

Pantheistic Idealism

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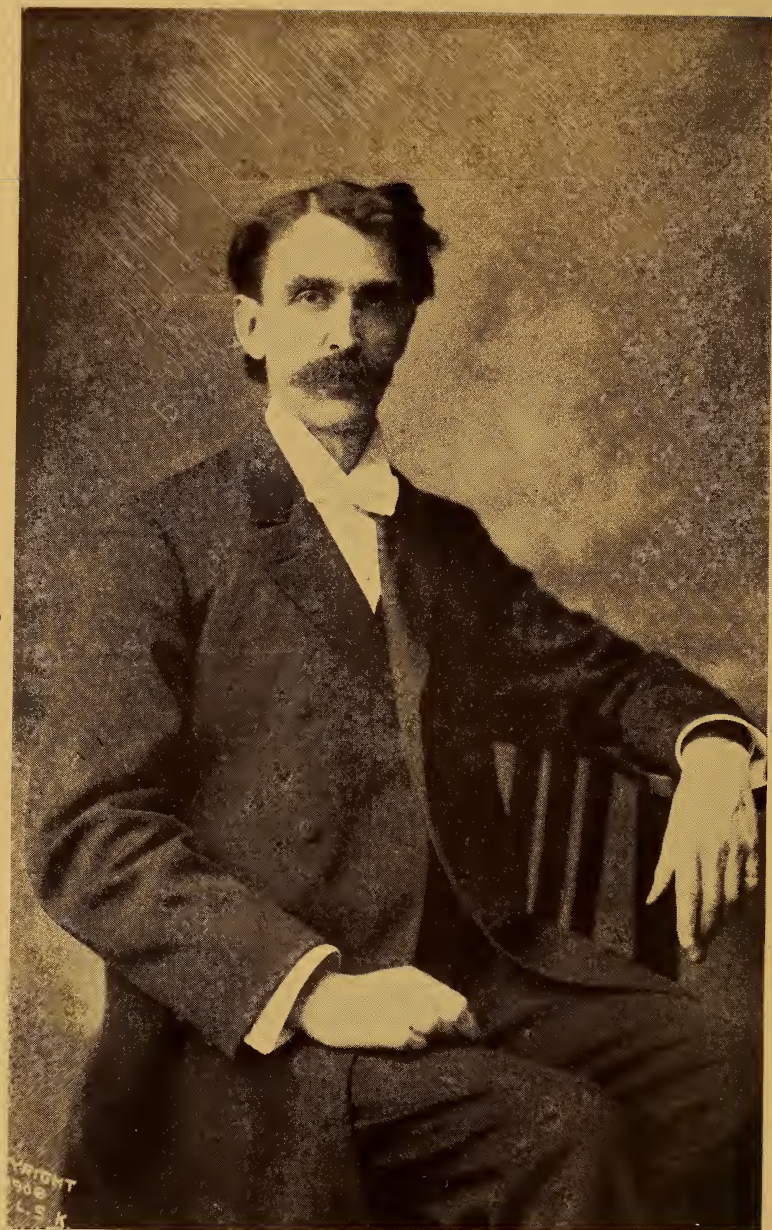
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Preface

No apology is necessary on the part of the author for the contents of this work. The free use made of some of the words in the first paragraph, taken from that beautiful poem, the Book of Job, is warranted by the thought to which they lead. A force, not of the mortal, compelled the penning of these pages. "The spirit giveth life," and so, in the mystical lore of the occult, the spirit speaks, telling immortal truths to those who are ready to receive them. Whatever the faults of this brochure may be, the author accepts sole responsibility therefor, and his only excuse for the same is that the following pages are laden with that, which, to him, is truth most sacred. Such being the case, he offers the work to the reading

public without apology, and without one misgiving as to its relation to the verities of the soul when its lesson is translated into the thought-life of his fellow-men. "Whatsoever things are true, think on these things."



Dedication

To my beloved comrade of the Eternities

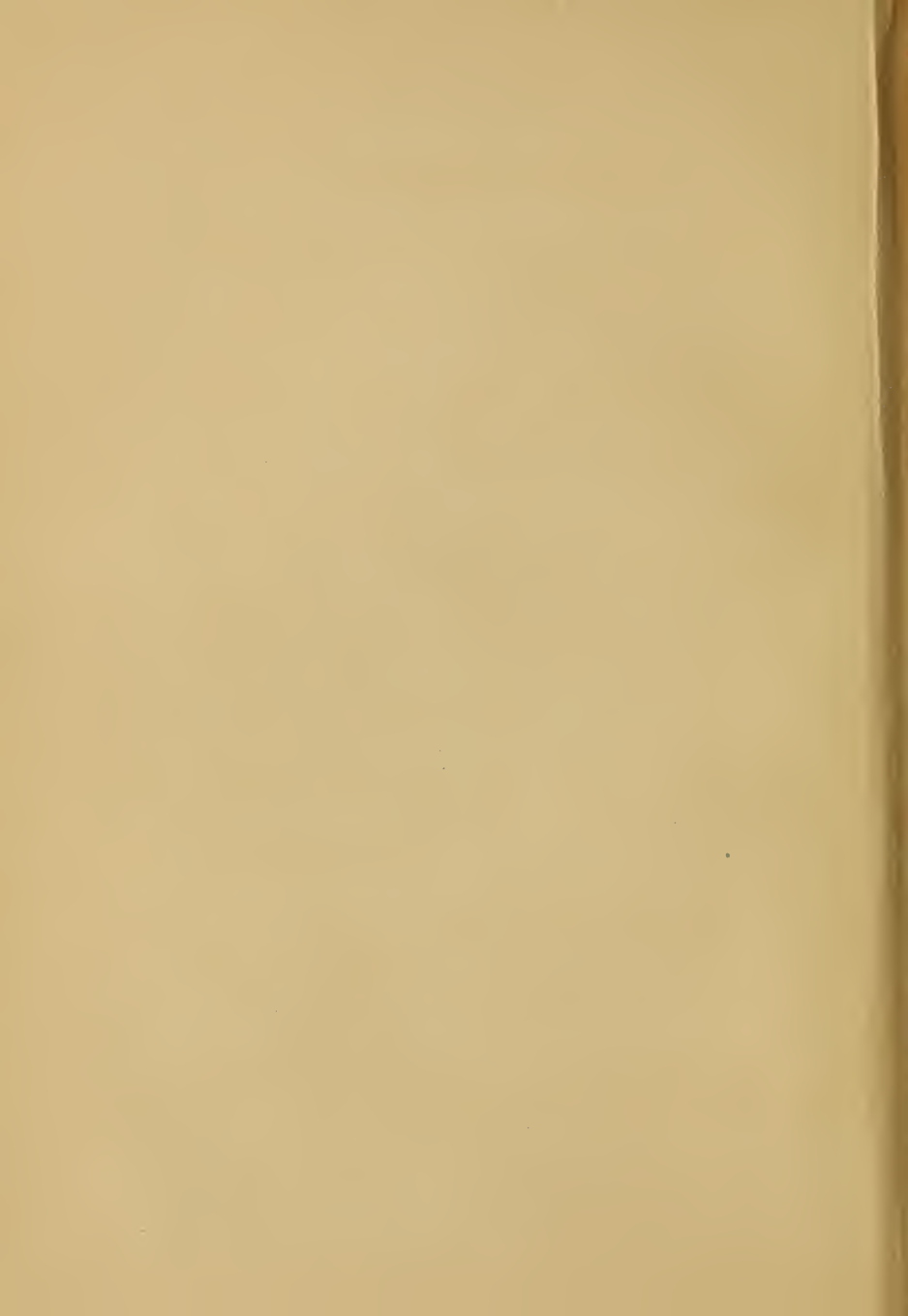
DR. GEORGE A. FULLER

who, with me, has been a student of

“The Wisdom of the Ages,”

this little brochure is most affectionately

Dedicated.



Wisdom Nuggets

“For our every good deed, this world will be the better always.”

—*Geo. P. Colby*

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“Error always fades away before Truth’s all-revealing light, and Knowledge is the healing-balm for a sin-sick world.”

—*B. B. Hill*

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“Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.”

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

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“Religion is the music of the Infinite echoed from the hearts of men.”

—*H. Fielding Hall*

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“Religion is poetry, set to divine melody, and applied in the spirit of love to the soul needs of mankind.”—*H. D. B.*

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“The region of true Religion and the region of a completed Science are one.”

—*Sir Oliver Lodge*

“The world long has needed what it now possesses—a scientific Religion and a religious Science—a religious Philosophy and a philosophical Religion.”

—*Hon. L. V. Moulton*

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“The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.”

—*George Eliot*

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“There are no such things as ‘fortunate’ or ‘unfortunate’ events. There are only events—steps on our Journey to the Sacred Land.”

—*Book of Items*

000

“Mortal man and his belongings are the shadow; the soul is the real substance of life.”

—*Keightley*

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“It may well be that there are mighty spiritual beings in existence, as much in advance of us, in the present state of development, as we are of the least and lowliest of the beasts that perish, and it may well be that these great personalities play a vital part, undreamed of and

unimaginable by us, in the direction of the affairs of the Universe. But they do so (we may rest assured), as children of Nature; and the laws that they administer and obey are to the full as natural as those under which we live."

—*The Creed of Christ*

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"Give your best to the world, and give in greater and greater abundance, regardless of what the world may give to you. This giving will awaken the soul, because everything that is to be given must come from the soul, and the more the soul is called upon to come forth with its precious treasures, the more will the soul live in the unfoldment of the richness of its divine life. The soul that gives much becomes much; it gives expression to much, and through this expression unfolds every element of divine being. The beauty of the spiritual life comes forth, the soul is awakened, and it is only the awakened soul that can ascend to the heights. But this giving must come from the heart; it must be the

giving of love, for love gives because it loves to give, and for no other reason whatever.”

—*C. D. Larson*

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“To love everybody with the dearest, the purest and the highest love of the soul becomes a part of life itself when we live in the smile of God. This smile inspires real, heartfelt love for everything because it comes from Him who is love. All things were created in the spirit of love, and by the power of love, therefore, to love everything becomes one of the exquisite delights of the soul when we live in Him whose very life is love. The smile of God is the smile of gentleness, tenderness and kindness; and when we carry this smile with us, we shall always be kind. Every thought we think will be a benediction, every word we speak will give peace and harmony to life, and everything we do will add to the comfort and happiness of man. To give our very best to the world will be our dearest desire, and our gifts will be precious indeed, because whatever we give, we give also the smile of God.”

—*Larson*

A Prayer

“Let me do my work each day, and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, where a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempest of the changing years.

“Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself.

“Lift mine eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. Though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time’s olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening’s twilight find me gentle still.”

—*Max Ehrmann*

Introduction

"The Universe rests in the Supreme Soul. It is the soul that accomplishes the series of acts emanating from animate beings." —Manu

Poets, prophets and seers are the only true interpreters of Nature and her problems. The scientist collates facts, but the imagination of the poet is necessary in order to understand the relation these facts bear to one another and their spiritual import.

Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel and others collected an immense amount of data concerning the outward of things, but stopped as though they had struck an impregnable wall when they came to the shores of that great sea unfathomable—the Real. Spirit, to them, was an un-

known quantity, and God past all finding out.

The prophet intimates the existence of a thing hitherto unknown; the poet dreams concerning it, and the seer lifts the veil revealing the thing itself.

It is well to know the things that belong to the outer rim of the universe, but it is much better to know that which causes all things to be.

Spirit is the only substance in the universe when the last analysis is reached.


Important for the present incarnation as our bodies really are, like Maya they are but illusions, or shadows cast by the indwelling spirit.

Beautiful as is the universe, it pales into insignificance when the still greater glories of spirit stand revealed.

In the Philosopher we always find combined the Prophet, Poet and Seer. He not only foresees, dreams and lifts the veil, but must reason concerning the

things revealed. Hegel declares that "Reason is thought conditioning itself with perfect freedom." The Philosopher is always either seeking new fields to explore or new conclusions concerning things already known.

The Idea of God is as old as the human race. It has been and ever must be the rock upon which all religions rest. Philosophy always fails to give an understandable reason of things unless it recognizes God as the prolific source of all that is. Both the Religious Teacher and the Philosopher standing separate and distinct from one another have each proclaimed an Idea of God. Both have only partially succeeded, because neither has taken into consideration all the facts. Too often the religious enthusiast has been biased by pre-conceived ideas and the philosopher has failed of reaching the coveted goal because his vision has failed to perceive more than the ma-



terial side of the universe. But here, in the author of "Pantheistic Idealism," we have one who combines the qualities of Prophet, Poet and Seer in one, and becomes a rational enthusiast of Science, Philosophy and Religion,—perceiving the spiritual as well as the material side of the universe. Here is one who, through long hours of suffering and sorrow, through meditation and study, has come to an understanding of all that evolution has to offer the world: an explanation for all the heartaches, all the pain and agony, all the pleasures and the joys, both material and spiritual, that fall to the lot of man. Until there comes a recognition of God, the universe is but an empty bubble and man "such stuff as dreams are made of." But when God is perceived, all is made clear; the universe throbs and pulsates with a life ever new, yet old. And man rises into the resplendent glory of true Son-Ship. Every atom

pulsates with the energy of the One Will that is eternal.

Up from flower bedecked meadows to the starry vault of space bursts forth the song of progress sung by the stars at creation's morn and still echoing and re-echoing from star to star, from universe to universe after the lapse of untold aeons, declaring not only Progress but the Unity of all that is.

Toward this Unity and the recognition of all that the word implies, the whole world,—yea, all that is in creation,—moves. The legend inscribed upon earth and star alike is—"Up from under shadows, onward toward the Light."

In God we live and have our being, therefore is it for us EVER TO BASK IN THE SUNSHINE OF HIS LIGHT AND LOVE.

GEO. A. FULLER

Onset, Mass., Sept. 30, 1909.

Pantheistic Idealism

“One God who ever lives and loves;
One God, one life, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

—*Tennyson*

Can belted Orion deviate from his course, or the Pleiades cease from revolving in their orbits? Can Andromeda pause in her matin song of immortal joy, as Phœbus in his chariot of fire lights up the eastern skies and rides in golden splendor up the blue ocean of the Heavens? Can Arcturus check his speed, and reverse his pathway, as

he flies swifter than the lightning,
a-down the roadway of All-Time?
Who, by seeking can bind the
waters of the seas or by searching
find out God? The tides leap with
joy to meet the siren-kisses of
the moon, and, with heartbroken
moan, slink into the bosom of the
seas, sharing their sorrow with
the agony of the weary yet un-
wearied deep. Together the stars
and the planets sing by day and
by night the songs of the Infinite,
and the music of the spheres oft
comes pealing through the skies,
set in runic melody and harmony
to the voiceless words of divine
attunement. The light that darts

from yon fixed star of the twelfth magnitude is twelve thousand years in winging its silent way to the earth. Man's thought flies along the pathway of the star-beam, and, in less than a second's space, reaches that self-same star! Thought, therefore, bridges space, and annihilates time!

Time and Space are but relative terms, coined by finite man in his vain, egotistic effort to define Infinity. They are but words, mere symbols by which the finite seeks to relate himself to the Infinite, and have no meaning in the spheres of the Real. When Horondia was young and the limpid

waters of the sea swept her shores with refreshing baths of invigorating power, words, mere words, were all that men could use in describing the rolling waters, the sweet deep blue of the skies above, the freshness and beauty of the verdure of the land, the glory of the southern cross, the holy calm of the atmosphere, the lilting of the birds, and the songs of the trees and flowers! When Horondia sank beneath the turgid waters of the outraged deep, the grandeur, the sublimity and the pathos of the tragedy transcended speech, and bereft man of the power to describe, even in part, the destruction

of the beautiful continent now lying beneath the bed of the Indian Ocean. When Lemuria and Atlantis went down before the warring of the elements, when art, skill, beauty, life, power, all availed naught in the fearful devastation of continents and material expressions of every form, again words failed to make record of events that are known only relatively by finite man, by reason of lack of power to compare what he has **not** seen with those things that are visible to his outer eye, and, in his egotism, understandable to his mind. Before either one or the other of these three continents rose

and fell, others before them, obeyed the self-same law of birth and seeming death, hence, **Life was, thought** existed, and finite things **were**. There was no beginning with **Life**; therefore, **Life** can never end. It is Eternal. Being Eternal, Life involves all things. Involving all things, all finite expressions are but manifestations of itself, hence all are Eternal, without beginning or ending. What man calls Time, is but his mental picture of what he thinks he sees and comprehends of Eternal Duration. What he calls Space is but his finite conception of what he thinks he sees and comprehends of Infinite Extension.

Take your magnifying glass of mighty power, and catch the ray of light that touches your enlarged vision as it comes from stars greater and more distant by myriads of trillions of miles, than the one whose light is twelve thousand years in reaching earth; doth it not open to you a new field of study? Perchance one of these stars, invisible to outer sight, sent its dim light beam toward the earth one hundred thousand years ago. Take in that tiny beam of light; mount it as you would the truest, swiftest Pegasus of song; ride swifter than the swift-winged Hyppogriffe along its narrow pathway, and Lo!

in less than no time, you and your thought have annihilated one hundred thousand years! Time and Space again vanish at the magic touch of the wand of Intelligence and only the Real remains for contemplation. What is that Real? It is the Soul itself. It is Intelligence. It is man, possessed of comprehension of finite relationship, hence capable of reasoning up to the **Infinite**. The soul is the Real, and being the Real, hath power to create, to objectify all so-called material appearances. The body is but a machine that intelligent man created and builded for his own use. Between the unthinking ob-

jective seeming, and the subjective invisible Real, there is always a medium of exchange through the mechanism of the mind. The mind, therefore, is the connecting link in the chain of being between the seeming visible and the invisible Real. By means of that link, the fiats of the soul are transmitted into terms that are cognizable by its finite child.

If Time and Space be but relativities, if they be but mental processes in finite endeavors to solve the problem of the cosmos, if there be neither beginning nor ending for Life, then you, I, and all other living creatures transcend. Time

and Space, and have neither beginning nor ending as expressions of Life. Life **was** and **is**, and because of Life, we, and all other things, **are**. We relate ourselves to the present by means of the law of change of position on the part of the earth and the entire stellar system of which it is a portion. Gravitation, the principle of attraction, holds the stars, suns and planets in their courses, and makes them obedient to the fiat of that Consciousness that willed all things into expression. That Consciousness is the Infinite, acting in harmony with its own unchanging law. Principles never change, but they

may and do vary in their methods of expression. It is by means of these varied expressions of relationships that finite intelligences are taught the eternality of principle and the never-changing reality of **Truth**. Truth, manifest in concrete expression, may seem many sided, yet there is neither changeableness nor shadow of turning in its real essence. Reduced to a finality, abstract truth and concrete truth are found to be one and the same principle. Man's concept of truth and his ability to comprehend it, may and do change, as his mental vision is enlarged and the horizon of his thought widened by

reason of his experiences in the great arena of life. He who thinks, wills and acts, turns the kaleidoscope of his existence until he is able to see all of the possible conditions of life, as they have been, **may**, and are to be, related to himself in experience.

All life having had an Eternal existence in the Past, and destined to an Eternal future, the thinking mind readily grasps the great truth that there is but one Eternity and that all living creatures are in the midst of it today. **The Eternal Now** is ever with us, and is the only condition with which we should be at all concerned. Living in the Eter-

nal Now, man is privileged, Janus-like, to look backward over the pathway of the centuries to trace his deviating course from the monad up to man, and forward over the centuries that are to come to note the possibilities that are his, as he winds his way along the labyrinthian roadway of evolution in search for the Infinite. "A child is the repository of infinite possibilities," says Andrew Jackson Davis, the world's greatest seer, sage and prophet. Wrapped within an atom, enfolded within the monad, pushing onward as protoplasm is the finite germ that is the repository of all of the pos-

sibilities that may be educed through sentiency under the law of evolution. Every germ is possessed of precisely the same principle, hence is destined to the same ennobling unfoldment. All possible experiences must come to it before it can become capable of grasping its deific powers. The tiniest life germ, therefore, is an embryo Diety! The solid rock is life in action, on its way to deific expression.

Day and night, spring, summer, autumn and winter reveal to mortals the fact of growth and decay in the so-called material world. No doubt the same law obtains and is

in action in all systems of stars, suns and planets. In the thought life of man, day and night, spring, summer, autumn and winter are necessary to give him an understanding of the verisimilitudes of being, the relationships found in the school of experience, the fact of his oneness in principle with all existing things. Change is growth, and growth is the law of life. The complete story of the tiny germ embodied in the atom, or in the corpuscle, into which the Scientist divides the atom, has never yet been told or written. If there be fifty-four millions of corpuscles in one atom, then the evolutionary

struggle of the life-germ, on its way to sentiency and cosmic consciousness, is necessarily so prolonged as to be utterly incomprehensible when expressed in mathematical figures. Yet it takes that portion of duration named by the incomputible figures to evolve a corpuscular life-germ to deific expression. The finite mind reels as it seeks to comprehend the aeons of ages embraced within the incalculable numbers it requires to name the periods into which man divides that which he calls Time.

The struggle for existence, the effort to unfold, the endeavor to advance are all involved in the

spark of conscious life in the corpuscle. Atom, monad, amoeba, molecule, jelly-fish, protoplasm, all tell the same story of violence, of contests innumerable, of advances and recessions, of the ebbing and flowing of the tides of being, of warring elements, of vain strivings, of resolute endeavors, of peaceful intents, of stubborn resistances, of determinations to surmount all difficulties—in fine, life in miniature is moved upon, dominated by, **the spirit of evolution**, and growth, constant growth, visible progress, is the result. Henry D. Thoreau in his “Battle of the Ants,” does but bring before our eyes a picture of

the warfare of our brothers in a school of expression in which all mortals once functioned, and then passed on to the higher forms above. It is a continuance of that struggle found in inanimate forms of life, on the part of those manifestations that, perhaps, are the first to demonstrate consciousness in action, in the opinion of finite beings, for ants are far more industrious and possessed of more common-sense than are many human beings. They are true to the life-principle that dominates them, whereas, many mortals are true to nothing! Their God is the dollar, and their standard of integrity is,

“Let not thy sins be discovered!”
There is some comfort in the thought that they must ultimately reap what they have sown, under the laws of compensation.

Days, months, years, centuries, aeons, form into companies, regiments, battalions, divisions, corps, and with seconds, minutes and hours, as sappers, miners and out-riders go swiftly by, under the leadership of the Grand Commander of the Universe, only to be ordered, one by one, to countermarch to the rear, into the Eternal Past, to make way for other armies as they strive to sweep on into the Future. Men, women, and children

of all generations set their faces hopefully toward the rising sun of the future, and march forward over the roadway of Hope, striving to achieve the noble endeavors of their most exalted thoughts and inspiration. They keep step to the inspiring music of progression, and shout with joy as the clear notes of fife and bugle ring in upon their ears, sounding the charge up the steeps of Doubt and Difficulty. A lull for a moment after the storm, the Grand Commander's order, "Countermarch," is kindly spoken, then they "about face," and march rapidly toward the rear, this time keeping step to the solemn taps of

the drum, or the melancholy wail of some dread "Dead March of Saul." So it is with all expressions of life—advancings, recessionals, laughter, sorrow, hope, doubt, courage, fear, victory, defeat, inspiration, disaster. Each forward movement carries the tide of life a little higher up the steeps, each backward sweep leaves it not quite so far down as it was when the command was given to advance.

The ultimate atom, perhaps it should read, "the ultimate corpuscle," obeys these orders to march and countermarch as given by Infinite Intelligence enthroned in the Universe. Each struggle

is an augury of progress. Every seeming destruction or disappearance of a special type is an advance movement of the divine forces of evolution. Within each germ are the possibilities of propagation and reproduction. Antitheses, that are the forerunners of progressive unfoldment, are likewise found in every minute expression. Porosity, translucency, convexity are face to face with density, opaqueness, concavity. The genuine is opposed to the counterfeit, and it must be remembered that the latter could not exist without the former. The prestidigitators of Egypt could

duplicate the wonders wrought by Moses and Aaron, yet the rods of the Hebrew brothers, when turned into serpents, swallowed all the rods of the pretenders. Truth ever overcomes error, even if it be obliged to swallow counterfeits and transmute them into righteousness.

The ultimate corpuscle—what is it? For many decades man has been asking the self-same question with regard to the atom. No man has ever found the “ultimate atom.” It was long supposed to be the smallest possible division of material substance, or matter. A corpuscle is alleged to be one

fifty-fourth millionth part of an atom. It, therefore, follows that fifty-four millions of corpuscles must be united ere an atom is formed. The most powerful microscope has never revealed to man's finite view the ultimate atom. Multiply the power of that microscope fifty-four millions of times, and even then it does not become possible for it to reveal a corpuscle. A corpuscle, then, is an hypothesis assumed for convenience in trying to conceive of the tiniest possible expression of matter. It is but going back of the atom fifty-four million stages. As Life is the primal cause of all ex-

isting things, then both the corpuscle and the atom are but manifestations of Life at different stages of development. They are the non-sentient expressions of Life on their way to sentiency. They may, for convenience, be termed, "solidified manifestations of Life," even though both terms rest upon nothing save hypotheses. Hypotheses are but goals from which inquiries go forth in search of knowledge. The corpuscle, the atom, the molecule, the substance, the body, the form, are but variant expressions of Life—non-sentient in character as objectified by these seeming manifestations, yet in-

volving sentiency in higher forms of being. So-called matter is Life at a lower rate of vibration than that which is known as intelligent Life. The ultimate corpuscle is Life expressed in a supposed objective tiny form at a rate of vibration that would render it visible to the eye of intelligence, if a magnifying glass of sufficient power could be invented and applied.

Engermed within each corpuscle is that spark of intelligent Life that Charles Darwin says the Creator breathed into the primordial cell. Within that spark, are the positive and negative forces of

being, opposite polarities, attraction and repulsion, masculine and feminine, all constituents and elements that make intelligent expression possible. From the primordial cell, there have been evolved all of the noble and ennobling expressions and manifestations of conscious intelligence, yet sentient Life is, ever has been, and undoubtedly ever will be, invisible to man's physical eye. The objective or solidified expressions of Life are the media through which Intelligent Life makes itself known. The objective, therefore, is the servant of the subjective. The subjective intelligence of man is the

builder. The spark of invisible, intelligent life embodied in the corpuscle builds the expression through which it functions. The same process is followed, the same law obeyed, in the building or creation of all outward so-called material bodies, not excepting the body of man. "The Soul is the Real, and doth the body make," says the poet Spenser. If finite life as expressed in and through the soul of man, can and does build his so-called physical body, so Intelligent Life, when sufficiently unfolded, can build worlds, planets, suns, and systems of suns and stars. Solidified Life, pitched at a

low rate of vibration, is subject to that which vibrates at a quicker rate, and possesses orderly processes of thought. Every star, planet, sun and system of suns in space are constantly throwing off what may be termed infinitesimal particles of dust—"Star-dust," perhaps. Intelligent Life, possessed of a knowledge of the mighty potency of electricity, seizes upon these "star-dust corpuscles," and behold, a world is reincarnated!

The spark of life embodied in the primal corpuscle is both positive and negative in character. These seeming opposites possess

an equal amount of intelligence. When functioning as masculine and feminine elements, witness the truth of that assertion. They are the forerunners of all intelligent expressions. Perhaps they may be called the Deucalion and Pyrrha of intelligent functioning. If the stones thrown over his shoulder by Deucalion became men, and those thrown by Pyrrha, women, then the figure may be continued until it shows the results that follow the throwing of positive force, and those resulting from negative throwing. These two forces are seemingly dual in character, yet one in action. Neither can act nor

secure complete results without the other. Taken together, they people worlds with intelligent beings. Acting alone, decadency, destruction and death ultimately ensue. United, they become the all-powerful agents and re-agents in chemical life that achieve enduring results. They are the hands of the Infinite, seeking to perfect the Universe and systems of universes, under the guidance of Infinite Will. Man is an epitome of the Universe, therefore a child of the Infinite, working toward ultimate perfection, guided by his own will, inherited from his Infinite Parent. What is the Will? Phylos,

an Atlantean, says that "The will is the fiat of consciousness"; therefore, the will of man is the medium through which his consciousness functions in its endeavors to produce results. It is the connecting link between his sentient Life, or Soul, and non-sentient Life, or body, while on the material plane; or spirit, when the Soul returns to the realm of the Invisible.

Attractions and polarizations exist in the corpuscular particle, in the atom, in the molecule, in the substance, in the body, in the form, in the shrub, in the leaf, in the bud, in the blossom, in the fruit, in all expressions of mineral, insect

and animal life, acting harmoniously together in obedience to law, held in a divine oneness by the centripetal force of involved Intelligent Life. Dual in seeming; one in action. Thomas à Kempis once said, "Let there be unity in diversity." Unconsciously to himself, perhaps, he gave in those few words the fundamental law of life. Infinite Unity manifests in Infinite Diversity, yet, in the last analysis, reduces all phenomena to their original unific state. "Many in One" is after all, only a truism! From the engerméd intelligent life-spark in the corpuscle, are evolved all of the so-called higher thought-

expressions. In reality, there is neither high nor low in the expressions of life. Each one fills its own place, serves its own purpose, does its own work, and then gives way to the next order. Without it, however, there could not have been a "next order." Each manifestation fills its own niche, and without it the Universe would cease to exist. Each has a value of its own, an importance that must be duly recognized and recorded. God is not partial. All of His works are clean, and subserve a purpose wondrously divine. He exalts not one of His manifestations above another. The

rock is necessary to the flower, and the flower to plant and fruit. Granite disorganizes to feed the moss it bears. The flower decays and becomes an enriching compost to the plant that bears the fruit. High and low, good and bad, like Time and Space, are but relative terms, man's vague and inchoate attempt to define the undefinable. All life is pure and holy and manifests in harmony with divine law. Man only, in his egotism and ignorance, breaks that law. He, however, reaps as he has sown. The law of consequences, or compensation, is no respecter of persons or things, in any department of Life.

Each tiny spark of intelligent Life, being positive and negative, is necessarily masculine and feminine. Each finite intelligence known as man, being an evolution from the embodied life-germ, is likewise positive and negative, masculine and feminine. Each finite soul, an evolvment from its parent Soul-Self possesses in epitome all of the essences and attributes of that Parent. Each Soul-Self is a manifestation of the Infinite, hence Infinite in embryo, an epitome of the Universe. All souls are expressions of the Infinite. The Infinite, having neither beginning nor ending,

bequeaths its own divine attributes to its children. There is neither commencement nor cessation for Soul-Life. All souls, therefore, are as old as God and as enduring as Eternity. Each Soul-Self, the direct child of the Infinite, being co-eternal therewith, functions in mortality through a projection of its own consciousness under the direction of the Will. From the monad up to man, this must be true, if evolution be a fact in nature. Each duality in unity functions in the corpuscle, gives way to its successor, expresses itself again through the atom, and on and on

through all possible material forms until the sphere of man is reached. The same Soul-Parent is behind each and every manifestation. That Soul-Self embodies and re-embodies manifestations of its own consciousness, century after century, age after age, in its quest for the Holy Grail of All-Truth. That Soul-Self never forsakes its place in the realm of the Invisible, but sends forth its children, no two the same, in the varying aeons of change to possess themselves of that which, in the aggregate, will evolve, not only a neophyte in wisdom, but a God in Power! Evolution becomes understandable

when based upon such a just and perfect law. Let it be remembered now and forever that a beginning means an ending; that it is impossible to tie a string around nothing! Evolution of life deals with realities, and makes it possible, for all manifestations, of whatever kind or character, to go forward over the roadway of progression's upward march!

It is, perhaps, a seeming far-cry from the life-spark embodied in the corpuscle, up to the state of man. What of it? All Eternity is man's, and he must use his finite powers aright in the Now, if he would learn the lesson of

continued existence. Beyond man, the mortal, we are told, is the state of man, the angel; then that of the archangel; then the condition of Cherubim and Seraphim, and so on until words cease to have any meaning to finite minds. "What is the ultimate?" Do some say "Nirvana," the Hindu word at which the Occidental mind rebels? Is it a state in consciousness where willing is unnecessary, by reason of wisdom's gravitation to mentalities sufficiently unfolded to receive it? Twin halves of the same expression in the embryo and the same dual character in the estate of man—male and fe-

male—duly mated, unified to receive the crown of wisdom when volition shall have ceased! What joy if Recognition of that matehood state comes with the corpuscular embodiment! What a divine uplift there is in the perfect union of the elements in the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and in man! The God of old, who dipped a pole into the Sea of Life, and then shook off drop after drop, to roll about the world, divided in halves, each seeking the other and only finding its mate once in a quadrillion times, loses his power as purveyor of misery through the impartial application of the beauti-

ful law of evolution, whose royal Squires are Reciprocity and Recognition! Each half drop of water gravitates unto its mate, despite the despotic pessimistic God who separates the halves, each positive and negative, each male and female expression finds and recognizes its own! Eon and Eona, on their way to Perfection, never fail to meet each other from the monad up to the archangelhood! That is what **is** in the realm of the Soul. This is what **will be** when men and women live the life of the Soul, keep themselves united with their Soul-Parents, act in obedience to the divine law of Evolution, heed

the warning voice of Reciprocity, and grasp in full the wondrous meaning, the divine uplift of complete Recognition! This finale can only come by seeking the Kingdom of the Infinite and His Righteousness, then holding steadfastly to the thought that all things else **shall** and **must** be added unto us, because of our knowledge of the power and purpose of deific Recognition!

Evolution

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
Then caves where cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and order,
A face upturned from the sod—
Some call it Evolution,
While others call it God!

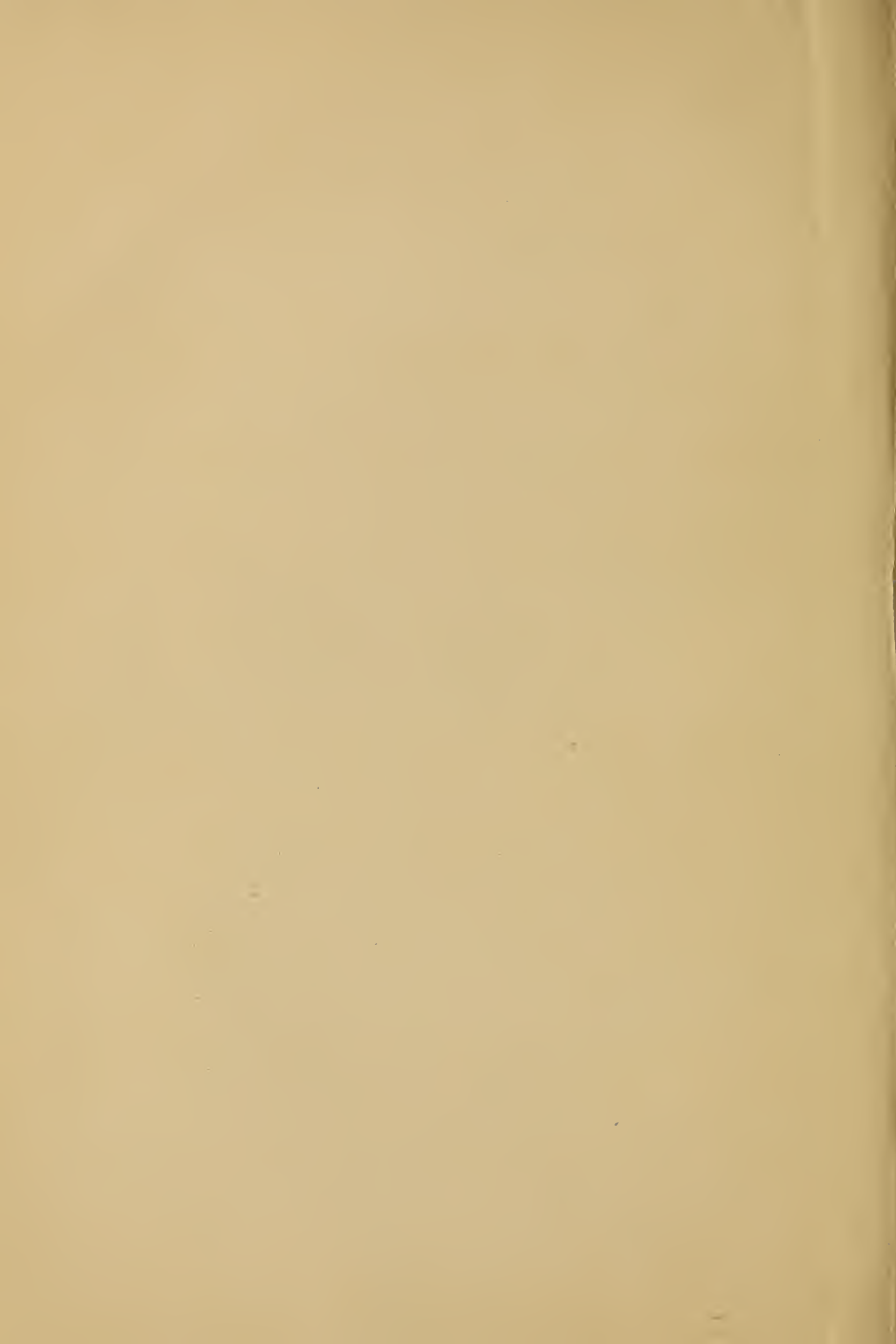
A haze on the far horizon,
An infinite tender sky,
The rich, ripe tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And over lowland and upland
The charm of the goldenrod,
Some of us call it Autumn,
While others call it God!

Like the tide on a crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts great yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
In from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
While others call it God!

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood;
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, poor and nameless,
The straight, hard path have trod,
Some of us call it Consecration,
While others call it God!

—*Rev. L. M. Wheelock*





L'Allegro

It is from the depths of Silence that the soul makes its voice most distinctly heard. Cry we down the corridors of time, and only echoes reach us from the dreary wastes of life. Backward glance and only see the manifold attempts of Soul to correctly express itself. Inward look and there appear the wondrous visions of all we really are, and have been, as well as foregleams of what we shall become. Pictured on the walls of life's swift changing curtains, see

we all that we have done, and have thought, and willed to do. Deep within the recesses of the Soul's eternal self find we stored the good, the bad, the all that we have wrought. Live we from without, and darkness deep and thick doth enshroud us evermore. Fill we life's cup with waters of joy, and lave the fevered brows of care, and there spring up from within the sparkling fonts of goodness and of love.

Try we e'er so hard to decide for others, to live their lives, to judge their actions, and there come before our gaze only perverted visions of ourselves. When

ourselves, we plan to purify, and to judge, become we powerful to do, and just in our judgments of others. The Silence speaketh ever to man to lift his thoughts the higher, that he may hear the voice of the Soul telling him of the life that only is. Within the Silence, therefore, let us go, and learn to know the life of Soul. Find we there the wisdom pearls that have dropped from off the crown the Infinite ever wears. Appeareth to our visions the freed expressions of Souls who in love sent their children unto the earth. Gathered there are all those noble impulses to aid the weaker ones of earth

that Souls have in love impelled their offspring to put forth.

Into the Silence, therefore, let us go, and find the shining realities of existence. The soul-children envy not, neither are they by pride elated, nor think they that they are superior to those of their own household. They perceive that only by repeated experiences of their higher selves can they learn the all of being in summing up the history of their lives. The Soul hath need of many windows through which to look to see the wondrous beauties of life. Not one small pane can give the larger view of the perfected whole, but

the combination of all mirrors rightly focused, reveals the tinted portrait of the Soul's manifold expressions. These, in the Silence, painted in the staple colors of love, set in a frame of sunshine, become suns of knowledge to all who the Silence seek to grow in wisdom's ways. No sable curtains hide the secret thoughts from the all pervading light of truth. No recess in minds finite contains hidden records of deeds untoward in anger wrought against a brother. Here in the Silence are all things made clear, and mortals are brought face to face with their own natures. Easier is it far to

face an angry mob or the wild beasts in their lairs, than it is to face the mobs of angry thoughts and the wild beasts of passion and despair.

Yet within the Silence, brought are we face to face with all we have done and thought. A double mirror converges the reflections of the lights our Souls have thrown out in their many impacts with the world of seeming things, and reveals to all that which we really are. Glide we down the line of reflected light and we reach the goal of selfishness. Another try and we find ourselves at the channel-house of hate. Yet another

seek and our journey ends at the foot of the throne of tyranny. Once more we swiftly journey on, and touch the golden lighted home of good will. Still again we make our way, and abide at the goal of sympathy. Yet once more try, and we find ourselves resting beside the throne of love. All that we have been and are, find we there in the Silence, as revealments of the Soul. From them all we learn that if we would really live, we must in Silence dwell; we must be as the stars in the blue firmament of heaven, rays of light to guide all men to the citadel of truth. We must be torch-bearers

in the night of material shadows, to all of earth's foot-sore and weary children, that they may first find their higher selves, then enter the Silence to learn the lessons of all lives, that out of their fulness they may rise into the perfected life of the Soul, and become, in their turn, loving monitors to all who do in error dwell.