless one, you're not alone;—  
Life calls from deep to deep, as forth  
It moves o'er greed to Christos' throne.

## KEY NO. 6.

"By flattery we are stabbed," alone  
We live and move in spirit pride;  
Then trust it not, thou selfless one,  
But look afar to portals wide.  
Yet look within on Spirit road,  
Be not deceived by visual sight,  
For Light and Life and Love hath rode  
O'er astral clouds, to break the night.

## KEY NO. 7.

Let "Concentration of thy thought  
Rest ever upon the Higher Self,"  
It comes so close to God; that naught  
Of psychic mind or selfish elf  
Can touch the Spirit-Wisdom zone,  
Where Union's flow is moving on,  
Where deep hears deep; vibrative tone  
That pulsates far like Orion.

The "Union Key" flowing so free,  
Is "Live the Life" epitome  
Of all the quickening power of seven  
'Tis bathed in Love, in Light 'tis given;  
In sacrificial Life, 'tis seen  
Like Christ's or Buddha's path serene;  
In concentrative Spirit might  
It leads to Wisdom's mystic Light.

These baptized "Keys" that e'er can save,  
Baptized in Spirit, o'er matter's wave;—  
That Wisdom-Mind once occult gave  
To earthly Teachers pure and true;  
Can they now reach your vision clear,  
Or will you need a "Phillip" here  
Who sees and knows the occult sphere  
To now reveal their sense to you?

## Infancy.

When I was a child scarce four years old,  
Ere I had faced the Saxon bold;  
Who so loved matter's "realism?"  
And dominating dogmatism.  
Whose reaction was an Ingersoll,  
To side-track churchly superstition;—  
And sound to Earth bold freedom's call—  
Thus saving man from inanition.

At twenty I loved Ingersoll,  
At forty I saw matter's doom;  
For Winter or Summer, Spring or Fall,  
He left me lonely at gate of tomb.  
Now Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll,  
Could Jesuit church place on the rack;  
As buntheads on track spiritual,  
They showed not Spiritual Life's main track.

When I was yet a child, I say,  
I early then saw occult Way—  
I early knew the Christos Ray,  
That once in Palestine held sway.  
I often saw, on trundle-bed,  
In morning, floating overhead;—  
While yet it was but dim twilight,  
The forms of men and women bright.

<sup>1</sup> A spiritual man can, by concentrative one-pointedness, in the abstract on this key, catch 'glimpses of the future.

<sup>2</sup> The "Spirit-Wisdom-Mind."

<sup>3</sup> Any person having enough Spiritual Ether in his nervous system can, by abstract spiritual-mental concentration on this key, approach the confines of the Ether World, and see departed friends and divine beings.

<sup>4</sup> From heart to Pineal Cone it comes.

Or in dark astral dust they came,  
 As living forms from Spirit realm;—  
 'Twas natural,<sup>1</sup> and even tame,  
 But it was Life, with God at helm.  
 They came from Super-conscious state,  
 From "Sleep" were brought to mind of Child;  
 Ere yet in Saxon doubt, debate,  
 He was with fairy tales beguiled.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Beguiled by sensual Saxon tongue,  
 By honest men, yet in the wrong.  
 Who, trailing forth from barbarism,  
 And steeped fore'er in dogmatism;  
 Knew not of mystic Life immense  
 In Ether space; or the Sixth sense,  
 Or Super-common-sense afar,  
 As known in "Spiritual body"<sup>2</sup> law.

The Saxon, gloomy, stern and free,  
 Took everything as enemy  
 Of intellect that could not hold  
 To matter's laws; or psychic fold.  
 He selfish lost in form and face,  
 The instinct<sup>3</sup> of an early race;  
 Nor yet advanced to intuition,  
 Or occult Voice; Spirit fruition.

How shall we ever wage this fight?  
 Hush! God shall give the Saxon Light,  
 By "Sword of Spirit," by occult Sight,  
 That moves in Love, by occult right.  
 'Till Truth and Life to Saxon brain,  
 Sunk deep in matter, sluggish, dense;—  
 The "Inner Light" the Quaker rain—  
 Shall reach the Saxon super-sense.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 I was so near subjective mood,  
 Only four years away from God;  
 So close to Love and spiritual food,  
 My eyes undimmed by matter's clod—  
 That I yet saw, e'en when awake,  
 In morning-time, so still and quiet,  
 The forms of Life in astral make  
 Not yet forbidden by churchly diet.

'Tis said the "Inner Light" of man  
 In early childhood's happy hour;  
 From Pineal Cone in head can scan  
 God's own vibrative occult power.  
 'Tis said the infant's "spot on head,"  
 On top, so thin, in pulsive mood,  
 Can solar forces know, and read  
 The Wisdom Path of brotherhood.

It still can know of mystic Love,  
 Of solar power and solar mind  
 Brooding over it from above;  
 Ere yet to passion it's inclined.  
 Ere yet it's steeped so fast in matter,  
 Ere yet it doubts subjective Home;  
 Ere yet it heeds Earth's psychic clatter,  
 Ere yet it's taught from Truth to roam.

O Samuel! I knew as well  
 As you, when Voice called Samuel.  
 O had I then a mystic priest  
 Like Eli; born in occult Myst;  
 Born not of Earth, but Christos Ray,  
 Like Light on path; as Christ, the Way;  
 To lead me higher than self-desire,  
 Far, far above, to Spirit-fire.

Or simply tell me what to say.  
 Or speak; when I saw occult Ray  
 Or heard an occult voice from heaven—  
 Speak forth in power by God e'er given;  
 Before I sank by Saxon sense  
 In mathematic wisdom dense,  
 Or in life of strife was doomed to roam,  
 In sensual matter, Maya's<sup>4</sup> home.

I could have held Light spiritual,  
 Have lifted man, so sensual,  
 To higher paths of Wisdom-Light,  
 Help add to faith, the knowledge-sight.  
 But 'twas not thus my path was carved,  
 'Twas in commerce; my spirit starved  
 For occult Truth and Light and Love;  
 And to lift veil from Life above.

But environment is ever strong,  
 To hinder soul, or crush a wrong;  
 My lot was cast in Saxon mind,  
 That shook my life on psychic wind.  
 'Twas early shaken in psychic fear,  
 They told of booger-man, far and near;  
 That children chased, when nature dark  
 Gave us the night, a time of Lark.

Lark sang its song of thanks to heaven,  
 But psychic souls whom I've forgiven,  
 Scared us with tales that children fear,  
 Ghosts and hobgoblins, far and near.  
 Until I feared, so like a child,  
 To trust the spirit-forms so mild  
 That I first saw in astral mold,  
 From the Father's occult fold.

I turned to earthly parents wise,  
 Who to my questions made replies  
 In cooler hours, when ceased their mirth,  
 Thus bringing earthly wisdom forth;  
 That all those stories were nonsense,  
 And they, who sunk in matter dense,  
 Told me, in love, to say my prayers,  
 And be a man in future years.

I then came to Arithmetic law,  
 It was exact, without a flaw;  
 I saw loved ones live in its worth,  
 So sank myself in childhood's mirth.  
 I also saw men still feared wrath  
 Who lived for self;<sup>5</sup> knew not of Path  
 To occult power, the "Inner Light,"  
 That moves in Love, not Satan's might.

<sup>1</sup> Superphysical, but not supernatural.

<sup>2</sup> There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.—*St. Paul.*

<sup>3</sup> It is known that the Yucatan Indians can send information occultly across the country and that the Buddhist priests in India knew the result of a battle at least 48 hours ahead of the British authorities in India.

<sup>4</sup> Sanscrit for Illusion.

<sup>5</sup> Fear ever is in self begun,  
 And fades before the Christos sun.

My Mother said in later years,  
When chastened by affliction's tears  
And husband's death, when Spirit free  
Had viewed afar Gethsamane.  
Why didn't you tell me then, my child,  
Your infant occult sight so mild,  
Ere it was smothered by sensual life,  
By earthly wisdom or active strife.

Why, Mother, I said, you did not know,  
E'en at that time, Life's occult flow:  
You then would doubt the power of God  
When you were sunk in psychic flood.  
Yet more, it seemed so natural,  
This path of life so spiritual,  
That I then thought you all must know  
The Inner Light—the Christos glow.<sup>6</sup>

Oh! had I lived in Buddha's path,  
In Japan, free from aftermath  
Of Saxon beef and Saxon beer.  
Then e'en an Eli might be near.  
O there in beautiful Japan  
I might have taught a spiritual plan;  
But here, rebuke,<sup>7</sup> in pity's mood,  
Sure sealed my lips on Saxon road.

To be called weak, hear loved ones speak  
Of a weak mind, when I was strong:  
I was not Job, or Moses meek,  
I could not bear to face this wrong.  
So I was silent and buried Light,  
The "Inner Light," for forty years,  
While I took part in dogma's fight,  
Kept silence o'er my hopes and fears.

But O, my mother, in Japan  
You might have sang of occult men;  
Of occult power that comes to child  
Who lives in heaven's kingdom mild;  
Of Wisdom lore, that Buddha knew,  
Of spiritual Krishna's Light so true,  
That blends in Love with Christ our Lord,  
And backward meets creation's "Word."

Now Jesus said it, thus 'tis wrote  
In Bible print, 'twas from his throat,  
That would you "enter kingdom of heaven,  
You must become as children," even.  
Must adults come to occult Love?  
Then let them take the Quaker path;  
The Inner Light where child doth move  
While man moves in desire and wrath.

Oh foolish man, you Egotist,  
Stern churchman or you psychic priest,  
You weakly dream that you shall lead  
The little child to godlike mead;  
When child is nearer heavenly road,  
Nearer to Christos and it's God.  
It's path is yet near brotherhood,  
It has but left subjective mood.

Stern man, who lives in desire's field,  
Why will ye not to childhood yield?  
Why will ye not as child become  
And see the "Path" to Wisdom's home?  
For know ye that the Christos said  
Ye must become as little child  
If you would enter Kingdom's Light,  
If you would "bear" the Truth, so mild.

I cannot doubt that Jesus, even,  
Knew of this occult Light from heaven,  
That comes to child in occult flow  
Ere yet Manus<sup>9</sup> should matter know.  
What though most children know it not  
In earthly memory—earthly thought?  
For scarce will "Inner Light" abide  
With desire life on sensual tide.

Nay more! the parents of child-life  
Are infants too on Spirit-road;  
So dense in matter, in Love so brief,  
Babe might forget it came from God,  
Who once knew Light; subjective Ocean,<sup>10</sup>  
When scarce it knew of physical motion,  
That now in Maya's path grows dim,  
Being hindered by dogmatic whim.

An infant born in average home  
That's sunk in matter scarce can roam  
In Spirit-light and occult Love  
Until it moves to heaven above.  
And you this fact at once should know,  
'Tis psychic life on Earth below;  
'Tis still desire on Astral path  
Trailing so close as aftermath.

This power I break, 'tis Maya's power,  
I'll say no more of self this hour,  
Of self for weal, or self for woe,  
Not thus we fight our psychic foe.  
'Tis past and gone, thus time has rolled,  
And we must occult life unfold;  
'Till we unite with Oversoul,  
Reality's Own; Eternal Whole.

<sup>6</sup> The aura of Light as portrayed by the old masters over and about the head of Christ in ancient paintings of the Saviour, is not an illusion but an occult fact.

<sup>7</sup> I was informed by my paternal grandfather, an honest but stern Calvinist, that "It's the devil's works."

<sup>8</sup> Krishna or Chishna, an early "Master," sent to India by the "Great Breath."

<sup>9</sup> 'Tis said that "Manus" or "Abstract-mind" seldom overshadows the "desire mind" or vehicle of this earth-life to any appreciable extent until the child is about seven years of age.

<sup>10</sup> The Spirit goes to God who gave it.—*Bible*.

# Life.

Cosmic Life moves on through space,  
It interpenetrates for Aye  
The souls that move in human race,  
In astral night, or earth-bound day.  
The Cosmic flow of Life was plan  
Of Light and Love, that Fohat<sup>1</sup> gave  
That paused not at created man,  
But moved all Nature from its grave.

'Twas power of Love in Spirit-thought,  
That potent moved in sacrifice;—  
It touched all Life; it lingered not,  
But moved on Path through ether skies.  
The mighty, massive, earthly globe  
Flew on afar from astral dome;  
Its trail of light was fitting robe  
From astral Sun, its central home.

With joy it knew the Sun of heaven,  
And knew for aye attraction's force;  
Then orbit knew when power was given,  
To carry Life from Spirit source.  
What 'tho' rivers of lava roll,  
And boil the ocean seven-fold;  
'Tho' glaciers roll from pole to pole,  
Life still finds room, 'twixt heat and cold.

This Life that conquers even death,  
Would pause not at the birth of matter;  
Where God's own universal Breath,  
First moves the astral dust to scatter.  
This Earth was formed through Ether space,  
In motion's power where heat abode;  
The astral dust moved to its face,  
As steel doth heed the magnet lode.

Faith, scared by science, must come back,  
And dwell with science evermore;  
Pass on ye twins, to Ether's track,  
And show to man the astral door.  
Show us, O Light, the realm afar.  
That interpenetrates the soul;  
Yet 'tis not far, 'tis Love's own Star,<sup>2</sup>  
That breathes out Good; Eternal Whole.

Whitman,<sup>3</sup> you saw so deep and true  
The Ether track, the Spirit-road;  
You scented far in soul review,  
The Aroma of God's abode.  
And Emerson,<sup>4</sup> New England's child,  
"To none but soul is soul revealed;"  
We know your soul, 'tho' Spirit-mild,  
Still off the Sword of Truth did wield.

The twentieth century lights the world,  
America is central source;  
Where Life has on its bosom hurled  
A glorious race in Spirit-force.  
Let poets come to breathe of Love,  
Let seers flash out the living Light;  
'Till man shall know the mystic Dove,  
See "other Life" through sensual night.

The People must learn not to fear,  
Or bend the knee in truckling mood;  
For Life is Love's own atmosphere,  
Where flows the Breath of living God.  
The Higher Self is one with God,  
It hovers sinless o'er our road;  
It touches not illusion's fraud,  
Selfish desire or sinner's load.

O Man, why mourn o'er sin and death?  
Just wash your hands of sin and lust;  
'Tis like the Earth of yonder heath;  
Bathe now in Spirit stream;<sup>5</sup> not dust.  
Stand up erect, O Son of Man,  
Reach upward to the Life within;  
Where soul afar can ever scan  
Its Wisdom Self, that cannot sin.

No hired servant are ye, sir;  
As Child of God, stand up, my son;  
Brood not o'er sin, doth vengeance stir  
God's Love, when Light and Life hath won?  
Mourn not; 'tho' Sodom's grave is made,  
Look thou not back, nor heed the knell,  
Pass on where Union-Love is stayed  
In Light and Life; the Spirit-well.

Burn ye with love of brotherhood,  
'Tis the first step ere yet you sleep;  
Drop hero-love, e'en to your God,  
And hear Christ sav, feed ye my sheep.  
Must you, like Peter, feel rebuke,  
Must have a Master wash your feet;  
To have you leave the priestcraft nook,  
Where domination souls must meet?

Teachership is Life forever,  
It meets in Love the Universe;  
The soul doth bathe in Life's own river,  
When Christos meets dogmatic curse.  
The Higher Self doth save the lower,  
That sees the upward Spirit-road;  
Why sleep in grave,<sup>6</sup> when Mystic shore  
Doth rule the world in Spirit-mood?

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Fohat is Sanscrit for "Spiritual Electricity," flowing as a Life impulse between the positive and negative poles of Spirit-matter.

<sup>2</sup> Christos, or the Star of Bethlehem.

<sup>3</sup> Walt Whitman, the inspired child of the Quaker Light.

<sup>4</sup> R. W. Emerson, the Spiritual prophet of America.

<sup>5</sup> To loathe sin or fight evil is to travel the negative path. But to banish sin by the sunshine of Love, is to enter spiritual Consciousness.

<sup>6</sup> We are occult told that the sensual child of earth, not being spiritually developed, must simply doze in slumbering animal desire, between many earth objective lives.

Broad as the Universe of Light,  
Deep as the Mind of Infinite Love,  
Far reaching as Etheric Night  
Is Life;<sup>7</sup> that rests in Truth above.  
Its vital force moves on fore'er,  
In sacrificial power;  
Baptized by Love in Ether's sphere,  
In Cave of the "All Knower."

Love limits e'en its infinite Power;  
In solar Wisdom; Christos might;  
And Christos limits occult shower  
To baptize worlds in solar light;  
And on this planet farther yet,  
The "Word" in power o'er matter shone,  
That souls baptized in labor's sweat  
Might matter's lessons learn "alone."

Life is real; Life is wholeness;  
Yet waking state is oft illusion,  
Where form life fails the soul to bless  
And fades away at death's intrusion.  
Subjective state is rest Eternal,  
Though abstract Love enshrouds the soul;  
That's bathed in Light and Joy supernal,  
Where Love forbids the death-bell toll.

Subjective home vibrates so real  
In mental force and Wisdom's might;  
Passing quick through the "astral sheol"<sup>8</sup>  
That e'en in "dreams" some catch the Light.  
How do you know "'twas but a dream?"  
Didst measure it in matter's mold?  
Did reason fail to see the stream  
Of Life and Love, that St. John told?

This life on earth, so blind and dense,  
Is periodic in its force:  
To soul that lives in suffering tense.  
That tests the Love from Spirit source  
To brother man in Union's flow;  
To give us faculties intense  
That we might fast in Wisdom grow,  
In sovereign Will and Super-sense.

O life on this objective plane,  
Hemmed in by two eternities;  
Baptized so deep in matter's stain  
That we escape the verities.  
Blindly we grope and cannot see,  
Deaf unto the subjective Home:  
We know not Life, Reality;  
While we in matter's field shall roam.

We say that matter is reality's own,  
And Consciousness is but a dream;  
Except in physical force it's thrown.  
We cannot heed the Spirit stream,  
We cannot heed the "Higher Mind,"  
We feel for matter with hand and finger—  
We call it real, all else is wind,  
In sensual life we love to linger.

O fool; in path of Earth desire,  
Dreaming form life is real, for aye.  
Build greater barns on earthly mire,  
Then see your treasures fade away;  
For you must leave at Spirit call,  
What's not your own; oh foolish one,  
'Tis humanity's own; you "felt" it all  
And foolish dreamed it was your own.

Your waking life, ye foolish think,  
Is all there is to common sense:  
In "Sleep" ye stand upon the brink  
Of "other Life" that's so intense,  
Yet know you that in path desire  
Your sleep in Maya's<sup>9</sup> home is made,  
Your mind's not touched by Spirit-fire,  
For you in psychic fog have strayed.

Even in sleep oh earthly child  
Your desire mind is but confusion.  
You foolish dream, or desire wild  
Leads you for aye, in path illusion;  
When just beyond you lies the gate  
That opens broad to Wisdom's Light;  
Your Higher Self will ever wait,  
To save you from illusion's night.

Drop form life and drop illusion,  
Take Union Path to central Love;  
For Wisdom ne'er will have a fusion  
With self desire in matter's groove;  
And Sacrifice shall rule forever,  
When man within shall Union trace  
Backward unto God,<sup>10</sup> the Giver;  
'Tis there each Ray shall meet the race.

Did you ne'er watch a friend pass on  
Through gate of death, O brother mine?  
And hear him say, prophetic tone:  
"I now pass on to Life divine;  
Far, far away, I see the road,  
And yet so near; I see the Light,  
The Life and Love that leads to God,  
I see it now by occult right."

Foolish you thought that he was dreaming;  
That halucination moved his mind;  
That earth was real, and he was scheming,  
Groping afar, there hope to find.  
Oh sensual child just stop and know,  
They see the bridge, ere yet they cross;  
God's "Wisdom-Light" is Spirit flow;  
It compensates for earthly loss.

None e'er come back, is now your cry:  
(Oh childish one, in matter's doom)  
To tell us that there's room on high  
For all beyond the gate of tomb.  
How wise you smile. O weakly one,  
You think you've closed the Spirit door;  
When you but stand in "self"<sup>11</sup> alone;  
And starve like earthly child, so poor.

<sup>7</sup> The subjective or "Sleep" state, is a move Godward, to unity; while objective life is differentiation in the path of desire.

<sup>8</sup> The astral sheol or first dense astral plane of matter above the psychical.

<sup>9</sup> Maya is Sanscrit for "Illusion."

<sup>10</sup> God or, "Love, Light, Life and Truth," potentialized into an eternal Spirit-essence.

<sup>11</sup> The lower self.

Would you wake friend who sleeps so sound ;  
 Disturb his rest, when you could go  
 And view the Spirit-mental ground  
 Where he "still lives" in Spirit flow?  
 When you can go and see his face ;  
 When you can hear his occult voice  
 While you're on earth ; and know the race  
 Still lives above by Spirit choice.

'Tis not his mission to come back,  
 Subjective "home" is rest on high ;  
 'Tis also "sleep" on earthly track,  
 Where soul can know that Life is nigh :  
 In two worlds you can live always,  
 Oh stupid, honest friend of mine  
 And bring to earth the Wisdom Ray<sup>12</sup>  
 From state of "Sleep" by Power divine.

The other Life is "Consciousness,"  
 Upon the Spirit-wisdom shore ;  
 'Tis natural in mental stress ;  
 Vibrates in Love forevermore ;  
 Vibrates fore'er by the Sixth Sense ;  
 Vibrates fore'er on Ether's wave ;  
 It sees by Light, o'er matter dense,  
 And moves in Love the race to save.

Then move afar to those you love,  
 Who've gone before on Spirit road ;  
 They'll meet you on the shore above ;  
 Just outside of sensual mood.  
 It matters not, asleep or 'wake,  
 In Spirit or sub-astral state,  
 In Union ; Love can always take  
 The "Kingdom Path" and there vibrate.

Dogmatic creeds cloud not the view ;  
 The "Key"<sup>13</sup> of Life shall always live  
 In vision of the chosen few  
 Who e'er in "Teachership" shall "give."  
 Though lost by Mason, Church and Pope,  
 Its holy Breath is on earth still ;  
 It flies from creed to creed<sup>14</sup> in hope ;  
 'Tis known to soul as "Spirit-Will."

The joy of life is moving on  
 Afar in Ether's mystic zone,  
 Where soul knows soul in Love, my son,  
 And learns to face itself alone ;  
 And then in action on earth strong  
 To blend its life in Union's home,  
 And gather all from "separate wrong"<sup>15</sup>  
 Afar above the psychic foam.

Now I will stop and wisely pause,  
 Ere yet I try by words to reach  
 The soul that hungers for the "laws"  
 That may be known when Love<sup>16</sup> shall teach.  
 Though we must e'er throw down the Light  
 And let it shine o'er earth and heaven,  
 Yet still we guard by occult right  
 From selfish ones, the Christos leaven.

## Death.

The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress.

—Byron, in "Giaour."

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow  
 of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ;  
 Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.—David, in  
 Bible.

O Giaour, you weary me,  
 You close your suffering eyes at night ;  
 Or else 'twas you, my poor Byron,  
 Touched not by intuition's Light.  
 Blackness of night that settles down,  
 Starless for Aye, without a moon ;  
 Where mental wreck has vanished, flown  
 To path of nothingness, so soon.

Where mind's extinct, forever gone,  
 Sunk in a dark, despairing Night.  
 O mighty soul of a Byron  
 That failed to heed the "Inner Light."  
 That failed to catch vibrative note,  
 Or "Mystic Sound" by occult right.  
 That Spirit yields ; as once God wrote ;  
 The "Key" divine ; the "Mystic Light."

You sigh for peaceful nothingness,  
 Tired out for Aye and Evermore ;  
 Poor dregs to stir such bitterness  
 As chills the soul of Giaour.  
 Does conscience flame burn to despair  
 Your soul, that broods in darkness there,  
 And views not mental Life above  
 In Spirit flow and Christos Love ?

Dark death to you, materialist,  
 Hides rich and poor, hides great and small ;  
 You scorn the weakly pietist,  
 Black night, you think, must close o'er all.  
 Say not 'tis merciful thus to die,  
 Or that dark death protects the whole ;—  
 That poor escape the tyrant's lie,  
 As "Egypt death" shall o'er them roll.

Perchance with you as altruist,  
 Black darkness comes in silent peace :—  
 You scorn the fear of psychic priest,  
 Think mental life at death will cease.  
 You close your eyes<sup>1</sup> to earthly light  
 And see but darkness there at first ;—  
 You ne'er will see by "occult sight"  
 Or hear the "Voice" except you "thirst."

Yet you do well, e'en though you teach  
 As future path, oblivion ;  
 If you but Union's path shall reach,  
 Teach Love to every citizen.  
 'Tis better far to live and love ;  
 To long and hope for Life to come ;  
 For know you that the Power above  
 Keeps eye on man in sensual home.

<sup>12</sup> Your Higher Self.

<sup>13</sup> The "Key" or "Divine unity of Consciousness," or Spirit-Will can give us the "Sixth Sense."

<sup>14</sup> The "Key" moved from Catholicism to Masonry, thence to the Quakers and onward through Eastern mysticism unto the Theosophical Society.

<sup>15</sup> The separate sense of the "lower self."

<sup>16</sup> The Spirit-Will evolves the Light in the path of Union ; by Spirit-mental concentration.

<sup>1</sup> You need not wait until death to try this experiment ; you are privileged even now, if you but knew it to live in two worlds at the same moment of time.

Where's God you sigh in bitter moan,  
That e'en on earth will suffer wrong?<sup>2</sup>  
Where's man, why stays in self alone,  
And heeds not "Love," the "Union song?"  
Dense e'er is man in flow of reason,  
Who sees not "Home" by Spirit sight;  
Who, blind in matter's selfish treason,  
Is robbed of "Spirit-mental-Light."<sup>3</sup>

Who sows the seed for ages long,  
While Spirit beckons ever on,  
Till "Union" comes to weak and strong,  
Through many lives, my doubting son.  
Hate not fore'er as time doth fly,  
Toil on for man; sweet now and now;  
Subjective home is rest on high,  
Then gather strength in Christos' vow.

Oh, child of fire, born of desire,  
You came on Earth by your own choice;—  
What if your memory goes not higher,  
And you hear not the "Still small-Voice?"<sup>4</sup>  
What is your memory,<sup>5</sup> anyway?  
Strive now to clear the selfish web  
That tangles soul in passion's sway,  
Deceiving you, 'till life shall ebb.

Cloud shadows steal o'er life from birth,  
Now soul is sorrowful unto death,  
O'er form life in illusion's path,  
Where flows fore'er the psychic breath.  
Storm clouds hang low, yet all is well,  
'Though lightning gleams on Astral course;  
For Christos Sun doth death dispel  
By occult Light from Spirit source.

Deep darkness breeds the Anarchist,  
Despair remains where there's no hope;—  
Dream not of self, love e'en the priest;  
That fails in spiritual freedom's scope.  
To suffering poor, now this we say,  
Death leads to rest in Spiritual Home;  
Then bathe your soul in "Christos Way"  
Love brother man and "help" will come.

Concentrate on the God of Love,  
In "Union Life" there's bread to spare;—  
Why suffer on in matter's "groove"  
Or madly grieve in selfish "lair?"  
For every sacrifice we make  
In brotherhood, will broaden man  
To selfless line in freedom's wake,  
And blend his soul in "Union's" plan.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The agony of meeting death,  
To soul that clings to earthly form,  
Is greater far than fleeting breath;  
'Tis desire-life in matter's storm.  
Then when death comes, O tremble not,  
If to yourself, courageous be,  
Drop flag of truce, love God in thought,  
And all of Earth, humanity.

Death is the last stern earthly foe,  
That is destroyed in Path of Light,  
By Wisdom-spirit's mental flow,  
That "Word" sends forth from Infinite.  
'Though you now dense in matter move,  
You shall hear Voice, like Samuel;—  
'Though many lives it takes to prove  
That you drank deep at occult Well.

Why seek the "living" among the "dead?"  
Why weep above the grave?  
Why lean upon the coffin lid?  
'Tis anxious love in matter's wave.  
Yet higher still doth Love reveal  
The Christos path to Inner Light  
Where God hath set the Spirit seal  
In occult power and Christos sight.

Move on in faith, in love meet death,  
He'll vanish like the wild sea's foam;—  
For God's own universal Breath,  
Doth penetrate our Astral home.  
Deception leaves with earthly sense,  
As earth life fades from Spiritual view;—  
And soul moves on to Life *intense*,  
As rational, as it is true.

Like occult Cloud that moves afar  
O'er all earth's human tear-stained road.  
Or Eli's powerful Shechinah,  
That brooded o'er the Ark's abode.  
Like vision of Melchizedek,  
Like Jesus at the Holy Mount  
God ever broods in Love to seek  
And save all men at Spirit's fount.

Magnetic cords are ever strong,  
That tie us to the forms we love.  
We cry so deep from heart to tongue,  
Lonesome;—we heed not Spirit's move.  
For agonizing love will grieve  
O'er fading forms;—till time's no more;  
Where love must kiss and then take leave,  
To meet again on occult shore.

Magnetic cords are earthly strong  
The heart of love is tortured, torn,  
To see friends silent pass along  
In path of death, where souls must mourn.  
Death is destroyed by "Inner Light,"  
The Christos Blaze it cannot meet,  
That penetrates the clouds of night  
Where souls of earth can loved ones greet.

Magnetic cords are ever strong;  
The parting and the suffering groan  
Oft swell in faith the divine song  
When soul shall face itself alone.  
'Tis but the lifting of the soul  
In human life and brother love,  
To consecration's purest goal,  
Where soul shall "Spirit-Union" prove.

<sup>2</sup> Man must suffer on until he learns the "lesson" that "form" life is but illusion, and also to sink his "sense of separateness" in the "Divine unity of Consciousness."

<sup>3</sup> Whose Power through the Higher Self can convey to the physical memory a knowledge of the future, when the "lower personality" is strong enough to receive it.

<sup>4</sup> The "Still small Voice" is the "Spirit-Voice" expressed in "occult sound," as when it spoke, saying "Samuel, Samuel," while the "higher conscience" is the intuitional experience of our "Higher Self," gathered, perhaps, through many lives on earth.

<sup>5</sup> How much can you remember of the daily concrete experience of your present earth life?

Didst touch a token<sup>6</sup> of "loved and lost,"  
 And feel the overshadowing power,  
 That mantled you like Holy Ghost,  
 As gentle as a springtime shower?  
 If so, you're near the astral fold,  
 What matter if 'tis psychic all;  
 We are yet of rajasici<sup>7</sup> mold,  
 We yet must heed a comrade's call.

Didst ever hear the Spirit-wind,  
 The rushing wind of Pentecost,  
 Sweep past you as your ear inclined  
 Ere yet the message could be lost.  
 If so, you're past the psychic<sup>8</sup> line,  
 Where Spirit bores to Pineal Cone;  
 You can then know that Power divine  
 Breathes to you Life, from Spirit zone.

Mind will perforce look still to earth  
 Until the soul can pierce the night  
 And be baptized in spiritual birth  
 With occult Light<sup>9</sup> o'er sensual sight.  
 Yet where the Sixth Sense cannot see,  
 The soul may sink in grim despair,  
 Except that faith meets enemy,  
 Dispers dark night that lingers there.

For natural life moves on apace  
 Where kindly, calmly, change doth come;  
 Old age submits unto God's grace  
 And welcomes change to future home.  
 Thus nearer far doth spiritual soul,  
 Move close in love to God's abode;  
 And nearer to the Oversoul  
 When love hath pain's<sup>10</sup> fire chariot rode.

And has death stormed your citadel?  
 Death cannot separate at all  
 Those who drink deep at occult Well  
 And know that Light is "All in All."  
 Death separates not, to those that joy  
 In path of Love and Inner Light;  
 The occult gold melts from alloy  
 And gilds the cloud in death's dark night.

The Christos "Word" Christos for Aye,  
 Brought forth in "Absolute Consciousness"  
 Ere Adam breathed in Eden's day,  
 Brought forth Instinct and Life to bless.  
 For spiritual Life<sup>11</sup> moves ever on;  
 It penetrates the air and ether;  
 Moves e'er in Path of Christos Sun  
 Where 'tis not tied to matter's tether.

Mind rules o'er matter here and now;  
 In Ether space it ruleth still;  
 But there, 'tis Goodness, Godlike Vow;  
 'Tis Love to all and "Divine Will."  
 Yet substance moves in Life above,  
 In Ether space for Spirit-form;  
 Vibrates by law in Christos Love,  
 Above Earth grief and psychic storm.

This spiritual-mental-Life in air  
 Is silent Love in ether space;  
 No "self" or strife, but rest is there,  
 And brooding Love for human race.  
 Death touches matter on this earth,  
 And fleshly brain must on earth cease;  
 But Will and Spirit-Life gives birth  
 To "Unity" that flows in peace.

What though the mind appears to fail  
 When body with disease is worn,  
 The Will but puts aside the veil  
 When soul sees flash of occult Morn.  
 Mind stepping out of body, grown  
 Weary of Earth at Spirit's door,  
 Without a sigh; without a moan,  
 At sight of Spirit-mental-shore.

Where Manas roams in mental force  
 When freed from suffering sensous clay;  
 Vibrating Ray from Spirit source  
 That knows subjective mental Day.  
 Oh intuition's subtle Light  
 That Emerson breathed forth from God;  
 He heard the whisper with delight;  
 Told it to man in joyous mood.

Gita's and Veda's Whispering,  
 The Bible message good and true;  
 Yet saw he not the occult spring  
 Where Light and Voice doth Life renew.  
 Emerson strove to reason on  
 And thereby touch the Saxon soul,  
 When Abstract-Spirit-Will, my son,  
 In discipline, shall scroll unroll.

Each poet takes one step on road,  
 Each seer mounts higher still;  
 'Tis step by step race moves to God,  
 The Way is Spirit-Will.  
 E'en Ossian, the ancient Scot,  
 As he saw chieftain to death fall,  
 Saw Spirit move in occult thought,  
 As Ray of Light unto Fingal.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The writer, while sorting over old letters, took up one written by his Mother during earth life, when, instantly a flood of electrical power seemed to fill the room and cover his body.

<sup>7</sup> Activities of desire and love, either in the astral or earthly form of life.

<sup>8</sup> Spiritual intuition is above the psychical; "for the wind bloweth where it listeth."

<sup>9</sup> Jesus was surprised that Nicodemus, rated as a "Master" in Israel, knew not of "these things."

<sup>10</sup> Intense love turns to pain when its object in turn suffers from the karma of earth life and death.

<sup>11</sup> The "Higher Self" of each one of us, vibrating as a spiritual-mental Ray of Light in unity with Christos and the "Great Breath."

<sup>12</sup> Fingal was a warlike chieftain, the father of the poet Ossian who wrote poetry in his own old age, long after Fingal had perished in battle.

Know theologic student bold,  
That force of pure dogmatic yeast  
Will lead you not to occult fold;  
To Light and Love and Spirit feast.  
Hark with your ears and strain your eyes,  
'Twill not avail, but look within,  
And concentrate on spiritual skies,  
Brooding not o'er yourself and sin.

But ever broad in "Abstract Truth"  
Give time to Will and Wisdom-Spirit;  
Try Spirit-toil while in your youth,  
An hour a day, you need not fear it.  
Your desire-soul will wander on  
Like a wild colt on prairie fair;  
Hold fast to "Key" and Christos' Sun,  
'Twill show you Spirit atmosphere.

First intuition whispers low,  
Still close your eyes from sensuous sight;  
In Spirit-mental power you'll grow,  
See Light, hear Voice, by occult right.  
'Twill ever come to chosen few,  
This Wisdom-Spirit, Light and Voice;  
Each must take "Key" to Pathway view;  
'Tis narrow, straight, now take your choice.

You can then know that even death  
Will cleave you not from those you love;  
You then will feel e'en God's own Breath,  
Hear "Still-small-Voice," see occult Dove.  
Spirit still rules, right here and now;  
In Ether space it ruleth still;  
But there 'tis Goodness, pure as snow;  
On earth 'tis known as Spirit-Will.

Nature abhors a vacuum  
Throughout all Ether's infinite space,  
For Spirit-Life She still has room  
Where mind can matter's doom efface.  
Her work in Love is doubly sure;  
She interpenetrates fore'er  
From death to Life by Spirit door;  
From Earth to Ether atmosphere.

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## Translated.

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Adam's sin in self-desire  
Caused death on earth to surely come,  
Yet Enoch found a pathway higher  
That swiftly led to Spirit home.  
'Twas faith that led to Spirit Laws,  
That e'er reposed in Love and Light;  
'Twas faith that found the Spirit cause  
By occult sound and Christos right.

Enoch, by faith, saw God as God,  
A real Spirit-mental "Power,"  
And doubted not He could reward  
A mind that loved the Christos shower.  
Thus Enoch pleased the God of heaven,  
'Though Adam mused on sin and death,  
For faith may touch the occult leaven  
And feel the Life of God's own "Breath."

Ye thus add knowledge to your faith,  
O Enoch, son of Adam's fall,  
And ye find Path that conquers death  
By knowledge of the Christos soul.  
For 'tween the Earth and "Spirit-Light"  
There is no fence, no lines are drawn,  
And "Mental-Love" vibrates in might  
Through Earth and air to Spirit zone.

Your soul, O Enoch, did not die  
On blessed day you were translated,  
For it was saved for Life on High,  
'Twas saved on earth when sin abated,  
For Spirit-Love will conquer death  
E'en while in body dwells the soul,  
And who will limit God's own "Breath"  
That lights the mind to occult goal.

What 'tho' sin is fleshly lust,  
Conceived in self, a soul's desire,  
To separate live and sink in dust;  
To die afar from Spirit-fire.  
The soul that sineth, it shall die,  
Through many lives, O foolish one,  
Until it learns to look on "High"  
Where Wisdom dwells in Christ, the Son.

Death visits every soul of man  
That's paralyzed from the Christos;  
In Tamas<sup>1</sup> sloth its course hath ran,  
Yet lower self sees not the loss  
'Till quickened by the Light of heaven,  
The Spirit power breathed forth from God,  
It then shall know that earth's an Eden,  
When mental Light breaks Tamas' nod.

Concentrate not, O blinded man,  
On negative sin and perishing lust,  
For there your soul-life will not scan  
Its pathway true, but matter's dust.  
'Tis better far to have the faith  
That carried Enoch close to God;  
'Tis better far your mental wraith  
To occult know than cling to sod.

Yet some believe the "Advent"<sup>2</sup> sigh  
That Spirit-mind lies in the grave,  
When "Spirit-Light" can from on "high"  
Receive us all on occult wave.  
The "letter" killeth in earthly mire  
The soul-desire that sees but "grave,"  
That blindly sees not Spirit-fire,  
Vibrating Light, with power to save.

<sup>1</sup> "Tamas" is Sanscrit for inaction.

<sup>2</sup> Especially those who doubt "inherent immortality" in the Spirit-mental Life; "that goes to God who gave it."

O childish man, in sorrow's land,  
Blinded deep in sensual home,  
Ye see not now the occult hand  
In self-desire ye still must roam.  
In matter deep ye never win,  
Why mourn o'er self and "sin" and sorrow  
When "Tree of Life" is just within  
That might be yours now or tomorrow.

The "Tree" ye left in Eden's bower  
To sink in matter's self-desire  
Is guarded now by cherubins  
Against stern passion's sword of fire.  
Ye long to flee at sight of death,  
Ye long to escape Earth's psychic woe;  
Yet all ye see is sword and sheath  
That hides the "Way"; the Spirit flow.

Sword of desire, dazzling for aye  
For many lives, O child of sin  
When will ye learn that Eden's day  
Is but a step, then look within.  
For God so loved your erring soul  
That when from Eden, you were hurled  
He gave to you from Eternal Whole  
The "Seed of Life" for "Spirit-world."

Yet 'tis within; ye look without  
Ye think that heaven's a separate place  
In separate matter's sense, ye shout,  
Thus sinks in death the human race.  
No lines are hard and fast with God;  
The "Tree of Life" is on your road;  
From mind to spiritual-mental Mood  
Is but a step in brotherhood.

Then "Tree of Life" looms to your sight  
In Union's conscious Love divine;  
'Tis then you know by occult right  
The Light that on the race doth shine.  
The Light that lighteth all the world  
The Father's "Ray," is inward seen;  
To Son of Man it still is told  
That Life immortal is within.

Destroy thy sword, the flaming sword  
Of passion's strife that kills the soul,  
Then Cherubim shall show the "Word"  
That leads to Life as time doth roll.  
Then death is conquered here and now,  
No need to wait 'till time to come,  
For Love is Light, and Light, I trow,  
Will lead at once to Christos Home.

'Tis better far to live and love,  
To watch Elijah's mantle flow,  
As Spirit-chariot shall move  
And catch the Christos-mental glow.  
'Tis better far in faith to see  
Elijah's form to heaven go;—  
And catch the baptized mantle free,  
In living-faith, than dwell on woe.

Elijah moved in Ether fire  
Afar off into Ether space,  
His soul attuned to Nature's lyre,  
Could his earthly form efface.  
For matter dense on earth-bound shore,  
Is Ether dust solidified;—  
Guided by Spirit evermore  
That Life may move on earthly tide.

Elijah knew the secret Power,  
That came by Spirit of the Lord;—  
The power of Life in the "All Knower"  
The power that he in "Truth" adored.  
That lives fore'er in spite of matter,  
That lives in spite of earthly form;—  
That can see earthly atoms scatter,  
And soul survive atomic storm.

Ye soar afar o'er Palestine,  
As Jesus did at later date;  
Ye disappear in Life divine,  
And conquer death, that men call fate.  
Yet selfish man so dense will be,  
Clothed in doubt, yea, doubting God;—  
That he must meet the stern decree,  
And ignorant face the tomb and sod.

Why sentimental ever be,  
Simply to hold a flag of truce?  
Why criticize Eternity,  
When Life in mystery can produce  
The power of mind that conquers dust  
E'en to the sight of doubting world?  
Then O believe that Spirit just,  
Can carry all to Christos fold.

Elijah moved to occult sky,  
In spite of sin, in spite of fear;—  
He met in Love the God on high  
When he beheld the Spirit-sphere.  
Yet fear was ever in his soul,  
When he looked down in psychic hell,  
Whene'er he stooped so low to kill  
In psychic home of Jezebell.

O thou great seer, 'tis now no fear  
That vibrates o'er thy Hebrew soul;—  
When thou dost know that change is near  
Where death shall fail and Life shall roll  
Free as thy "Higher self" in God;—  
No rock, no form to crush or break  
The Ether path, by Christos trod,  
Where "Union" flows like sea or lake.

Elisha knew the Power fore'er,  
Stronger than death in Elijah's soul;—  
And held e'en as a treasure dear,  
Elijah's baptized mantle-power.  
That magnetized the cloth he wore;  
That power diffused in occult shower,  
'Twas felt abroad both far and near  
In mental life and Earthly sphere.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die,  
Doth not apply to Spirit<sup>3</sup> free;—  
That sees the Light when God is nigh,  
Knows Love in God's Eternity.  
Then like Elisha, cry for aid,  
For double portion of Spirit strength,  
Then Christos Light so long delayed  
By doubting soul; will come at length.

Cry like Elisha, "I will not leave"  
Nor e'er forsake the Christos path;—  
Then sin shall cease, and not still weave  
A web of death; as aftermath.  
Then soul shall cease its death to Spirit,  
Shall earn its right to live in heaven;—  
Shall carry up by Love's own merit,  
What it hath gained to Christos haven.

Even the thief upon the cross,  
Quickened by love of the Christos;—  
On the same day saw Paradise,  
When closed his eyes on sacrifice  
At Calvary's Cross, that conquered death;—  
In God's own Love and Christos breath  
For Sword of faith and living Light  
Deceived not soul on Calvary's height.

Know you that emotional flow  
Is psychic born as sexual love?—  
Why stay in path that carries we,  
When "Father in Secret" Life will prove.  
Know you that the Christ religion  
Is spiritual Life and Love and Light?  
And the straight path by intuition  
Leads to God's "Voice"<sup>4</sup> by occult right.

Oh, grieve not, honest, sincere soul,  
Grieve not for sin, grieve not for grave;—  
Christos Love is ever strong  
And Light of God will surely save.  
The Higher Self and Christos Son  
Unite to say, "Thy Will be done,"  
When lower self shall hear the call.  
'Tis victory then, 'tis "All in All."

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## Light.

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Light gleams fore'er through infinite space,  
No vacuum is there;  
It shineth forth to human race  
Through Ether atmosphere.

A stream of Light, by Christos thrown,  
Abroad o'er earth and Ether's shore;  
Revealed to man that Love alone  
Gave Life to soul at Spirit-door.

It radiates from an occult source,  
Etheric fluid o'er earth and sky;  
That doth abide in nervous force,  
To prove to man that God is nigh.

Red, yellow, and blue,<sup>1</sup> combine to black,  
The source from whence they came;  
And darkness over Ether's track  
Is Light to Spirit-flame.

The mystic Power that tells the soul  
It can reflect the universe;<sup>2</sup>  
Can also tell the message whole  
When soul escapes illusion's curse.

Just as a lovely landscape fair  
Can be seen in loved one's eye;  
So in each soul doth Love sit there,  
To reflect back the Light on high.

The occult man may close his eyes;  
And break the darkness there;  
May see the Light that doth arise  
In Ether atmosphere.

The Light and Life of other world  
Is mental home for our abode;  
It doth reveal to soul unfurled  
O'er sensual path;—the immortal road.

The upward arc to Inner Light  
Is won by Spirit-mental toil;  
And soul that wins in sensual fight,  
Must burst the shell, the psychic foil.

Christ came in sacrificial Love,  
That circled sphere-like o'er His head;<sup>3</sup>  
That streamed to Earth from God above,  
That could be occult seen and read.

Our Father in heaven, He said, not mine,  
Our Father ever, for all the earth;  
His message came to us, divine,  
Flooding this Earth with a re-birth.

What was this sacred, godlike Power,  
Coming on Father's shoreless wave?  
Coming from heaven to earth, as shower,  
That quickens man, his soul to save?

It was like flood of light from Sun,  
That blazes far through solar sky;  
This flood of spiritual Light, my son,  
Tells sensual man, that God is nigh.

This Light, not seen by sensual sight,  
Dwells infinite in Universe;  
It is divine, etheric Light,  
That never can be told in verse.

What is It? You must see It, feel It,  
To know Its mystic, spiritual shower;  
That tells to man that soul and Spirit,  
Can unify in life's short hour.

<sup>3</sup> The Spirit goes to God who gave it.

<sup>4</sup> The "Still small Voice," not our "ego conscience judgment," but the "God-Voice" in Spirit-Life reality.

<sup>1</sup> Red, yellow, and blue are the three primary colors.

<sup>2</sup> Man is the microcosm of the Macrocosm and we are occult told that if man "knew himself," his soul would also know the universe.

<sup>3</sup> We are told that a spiritualized person has around his head an aura of glorious light that can be seen by a "trained psychic."

It vibrates also sound intense,<sup>4</sup>  
Through Ether, Earth, and astral sky;  
For sound is the first move of sense,  
That tells to man of Power on high.

Back of sensual nature sound,  
Back of motion and solar light;  
Mystic man has certain found  
Vibrative law<sup>5</sup> and occult sight.

Yes; even man must Godward move,  
By Intuition from within;  
Its silent whisper will but prove  
That Wisdom-Love is free from sin.

'Tis Real! 'tis Real! It lives forever,  
It knows its source; even God;  
It sees afar, where Life doth quiver,  
On Ether's wave and Spirit road.

'Twas surely time that Christos came,  
For man in matter dense and deep,  
Was sunk in arc, to sensual shame,  
And now must climb to Spirit, steep.

How could man move to pathway higher?  
From matter deep, he could not fly;  
(Held down by sloth in self-desire,)  
Except by spiritual stimuli.<sup>6</sup>

Light and Love, from sensual matter,  
Saves man, that's steeped in self-desire;  
Who lives in pride and seeks to flatter  
A soul, not touched by Spirit-fire.

The Light that lighteth all the world,  
Was Life that flashed in every soul;  
When Christos Life and Love was hurled  
As Ray of Light; the Oversoul.<sup>7</sup>

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## Ether.

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Ether is e'er throughout all space,<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis infinite path of "Spiritual Ray;"  
It gently sweeps o'er "Christos face,"<sup>2</sup>  
And e'er surrounds the Orb of day.

It moves in force of nervous man,  
It moves throughout the sky;  
It moves by universal plan,  
It tells that occult Life is nigh.

Some dense in matter do not know  
Its strong vibrative force;  
While others heed its occult flow,  
And sense the Spirit source.

Quimby tells in "Heaven my Home,"<sup>3</sup>  
Of a young man upon Cape Cod,  
Whose "second sight" could three days roam,  
Three days' sail from Bay State sod.

Could tell blindfolded, Quimby wrote,  
The vessel's name, which way she steers;  
And thoughtful men would watch and note  
Until each ship at home appears.

They said it was in Ozone's path,  
That he thus roamed in occult force;  
Ah, well! 'Twas far from matter's wrath,—  
'Twas close to "Father" "Spirit source."

O earthly soul, you are not free,  
Your ears are closed, you cannot hear,  
Your eyes are blind they may not see<sup>4</sup>  
The Light in Ether atmosphere.

Live in air and live in Ether  
Just one hour of twenty-four;  
And in five years you will either  
See or hear<sup>5</sup> on occult shore.

But you must forego the "psychic"  
Striving fore'er by "Spirit-Will"  
To live afar from earth's "black magic,"  
And patient wait for "Voice so still."<sup>6</sup>

Mental bodies float in Ether,  
Godlike force if rare and fine;  
They're composed of matter either  
Fine or coarse; what shall be thine?

The body, St. Paul wrote of old,  
Your spiritual form on occult shore,  
Vibrates now, we're occult told,  
In heavenly home forevermore.

It can be seen by the Sixth Sense,  
Floating in nervous Ether fair;  
What 'though your earthly form is dense?  
This interpenetrates the air.

Doubt ye not the Spirit-Light,  
Doubt ye not God's occult home;  
Know there is room in Love's own sight,  
For all who from this earth shall roam.

<sup>4</sup> The writer here refers to occult sound as revealed by the "astral bells;" voices of departed ones, etc.

<sup>5</sup> Etheric-mental vibration, immortal in its essence, floating in finer matter than the physical and unlike the sensual-mental, is less subject to mental cloudiness and bodily change.

<sup>6</sup> See Key No. 1 in poem "Keys."

<sup>7</sup> The Oversoul or Higher Self being one with the Great Breath.

<sup>1</sup> Physical science "postulates" the "hypothesis" that beyond the atmosphere of this earth all space is filled with a substance called ether, and on this ground science and occultism stand together.

<sup>2</sup> "Christos face" or "Divine Compassion."

<sup>3</sup> A book published by a Mr. Quimby, a universalist clergyman and former editor of the "Gospel Banner," published in Augusta, Maine.

<sup>4</sup> "Having eyes they see not, and ears they hear not."—*Jesus in Bible*.

<sup>5</sup> Provided that you have advanced to the "psychic" stage of existence.

<sup>6</sup> See 1st Kings, Chap. 19, Verse 12.

Blind are they who cannot see,  
In the mental Light of God;  
Earthly eyesight is not free  
To penetrate the occult flood.

Eyes of flesh see but dense matter,  
Mental sight sees Spirit shore;  
Jesus saw, and St. John later  
Saw Life occult, o'er and o'er.

St. John saw it not in matter,  
But within in Spirit home;  
Do not fear, nerves need not shatter,  
Seek not a psychic ghostly moan.

Know evolution is within,  
The Will shall build the form you wear;  
In Spiritual home or astral din,  
You've earned the form you will have there.

Live the Life, sir, you must do it,  
Love the race, it is God's will;  
Baptize soul in Christos Spirit,  
Loathe not—Love shall conquer still.

"The Way" in poem tells the "Key,"  
Turn against magician's trick;  
Know your Spirit, for it's free,  
When not held by "black magic."<sup>7</sup>

Listen then to Christos' soul,  
Listen then to Ether's wage;  
Listen to Eternal Whole,  
Know the Life<sup>8</sup> that Christos gave.

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## Spirit.

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Worship God;<sup>1</sup> for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit  
of prophesy.—*Revelations 19: 10.*

To meet God as a separate "Being"  
Is the dream of sensuous soul,  
Soul tempest-tossed and "psychic";<sup>2</sup> seeing  
But earth form life on matter's scroll.  
'Tis better to have faith with Browning,  
To think with her as time doth roll,  
Thoughts that bathe in Love so restful  
And blend us with eternal Whole.

(And I smile to think God's greatness  
Flows around our incompleteness;  
'Round our restlessness, His rest)  
Like birdling, resting in its nest;  
Or even yet with Lark to soar,  
Bathing in Ether, o'er and o'er  
Our soul as "Ray" of Light in space,  
Reflecting back unto God's face.

Like Light that streams from Christos Sun,  
Born in the "Word" from Infinite One,  
And streaming forth o'er earth afar  
In "Ether fluid"<sup>3</sup> to gates ajar.  
Ajar o'er earth to occult child,  
That moves in Spirit-light so mild;  
Ajar above in Union's flow,  
Where dwells the soul in Christos glow.

Like as a child on mother's breast.  
Like as a fish within the sea,  
We can bathe in godlike rest,  
In "Life" afar o'er sensual sight.  
The "Father" doth repose in "Will,"  
The "Son" is teaching Wisdom still,  
And Spirit doth creative fill  
The Universe with Love and Light.

The Voiceless-voice from Spirit-shore,  
The Rootless-root from silent past,  
The "I Am" force; the "Great Breath" o'er-  
Shadowing soul in blessed rest;    ἦἦἦ  
That breathes in silent Love, fore'er—  
That breathes out "Life" on earthly scroll;  
And yields Its Wisdom-Spirit power,  
In Christos-light to earthly soul.

Festus cried out in voice so sad,  
To spiritual Paul, in reason's flow,<sup>4</sup>  
"Too much learning doth make thee mad,"<sup>5</sup>  
The "Way" you tell, we do not know.  
So men doubt ever, from Maid of Arc,  
To Swedenborg, the "northern light,"  
They call us mad, when in the dark  
They see not "Home," by occult right.

The most of us are buried, friend,  
In letter's law; the message send  
That "separateness" doth ever rend  
Our souls from Spirit-mental flow.  
The reason why we must still wait,  
Until we meet the "change" called fate;  
To Spirit know through occult gate—  
We illusive think the "form"<sup>6</sup> to know.

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<sup>7</sup> Table tipping, etc. is Hatha Yoga or "desire mental concentration" or animal magnetism.

<sup>8</sup> Your "Higher Self," it being "One" with the "Christos" or "Second Logos" that emanated as the "Word" from the Great Breath.

<sup>1</sup> God in His triune expression of "Love, Life and Light" a living "Spirit-Wisdom-Mind" intelligence, tranciently expressed in the form life of matter and eternally expressed in the purer life of Spirit-mentality in each and all of the children of men.

<sup>2</sup> The "psychic" or emotional flow of the lower personality.

<sup>3</sup> Spiritual electricity or "Life" that flows between the positive and negative poles of Spirit-matter.

<sup>4</sup> Vide, the relating by Paul of his occult conversion to Festus.

<sup>5</sup> And yet "Almost thou persuadest me to be a 'Christian'."—*Festus to Paul.*

<sup>6</sup> We are occult told that Spirit, like air and ether, is "substance" or Spirit-electricity, without form.

God's Love doth rule the Universe,  
Yet those baptized in matter's force  
Think "intellect" is highest source  
When Spirit-power is higher still.  
'Though mental-power is intellect,  
Yet "Consciousness"<sup>7</sup> but proves the fact,  
That higher still, "It" e'er will act  
With God-like force in "Spirit-Will."

The spiritual "Life" is "Consciousness,"  
It interacts by mental stress  
That lower down on earth doth bless,  
And can reach back to God at helm;  
For mental-life is "Conscious-born"  
'Though Consciousness is e'er forlorn,  
When it depends on mind, that's shorn  
Of Wisdom-light from Spirit realm.

\* \* \* \* \*

Man e'er is touched by sense of "sound;"  
The life and drum precedes the wound;  
That military men the earth around  
Strike deep;—desire to kill  
'Tis twin desire of earthquake shock,  
The rending force that breaks the rock;  
'Tis path desire, that would e'er mock  
The Spirit-Voice, the Voice so still.

Soul blindly pushes on because  
It lives in matter, learning cause  
Of Nature's force, and occult laws,  
Yet separate lives from Spirit-mother.  
Still each monad, 'though in its youth,  
Lives here in separate life, forsooth,  
To solve the "Self" for Infinite Truth,  
In sovereign power, to know "Its" brother.

For this the Spirit brooded o'er  
Matter condensed on Planet's shore,  
That souls might know forevermore,  
Their Wisdom-power from occult Well;<sup>8</sup>  
For "Life" reposing in the "Cave"  
As the "First-cause" on matter's wave,  
Must see the Light, that motion gave,  
With sound, near matter's form to dwell.

Afar out on Pacific isle,  
Creation's "sound" was heard, the while  
That lava upward burst in style  
So grand; with sound of o-ar-oo (Oahu)<sup>9</sup>  
When rocks were born from ocean bed,  
While life was hushed in psychic<sup>10</sup> dread;  
It was then Spirit must have said:  
Soul life on earth I will renew.

Thus Rock of "Life and Light and Love"  
The conscious Triad, from above,  
Shall move in absolute Will, to prove  
That Life and Love and Light, are One.  
'Till deeper far in Spirit-power,  
Shall Life move on unto the hour  
When earthly brain shall feel the shower  
Of Spirit-Life, through Christ, the Son.

Let spiritual memory soar afar  
To know past lives by occult law,  
And of the future say "I saw"  
With John, who Revelations wrote.  
Yet deeper still is Spirit-Will,  
'Tis the Great Breath and e'er doth fill  
All infinite space with Voice so still  
That's higher than vibration's note.<sup>11</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Pure "Consciousness" throws down the Light  
And functions in intelligence;  
'Tis grouped in Life, in Spirit sight,  
'Tis group of faculties intense.  
It listens far o'er Spirit road,  
It is Itself even a god;  
Intelligence is but its mood,  
That moves on earth to brotherhood.

Intelligence still e'er moves on,  
Imagination is its power;  
Where "images" of thought are born,  
In sensual home, oh Thou "All Knower."  
'Tis also named mentality,  
Itself is still reality.  
Surviving fading earthly form,  
In eternal "Life" o'er matter's storm.

Like Ether and our own earth air,  
Spirit is formless;—everywhere  
Its "Consciousness" doth move abroad  
In Ether's realm, or earthly road.  
'Tis named Compassion, one with God,  
No attribute or form is there;—  
Yet form life moves in astral home,  
And functions, too, in earthly sphere.

Mentality is highest state  
That most of us on earth may know;—  
Yet "Consciousness" doth still create  
The "Higher Self;" in Spirit flow.  
The past and future "It" can read,  
'Tis instinct, mind, intelligence,  
Advancing on to "Life" indeed,  
Where "Consciousness" doth rest immense.

<sup>7</sup> We are aware that most men regard consciousness as an outward expression of intellect, when in reality intellect is but the earthly expression of a "Life-conscience." It is true that the average man, when unconscious, cannot function mentally being so dense in animalism, or at least sensual life, that he cannot function in spiritual-mental life, until the "soul" is separated from the "body" by death, yet the writer knew of a woman who was called "unconscious" for 24 hours but was able to be outside of her body and look down upon the physicians at work upon it.

<sup>8</sup> The soul in the separateness of matter rejoices in its "separate" sovereignty, but it carries back on the upward "arc" to Spirit-Life its varied experiences on earth, becoming again one with the "Father," yet not losing its identity learned by experience in "separateness" of matter.

<sup>9</sup> Oahu, an island of the Hawaiian group in the Pacific. It derived its name from the fact that the sound of Oahu is similar to the earth sound in volcanic upheavals.

<sup>10</sup> Psychic or emotional fear of "death" or "personal" harm.

<sup>11</sup> We are told that each physical body has its "creative note" from the etheric wave of Light and if that note were struck death would ensue just as a glass tumbler will break when its note is "struck" by the "rubbing" process.

The anxious, fateful, selfish force,  
To live fore'er as separate soul  
And save itself; this is the source  
Of evil ever, 'tis matter's scroll  
That burns away in occult Light<sup>12</sup>  
Soul then unites by occult right  
With Love and Life; with the "Great Breath"  
That on earth conquers even death.

Downward and outward is sensuous flow,  
Inward and upward is Spirit law;—  
Change your base to say "I saw"  
If you ere death, would occult know  
That immortal Life in Spirit fold,  
Doth interpenetrate fore'er  
The Ether space as St. Paul told,  
And Peter knew when he was here.

We doubt whate'er we cannot see,  
We know not Life, Reality;—  
We know not Light, divinely free;—  
That floods in Love, the occult shore.  
We think of heaven, with sensual sight,  
When air is filled with Ether's<sup>13</sup> Light,  
Where spirit-friends by occult right  
Can vibrate Life forevermore.

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## Extract From My Diary.

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NOVEMBER 8, 1903, 10.30 P.M.

While composing my mind for "sleep" I saw astrally, with closed eyes, while yet in a "waking state," the profile of my mother, near a window of "light," in appearance like "ground glass," and my astral body, in which I was then functioning, was also on the inside of the window, perhaps five or six feet away from the astral body of mother, of which I held a view for perhaps thirty to fifty seconds, when her form faded away. Mother's voice spoke to me, and I understood her to say, "All search 'round for Warren Belcher, Justin;" and Oh, I wish I could describe the wonderful astral metallic sound of her voice, especially the last word, "Justin." The nearest approach to the sound is the telephone, or a subdued sound on the phonograph; yet her voice was far more musical in its bell-like utterance than any vocal sound from earthly human source.

I seemed at the time of this communication to be in a "peculiar" state of consciousness. I was not "asleep" and I was cognizant of my surroundings, although my eyes were closed; to be explicit I seemed to be living in two worlds at the same moment of time. The most important earthly fact, in relation to this communication from mother, is that I do not, nor ever did, know such a person as Warren

Belcher; at least to my present memory-knowledge. I know only of one Belcher, a Mr. J. White Belcher, a well-known citizen of Randolph, Mass., (mother's birthplace) a man of "affairs," and who is now president of a mutual fire insurance company, at Dedham, Mass. I desire to say that this communication followed close upon a "Spirit-mental concentration" on "living the Life" considered in the abstract.

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The following correspondence is self-explanatory.

LYNN, MASS., Nov. 9, 1903.

J. WHITE BELCHER, Dedham.

*Dear Sir:* Kindly inform me by return mail if you know, or ever did know, of a Warren Belcher; and if you know that he is yet alive, will you kindly send me his present address.

Enclosed find a stamped envelope for a reply.

Very truly yours,

A. JUSTIN TOWNSEND.

RANDOLPH, MASS., Nov. 10, 1903.

Warren Belcher has been dead ten to fifteen years. I knew him when living.

J. WHITE BELCHER.

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NOVEMBER 11, 1903.

The above note from Mr. J. White Belcher leads me to believe that I might have misunderstood the first word of mother's astral communication to me on the evening of Nov. 8th inst., which perhaps ought to have been understood by me as "I'll" rather than "all." This change or "error" does not dispose of the fact that there was a Warren Belcher, of whose existence I did not know, and what is more natural than that mother should look around for him in the astral Ether?

We are told that we have our limitations, even in the astral state, and it is barely possible that mother, having lived away from Randolph for many years, did not know of Warren Belcher's death, and finding him missing from Randolph, asked me for aid; and as for myself, I would say that it is very easy not to understand the first word of a sudden and unexpected astral communication coming from the darkness of the night.

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DECEMBER 1, 1903, ABOUT 7.00 A.M.

About this time I awoke from what seemed to me a sub-astral state, and a "Voice" spoke to me when I was completely in a waking state, saying: "All figures of protection proceed from 72." Now during the sub-astral or sub-conscious state, before "waking" I seemed to solve every problem or perplexity that came before me by a series of "figure practice" that seemed logical and realistic at the time, but which my physical memory could not retain into the "waking state," and I attribute this inability on the part of my lower personality to a lack of Spirit-Will power, caused no doubt

<sup>12</sup> The Christos Light from the Christos Sun, or yet the "Word," the sexless One.  
"He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light."—*Bible*.

<sup>13</sup> The Light from spiritized Ether.

by my imperfect growth in Spiritual-mental concentration, or Spirit-Wisdom-Mind discipline.

I had a clear memory of using the figures 77, 7 and 6, but do not remember the logical result.

The above experience, I believe, was consequent upon, and a result of the fact that I had been for several days "concentrating" upon the abstract truth of "Resting in the Universal Life."

Gentle reader, does it seem a thing incredible to you that there should be any "sense expressed in figures" purporting to come from the occult world; or from the Spirit-Wisdom-Mind, expressed through the Higher Self? True it is that my lower personality has *not* yet solved this higher mathematical puzzle; and I also remember myself as once an eight-year-old boy, expert in arithmetic, yet doubting at times that which I could not then master, and looking stupidly at algebra. Be it remembered that the only "accuracy" we have in our "lower personality" is on the mathematical plane of thought; for outside of this plane we are but children; incapable even of reading the future for one moment of time. The writer has an earnest faith that mathematical Wisdom is infinitely more powerful on the plane of the "Spirit-Wisdom-Mind," and he would refer the Christian reader to Rev., Chap. 13, V. 18th, and to the phrase in Rev. 21: 17, "According to the measure of a man," showing plainly that St. John was speaking from a state of "Higher Consciousness" and "recalled himself" to state the mathematical power in "earthly figures of measure or capacity."

## Friend Hall.

You can talk to us till the sigh of death,

But we'll ne'er in matter's grave lie down;  
They are baptized in Spirit-breath,

Who see the "Crown" o'er deathly frown.  
"Yours" for God's Eternal shore,  
And Love and Light forevermore.

Signed, A. J. T., now as of yore,  
Lynn, Mass., New Years—nineteen—four.

## Mother.

O mother, you said to me on earth,  
"Not even death shall us two part."  
And deep shall call fore'er to deep,  
And Spirit-mind shall know Its own;—  
From earth afar unto God's throne,  
And Light and Love shall reach the heart;  
And "Spirit Ray" shall know its force,  
Its power o'er death from Godlike source,  
To escape the sting of grave; Remorse  
O'er sin is not our part;—  
We bathe in Light, from God above.  
Escaping "sting" in matter's groove.

## The Saxon Pastor.

Dedicated to the Congregational Church, Winthrop,  
Maine, August, 1903.

I thought the Saxon was too dense,  
That he ever failed in the sixth sense;  
I failed to note his sense of right  
In intuition's subtle Light—  
In path of God his mind to roam,  
Swift passing to eternal Home.

I thought the mind of Western priest  
Loved often feast, and Spirit least;—  
I feared he lived in dogmatism,  
Controlled fore'er by creed and ism;  
Shedding not the Light of God  
In Loves own path of brotherhood.

I had not met your pastor<sup>1</sup> grown  
In Spirit-Love, not critic's moan;  
Moving in Life and Light afar  
To spiritual hope and Gates ajar—  
Where he could know that God in Love  
Moves e'er in path of Light above.

Moving ever in Wisdom path,  
To touch the human mind of earth.  
Prize Man of God now in his youth,  
Prize soul that lives in Light and Truth;  
Who is not moved in critic mood,  
But walks in path of brotherhood.

"Though you may doubt, yet follow on,  
And see God's Light at horizon—  
Your horizon of spiritual view;  
That may touch close the "Word" so true;—  
The "Word" of "Life" that was with God  
E'er Earth was born in active mood.

Shall Saxon race that could produce  
An Emerson or Brooks for use  
In Saxon path of faith and love  
To touch God's Light on shore above;  
Shall it yet fail or falter now?  
Shall none take mantle, to Spirit know?

Perchance your pastor moving on,  
May glance in love unto God's throne;—  
Then fail him not in night of woe,  
Stay close, while yet the seed he'll sow—  
Perchance the cloud that floats to-day,  
At night may flash in Love,—God's Ray.

Your pastor's life is not his own;  
His sacrifice can ne'er be known  
To all of you in life of earth—  
As Love shall breathe and "Word" come forth.  
Then fail him not, for God is good,  
Stay close in path of brotherhood.

Pastor; rest neutral, while living Truth,  
Grinds chaff from wheat, let e'er thy youth  
Watch calmly on in faith and love,  
Till Truth shall Ray on path above;  
And touch your Life in mystic flood  
With "Word" that flows in occult<sup>2</sup> mood.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. A. K. Baldwin, Winthrop, Me.

<sup>2</sup> "Occult mood" or "Inner Light" as taught in the "Quaker faith."

## The Ether World.

O Ether world of Light afar,  
That sensual life can never mar,  
Thy Life once flowed with Bethlehem's Star,  
In hallowed Palestine.  
Dogmatic night was turned to day,  
A Master showed the mystic Way,  
And fighting Saul knew occult Ray,  
Expressed in Power divine.

Why tremble at the gate of death?  
Rise patient soul, accept the wreath  
Of Life, that flows from God's own Breath,  
In your eternal home.  
Pause not at power of psychic priest,  
Life flows beyond dogmatic yeast,  
In "Teachership" it serves the least,  
Then turn for Light to Spirit-dome.

Peter had Life in Spirit stayed,  
"Thou art,"<sup>2</sup> said Christ, be not afraid,  
'Tis Life, 'tis Rock, on which was laid  
The hope of all the world.  
The invisible Church is made for all,  
In communism it ne'er doth crawl,  
But Love doth change a Saul to Paul  
With Light from Spirit hurled.

Ye shall have Life, was Christos cry,  
Abundant Life, from Power on high,  
I came that souls might never die,  
Who drink at Spirit-well.  
Between earth lives, why doze in grave?  
Life is your right; this God once gave  
By power of Love; in Light to lave,  
Where Wisdom-Mind doth dwell.

Awake! awake! doze not nor sleep,  
See mystic gate that Love doth keep  
So open wide, drink Wisdom deep  
In Light on mystic shore.  
Turn gaze on Kingdom's Inner Light;  
Rise to your Higher Self, 'tis right;  
Then with all Nature you'll unite  
In sight of hidden lore.

Why look for sensual unity?  
Why hope for psychic purity?  
Gaze now on Life, futurity;  
And know thyself in Union whole.  
Why gaze around, come back, come back;  
Help is within; outside doth lack  
The Power that moves o'er Ether's track,  
In Nature's Love to oversoul.

Come back to Self; what all alone?  
No; 'tis a step unto God's throne,  
'Tis Union's Path not psychic moan  
That leads the Way to Life above.  
'Tho born alone, in separate sense,  
O soul come back to Life immense,  
No union comes in matter dense,  
But Spirit-Will unites in Love.

To thine own soul, come face to face,  
Then see the way where human race  
Can selfishness fore'er efface  
By aid of Spirit-Will.  
Why concentrate against an evil?<sup>3</sup>  
Why fight, when Love can reach a devil?  
The Power to banish psychic weevil  
Is centered e'er in Voice so still.

Oh, joy, my soul, the Path is found  
Subjective state, where Life doth bound  
On Spirit stream; where sensual sound  
Is lost, so quiet, in a "Sleep"  
Just on the edge of "sleep" at night,  
The Sixth Sense, sure, can see the Light;—  
In morning can by occult right  
And Power of God; drink Wisdom deep.

Death has no power o'er Life to come,  
Now, now it lives in Ether's home;  
And interpenetrates the dome,  
Of earthly atmosphere.  
Departed friends, to soul advanced  
In Love, can speak, you're not entranced  
In passive psychic power; 'tis Life enhanced  
Ere death, to touch the mortal ear.<sup>4</sup>

Enhanced by "sound" on mystic shore;  
Vibration's law doth tell us more  
Of Ether world, where o'er and o'er  
Beloved forms speak to dull ears.  
Light also dwells in mystic Power,  
To souls who heed its occult shower;—  
Go sensual soul, in spiritual hour,  
To meet the friends of other years.

Friends come not back? do not deceive  
Thy soul; in Spirit-Consciousness believe  
Thy soul can touch; and oft receive  
The Light and sound of other world.  
The sensual mind must ever pause  
At gate of "Ether-Life," because  
It yields not unto spiritual laws,<sup>5</sup>  
That Christos sent and Great Breath hurled.

<sup>1</sup> The author here refers to "emotional religion" born of domination on the "one side" and self-desire on the other.

<sup>2</sup> "I say unto thee; thou art; Peter, and on this Rock (of existence or Life) I will build my Church and the gates of hell (selfish priestcraft desire) shall not prevail against it."—*Christ in Bible*.

<sup>3</sup> The Theosophical Society of America recently advised the members of its local sections to practice "concentration" every Sunday at 10 A.M., for ten minutes, against vivisection, thus assuming a negative position; far safer and more effective would it be to "concentrate" by the aid of Spirit-Will upon the beauty and wholeness of life.

<sup>4</sup> By a "quickenings" of the pineal Cone, or "Light in the head."

<sup>5</sup> Especially the law of spiritual-mental-concentration on abstract truth that can open up to the soul under the spiritual laws of Light, Color and Vibration, the reality of Etheric bodies in spiritual Life. The Sun may appear to rise, yet we believe otherwise. We are told that it is the exception and not the rule for departed friends to come back, but that we can go to them as we are capable of living in two worlds at one and the same time.

We see the gleam of "Astral Sun"<sup>6</sup>  
 Continuous its power doth run,  
 To light the path of soul, that's won  
 O'er sensual earth in Life divine.  
 Pierce the veil, tear it apart,  
 Fear not; the soul must never start,  
 O'er psychic powers; 'tis e'er our part  
 To rise where "Light and Truth"<sup>7</sup> doth shine.

The "Book of Life" on Astral sky,  
 Tells soul of law, that's ever nigh;  
 Reveals the future to the eye  
 Of soul that sees by the Sixth Sense.  
 Ye sow, O soul, in karmic<sup>8</sup> law,  
 Ye reap, your life's a doubting flaw.  
 Until, like John, you say, I saw;—  
 Through sensual veil,<sup>9</sup> so dense.

The forms of Life in Love doth gleam  
 With Light; baptized in Spirit stream,  
 Yet loved ones e'er doth ever seem  
 As real as when they breathed on earth.  
 Edison speaks through Graphophone,  
 Marconi makes the ether known.  
 But Spirit-Will shall tell alone  
 Of power of God in "second birth."<sup>10</sup>

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## H. P. B.<sup>1</sup>

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Oh! H. P. B. Oh! H. P. B.  
 You bravely stood like John of old;  
 Told church and skeptic you were free,  
 Living in Light and mystic fold.

You told of Light from Budhic<sup>2</sup> East,  
 As John the Baptist told of Christ:  
 You told of mystic spiritual feast  
 That goes where Life divine shall list.

Yet to the blind who cannot see,  
 And to the deaf who cannot hear,  
 You are but fraud and mystery  
 "Though "chosen few" touch occult sphere.

Thou art no "reed shaken with wind,"  
 But "more than a prophet" thou Russian child.  
 The West hath seen none of thy kind  
 Since John eat locusts on desert wild.

Your memory shall live for aye,  
 For Truth shall stand while nations fall;  
 Shall stand till West shall know the Ray  
 Of Light that proves Life is for all.

That tells of Life in Ether's home,  
 That tells of Love forevermore;  
 Of spiritual Light through psychic gloam,  
 That can be known on Earth-bound shore.

Child of the Masters, ye yet speak<sup>3</sup>  
 The Truth obtained in seven years  
 That flashes by Akashic<sup>4</sup> streak  
 Abroad unto both hemispheres.

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## The Future.

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Oh, coward! do you fear to die?  
 Why cling to earth; why gasp, and sigh,  
 And moan; when Love's own power is nigh  
 O'er future and the grave?  
 Would'st know and read the future, friend?  
 Or would you live for desire's end,  
 And stay on Earth till rocks do rend  
 By Judgment's fire and ocean wave?

He that loveth life shall lose it,  
 Spirit power or life, quick, choose it,  
 Soul shall win when Love imbues it,  
 With Light and Life from God o'erhead.  
 Then the future can be known  
 At times to soul, for Love hath shown  
 The Light that gleams on Path alone  
 Where Book of Life is known and read.

Life is Spirit-mental power,  
 It moves in Ether's mystic shower  
 Fore'er from source of the All-Knower,  
 As well as physical life on earth.  
 'Tis bounded not by matter grim,  
 Future and now are one to him  
 Who even sees the twilight dim,  
 O'er Akashic<sup>1</sup> page, by second birth.

<sup>6</sup> The writer knows by experience that the Astral Sun is just as real in spiritual Ether as the solar Sun is in earth life.

<sup>7</sup> Light and Truth prevail as "Reality" o'er etheric body forms of the ether Life.

<sup>8</sup> Sanscrit for cause and effect.

<sup>9</sup> The greater part of humanity are so sensualized in physical matter that they can not know the fact that etheric form Life interpenetrates even the atmosphere of our Earth.

<sup>10</sup> The "Mystic wind," known to Jesus and Paul and to the disciples at Pentecost, bloweth where it listeth, being born of the Spirit.

<sup>1</sup> Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, author of the Secret Doctrine.

<sup>2</sup> Budhic is Sanscrit for Wisdom.

<sup>3</sup> H. P. B. is now with the "silent majority."

<sup>4</sup> Particularly, in an exoteric sense, the Astral bells, which are planned by the writer to manifest on the plane of physical life.

<sup>1</sup> Akasha is Sanscrit for the Astral Book of Life.

Subjective Life where future lies,  
Is close to "Sleep" to man who tries  
By Spirit-Will to see the skies

Where past and future are but one.  
The future is forever now,  
It is revealed to mystic brow,  
Who selfish will not use, I trow,  
This sixth sense power that he has won.

Would you use this power "Vril,"<sup>2</sup>  
Just to crush out a weaker will,  
In spite of Love and Voice so still?  
Then your soul shall not advance.  
For selfishness shall hide from soul  
All future time on Astral scroll,  
And fog-like clouds shall o'er it roll;  
E'en though you seek a psychic trance.

'Tis e'er our fault that we know not  
The future, deep with Wisdom fraught.  
A coward life and selfish thought  
Is not fit home for Love's sixth sense.  
The future has but psychic dread  
To men who fear for daily bread,  
Who seek "the living among the dead"  
In matter's home so dense.

What, you ask, is the sixth sense,  
That moves in mystic Power intense,  
That penetrates e'en matter dense?  
'Tis power of God from mystic shore:  
'Tis born of Love in Ether's Light,  
'Tis Wisdom's power in "second sight,"  
It basks in Life by Christos' might,  
From Cave of God forevermore.

Think you that mental life is fact,  
While in earth's bodies it may act,  
Yet think that Wisdom's power hath lacked  
The force to move on Ether's wave?  
Immortal Life is mental force,  
That e'er vibrates from Spirit source,  
And e'er lives on when matter coarse,  
Shall fall from soul that Spirit gave.

The sixth sense,<sup>3</sup> sure, is not alone,  
'Tis all the others condensed in one,  
It has the Power that's ever known  
Right through flesh to mental see:  
For mental Life moves on forever,  
In physical life, or psychic river,  
Or spiritual Life; and naught can sever  
From Life, the soul that's Spirit free.

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## The Higher Self.

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I am thy Higher Self,  
An etheric Ray of Light,  
Thrown out unto the Circle of Life,  
By the First Cause,  
To touch through thy lower self,  
The experience of matter.

I watch thy soul in Love,  
'Till thou shalt pluck in unity,  
From the Tree of Life  
The fruit of sacrificial Love,  
Bathed in the Light  
Of Life eternal.

I am the (I Am) force  
That lighteth every soul  
That cometh into the world,  
By the sacrificial Love  
Of the Christos-Will.  
I ever light the etheric Path,  
From thy suffering soul,  
Unto the Christos.  
Thy future I well know  
And thy past is known to Me.  
Blindly thou dost grope,  
Under the law of necessity;  
Born of thy selfishness  
And my inexperience  
On the eternal Ego-Path.

I am thy Higher Self,  
One with the Infinite  
In thought and purpose,  
And sinless in Our Ego:  
Though undeveloped through a chain of lives,  
Baptized in matter on the Earth,  
For an objective experience.  
Know thou, my child, my lower self,  
That oneness rests with spiritual Life  
In unity, even as the rays of light  
Sent forth from the solar sun,  
Throughout all solar space,  
Are ever one with solar Sun;  
To bless for cycles, sentient lives,  
On Our earth and solar planets.  
Know thou my child of Earth,  
Dense in matter's sluggish blindness,  
On the shore of time;  
Know thou, to the future blind,  
That Nature has its opposite  
In microcosm and Macrocosm.

Ye say, O yes, then doubt it ever,  
Except where ye shall know,  
As heat and cold, the female and the male;  
Know then electric flow of Life  
Must ever move from positive Spirit,  
Unto the negative pole of matter.  
Ye see the concrete on the Earth,  
In form life linger for a time,  
Then silent disappear.  
Why concentrate on this forever,  
And on the concrete meditate,  
In all its detail of Earth life;  
And think, forsooth, that it is all  
That borders on the super-sense  
Of Life, in its reality?  
Oh thou lower self of Mine,  
Like doubting Thomas, ye affirm,  
Except I see the imprint of nails,  
And place my hand  
Within the side of Nature,  
Then I will not believe.

<sup>2</sup> Vril, a word used by Bulwer Lytton in one of his novels to denote "mental electric fire."

<sup>3</sup> When the sixth sense is exercised in a man, he can see on the plane of continuous Life above the physical, either with the sensual eyes open or closed, and in the latter case right through the center of the forehead.

The gate of tomb looks dark and silent,  
And ye oft mourn in desolation;  
And doubt fore'er the abstract part  
Of even thy own Life.  
All Nature tells of evolution,  
That Life moves outward ever,  
From the central Source within.  
Then why look outward in the air,  
Or list in stillness of the night,  
For proof of Life eternal?  
Why haste to medium's passive mind  
That must blindly tell of Life  
From the ether World;  
Yet points not Path, or Ray of Light  
Within thy Closet,  
That floweth ever from the Father?  
Why listen to the voice of Priest,  
Who stirs' your life emotional,  
Fore'er on path of self-desire  
Or lower self, to soul itself  
In sense of separateness;  
Yet tells not of thy Spirit?  
Arise O cringing soul,  
Lift up thy head to heaven,  
Yet not without to sun or stars,  
But look within for kingdom Light,  
Trace backward on thy Ray, to Love,  
To God of Universe.

No priestly mediation, man,  
Can move thy soul on its Path  
Unto thy Spirit; thy abstract Ego.  
What if thou tremble, man,  
Thou art yet but a spiritual child;  
Trembling in blindness ever,  
On the spiritual road to Me,  
Doubting whate'er ye do not see.  
I watch thy path, in Love,  
Trying so hard, O child of Earth,  
To break through sensual matter,  
Unto thy physical memory,  
And concrete brain of Earth.  
First postulate the fact,  
That concrete life so sensual,  
Which ye love as natural  
And ever real,  
That perishes on earthly road,  
(When Higher Self as Spirit  
Withdraws the soul above)  
Is but the negative pole of Life;  
Pushed outward on the Earth,  
For an objective experience  
Of the spiritual Life current,  
Rayed downward by Ourselves;  
Obedient unto the First Cause.

Know that thy Higher Self,  
The major part of thy continuous Life,  
Is in a Wisdom abstract mood,  
To bring thy earth experience  
Upward unto Me;  
As faculties for future use  
And progress on the Way to God.  
Ye tremble like a child  
And have Our sympathy  
To thus move dense in matter  
And scarce of earthly future  
Knowing not; or of the past.

Both we watch to help thy soul  
In its upward road.  
Turn now, O my soul,  
Unto Abstract-Life within.  
Concentrate and meditate  
By busy day and quiet night,  
Upon the law of God.  
Step by Step evolve thyself  
In union with the Christos One  
On way of Life  
As a King unto your God.

Thou art His child and not a slave,  
But must evolve thyself  
In God's Arithmetic;  
Until the Esoteric meat  
Of Abstract-Life in heaven  
Is ever food for thy soul.  
This Abstract-Life is won by faith  
And toil in Spirit-Will  
While yet you linger on the Earth;  
Where oneness with humanity  
Leadeth close unto the Father.  
Now if ye love not man,  
Whom ye often see,  
In sacrificial Love divine;  
How can ye love the Abstract-One,  
Whom ye have never seen?  
Bury thyself in Abstract Life,  
In Ray of Light so spiritual;  
Though but ten minutes in a day,  
And thus come close to God;  
And Our Self,  
Known also as the Secret-Father,  
One with Christos and the God,  
The great First Cause of Universe.

Faint not by the way,  
And cry not for aid  
Till ye have entered the Secret-Closet,  
And closed the door,  
When your reward shall come,  
Open to thy memory,  
And the brain of earth.  
Yet cry not as a child,  
While thou canst help thyself,  
For it is writ in spiritual law  
That thou must thy own salvation  
Work out in fear and trembling,  
Owing to thy concrete blindness  
On the sensual path.  
And when the goal is won,  
And Ray of Light is known,  
Then ye shall touch the Macrocosm,  
Through knowledge of thy microcosm,  
On the path of evolution  
Through the Abstract-Life within.

Then shall ye know while on the earth,  
Ourselves as absolute,  
In Union with the Father.  
Ye were born of water  
From thy mother's womb,  
Which, if ye do not realize,  
But sink like Nicodemus,  
A Master of Isreal,  
In density of matter;  
How can ye believe

Of heavenly things, so spiritual?  
Or see like Paul of old,  
Who even could not tell  
Whether in the body or out  
Was the mystic spiritual Path?  
O thou, my lower self,  
How glorious is thy path  
When abstract Life, through Me,  
Shall touch thy earthly memory.

Then cling to quiet morning couch,  
And concentrate thy gaze;  
And spiritual concentrative thought  
On the Abstract Life within;—  
While yet so close unto the Path  
Of Sleep; subjective state.  
There thou may'st repose  
On the spiritual-mental Life;  
In union with the Father;—  
Catching glimpses of the future,  
And thy loved ones passed  
Unto the Astral state.  
The mystic Life is then  
No longer mystery;  
Where spiritual Entity can see.

Like Thomas, do ye doubt?  
Still doubt that Consciousness  
Can function on the Ether Path,  
In spiritual-mental Life?  
'Tis just as common-sense,  
To tell a sentient being  
On the planet Mars;  
Or on an astral globe;  
That mental life so dense  
And deep in physical matter;  
Lives on the planet Earth.  
O what a mystery,  
That physical mental life  
Can function deep in flesh;  
Find joy in consciousness  
Of life upon the Earth;  
Even though from it is veiled  
Its eternal Consciousness  
Born in Light and Love;  
And the Christos;  
As Life from the Great Breath;  
When time was in its youth,  
And present active Universe  
Awoke from passive state.

O my lower self, emotional,  
In the realm of self-desire,  
And separate life of earth;  
Why cling to self forever?  
Thou art saved by Spirit,

In union and brotherhood  
With a suffering race.  
Knowest thou not but one,  
Out of ten thousand,  
Dwelleth in unity with Me;  
The rest are receptive,  
Crying aloud for sympathy;  
In an emotional mood,  
Born of the psychic past.  
They yearn for Love, not creed,  
For bread, and not a stone;  
For Light and Compassion.  
Like children they pray  
Unto the Father,  
But yet look not within  
Where ever dwelleth;  
The Ray of Light from the Father.

Entranced in material nature,  
They have materialized heaven;—  
In the path of separateness;  
Rather than unity divine,  
As a spiritual home  
Where ever floweth  
The Water of Life.  
The grandest part  
Of Life on earth  
And mystery divine;—  
Is the fact of mental life,  
Brought forth in evolution;—  
While but a step within  
Is abstract spiritual Life;  
Enclosed fore'er in spiritual Light,  
Within a spiritual body.  
Turn thou to positive Life,  
Trace it backward  
Within the Eternal Circle;  
Unto the spiritual flow.

Watch the current Fohat<sup>1</sup>  
As it streams in Light,  
From the Spirit source.  
Dwell thou with Me  
On the Christos Way,  
That leadeth unto Life eternal;  
Within the silent Cave;  
Where dwelleth Compassion  
As the First-Cause.  
I will not say farewell,  
But watch thee ever,  
Until thy soul shall lift itself  
Far above the path desire;  
And bathe in Light and Love  
And spiritual Intuition.  
Remember God's Arithmetic<sup>2</sup>  
And problem 72.

<sup>1</sup> Fohat, or the spiritual-electric Life current, flowing as a desire impulse between Spirit and matter.

<sup>2</sup> Revelation 13: 18.

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# SLEEP

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IS THE



TO

## IMMORTAL LIFE.

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**Y**OU can bring back, by the aid of Superconsciousness or the "Higher Mind," just before entering or at once after leaving the "Subjective State," especially in the "Morning Quiet," a knowledge of the future and the "Other Life."

You can meet your departed friends face to face by concentrative use of active occultism in Keys Nos. 1 and 2.

Spiritual meditation and concentration on some abstract truth should precede sleep for at least ten minutes. A plenty of sleep is required.

Seven Keys complete the circle, and may cause you to function in the Astral body, without loosing the sovereign Will or Ego Consciousness.

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The "Inner Light" sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00 by check, money order, or registered letter. Six copies for \$5.00. Mystic Poems, price 50 cents.

Address,

A. JUSTIN TOWNSEND,  
Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.