

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

MONA

Queen of Lost Atlantis

AN IDYLIC

Re-embodiment of Long
Forgotten History



J. L. DRYDEN



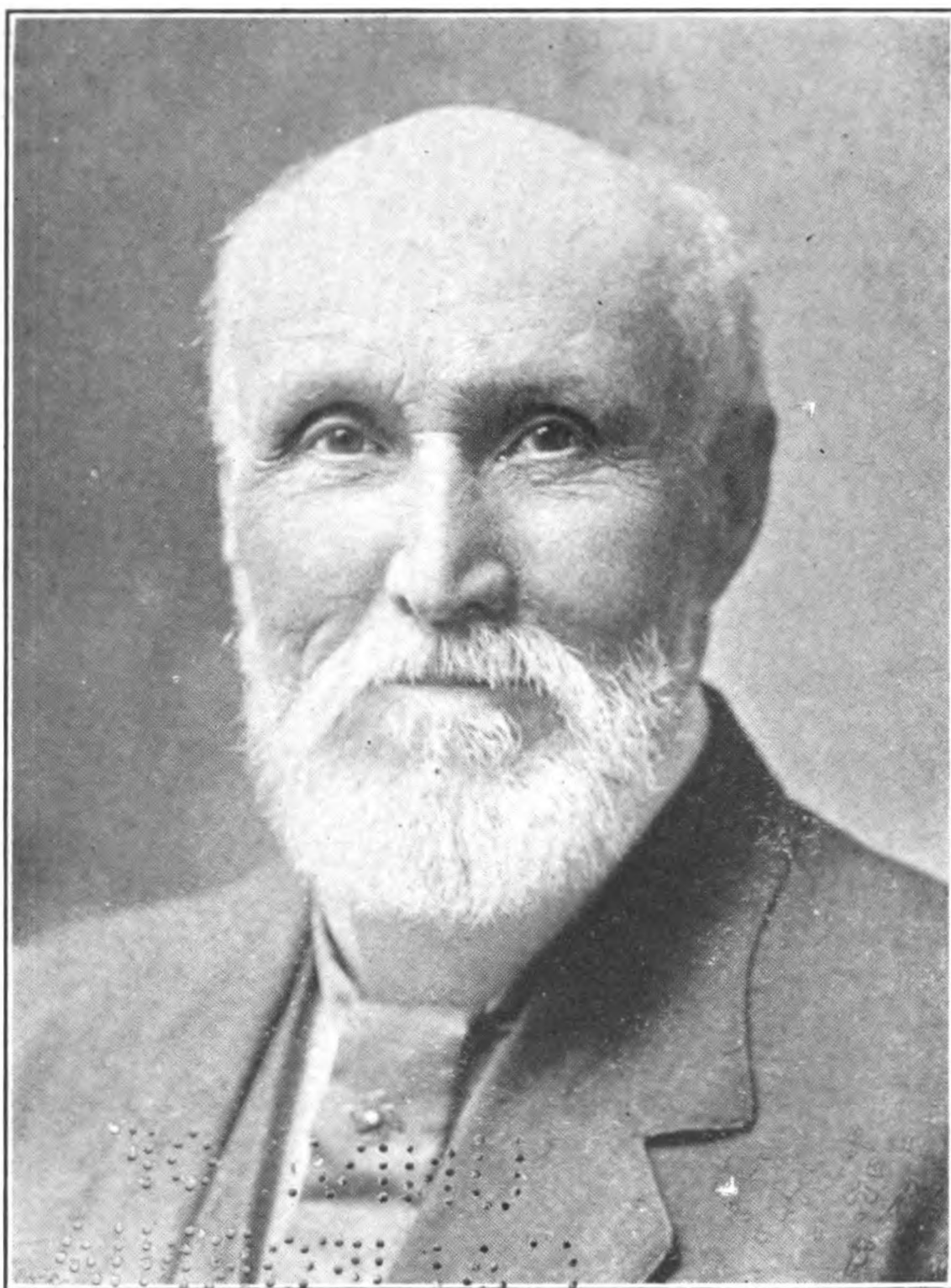
*“ Westward the Star of Empire takes its way
The first four acts already past
The fifth shall close the drama with the day
Time’s noblest conquest being last”.*

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By LOUISE DRYDEN DAVENPORT



J. L. DRYDEN

DEDICATION

To Louise Dryden Davenport, my beloved niece, I wish to dedicate this book, in grateful recognition of her friendly aid in publishing the volume, and for all her many acts of personal kindness.

I wish to mention with heartfelt gratitude Mr. and Mrs. Becker of the Silver Gate Sanitarium for their care and kindness while with them.

J. L. DRYDEN.

FOREWORD.

This book, the proof sheets of which just reached the Author's hands as his spirit was preparing to wing its flight heavenward—and the sight of which brightened his dying hours, may be regarded as his closing benediction to humanity.

For fourscore and five years he lived a stainless life—a life magnanimously devoted to his country and his fellow citizens—expressing in word and deed his exalted ideas of truth and philanthropy, exemplifying his conception of true religion, by unselfish service of his fellows.

As soldier in the great Civil War, as member of the Assembly, where he introduced the first bill for Woman Suffrage, as attorney for Montana Territory, occupying positions of trust and power in civic and religious enterprises, his high ideals of duty and honor became an example in the noblest citizenship, and a mighty inspiration toward human betterment throughout this nation which he so deeply loved.

A man of courage and of deeply spiritual convictions, he espoused the cause of Truth unflinchingly, and held aloft before the public its banner of light and glory until the standard fell from his nerveless hand at the stroke of death.

For forty years he was charter member of the First Spiritual Society of San Diego.

In every state of this Great Republic his name is known and loved and will become a fragrant memory.

His manly form was given back to Nature in its casket embosomed with flowers but "his soul goes marching on."

If every American who has received an inspiration toward the True, the Beautiful and the Good through his living, if every one to whom he has given the kindly word or deed, were to cast a flower on his tomb, he would sleep beneath a mountain of roses in a wilderness of beauty.

The last few years of his life were devoted to authorship, and in this **MONA, QUEEN OF ATLANTIS; THE AQUARIAN AGE; and MY HOUSE OF CLAY;** the reader will find much truth and philosophy, much beauty of expression, many gems of wisdom garnered from his fourscore years, and practical help in the journey heavenward.

Los Angeles, Nov. 25, 1925

B. F. AUSTIN.

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Invocation

Thou Ever-present All-sustaining One,
Whom mortals vainly seek to circumscribe
With human form and attributes, naming
Thee Incal; Yahvah; Bramah; Buddha; God.
By whomsoever title known, Thee I
Adore, and render unto Thee alone
The soul-breathed homage due to none but Thee.
Nothing exists but Thee, since Thou art All,
And in All things, Thyself Infinite and
Eternal. Every pulse of Nature's frame—
Body Divine of Thee, by Thee infilled
Is with Thy own Self-existent Being.
Thee I adore; and ask that of Thy Light,
One clear illuminating ray may shine
Within this soul of mine and thence dispel
The clouds of Doubt and Fear which Ignorance
Too long has o'er my spirit vision cast.
Of Pre-Adamic times to us unknown;
Of homes and country plunged beneath the waves
Of Earth's great Oceans; of civil customs;
Arts, Sciences, and nations of an Age
Long since departed and forgotten quite,
Send I beseech Thee, aid from Spirit Realms
That so my untrained lips in measured line,
May tell of things, in vision seen, that buried
Lie beneath the murmuring Ocean's wave.

TO THE
ADMINISTRATOR

The Vision

In shady bower whose nature-woven thatch
Of fig and lime tree foliage shelter gave
From scorching heat of noon-day sun, I sat
Me down as erst the way worn Son of Man,
Refreshed his weary limbs beneath the shade
Of grateful palms upon the sacred shores
Of blue-waved Galilee. 'Twas early Spring;
That season beautiful by Acaidan
Peasants called, The "Summer of All Saints." When,
Leaving his wintry bed, deep within the
Scorpion's Southern lair, the Sun again
His upward journey takes to mount his throne
Far in the wintry North, driving the Frost
King, with his chilly breath and icy fingers
Back to his frozen realms.

My Shelter stood
On grassy slope that downward bends to kiss
The idly rippling waves that beat upon
The mild Pacific's fabled Golden Shore.
The opening bloom of tree and flower, burdened
The air with perfume sweet and round me cast
A spell of peace that breathed unto my soul
The lull of harmony and sweet repose.
While sitting there, like Bunyan's Pilgrim in
The wayside lodge, I slept, or seemed to sleep.

Vision 2—

For while the avenues of outer sense
Seemed locked in sleep profound, my inner self,
Alert, witnessed and understood that which
Our mortal sense unsuited is to ken.
Methought upon the pulseless bosom of
A Crystal Sea, I sat within a quaint
And unsubstantial craft which cunning hands

Of Mortal ne'er had fashioned. Wanting oar,
Rudder and sail alike, it journeyed not,
But idly lay upon the rippling waves,
Beneath whose gentle swell the liquid depths
Transparent were, and I could plainly see
What lay full many a fathom deep below.
The sights that met my gaze unwonted were
And marvelous, beyond my skill to paint.
Outspreading far beneath on either hand
Lay ample proofs of human skill and Art.
Like landscape vast which soaring bird beholds,
Or modern Aviator in his flight,
While gazing down from dizzy heights beholds,
I gazed on hill and dale; mountain and plain;
Hamlet and city; village; copse, and field;
Donjon and Castle; palace; hut and fane.
Some shattered were; some intact and beautiful;
In solemn silence resting far beneath
The Ocean's glassy surface. Exponents
All were of what in Ages past had been
The happy homes and country of a race
Long since departed and well nigh unknown.

Vision 3—

Unsped by sail or oar, by wind or tide,
Onward impelled as if by hands unseen;
Or as if driven forward by my wish
Those awful secrets further to explore,
The unsubstantial craft which held me safe
Moved as of Self, and slowly bore me on.
Thrilling and sad beyond belief the scenes
That met my wondering gaze. Ruin and Death
Triumphant reigned. As when a tidal wave
And earthquake shock throw sea coast cities down,
And flood the lowlands deep with oozy slime;—
So here; the ill-starred land below me lay
In watery grave and awful solitude.
Half shattered walls; unsightly heaps of stone;
And mounds of broken marble strewn the ground.

While riven columns, carved and beautiful,
Told where the marts of trade and commerce stood—
Those thronged Rialtos of primeval tradesmen.
There humbler heaps, mere tumuli of clay
And brine-stained tiles, marked where the happy homes
Of filial love once stood. Ungarnered grain;
And fields unfurrowed by the plowman's share;
Deserted huts, and dove cotes tenantless
Bespoke the peasants' humble habitations.
We read how Earth her mouth expanded wide
And quick engulfed Old Korah's headstrong sons,
Their wives, their little ones, cattle, and all
That to them appertained. Also of how
Vesuvius's treacherous crater belched forth fire
And molten lava, and with hissing flames
And burning cinders, round Pompeii's royal
Homes and hearts a tomb of Scoria built.

Vision 4—

So here, I saw where Nature's smothered fires
And angry floods had plunged the homes, cities,
And dwellers of a Continent in watery tomb.
Strong men to standing trees clung in despair,
Or clutched the sand with nerveless grasp. Beneath
The walls of homes, women lay crushed, or gazed
With upturned eyes by altars, where with voice
And heart alike, they safety sought in prayer.
Sweet-faced children slumbered on nursery couch,
Or clung to Mother's neck upon her bed,
Where both in fond embrace lay as in sleep.
Slowly my bark—unguided—sped o'er leagues
Of wave above and silent Death beneath.
O'er mountain ranges; spreading vales, littered
With shattered homes and ruined cities, where
Tokens of love, gems of art, and industry
Lay strewn on every hand. Now silent all!
Forgotten all! "Unwept, unhonored, and
Unsung by all." The fleets and navies of
The world's great busy commerce plow these waves,

And speed their hurrying flight from port to port,
And zone to zone, unmindful of the Vast
Unwritten history and mystery
Entombed for ages 'neath their gliding keels.

Vision 5—

At length my tiny bark floated above
The ruins of the stateliest city of
Them all. Its wide expanse and beauty held
Magnificence in ruins even. Its walls,
Domes, groves, and palaces would no mean
Compare have made with Babylon's royal seat,
Or loud display of wealth by Israel's King
Lavished upon Judea's Capital.
Like circle vast, whose radii extend
From center to circumference, the broad
Divergent streets all trended to one spot,
Where erst had stood a temple vast and grand,
With halls and seats of government near by.
E'en in its shattered, salt-encrusted state
The massive grandeur, structural beauty,
Of this torn and ruined city, with its
Royal courts and wealth emblazoned palaces
Remained unmarred; and I could trace the depth
Of thought in brain, and touch of skillful hand
That gave Tradition The Lost Arts, of which
Our modern poets justly sound the praise.
The streets; terraces; labyrinthian groves,
Stone fountains, scarce enough were marred to hide
Their pristine beauty. Stately palaces,
Splendid courts, bridges, gardens filled with trees,
And marble forms of man and beast, in midst
Whereof the finny tribes gambolled and sped
Hither and thither, all unconscious that
Those lifeless objects relics were of human
Skill and life, and love, that once resided there.

Vision 6—

But when, or who the mortal toilers were
That wrought those broken shafts and marble fanes,

Unkenned of were by me. I only knew
That the vast Ocean on whose quiet breast
I lay, had in unvarying splendor rolled
For ages ere our written history had birth,
And in that history what I there beheld
Scarce passing mention had as yet received.
The feeble bark in which I sat at length
Athwart a garden drifted, whose beauty,
And harmonious blend of taste and skill,
Recalled to memory childhood's happy dreams
Of Eden—fabled birthplace of our race.
Nor tongue nor pen can paint the sudden rush
Of mingled pain, pleasure, sorrow and joy
That filled my soul and held my gaze entranced
Upon that scene of ancient skill and beauty.
Moved by intelligence within itself,
Or pressed by unseen hands I knew not of,
My boat, by me untouched, at length approached
A shaded spot hard by a terrace wall,
And there, like housewife's loaf of wheaten bread
Surcharged with liquid mercury which men
Employ in search of body drowned, it rested;

Vision 7—

And just below me lay a human form
Of unsurpassing loveliness. A fair,
Sweet face, with female grace and charm replete,
Upturned, seemed smiling through the limpid waves,
As though reflecting back the smiles of heaven.
Of ooze and slime which marred the dreary waste
Outside, within this sacred precinct there
Was none; since granite wall and close barred gate
Held back the *debris* borne by ebbing tides.
Soft springing moss intertwined with creeping vines
And bright sea anemones, composed the couch
On which the royal slumberer reclined;
For ancient royalty indeed was there.
Had Cleopatra, Egypt's beauteous queen,
(Of whom Rome's love sick lord enamored was)

Passed from royal throne to garden's cool retreat,
And placed her head on Mother Nature's breast
In swoon, when deadly asp its poison gave,
An apt resemblance had been there displayed,
To the fair form I saw in peaceful sleep
On Neptune's watery bed fathoms below.
At foot of gently sloping, grassy mound,
Where liquid ripples bathed the marble form
Of Deity to me unknown, who on
Her gazed with eyes of hard and lifeless stone,
Her beauteous form recumbent lay, enrobed
In purest white; while sceptre, crown, and all
The insignia of primeval sovereignty
Beside her lay. Her beauteous face reflected
Not Circassian whiteness, nor yet the dark
Tint of Ethiopia's sable daughters.

Vision 8—

The pallid hue and ghastly luster which
Death leaves on the lifeless temple of
The living God whose altar fires are quenched,
Disfigured not her face or form. Instead,
The hue of Oriental life, rich and
Transparent, illumed her cheek with mellow
Olive brown, lending that inexplicable
Charm, by which Oriental life in female
Form divine, leads captive the beholder.
All this, the radiant form of her I saw
Lying beneath the waves possessed; and on
Her face appeared that smiling happy look,
As though, belated at the close of Life's
Brief day, some safe retreat in Nature's arms
She sought, and peacefully lay down to sleep.

BOOK ONE

Argument

The form beneath the wave was Mona, Queen of Lost Atlantis. She answers the call of the awakened Seer, and explains the time and manner of the great catastrophe, the results of which were shown in Vision.

* * * * *

How long I spell-bound sat and gazed in awe
Upon that saddening scene I cannot tell;
But all too soon my outer sense awoke.
The vail of dark obscurity which sleep
Had drawn before my mortal vision, fled
Away, and consciousness of hillside green;
Of Ocean's moan; of fragrant perfumes from
O'er hanging flowers again returned and lo!
The leaf-thatched bower was still my safe retreat.
Long time I sat in dumb amazement lost,
Wondering of what, and whence, the vision was
And what it signified. Was it of things
Invisible though real? Or was it
But the thin and unsubstantial vaporings
Of which our troubled dreams oft woven are?
If that was all, why such minute detail?
Why tintured so with probability?
Why such resemblance to unwritten lore
Which old Tradition's tongue has whispered in
The ears of many generations past?
A wish, not born of earth, my soul expressed
To know the occult meaning of the scene,
And half unconsciously I called aloud
For some of Neptune's offspring—ocean born—
Some water deity, to once again
Before my mortal eyes that page of history
Once more unroll; or to my grosser sense

Its esoteric meaning render plain.
Scarce had the air my words engulfed when lo!
In mold ethereal and with look divine,
Before me stood a form whose face and smile
At once informed me was the same on whom
I late had gazed asleep beneath the waves.
The same serene and heavenly smile. The same
Dark wavy tresses which the pulsing tides
So idly toyed withal. The same soft lids,
That curtained eyes I then saw not, now drawn
Apart, unveiled dark orbs whose liquid gleams
And soulful tenderness, mirrored my own.
Upon her stately brow reposed a crown,
Of brilliancy so great that e'en the Sun
It rivalled; and to which the jewelled band
That lay beside her 'neath the wave, bore no
Compare. The wave washed robe that gracefully
Encased her form erstwhile on mossy couch,
Exchanged had been for garment knit by hands
Celestial, like to that He wore, who on the
Mount transfigured stood, so glistening bright,
That on our earth no fuller's hand could whiten.
A Queen she stood before me. Not a Queen
Of temporal realms and Earth born royal line;
But of that highest, holiest Kingdom known
To men and angels; Queen of love-crowned homes,
And Empress of the loyal heart of Man.
I recked not how the moments sped, nor heed
Gave to aught save the radiant one upon
Whose face I gazed. Ere long, in gentlest tones
Her voice the silence broke;
"You called, and Mona
Heard and heeded. Mona loves earth children
Yet, and brings glad tidings from happy hearts
And homes afar. From loved and sainted ones
Who long ago sank 'neath the engulfing waves."
In vain my palsied tongue assayed to speak;
And — "Who is Mona?" more in thought than speech

I queried. "Mona was once a Queen," she said.
Long centuries before the current of
Your present history began to flow,
Mona, in royal panoply and state
Presided o'er the realm of Lost Atlantis.
The form that in your dream you erstwhile saw,
Was clay tenement in which the soul
You now behold, resided. The earth form
It was in which the once live queen of dear
Atlantis sat upon the royal throne;
In splendid palace moved; held sway in state,
And guided home affairs for many a year.
Her husband and liege lord—King Osawayo—
Brief season reigned ere the Death Angel called
Him home, and Mona chosen was to rule.
Long years she reigned, the happy sovereign of
A happy harmless race that dwelt in peace,
In pleasant homes in cities, and on hills
Of Orient country distant far from this.
Long years she dwelt in gorgeous palaces; wore
Costly raiment which the cunning hands
Of willing subjects wrought with wondrous skill.
Long years the scepter, throne, and diadem
Mere emblems were of that Celestial power
That rules the Universe; that Love which sways
A scepter just and merciful o'er worlds
Unnumbered, and thus links human hearts
In Brotherhood. Thus Mona ruled her realm.
The pre-historic race that owned her sway
Knew no injustice, nor self-seeking pride;
And man oppressed by man to them unknown.
The bonds of Love, instead, that bind the child
Close to the Mother's heart, our one law was
That ruled the intercourse of all with each.
Thus from pure affection's throne Mona ruled
The land of Love celestial, not by fear.
In loving service thus we dwelt until
The law of Growth, Earth's outer surface changed

In Nature's onward march, and harshly drew
Us down beneath Atlantic's wave, leaving
The billow cradled ruins you beheld."
Filled with awe and sadness I inquired; "Then,
The scene I late beheld, was it aught else
Than mere illusion? An empty, idle dream?"
"Yes, mortal, yes. By methods which to you
Beyond the pale of explanation lie,
I drew upon the inner tablet of
Your soul a true and faithful semblance of
That awful hour when dear Atlantis sank
From mortal vision 'neath the yeasty waves.
By occult process wonderful, and which
You ken not of as yet, from astral plane
A vivid counterpart I drew of that
Weird tragedy through which our country passed.
You saw the stage just as the curtain fell
Upon the last sad tearful ending of
The dreadful scene; just as father, mother,
Children, homes, and all their happy life dreams
Forever passed from Earth's eventful stage.
The human forms; the shattered walls; the fields;
And desolated homes which you beheld with eyes
Surcharged with tears, you saw as they were then—
Not now. Somewhat you know of occult laws
By which in Nature's boundless laboratory,
Old Time dissolves, disintegrates, re-mingles,
And in forms anew remolds the particles
Of which God's Body visible is formed.
You know full well that human forms crushed
And mangled in that dread catastrophe,
Have long since sought their parent elements.
Also, that fountains of stone, and glittering fanes,
And chiselled statues, altered are by touch
Of liquid waves, or lost to recognition.
Mona you saw and thought she had been taken
While asleep. Not so. For Mona well knew
Some dread calamity was soon to come,

And chose that liquid couch from whence her soul
Was freed, and borne to Summerland beyond.
Three centuries before that fateful day
Had dawned, an angel messenger from far
Off Mars revealed to Seeress Stancia, wife
Of the then reigning King, the awful doom
The future for Atlantis held in store.
But then—as now—the iron hand of Prejudice
Held sway; and few there were who understood,
Or credence gave prophetic warnings from
Risen souls of those once mortal like themselves.
As time predicted nearer drew the priest
Before the temple altar at Aruna
Again the awful warning utterance gave.
This holy man—‘Light Bearer’ rightly named,
Was Mystic born, not held by thongs of Creed
Or warped by zeal sectarian; he loved
And labored for all human kind alike.
The royal city—Humenia called—was
Crescent shaped, beautiful, and strongly built.
On landward side by mountains belted, huge
And towering, from whose internal fires,
Once in each thousand years there issued forth
Rivers of molten lava to the Sea.
From occult sources—then well understood—
Iberna learned that in the crucible
Of Nature’s workshop underneath our homes,
The unseen forces were again at work,
And belching fires and sweeping tides would work
Complete disaster to our peaceful land.
No more belief was given this than when
The other warnings came three centuries before.
A heedful few heard with dismay and fear.
But strangers in strange ships had brought to us
Strange words, and ideas stranger still; and germs
Of unbelief implanted were within
The minds of our once trusting populace.
These scoffed and said: ‘What cause for fear is there?’

Behold! The mountains rear their lofty heads, and still
Stand firm in ancient rock-ribbed grandeur.
The pulsing sea serenely sleeps beneath
Our gliding keels just as its restless tides
Have ebbd and flowed for countless generations.
Our strong Atlantis fears not fire nor flood.'
Thus unexpected by the masses came
The hissing, seething storm of fire and wave.
Just as in Hebrew Holy Writ you read
Of many million souls, to whom the risen
Lord in prison preached, who bond slaves had been
To Ignorance, before the days of Noah.
They heard the solemn warnings; but to eat,
Carouse, marry and give in marriage, and
To fill Life's cup with pleasure to the brim
No quittance gave; and heeded not until
The angry elements around them surged
An swept them to their self-constructed prisons
In gloomy regions of the spirit world.
Not so with us who gave the warning heed.
Long in advance we knew some dreadful change
Was being wrought in Earth's substantial frame.
We saw the sky with dense clouds o'er cast, and
Tinged with lights unwonted, and pealing forth
Portentous warnings theretofore unheard.
We felt Earth's solid crust vibrate as though
Great Atlas, on whose brawny back it lies,
Was dealing blows terrific underneath.
Birds, trees, flowers, animals, and every
Living thing seemed filled with terror, as when
Some lesser planet veils the Sun's fair face.
At midnight's awesome hour the gathering storm
Burst in demoniac fury. Winds madly howled;
Waves leaped like hungry beasts in search of prey;
The mountains belched forth smoke and liquid fire,
Tinting the darkness with unearthly hue;
While moaning waves sang dirges to the doomed.
Strong walls, tall towers, cottage and palace grand

Alike crumbled and fell at touch of some
Unseen, Almighty power. Mona was calm.
She felt the long predicted day had dawned,
But knew not when the dreadful end would come,
Until the eddying water crept within
Her palace walls and courts. Then yielding to
That base ignoble fear—the fear of Death—
She sought the private garden gate you saw,
Forgetful that the angry surging billows
Were wrapping all her people like herself
Within their folds. Finding the gate close barred
She threw herself upon that mossy couch
And calmly clasped Death's Angel by the hand.

BOOK TWO

Argument

What and Where was Atlantis? Tradition tells of many lost Continents, chief among them three: The Hyperborean, The Lemurean, The Atlantean. The period of time covering the rise, progress, and fall of the three, was near Fifteen Million years. In order of their submergence, the Hyperborean was first, the Lemurean second, and the Atlantean third and last. Although traces exist of other once populous islands and countries that now sleep beneath the waves of Oceans.

* * * * *

We read in Hebrew legend that when God,
 The Earth's Creator, brought to dust formed Man
 His last, best handiwork—Woman, the Man
 Intuitively knew she had been given
 As his own true and equal counterpart,
 Not found elsewhere 'mong all created things.
 Then holy peace, angelic love and joy
 Of sweet content thrilled him with pure delight.
 Such peace, such joy were mine in presence of
 This pure celestial one, and on me fell
 The benediction sweet of heavenly love.
 My inner sense perceived that wisdom, truth,
 And knowledge far exceeding ought that e'er
 Mine eyes had seen in human form enshrined
 Before me stood and filled my soul with hope.
 "Teacher Immortal, I implored, dispel
 The mists which darken the Unwritten Page
 Of ancient lore. And if perchance our crude
 Methods of speech, measures of Time and Space
 You can employ to form within my mind
 A true conception of the marvelous times
 Of which you speak, inform me I implore.
 Point out to me upon our circling globe,
 The place where your Atlantean country lay.

If long lost history you fail to make me
Know, the fault will be my inability
To master; not yours to communicate.”
She straight replied: “Son of a later age,
The story of your Earth affairs runs not
On smooth unbroken lines. Full many a
Place is found like our lost Atlantis, where
The light goes out, and dim tradition’s lamp
Alone can guide the mortal searcher’s feet.
Nay more; the names which told of men, races
And customs in primeval times and lands,
Altered have been by man’s device until
Titles of things celestial which were given
To corresponding things on Earth, forgotten
Quite have been; and it no easy task I find
To sketch my mortal dwelling place, or tell
Of pre-historic countries, places, and things
In speech your later thought can comprehend.
In handing down to distant coming years
The story of a race or nation’s life,
Three methods are employed; first, written books;
Tablets; scrolls; glyphs; sculptors’ and painters’ skill.
Next; revelations from the spirit spheres
To mortal psychics. Last, the records of
All times and ages enstamped upon the
Astral records kept in spirit realms; those all
Containing, all enduring scrolls, known as
Books of Life; Books of Remembrance; and Books
Of Judgment, which the Patmos Seer open
Beheld before the Judgment seat of God;
And which contain, undimmed forever, the
History of your Earth and all its children.
‘The deeds men do live after them.’ And on
That age defying tablet, our little
Dramas are preserved through cycling ages.
Thereon I read of human deeds which lie
Outside the scope of this my spirit sphere
And glean from both the Wisdom I impart.

Know this: In far-off Pre-Adamic times
Which Hebrew Mystics designate as 'The
Beginning;' long ere the time which modern
Searchers reach by summing up the ages
Of fabled characters who never lived; long
Before the day when Allegory tells
How Man and Woman—one of each—were formed;
Long prior to those times, the human race
Dwelt in many different places on
This Earth; the names and surface outline by
Some possessed, they yet retain; while others,
Yielding to the levelling touch of Time
Retain no trace of Pre-historic fame.
Know this; besides our loved Atlantis
Other lands and races also buried lie
Within the mighty deeps whose murmuring waves
Have sung their requiem through many æons.
In this your busy bustling Age men cry
'Munchausian Fables' when assured that more
Than six score thousand years ago, your
Ancestors, not as crude cave-dwellers lived,
But far advanced in Arts and Sciences
O'ertopped even your present boasted cult.
But could men's eyes glance o'er the occult pages;
Or could both sea and land their wondrous tales
Of Pre-historic Life and Death unfold
Their scoffs would yield to admiration, and
Their jeers give place to awe at mention of
The many cultured lands, cities, and races
That rose and fell, and now forgotten lie
'Neath dust and wave alike. In the grand march
Of cycling ages, old forms still give place
To new. Old creed skin-bottles, dogma filled
Are rent asunder by New Wine of Truth.
Fierce upheavals, Nature's efforts are to
Cleanse your planet from dead and decaying
Elements, and bring Earth's crude, living forms
Into more perfect harmony through the

Birth pangs of more refined unfoldments.”
Thus I: “Must I believe, O teacher mine,
That fabled rain of forty days and nights,
Deluged the entire surface of our Earth
And swept all living creatures from its face?”
“No! No! Not all at once,” she said, “But each
In turn, primeval lands and races, all
Engulfed have been beneath the yeasty waves
Of angry oceans and dread cataclysms
And hid from mortal view for centuries.
Yet, at no time since Life appeared thereon
Has total inundation swept your Earth.
But as each race or nation sank from sight,
Noah-like representatives were saved,
The limits of whose knowledge were bounds
Of their own land or race. These fondly dreamed
The Earth’s flat surface all submerged had been,
And they alone of all its people rescued.
Upon the occult history of your globe
Is traced the rise and fall of many a
Continent; chief of which the Hypoborean,
The Lemurian, and Atlantean
Are named. Of these Lemuria sank before
Atlantis gained the zenith of her day.
Had not the hands of Vandals burned vast stores
Of India’s wondrous written evidence; or
Cæsar’s torch not charred to ashes well nigh
A million rolls at Alexandria; or
Had not Christian and Mohammedan alike
Destroyed what tallied not with their man-made
Opinions and beliefs, the world today
More of Atlantean Wisdom would have known.
Almost alone Tradition’s feeble lamp
Now guides the explorer’s feet, in anxious search
Of proof of our existence. By this he finds
The Indo-Hellenic legend, that a
Vast Continent once faced the sun where now
Th’ Atlantic rolls her waves from torrid climes

To frigid zone; from Isles Sun Kissed, to where
Winter's cold breath mantles the Earth with snow.
In South Sea Islands, thickly strewn, from where
Malayan Archipelago extends
To Polynesian shores, and from Sundas
Straits to Easter Isle, the untaught natives
All declare that one mighty Continent
Embraced them all, whose summits, Tahiti
And New Zealand 'mong other islands were.
Which isles, although disjoined by many weary
Leagues, yet speech and customs similar employ
And each maintains that it alone the only
Fragment is of that vast Continent known
To occult students as Lemuria.
This know; the history of those three lands
Of which I speak—the writings lost—has passed
From lips of sires to ears of sons for centuries;
And in the changes—manifold—through which
It came, the legends of the three strangely
Blended have become. And though the mighty
Oceans now extant were lands, and lands
Now crowned with verdure then were seas and lakes,—
Know this; the name Atlantean was not
The special heritage of just one race
Or nation alone; but like your Eastern
'Asiatics' it spread o'er various lands
And races, in whose slow development
Millions of years passed in their cycling flight.
A proverb true rests in your modern speech,
That Rome required three hundred years to die.
But to withdraw Atlantis from the ranks
Of prehistoric, pre-Adamic countries
Consumed well nigh four million years
The first born child of Europe stood—in time—
Coeval with the fast retiring forms
Of Quaternary life. He viewed with awe
The mighty Alps upheaval and beheld
The glacier period slowly pass away.

He witnessed the destruction of the first
And largest portion of Atlantis, and
Regarded it as the great birth-pangs which
Ushered into view the awe-inspiring Alps,
And gave America its present form.
In that dread tumult all of our great
Continent, save Plato's Island disappeared.
Of that last remnant I now speak. 'Twas there
I ruled. And less than fifteen thousand years
Have passed since I, and all our loyal hosts
Save chosen few were buried 'neath the waves."

BOOK THREE

Argument

The field of Occult Exploration grows broader and grander before the eyes of the awakened seer as his heaven sent teacher proceeds. The origin, nature, and destiny of Man unfolded. Man, as the representative of the human race, shown to have existed on this earth millions of years.

* * * * *

When Nature's hidden fires hurled clouds of smoke,
And seas of molten lava through Mt. Pelee's
Angry throat, while tremors seismic thrilled
Old Martinique's substantial frame, the cities
Of the plains below in ghastly ruins lay.
A man whose home was there, who absent long,
In other lands had been, returning, finds
His home destroyed; his loved ones dead or gone;
And all the fond associations of his heart
Cruelly snatched away. What tongue can tell,
Or pen describe the depth of grief and pain
That surged within his sorrow stricken soul.
Such grief—in part—was mine while witnessing
The shattered spiritual hopes here being crushed
Before me by the potent words of her
Whose message came from high celestial realms.
I felt the ground-work of my creed beliefs
Beneath me tremble. Saw the solid dome
Beneath me tremble. Saw the solid dome
Of Man's opinions reared above my head
Tottering as if to fall. And all the Man
Constructed theories of how, and when,
The Earth and its inhabitants created
Were, seemed vanishing into empty air.
"Unfold to me I pray you the hidden
Truth touching the Genesis of our race."

Thus, sadly I inquired. This her reply:
"The strained conceptions of your sectarian
Creed-builders unworthy are of credence
When placed as guide-posts on the upward march
Of Man's development. Crude fables—all.
Begotten in the childlike innocence
And ignorance of pre-historic minds.
Give candid heed while I unfold in part
The pre-Adamic record of your race.
Within your mem'ry let this fact a ready
Lodgment find. Man, as a term generic,
A double meaning has. It represents
The aggregate of human kind as one
Great family; and also designates
A part thereof whom sex distinctions keep
At variance with the rest. In the first sense,
As representing all mankind, I use
The term. One inquiry which Israël's King
Expressed in words, has sought for answer ever
Since the soul of Man on Earth has dwelt.
'Lord, what is Man, that Thou so kind to him
Should'st be? And what the Son of Man that Thou
Still mindful of him art? Thou madest him
A little lower than Thyself; and on him
Placed the crown of dignity and power
As Sovereign of all Thine hands have wrought.
Beneath his feet all things that Thou hast made
Were placed in absolute dominion. All
Sheep and oxen; fowls of air; beasts and birds;
And finny tribes that in the waters play;
Whatever Earth contains Thou gavest Man.'
If this be true, what room for carping doubts
Concerning Man's divine beginning, end,
And boundless possibilities; both in
This mortal state and the immortal one
Beyond? If this be true, how apt the words
Of modern poet, free from slavish fear;—
'Man, know Thyself; Presume not God to scan!

The greatest study of mankind is Man.'
And yet, through narrow, selfish wish of Man
His fellow mortal to enslave, a false
Degrading system of belief, and rules
Of daily life were framed, all springing from
Man's futile efforts to explain and measure
Things spiritual by things material.
And as results thereof, burdens too grievous
To be borne, on shoulders spiritually weak,
Are bound by priestly hands; while hungry cries
Of soul starved children too oft answered are
By gifts of tasteless stones in place of bread.
All Bibles and so-called revealed Words
Of God begin their mysteries at one and
The same starting point called The Beginning;
Which all Creed-builders name as Man's initial
Entrance on Life's mortal pilgrimage. But
When, and Where and How that Beginning
Became an actual fact, discordant minds
And fierce contending schools of thought have drawn
Thousands of different meanings from the text
And sent the question down from Sire to Son
Unanswered yet. In this your day but little
Credence given is to man-made dogmas,
Since they contradict the plain demands of
Nature's laws, and cast no ray of light upon
The pre-Adamic history of Man.
If anxious thought you e'er bestowed on this
Ill treated subject, have you asked yourself;
Who, and What am I? My friend, What, and Where
Were you, and what your form and power of Thought
During those long, blank æons of eternity,
Whose waves beat darkly on the shores of Time,
Forming the limits of your Earth pilgrimage?
Had you no part nor lot in God's heritage
As child of His till you were born? Those long,
Dreary æons, whose hidden depths behind
Us lie unmeasured by man's Chronology,

Were they to you naught else but non-existence?
If so; if mortal birth your entrance was
Upon Earth life's uncertain race, what pledge,
Have you, or bond of Fate, that cruel Death
Will not therefrom your endless exit be?
For righteous is the law; that which beginning
Hath, must somewhere and sometime ending have.
Know this; attempts of by-gone sages to
Unfold the occult mysteries of Creation,
And answer the great question—What is Man?
Unsatisfactory are to thinking minds
Because too narrow in their scope and purpose.
To honest searchers after hidden truth
Who leave the beaten paths their fathers trod
And to the Soul within free access give
To that great Light that shineth not on land
Or sea,—the Light of Truth within the Soul—
To him the doors of Wisdom's storehouse are
Unlocked. He finds that in the vast uncharted
Realms above us, all space with superfine,
Ethereal substances is filled; to which
The name of Astral planes is given; and there,
Like plates or films in moving picture used,
Are sensitized beyond Man's power to imitate.
On these are stamped a record of the lives,
Aid deeds of men, nations, races and worlds,
Imprinted and preserved forever there.
In ancient mystic writings various names
These occult records have received. Such as
In Hebrew Scriptures 'Books of Remembrance';
'Books of Life;' while John the Seer on Patmos,
As 'Books of Judgment' saw them opened up
Before Jehovah's awful Judgment Throne.
Within these supra-mundane books we read,
That man existence had upon this Earth
Ages on ages ere the date chronology
Has guessed at as Creation's morning dawn.
Man sprang not out of dust as full-fledged, Soul-

Embodied Man. Full well you know the law;
That Nature's God works not except in strict
Accord with Nature's laws immutable.
And everything in Nature bears the stamp
Of evolution's slow and tedious growth.
Man's primal entrance on Earth's tragic stage,
Not as full grown lord and lady was; nor
Yet as the perfect head of all created
Things; but with the humblest of them, crouching
Low at foot of Jacob's ladder of Eternal
Growth. Man, first a spiritual infant, not
A physical giant, entered the never
Ending, upward climb to gain the glorious
Heights of Divine Human Immortality.
As living germs of pure, decarnate spirit,
Man issued from the never failing source
Of all ethereal and material things;
Destined the lord and master to become
Of all God's handiwork at last; but first
To serve and be beneath them all. In his
Initial years, Man walked with beasts; meanwhile
He walked with God also. Because in Nature's
Humblest paths he trod while climbing 'through
Nature up to Nature's God.' But ere the
Lofty state of mortal manhood he attained,
He passed the gates of all lower forms
Of Nature's four fold graded school on Earth—
The rock, the plant, the animal, the Man.
That school Man's entrance was upon the Soul's
Divine At-One-Ment with the living God
Who reigns within the Kingdom of each soul:
The God who lifts Man up through numberless
Unfoldments, from God in Embryo, to
God in Realms of Infinite Perfection."
My soul here utterance gave aloud to doubts
That long had filled my mind. "Must I accept
O teacher mine, the claim so freely voiced
By some, that Man's immediate ancestor

A monkey was?" "No, brother, no. That soul debasing view of Man's descent, like other Crude beliefs, springs solely from misuse Of human language. In Hebrew mystic lore, You read how the Creator God around Each living germ restrictions placed, that each Should multiply of its own kind alone. From rocks and rills; on land and sea alike, Abundant proofs are found, that for Ages Past innumerable, each separate kind, Has always reproduced its special race. In God's great storehouse evermore are found Unnumbered billions of potential germs, The parent each of some material form Waiting to find expression upon this Or other world in space. These 'Winged Globes,' By Seer Ezekiel named, expression find In matter; from whose plastic substance, each A body gathers after its own kind, Pursuing well marked trails adown the misty Slopes of æons past and gone, you find that Each plant and moving creature on the land, In air, or water, brings forth its own kind Alone from hour of first inception until Now. Always the creature in each germ concealed Has sought to reproduce its kind. And thus, Man has multiplied as Man, and Simian As Simian, ne'er blending each with other. 'Our first parents,' as pre-historic fountain Of your race is called, not as corporeal Mortals were, but as ethereal beings, Bodies like this you now possess they found Not ready made by hands of God, waiting Their tenancy. Beings they were with whom Your modern science no acquaintance has And none can have, since spiritual things can be Discerned by spiritual things alone. Science Deals not with spiritual things, knows nothing Of the occult page that hidden lies beyond

The outer surface of the world of sense.
Hence, science finds no record of primeval
Man, since none was left by him upon
The outer face of things. His feet ethereal
No footprints left upon the sandy beach,
Nor on the plastic rock for coming race
Expert in geologic wisdom to
Explain. His immaterial hands unreaired
No pyramids, nor temples, nor in secret
Caves left scrolls or tablets with strange picture
Language filled, for future Archæologist
To search out the hidden teachings of the soul.
Your modern critic flouts and laughs to scorn
The truth sublime hidden within the crude
Account of how Adam and Eve came nude
From hand of God, and later on were dressed
By that same hand with skins of young beasts slain.
A painting still exists in hill crowned Rome,
Where dread Jehovah,—tailor fashion—sits,
Intently fashioning soft raiment for
His untaught, unclad, helpless children.
Such crude attempts to catch the meaning of
Your Hebrew occult lore, have filled the Earth
With warring sects and stained its face with blood
Of Man by hand of brother shed in fierce
Support of his own self derived opinions.
This know: The Fall of Adam; the angry
Curse pronounced; the Coats of Skin; the Banishment
From peaceful happy Eden, all occult
Symbols are of the Immortal Soul's Descent
From bosom of the Father-Mother God;
Of transfer from that pure celestial state
To form of flesh and coat of skin; and last,
Its short estrangement from the Eden of
The Soul; from joys supernal to the hard
And bitter toil of Earth's Experiences,
Whereby the mortal man uplifted to
The life immortal, ready is to enter
The unending joys of Paradise Regained.

BOOK FOUR

Argument

The awakening soul calls for more light. The celestial messenger unlocks the store-house of the Past in which the wealth of Wisdom derived from ages of Experience is preserved, and brings forth strange and beautiful things pertaining to the origin, development and final disposition of the Atlantean race.

* * * * *

As timid child, wandering at eventide
Within the forest wild, far from its home,
Heeds not its steps till deepening shades proclaim
The near approach of night, at length aroused,
Bewildered gropes his way and loudly calls
For friendly aid; e'en so my darkened soul,
Sensing its far remove from Light of Truth,
Burdened with doubt and fear, seemed calling
For clearer light, and wider view of knowledge.
"Oh friend beloved"—again I said—"My hungry
Soul unsated is. I long for higher
Wisdom. For light of Truth to shine upon
And 'luminate the error darkened path
O'er which the infant feet of Earth's children
Have journeyed in the Past. Clearly your words
Of Wisdom have to me in language new
And strange, revealed the glorious, god-like birth
And destiny of mortal man. But yet
A dark cloud hovers o'er the records of
Antiquity, through which we grope in vain
To find the truthful genesis of man's
Tribal and family relationship.
In Hebrew writings we are told that God,
Through Moses, full provision made in laws
And forms of government for nations, tribes,
And families also. Therein he marked

Within what ties of kindred, Man and Woman
Should and should not in holy wedlock join.
But in your day critics and jesters ask;
If Eve and Adam the first parents were
Of the whole human family; and if
Brother and sister may not wedded be,
From whence did banished Cain obtain his wife?"
"Oh brother mine, child of a later age,"
She said: "Let not your soul be vexed in search
Of surface explanations for such crude
And child-like enigmas. In that dim point
Of time of which you speak, which no
Man-made chronology can ever reach,
The human race began its upward march
Eternal, not from one wedded pair alone,
But thousands. Those individual names—
Adam and Eve, drawn from the Persian tongue
By Hebrew scribes, at first in meaning held
Both male and female branches of the entire
Human family. Inscribed upon the astral
Record of the Universe, your little
Earth is known as 'The Red Star.' The name
'Adam,' taken from ancient tongue, described
The first of human kind that trod your earth.
Men they were so close allied with beasts in
Form, that resemblance none is found in you.
The 'Missing Link' for which your scientists
Have sought in vain, for none exists, may here
A fitting symbol find. Although ascending
Evolution's long and rugged pathway,
In a race and form distinct from every other
Race and kind, the race Adamic had not
Assumed the true and god-like form he wore
In later years. Not yet had the Creator
Upon Man's brow the seal of Immortality
Imprinted, nor him crowned as lord of all
Created things. Eight thousand years that race
Required to bridge the gulf between the mortal
Beast and the Immortal Man. Following

Its decline, the earliest race of Mortal
Heirs to heritage Immortal of God,
Upon this earthly stage was introduced.
Within the composition of your Earth
When first it left its parent sun, a fiery mass,
Millions of years ago, within it lay
Germs of all living things. All substances
Required for Man's development, except
That essential Life from God which gives to
Man that peculiar individuality
Which crowns him lord above all creatures else.
That which builds and sustains his house of clay
And gives the inner dweller title to
Inheritance eternal beyond Death's portal.
Not as the outgrowth of perfected flowers,
Or special tribe of beasts was human kind
Evolved as *pseudo*-scientists maintain.
But as a race distinct they came to earth
By natural laws, unceasing in their task
The elements of Life in lower grades
Of Matter, pass on to form the basis
Of higher forms. These last, in Nature's crucible
Refined, their Life again mounts up to build
Still higher forms. Thus on through myriad
Gradations far beyond Man's power to tell.
The substance that composed the bodies of
Earth's lower tribes, refined, rose step by step
Th' ascending scale, until at last the crown
And glory of material life was reached;
And out of this, not out of vulgar dust,
Our race progenitors were formed. And thus
Of Matter and of Spirit was Man formed.
Not from one pair alone did Earth's uncounted
Millions descend. But they of whom 'tis said
'God made Man upright, male and female made
He them,' five different families, or races,
In different cradles nurtured were, from whence
The five divisions come, offshoots from whom

Have peopled the Earth from thence until this day.
Of these the Red Man, or Adamic Race,
Was first in order formed. The Yellow, or
Atlantean Race was fourth in time. While last
And fairest crown of all, your White Race came.
I pause not now to further trace the record
Of these families save the one from which
I sprang and with which, at its highest stage
Of opulence, I sank beneath the waves.
The parents of our Race Atlantean,
In number many, peopled our Continent
With good and mighty men, of whom one third,
Choosing to dwell in eastern portion of
The land, begot the giant race and mighty
Men of Old in Hebrew legend mentioned.”
“One other wish I fain would granted have”
I said. “Was your Atlantean Continent
The cradle of the *first born* of human kind?”
“Not so,” she said. “Already you have heard
How other lands and races disappeared
Before our day, and how our race fourth was
In date of birth, and third to be destroyed.
In lands—anterior long to ours in point
Of Time, Man, as an infant nurtured was,
And safely passed the years of childhood and
Of youth, and on the mighty continent
Of which I speak—Lemuria called—he gained
The pride of manhood. It was there—his creeping
Period being past, Man stood and walked upright.
The literary treasures of your day
Contain one sad and groundless misconception,
Of pre-historic Man. The shelving brow;
The ox-like vacant stare; the image of
His great Creator lost; bending above
A clumsy hoe—as modern poet paints—
Was not made thus by masters of modern
Industry. But on the ever upward climb
Of Man’s unfoldment, Man and Hoe alike

Mark a distinct epoch wherein his budding
Genius better methods planned for digging
Sustenance from nature's store-house—the Earth—
Than with his age-accustomed claw-like fingers.
The race Atlantean was ushered in
At hour of Time and stage of Earth's development
That offered best advantages for birth
And growth of a superior race of men.
No idle boast it is to say, that never
Since those pre-historic books were closed, has
Your Earth reared a race of grander, better,
More intellectual or progressive men,
Than tilled Atlantean soil ages ago.
Their temples, numerous throughout the land,
Constructed were with rarest skill and Art.
Huge pyramids they built, pre-dating those
Of ancient Egypt many centuries:—
Copies of which adorn the Nile today,
And challenge interest in Yucatan
And both Americas. A mountain range
From North to South our land divided; while
Fruitful valleys, forest, lakes, and rivers,
And quarries rich in mineral stores, supplied
Beyond demand the needs of all our people.
Life, a happy conditon was to all:
For all were prosperous and free from care.
None beggars were, nor scant of earthly stores;
By reason that all dwelt on equal terms, and
Through honest distribution all shared alike
The gifts of Nature. And on equal terms
The duties, rights, and privileges of State
And Church the sexes with each other shared.
One in purpose; one creed; one system of
Government; and one great controlling law,
The law of love, our people ever dwelt
In peace and harmony. Our schools and colleges;
Household affairs; healing arts; and temple
Services; the moral and religious

Training of young and old alike, were all
Assigned to Woman's gentler skill and judgment.
The Theocratic rule in Palestine
Long centuries later, some resemblance bore
To blended civil and religious sway
That crowned our land with peace, plenty, and true
Spiritual Liberty for many thousand years.
In old Mythologies, accepted still
By dwellers in the Orient, you learn
How ancient gods parcelled out your Earth
Between themselves, and how Atlantis fell
To lot of Poseidon, or Neptune called—
The royal Sovereign of Ocean's waves.
Like 'Sons of God' in Hebrew legend found,
A daughter of the mortal race he took
To wife, and from their high born offspring came
The Atlantean race; and from this wedded
Sky and Ocean parentage sprang all the gods
That filled the Parthenons of after years.
The gods and goddesses of Scandinavia;
The tutelary deities of Greece and Rome;
Phenicia; India; and other ancient
Nations, all Atlantean Kings and Queens once
Were. The earliest colony, established
On Egyptian soil was by Atlanteans planted.
The Alphabet, which modern linguists deem
The parent of all later ones, was to
Phenicians taught by wise Atlanteans.
Their well shaped keels parted the rippling waves
Of the blue Mediterranean Sea, and
Sped to far off western shores, where now your
Iron plated dreadnaughts buffet the yielding waves.
Arts, sciences, and every branch of skill,
And manufacture, up to stage so near perfection
Had been brought that 'The Long Lost Arts,' of which
Your poets dream and sing, were those which with
Atlantis sank, and of which Israel's King
Rightly declared; 'that which is now, hath been
And beneath the Sun no new thing is found.'

While other races dwelt in caves or huts
Of bark, hunted and toiled with tools of stone,
Skirted sea coasts on rafts or frail canoes,
And lived on nuts, roots, fish, and flesh of bird
And beast unsodden, our race produced of
Stores domestic for every need, or drew
From Nature's unseen Life their needed food.
The ships that plowed the ocean first by them
Were built and launched. Plums, apples, apricots,
Cherries and Rice to India first transported
Were by us. The peach to Persia, from whence
It later passed to Europe. Wheat, barley,
And rye we gave to Egypt. Introduced
Schools of Art, Science and Agriculture
Into far off Asia; and even landed
On the coasts of your America where
Dwelt the Red Man, from whom copper we
Procured, good, and in great abundance."
"Teacher Immortal," I again began;
"Think me not dull nor prone to criticise.
But why a race so far advanced, so highly
Favored as that of which you speak, expunged
From Earth so ruthlessly should be while in
The flower and vigor of its usefulness,
My questioning soul no answer yet hath found."
"Son of a later race," she quick replied,
"That anxious query, such as you express,
Should fill your mind, is no discredit to
Your loving heart. To partly solve the dark
Mystery, let this suffice. Nature, like men,
Trees, animals, and other living things,
Each have a special mission to perform;
The which fulfilled, it needs must pass away,
Room leaving for another. An acorn dropped
In soil, contains in embryo the full
Grown Oak and all its branches, leaves, acorns,
And future possibilities. Likewise,
Those germs of human kind from whence the great
Atlanteans sprang, contained within themselves

The Alpha and the Omega, the long
Existence, beginning, end and mission
Of our great family tree. And while as yet
Our race ancestors but mere infants were,
And during all the centuries ere maturity
Was gained, Evangels from the Higher Life
Taught and trained them for the high and holy work
The Infinite intended them to do.
Hence, the Atlanteans knew their working day
Was limited; but what that limit was,
In days or years, they knew not until near
Its dread approach, when we were told our task
Was done; our mission ended; and the night
Would soon close in; and that the latest born,
Most highly favored child—your own white race—
Would our successors be; would take our place,
And finish up the work by us begun.
What was that work and mission—do you ask?
It was to plant in other lands the germs
Of Wisdom, Justice, Truth and Love, which we
In rich abundance had; and which in time—
Now here—you will receive in like abundance,
And use to purify, refine and spiritualize
The world. It was to stand as Mediators,
Daysmen, between perfected angels and
Imperfect Man. To fully demonstrate
The continuity of Life. To prove
Beyond a doubt that 'Death does not end all.'
That 'Dust thou art to dust returnest was
Not spoken of the soul.' To shed the Light
Of Truth and Love celestial from above
And drive away the clouds of ignorance,
Which ever since His birth enshrouded have
The mind of Man and held him prisoner
To Doubt and Fear. To you the mission comes
To raise the soul of man above the things
Of Time and Sense, and usher in the glad,
The Universal reign of Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Man, and Liberty forever.

BOOK FIVE**Argument**

Man has been called the only religious animal. Even in savage infancy he must worship something superior to himself. And the strongest impulse, the most prominent desire of his heart is to find a visible representative of the thing he adores. Hence Sun, Moon, Stars, Fire, Beast, Bird, Snake, and countless unseen influences and forces have been personified and adored in human form. The true character of that worship explained.

* * * * *

Among the dim traditions of the Past
Now fading into dark forgetfulness,
One tells of how the dwellers on an Earth
From ours far distant, once were taught that God,
The great Creator of the Universe,
Dwelt within a straw. Believing this, those
People grew in wisdom, harmony, and
Unity of heart and purpose, until
Their land was filled with peace and happiness.
Later, another teacher came, who clearly
Demonstrated that this could not be true.
That a creator, who boundless space can
Fill with peopled worlds, cannot himself, be
Cribbed and confined within such narrow walls.
Therefore there is no God. That Man's conception
Of a Supreme, All-powerful, Over-ruling
Something was based on folly. That all things
Become and are through force of natural law.
Accepting this, their bond of Unity
Was gone. Discord, inharmony, and wars
Of cruel words and still more cruel deeds,
Soon banished peace and murdered happiness.
Within my mind sad contrasts rose, between
The peaceful life by Mona's people led,

And the fierce conflicts, jarring strifes, that now
Exist 'twixt man and man; 'twixt race and race;
Whilst nation 'gainst the life of nation plots.
"Teacher immortal," I began; "One other
Wish I fain would have you gratify. That
State of peace and happiness in which your
Atlantean people dwelt, exceeding far
That of other countries known to history,
Some potent cause or reason must have had.
Did your superior conditions spring from
Superior mental powers; or from better
Religious institutions and beliefs?
Our Hebrew Writings tell us there be gods
Many and lords many. The world's Pantheons
Have held unnumbered deities, to each
Of which, thousands on thousands of human
Knees in humble suppliance have been bent.
To which of all these variant Deities
Did your enlightened race allegiance owe?"
"Child of mortality," she then replied,
"Th' Atlanteans had no man-made systems of
Beliefs, nor iron rules of faith and practice
In the soul's higher life. Rightly you say
The world's Pantheons shelter many Deities.
But Pantheons are man made; while the Universe
Belongs to God, and but one God dwells there.
The finite mind of man cannot the infinite
Mind of Deity grasp or comprehend.
Man's narrow thought builds barriers around
God's visible creation; weighs and measures
Earths, planets, stars, and viewless atmospheres;
Arrogantly writes Alpha and Omega,—
Beginning, ending; birth and death, upon
All things his Earthly senses comprehend.
But to the great creative force called God,
No Genesis there was nor will be
Forever. Time; Space; Birth; Growth; Death; Decay,
Alike unknown to God. But All in All;

Causation Infinite; producing all,
Sustaining all. If from the Universe
The Light and Love of God, that which is God—
Himself, should be withdrawn, planets and stars;
Systems and Suns their orbits would forsake,
And direful chaos fill the realms of space.
Whenever Man admits that countless orbs
In harmony and discipline revolve
In space, unharmed throughout eternal years,
That instant he affirms the Unity
Of God and Nature; the Ever Present Soul
Of Things; the One, Eternal Body Divine;
The God inherent in all things; in whom
Man, and all things, live, move, and being have.
The gods, and lords, and saviors—Deities
That crowd your man-made Pantheons, all were
Mortal once on this or other world. But
Sovereign Supreme none of them were, or ever
Will become. You ask which of all those gods
The world's Pantheons contain, did our beloved
Country accept? They worshipped all, or none;
Just as you my answer interpret may.
They bowed not down to stocks or stones, nor knelt
At man-made images of lords or Saviors
Of Mortal woman born; nor yet did Deities
In form and likeness of material Man
Receive our praise and adoration. God
Was to us, and is, the essential Spirit
Of Life in everything; Eternally
At work; refining; purifying; and
Raising to higher spiritual planes each
Particle of matter in the universe.
From crudest forms to final ending in
Th' immortal Spirit Life in Man, the life within
Each living thing is ever pushing upward.
And thus, O brother mine, we understand
How Man created was a little lower
Than his Creator God. E'er since the dawn

Of higher Life on Earth than that of beast,
Man always has, and still does, 'walk with God.'
But God *within himself*. Not God somewhere
Without, in form and carriage of a Man.
Our race Atlantean, like the race Edenic,
And Pre-Adamic races; and also
Like the noble Red Man's race within your
Own beloved land, who now through gross injustice
And hateful prejudice are well nigh gone;
Like these our people clothed the God of
Nature, in Nature's loveliest forms. We saw
Our God in every form; heard him in every
Sound; in Ocean, River, Planet, Star.
Perceived him in the light and heat of that
All glorious, life giving, life sustaining
Sun, fit emblem of the unfathomed source
Whence all Spiritual Life and Love proceed.
Like those who followed us in after years,
Our race, Sun Worshipers, you would call.
The parent root from whence has budded forth
All later man-made creedal forms of worship
Was adoration given to Sun, and Fire,
And Light. Which worship, like a golden thread,
I trace in all systems of ancient faiths,
And almost all of modern ones as well.
I say not that ancient Sun worship had
Its earliest planting in Atlantean soil.
Among races which before ours came and went,
Faint hints of after fruitage can be seen.
But under careful tillage of Atlantean
Trainers, the twig became the full grown tree.
From branches reaching far and wide, the fruits
Were plucked in Egypt, India, and in other
Lands, until when came the Hebraic
And Christian systems, those who dwelt upon
The entire Earth, accepted had in part,
The doctrine of one common faith and life.
Of those who dwell upon your Earth today,

The number borders on two thousand millions.
Of these more than two thirds devoutly cling
To what the Christian calls Idolatry.
Seems it not just, my friend, that you should pause
Ere passing judgment on these kindred souls,
And by the great Search Light of Truth, deeper look
Into the true nature of their tenets?
A creed or statement of so-called spiritual
Truths, to last for untold generations;
Enthral the minds, and win the heart's affections
Of billions of immortal souls, is not,
Cannot be wholly false nor wholly evil.
From our exalted heights in spirit realms,
We trace the tear-stained pathway along which
Mortals have journeyed up the steeps of Time,
And see the myriad lighthouse towers whose lamps,
Sectarian, fed with the oil of Man's
Opinions, shed but feeble rays of light
Into the spiritual gloom of centuries.
And while each one claims to have and hold
Sole ownership of the eternal Light
Of Truth, we trace each backward to its source
And find all branching from one common tree.
Then, give impartial heed while I unfold
The esoteric truth of so-called Paganism.
This know; of all the millions of millions
Of those who have, and do yet, bow and pray
To Sun, Moon, Stars, Birds, Beasts and Images
Of animate and inanimate things,
None worship them *as God*, the One Supreme
And Infinite Creator; but only as
Symbols, and as visible expressions
Of the One Supreme, are each and all adored.
Those whom Heathens, Pagans, you call, bowed not
In worship to the Sun *as God*, but as
God's purest, most perfect earthly image.
With equal right might we insist that you
In adoration of the Cross, pictures,

And images of Jesus, worship them,
And not the Christ they represent.
To us, God's essential Being was Life
And Love Divine and Perfect, clothed in Light
Primeval, eternal, and inextinguishable.
And in the Sun and altar fires we saw
The only perfect symbol of that Light,
The One True Light, that enlighteneth all
Who come as pilgrims to your darkened earth.
In sacred temples, and on mountain tops
Were altars, whereon sacred fires unceasing
Flamed; and in that flame we saw the Fire
Divine that dwelleth in the human breast.
In act of prayers and sacrifice, the face
Of every worshipper was turned toward
The Sun and altar fire, in reverence
Not to them, but to the universal
Deity they symbolized. Not as God
Reverenced we the Sun; but as God's throne;
The dwelling place of Deity. Since you,
My mortal brother, chose to place your God
On golden throne, in golden city, on
Some far off undiscovered star, why not
We enthrone our God upon this fairest, brightest,
Heavenly Orb within your mortal sight?
The genial, life-producing light and heat
Which flow in endless measure from the Sun;
The mystery too that shrouds the elements
Of which its form stupendous is composed;
Also its ceaseless march from day to day;
From year to year; and age to age, appealed,
With force beyond the power of infant race
To overcome; and to its wondrous self,
Strange attributes and titles were ascribed.
By some 'Home of Life's Giver' it was called.
By others. 'The Home of God.' To us it
Was a storehouse vast of myriad germs of
Life; whence everything on earth was sent;

And mission ended here, would thence return.
In Occult Pagan thought, the race
On Earth, into three parts, or families
Divided is; the white, the black, the yellow;
To each of which each mortal must belong.
The Sun of three grand divisions consists;
To one of which each mortal must belong.
As to a home, from whence they came and whither
They return at Death. In your Sacred Book
You read that in the New Jerusalem,
A River of Life flows throughout its whole
Extent, and they who bathe therein or eat
The fruits grown on its shores, are freed forever
From the stains and grossness of Earth's misdeeds.
Likewise, athwart the surface of the Sun
There flows a marvelous stream—"The River of
Justice"—in occult language called: Which like
The river Styx in later myth lore found,
Divides the living from the dead; good men
And women from their evil kind; and also
Separates forever, that which you call
'God and Devil;' or Good and Evil in
Deadly strife existing in all Nature.
When mortals quit this earth abode at Death,
They pass at once to their allotted home,
Or place, within the Sun, where they belong,
And when the Stream of Justice holds them back
From mingling with the good and pure who dwell
Beyond the tide, until through long, patient,
And irksome toil, their evil is removed.
Brother, methinks I hear you ask, 'What is
The nature of the toil or service each
Must undergo to earn a passport o'er
That stream? How can sinful Man be just in
Sight of God, unless God's justice be
Imputed into him? O brother mine,
So long your thought has burdened been with gross
Error and misconception, that almost

Beyond your power it is to grasp this truth—
That unto you and every child of God,
His justice has imputed been already,
In store sufficient for all need. But alas!
Engulfed by Ignorance, Superstition,
And wrong doing for ages past and gone,
The knowledge of that glorious gift lies crushed
And helpless in the souls of men; and they
Stand waiting to be justified by means
Of sufferings and death of some one else.
Vain hope. On every page of Nature's book
Where he who runs may read, is plainly seen
This awful truth; 'What e'er we sow, we each
Must reap.' 'Freedom and bondage travel side,
By side.' What e'er of Liberty you may
Possess, for its results you, and you alone,
Responsible must be.

In Pagan creed

The shivering soul stands by the threatening stream
Of Justice, burdened with the conscious sight
Of evil wrought to fellow man on Earth.
And o'er that stream we cannot pass till every
Wrong is righted. The deeds men do live after
They have passed from Earth away. And if the
Influence of those deeds, whether for good
Or evil rests like millstone on the necks
Of those we leave behind, we cannot cross
The angry stream until the burden we have
Bound on others shoulders has lifted been."
I said: "One further wish my soul yet craves;
You speak of how in your Atlantean creed
Our souls come from the Sun, fulfill on Earth
A mortal pilgrimage, then to the Sun
Return. Is that the soul's eternal rest?"
"No, brother, no. All stars in yonder dome
Are spiritual homes, apportioned into
Three grand continents, or divisions; each
Corresponding to one section of the

Sun's divisions, and fitted for its children.
Among the multitude of starry orbs—
Those mansions in our Father's house on high—
Are homes prepared for every race on Earth,
And being freed from Earth's enthal by waiting
At the bar of Justice; then having toiled
In earnest preparation for enjoying
A higher, better life beyond, we leave
The Sun for home prepared on some bright star,
To whose surroundings our own spirits are
Attuned. But not e'en there, the soul's eternal
Home will be. As one star, in glory, differs
From another star, just so, th' Immortal
Soul, throughout Eternal Ages speeding on
To higher planes of Life, will mount from star
To star, and world to world, in never ending
Joy of Immortality.

BOOK SIX

Argument

From ancient occult lore we learn that Man is something more than mere animal with five corporeal senses. By virtue of being invisible, immaterial Spirit within a visible, material body, he is able to acquire knowledge of things otherwise than by the five senses. The nature and relation of The Man Inside to The Man Outside shown.

* * * * *

In early Christian record called the Life
And Teachings of the lowly Nazarene,
We read of how a truant son, for years
A wanderer from home, his earthly substance
Spent in wanton luxury, in sore distress
And shame repentant, turns his erring steps
Towards Father's house again. While yet far off,
Uncertain whether smile or frown may greet—
His forced return—the father's eye discerned
Him, and with hands, and lips, and eyes alike
Surcharged with love, the parent to his warm
Embrace welcomes the long lost boy again.
E'en in its literal, exoteric sense, this
Fine description of tender, filial love
Pleases the ear and warms the heart's affection.
But in its deeper, esoteric meaning,
What gems of Higher Wisdom lie concealed.
Ages on ages past and gone, Man left
His Father's heart and home in realms celestial
To seek his fortune 'mid the things of Time
And Sense. His noble, God-given heritage
He idly squanders on material joys,
And tries in vain to satisfy the Soul
With lustful husks the swine of Earth feed on,
'Till famished, filled with grief and shame, "The Man

Inside," The Higher Life, comes to Himself;
Casts off the baser Man Outside and hears
The ever welcome call "Come up Higher:"
And on the home returning march he meets
The Father-Mother Love, with open arms
Hast'ning to welcome home the wandering child.
Filled with mingled joy and awe at wondrous
Words of wisdom uttered by my heaven-sent
Instructress, one more desire my hungry
Soul expressed; "Oh angel messenger, you
Who speak with wisdom far exceeding aught
My mortal teachers can express. You say
That in the old Sun Worshippers' belief,
The souls of mortals come to Earth from Sun
And to the Sun return at Death. Also,
You tell of how they shivering stand beside
The stream of Justice, bowed with conscious guilt.
'Mong mortals of our day scarce any words
Receive more doubtful and discordant usage
Than that oft-repeated phrase The Soul.
In Occult Hebrew Writings we are told
That Man of Body, Soul and Spirit is
Composed; three things so interwoven into
One, that learned men have measured swords
In wordy strife for centuries, and still
We know not which is which. Unfold, I pray
You, the true esoteric meaning of the Soul."
"Brother beloved," she replied; "Your soul
With true celestial ardor now is filled;
And longs more perfect knowledge of itself
To gain. A tortured word is Soul. For while
To earthly body some refer it; some
Unto that fleeting breath in Adam's form
Of dust inbreathed; and by others misapplied
As title to all three embraced in one.
Still others name the Soul the 'Man Inside.'
But ancient Greeks who drew their polished lore
From fountain pure that in Atlantis rose,

Instead of 'Man Inside,' gave to the Soul
The name Psyche—The Breather. And upon
Their tombs displayed it as a butterfly,
From loathsome chrysalis set free, cleaving
On joyous wing a new and purer ether.
My friend, this dream, of so-called heathen brains,
Contains for you a priceless gem of Truth.
For centuries past blind leaders of the blind
Have failed to see The Man Inside and learn
His kinship to The Man Outside. Full well
You know that Man is more in form and in
Capacity than fleshly animal
With five material senses. Also well
You know that wealth of knowledge he obtains
Through channels other than the avenues
Of outer sense. He need not tarry until
Death him frees from mortal thrall before a
Grasp of spiritual things he seizes. For he—
For you—my friend, a body spiritual possess
E'en now; a God Man dwelling in a form
Of flesh, with equal avenues of sense
Therein, attuned to higher planes of Wisdom.
Not our Atlanteans alone, but Greeks,
Egyptians, Persians, Romans, and Pagan
Sun worshippers knew that the soul of man,
The Man Inside, assumed the form, size, and
Appearance of The Man Outside. Likewise,
The early Christians doubted not but they
Should meet their friends beyond the grave,
In form and feature as they loved them here.
E'en Paul,
The once relentless foe to Christian faith,
Affirmed there is a natural body, and
There is a spiritual body. Mark well this
Utterance of a living truth. Man has both
Bodies here and now, each functioning on
A different plane. Give heed, while I attempt
To bring within the compass of your mind,

Hedged in by limitations of the flesh,
A clearance of the doubt that lingers there.
The Body is the temporal house of clay;—
The physical encasement of the Higher Life
'The Man Inside,' who comes from God. This house
Is built of particles that hold within
Themselves the same degree of sentient life
That animates the lower forms of Nature.
The Soul, the Man Inside, the counterpart
Ethereal is of Man Outside; when seen
Outside his house of clay is like to it
In form, oft times his double called, or ghost,
The inner frame it is upon, and unto
Which the outer wall, or Adam's Coat of
Skin is fashioned. In Buddhist faith, wrought out
Centuries after our Atlantis fell, you
Read that Man of two souls the owner is.
One, God creates; and Man himself the other.
Within the one implanted is God's Higher
Law, the Higher Life in Man. Within the
Other hidden is the Lower Law, the
Law controlling Nature's undeveloped
Forms. And this in Man unceasing warfare
Wages with the Higher Life or Man Inside.
Upon the battle field of every soul
Of man his bitter strife is waged between
The Man-made passions of the Lower Life
And God-ward yearnings of the Man Within.
Man's *Spirit* is the Living God; the Spark
Divine; a scintillation from the One
Great Spirit,—Source and Fountain of All Things.
This is in Man the Ego called; the Life
And source of power within the Soul.
In occult lore it written is, that God
Within the mineral sleeps; in animal
And plant has restless dreams; but reaches full
And perfect consciousness in full grown Man.
And thus the crown of glory which Jehovah

God on Mortal Man bestowed; that which inspires,
Directs, and prompts Body and Soul alike
To noble deeds, is the One Life; the Soul's
Creation. The human soul therefore is
The throne of that Divine Consciousness, that
Is in Man the Selfhood; the recognition
Of an 'I am' superior to that
In Nature's lower forms of life contained.
This One True Life it is that fills the Universe;
Unfolds itself in each material form;
Sleeps in the stone; dreams in the plant; awakes
To Endless Consciousness in you and me.
Not only with the good and pure of human
Kind abides this Higher Life of Deity.
Full well you know that God respecteth neither
Proud nor humble; rich nor poor; but dwelleth
Alike in good and bad men; saints in heaven
And fiends in hell; for all alike receive
Life, and substance from one common center."
"Teacher immortal"—I then said; "your words,
Like search light from above, dissipate the gloom,
That erst enshrouded from my inner sight
The Origin and Nature of Man's Soul.
If Mortal dared ascribe to mortal man,
Or spirit decarnate, the praise and thanks
Due to Deity alone, I fain would
Render unto thee a tribute of gratitude
Next of kin to worship. The promise is
In Holy Writ, the more ye ask the more
Ye shall receive. Fulfill to me this pledge,
I beg, by further opening up to me
The Soul's great mission here, and destiny
When Earth-life's fitful dreams are at an end."
"Oh favored one"—she said; "thou who art listening
Now to voice immortal, free your hampered
Mind from gloomy doubts and bonds of ancient
Error; and to shed more light within the
Darkened souls of men, employ both tongue and

Pen. If it be true that God is All; that
All souls from God descend, and back to God
Return matured and ripened through Ages
Of Experiences gained from conflicts with
Material things, may we not say, that one
Grand mission of the Soul on Earth must be
To bring perfection to the Mighty Whole
By perfecting the individual parts?
If of the Buddhist you inquire—What is
The final and eternal destiny
Of human souls, his prompt reply would be:
'What of the flame, when you the torch extinguish?
Where was that flame before the torch you lighted?
And whither did it go when you the light
Extinguished? Was it nothing? Or was it
Something once, but now forever ended?
Conclusions two you thence may draw; either
The soul begins at birth and ends at death;
Or melts like sweet perfume in viewless air,
Losing its ripened entity forever.'
Oh, brother mine, accept not either one
Of these conclusions hastily. The flame
Reflected to your outer sense the Light
And Heat; the very Life—that hidden lies
In Nature's every element; and it
Created was by changes wrought within
Those elements; and by another change
It fades from sight and touch; while that which gave
It form and life continues through eternity.
Likewise, Man's outer, fleshly form is but
The transient flame, the outer semblance of
The inner vital spark of that One Life—
The Soul of Things; and though the body dies;
Reenters the exhaustless reservoir
Of elemental Nature whence it came,
The Soul, the living Man, the God within,
Speeds upward and onward through the endless
Rounds of Progress to the throne of Deity.

Methinks I read within your mind the thought
So often clothed in human speech: 'If Man
A Spark of living Fire, a germ of Life
Eternal is, already pure and perfect
In its attributes, why must he descend
To Earth from bosom of the Father, and,
Through numberless upliftings and bitter
Downcastings, tread the path from birth to death?'
Ah brother mine, the traveled highways on
Earth, with needful guide-posts furnished are,
Which help the stranger reach the place he seeks.
E'en so the King's Highway—the Way of Life
Eternal, with sufficient beacon lights
Provided is to lead the pilgrim's steps
Aright. Alas, the thoughtless multitudes
Allured by flickering lamps of human
Composition, filled with diluted oil
Of Man's self-derived opinion, are led
Far from the Way, the Truth, the Life, in which
Alone the long lost prodigal can reach
His Father's joyous welcome home again.
Brother, of all the worldly goods you toil
And slave, and strive to make your very own;
Of all the glittering stores of worldly fame;
Honor; pleasure; intellectual power;
Ambitions gained; social standing won by
Merit or deception; none of all these
Can pay the poor soul's passage o'er the Styx,
Or still its hungry cravings for the good
Immortal which it failed to garner from
The fields of rich experience it toiled
In here below. The only wealth the soul
Can carry with it from the fields of Earth;
Is Character; and that can be acquired
By doing, not by wishing; by acting,
Not believing; by working out salvation
For ourselves, not requiring our just debts
To be discharged and cancelled by a god.

The Soul cannot express itself to sense
Of mortals only through a body such
As mortals wear; but neither to its past
Or future life, is body such as you
Now have, needed for your Soul's Existence.
It lived for ages e'er your house of clay
Was built to shield it from the storms of Time,
And will through Ages yet to come live on
After that house lies cold and tenantless.
Therefore at Death it crumbles back to dust,
While you, the Man refined, live on forever.
To every Soul, somewhere, somehow, will come
A conscious knowledge of its innate powers,
That curbed and cramped have been within the grasp
Of falsities and evil thoughts. And then
Will come the first warm glow of gratitude
For freedom in possession; not in mere
Expectancy. Then will come the Soul's first
Glad rejoicing in the conscious knowledge
That its eternal destiny does not
Depend upon decrees of Synods or
Belief in Creeds. But does depend upon
A life of purity and love. A life
Of earnest service in the cause of Truth;
Of Right; of Justice; of unselfish aim
To help Humanity to higher planes.
Then let this truth, O brother mine, sink deep,
And stable lodgment find within your soul;
That mortal man's salvation is a work;
A constant work; a ceaseless struggle with
Impure, unholy demons in himself;
Not fancied devils warring from without.
The noblest victories Man e'er gains are on
The battle field of his own Soul. If from
Thence, Error he roots out, and Selfishness
Expels; nurtures those attributes divine
That by unfoldment here, ensure greater
Progress in the yet to be; if before

His constant gaze he keeps the Chart, and shapes
His course aright, then will he find the good,
The pure, the virtuous, the merciful,—
No matter what their faith or creed, are they
For whom God's Kingdom everywhere exists;
And from God's presence never banished are."

BOOK SEVEN

Argument

Prophecy now being fulfilled. The Beginning and the Ending of An Age. A New Heaven and a New Earth wherein dwelleth Righteousness. North America selected centuries ago as the place where the Civilization of Atlantis would reappear among mortals on our Earth. Why it was chosen, and the manner thereof.

* * * * *

In Jewish Sacred Scriptures are the words
Of two inspired prophets, who centuries
Apart in date of birth, in vision saw
Far down the vista of the coming years,
A glorious inheritance, prepared
For future generations. Each Seer, although
Long centuries lay between them, foretold
In God's own words the promise he then made;
"Behold! I new create all things. A New
Earth and a New Heaven I also make
Wherein Righteousness and Peace shall rule."
Although Atlantis rose and fell thousands
Of years before these Hebrew Seers were born
Still to our mediums and Seers were given
In occult vision, such as I to you
Portrayed, full outline of that glorious time
When Heaven and Earth in higher life should blend,
And angels walk the Earth with mortal men.
Well nigh One Hundred Thousand years before
Columbus bore the torch of Europe's brighter
Spiritual light to darker Western Shores,
On Astral page the promise written was
That your own land in distant years, the home
And birth place of the closing Cycle of
Your present Age and Race should be. The land

Where Peace, Love, Justice, Truth, Equality
Should in fact prevail, not in mere theory.
Where Man should serve and worship no Deity
In form and image of himself. Should bow
To no Lord, God, or Savior born of Woman.
Should kneel to no expression of Deity
Except the One Great Spirit dwelling in
Every atom in boundless realms of space.
Attend beloved one, while I unfold
The slow but certain steps whose footprints mark
The grand fulfillment of that prophecy.
Long centuries before the ancient people
Known as Aztecs inhabited your land,
A race still older, springing from a wise
Commingle of Atlantean wanderers
With Aborigines of other lands,
Peopled your wild uncultivated wastes.
The new race wiser were; intelligent
And skillful in Architecture, Chemistry,
And other Arts and Sciences; Simple,
And pure in their religious life; these kind
And harmless children of Nature, knew not
The arbitrary, warlike Jehovah
Who fills the prayers and creeds of later days.
Your country then, no modern habitation
Was for mortal Man. Its mountains, valleys,
Plains, and hills roamed over and built upon
By pre-historic peoples were e'en while
Atlantis at the zenith of her glory
Stood. Race after race, in modern parlance,
Cave-dwellers; Mound Builders; Aztecs; Indians,
And other names are given. All were harmless,
Peaceful worshippers of One Universal
Great Spirit; Father-Mother God. E'en your
Great poet, though infidel and skeptic
Called, pays righteous tribute to their merit;—
'Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
'Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind.'

They read from Nature's open book. They loved
The sunshine; dwelt therein; and worship gave
As living symbol of th' Eternal Light.
When warnings from the spirit world to dear
Atlantis came of threatened doom, some heard
And heeded, and in mountain districts, ships
Were built in readiness; where thousands
Rescued were and borne upon the restless
Waves to other lands. One portion landed
On your Eastern Shores and to your country
Gave the name 'Guatama;' which in your speech,
'The meeting place of nations'—signifies.
And these, uniting with the innocent
And guileless natives began the work of
Preparation, under angel guidance,—
Of the cradle for the promised Son of Peace.
And thus your great Republic stands today,
On occult history's page, emblazoned in
Characters of living light, as the proud
Birth-place of the grand 'Aquarian Age;'
'The Kosmon Era;' the home-gathering of
'All Earth's people in one spiritual fold.'
Filled with astonishment profound—I said;
"Oh angel messenger, the burdened hearts,
And care-dulled ears of Earth's time serving millions,
Will little credence give to what appears
To them something devoutly to be wished,
But of accomplishment scarce possible.
When Jesus taught by beauteous Galilee,
Sketching with glowing words the nature of
His Father's coming Kingdom, some there were
Who scoffed, demanding signs from heaven;
Deem me not scoffing unbeliever, if
I ask what signs—if any—went before,
Or hopeful promise gave when th' prophecy
You speak of utterance first was given."
"Oh brother mine, among the sons of men,
The 'Doubting Thomas' class numbers Legion.

Rebukes they none deserve, for honest doubt
The parent is of candid mind, and shows
An earnest willingness to find the Truth.
The signs and reasons why upon your land
The Masters fixed their choice, so many are
I cannot now recount them one by one.
The God-like Architects; Master Builders;
And Tutelary Deities who supervise
And guide the slow development of worlds,
Foresaw that in the distant time to come
The Beast by John and Daniel both described,
Would be destroyed; that dogmas founded on
The so-called teachings of Inspired and Only
Begotten Sons of God, no longer would
Sufficient be to meet the ever deepening
Soul hunger of Man's Spiritual Nature.
They saw the time when Man with daring skill
Would circumnavigate the globe from East
To West and link all stranger lands in closer
Bonds of Trade, Exchange, Commerce and Knowledge.
They saw that when the Cycle of Atlantean
Cultured life would culminate, in time within
Your newer Western life, your favored land
Would belted be from East to West by those
Who sprang from old Atlantean founders.
They saw that when the mighty Cycle which
Began with us should end with you, the spot
In which Time would its ends connect would be
The promised meeting place of nations . Since
By reason of its wise and liberal laws
Freedom of thought and speech would be secured
To emigrants from every land and clime,
And men of every cult and avocation.
And none the less were clearly pointed out
What the spiritual features of the Age
To come would be. With eye prophetic they
Foresaw that strife and jarring discords that
Are sure to rise from man-made creeds and forms

Of civil government should have an end.
That in the morning dawn of that new time,
Angels, not merely one or two, but by
Millions would descend from heaven to Earth,
And conscious recognition gain from mortals.
That heaven's great Celestial Light,—the Light
'That shineth not on land or sea,' would rise
Within the souls and clear the darkened minds
Of Earth's disfranchised millions. That a great
Spiritual awakening in the deadened
Souls of mortals would take place. That a
New Gospel from above would come to usher
In a New and glorious Brotherhood;
A Brotherhood not cramped within the pale
Of one 'Peculiar People, favored household,'
Or 'Elect Chosen few;' but unto all
Humanity this Brotherhood should come.
You ask what signs, if any, have appeared
To mark the present as the dawning of
That long expected day? What rays of hope
Gleam through the clouds that now enshroud the world
In discord, doubt, and spiritual anarchy?
Oh brother mine, shake off your doubts and fears,
And search beneath the surface for the hidden
Truth of things. Examine in the light of
Ancient occult Wisdom, certain events
That outwardly to you convey no hint
Of the grand inheritance the Father
Had prepared for future generations.
Upon the pages of your country's history
Are records found of men and deeds that are
Evangelists of the glad New Time, and mark
The progress of the world's development.
One need the spirit world ne'er fails to meet.
When e'er the time requires some one to lead
The onward march of Man, that one, at time
And place demanded, always is raised up.
Of such, by right pre-natal union formed,

Columbus fitted was to do that which
None other of his compeers could have done.
Led by angel guides, he cleared the path
Of Eastern Empire to your Western Shores.
One of your church historians aptly says :
'God winnowed Europe's garnered grain, and in
His far off Western virgin soil, planted
His wheat.' From every priest ridden, and
King enthralled Empire in the Orient
Come to your free land the poor; the opprest;
The victims of civil and religious
Intolerance and slavery. These, led,
And fired with holy zeal by unseen hosts
Flung to the breeze, as challenge to the world's
False system of despotic one-man tyranny,
The banner of 'free thought, free speech, free press,
And just and equal inheritance in
All God's bounties unto all God's children.'
A host of noble men pre-natally
Prepared, and filled with the love of God and love
Of Liberty and Justice to all men,
Upon those heaven-born truths built up a form
Of government in which the souls of men
Unshackled were by service to man-made
Kings, or worship of creed selected Deity.
And thus from pre-historic savage tribes
Who first in Nature's freedom roamed your hills,
On down to first organic effort to
Unite all your people under one Code
Of Laws, has this one ancient prophecy
Been literally fulfilled. Your civilized,
And savage men alike have never been
Required by law to bow the knee to man-
Made King; nor offer sacrifice of life
Or lamb to any Lord, God, or Savior,
Born of Woman; but in freedom left have
Been to worship One Great Universal
God or none as Conscience shall each direct.

Within the Cycle of one hundred years
Last past—aye in its central past—began
The rescue of the Earth from priests and Kings.
Unhindered intercourse around the Earth
Began. The iron gates and granite walls
That closed Japan and China from the stream
Of trade and commerce other lands employed
Were broken down; and all the harbors of
The world opened to use of all mankind.
Social and Spiritual Liberty alike
Began to dawn upon mankind. In your
Own land, the first organic move was made
To place the feet of godlike Womanhood
Upon an equal place with those of Man.
While in the hill crowned City on the banks
Of yellow Tiber, the cherished effort
To usurp the spiritual kingdom of
The Christ and lend it to base and selfish
Temporal ends received a lasting check
By crowning of Italia's rightful King.
In your own land, upon the golden shore
Of the great ocean, Mammon's yellow god,
Seductive gold, in rich supply was found.
The thirst for which drew hosts of hungry souls
From East to West; welding together thus
The slow approaching ends of that glorious
Age, which with us began and ends with you.
And then began the promised boon foretold:
Your land the meeting place of every race,
People, and tongue on earth; for scarce a land
Exists unrepresented on your shores.
But far surpassing all; in that same year,
Within an humble dwelling in a small
Bethlehem-like village—Hydesville called,
The angels opened wide the doors of Heaven's
Celestial Kingdom, nevermore to close
Again. High raised angels; messengers from
Exalted realms; guides; guardians; your own loved

Ones whom you mourned as loved and lost, with joy
Came sweeping earthward, like Gulf Streams
In the great Ocean of Immortal Life.

The seen and unseen worlds became as one.

The grave was swallowed up in Victory.

The Hell, theologians had constructed

Out of Myths, was of its terrors robbed; its

Sooty walls demolished; its grim and ghastly

Sovereign, who for centuries had filled the

Minds of babes and other weaklings full of

Pious fear of heavens no less awful

King, was found to be a roaring lion,

Quite as harmless as the brooding dove. The

Pearly gates, through which the blood washed few

Admission gain within the Holy City, have

Been taken from their hinges, and like those

Of ancient Gaza, taken hence and forever

Buried in the chaos of oblivion.

O brother mine, let all who hear rejoice

And be glad for the angels have come to

Earth to usher in the glad time so long

Foretold; and which your poets thus described:

‘Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.

The first four acts already past,

The fifth will close the drama with the day;

Time’s noblest Empire being last.’ ”

BOOK EIGHT

Argument

In *Uru-Salim*—"City of Peace"—during the progress of the most remarkable criminal trial known to history, the accused was asked—"What is Truth?" And although supposedly able to do so, he failed to answer. Why? Stripped of the verbiage of false interpretation and pre-conceived opinion, the life, character and words of Jesus afford a rational answer. The line of demarcation between "Jesus" and "Christ" plainly shown.

* * * * *

In days of yore, the God of Israel led
Out of Chaldaic Ur, one whom in later
Years should Israel's great progenitor be;
And to him promise gave of mortal seed
In number far exceeding grains of sand
On ocean's shores, or glittering stars of heaven.
Long ere that time there stood in ancient Syria
A strong walled city, boasted stronghold of
The peaceful Amorites, named by them
Uru-Salim, "City of Peace." For many
Centuries, kings and subjects there had dwelt
In peace, the rightful sovereigns of the land.
As time sped on the wandering tribes that sprang
From him whom Israel's God had erstwhile called,
O'er swept the Canaanitish hills and plains
With withering breath of devastating war.
On Hebrew page we read how Israel's God
Checked in their cycling flight both sun and moon,
And bade the night delay its dark approach
Until sufficient time to Israel's swords
Was given, to slaughter the weak Amorites.
And thus the pride of ancient Syria,
Honored City of Peace, o'er run by hordes
Of warlike wanderers, became the seat

Of chosen Israel's power; the throne of Abram's
Household God, and Jacob's wandering children.
When fourteen centuries had marked the flight
Of Time, there came unto this erstwhile home
Of Peace, a child of humble parentage
And lowly birth, yet ushered in by voice
Of choir angelic as The Prince of Peace;
The Royal Architect and Builder of
The Father's Kingdom among men on Earth;
Herald celestial of Good Will and Peace
To all the Father's children in all lands.
Scarce three short years this heaven sent messenger
Proclaimed his mission to the chosen seed
Of Abraham, before, arraigned by them
For heresy and treason, we see him stand
In the Prætorium, dread judgment hall
Of Rome's all conquering, and conquered *Uru-Salim*;
The boasted sovereigns of the civil and
Religious worlds. Rome's great inquisitor
A question asked of the accused to which
No answer then or since has e'er been given—

“What Is Truth?”

“Oh teacher mine,” I said; “If he who stood
Before great Pilate was indeed the God
Of Israel in human form as some
Proclaim, or even God the Son as taught
By other creedalists, did he not know
The ‘Truth’ in either case? If thou perchance
Canst tell, why were future generations
Left in doubt and ignorance upon
A question filled with such vital import
To Man's eternal peace and happiness?”
Then Mona answer made: “O brother mine,
The world need not have blindly groped, nor lost
Its way in search of Truth, had not blind leaders
Of the blind plunged all into Error's ditch.
He who before great Pilate stood, was ‘Son
Of God’ indeed—but not the only one.

As such he justly and without boasting
Of self declared: '*I am the Way, the Truth,
The Life.*' Think you, was this an idle boast?
Was the *Man* Jesus *abstract Truth*? Or was
Not Truth '*The Christ*' incarnate in the mortal
Man known to the world as the son of Mary?
'The Christ,' as portion of the Life, the Love,
The Truth Eternal, by you mortals called
The Father God, to Jesus came in form
And likeness of a gentle dove and filled
His Earthly temple with the attributes
Of God. Had your creed-bound interpreters
Caused the son of Mary thus to declare:—
'*I am of Truth the Way, the Life.* As Christ,
I from the Father came to point the Way;
To teach the Truth; to live the Life; to find
And lead his lost and wandering sheep back to
The Shepherd's heavenly fold.' Had they expressed
According to their true intent and scope
The Master's gracious words, your barren hills
Would not today be filled with hungry lambs
Searching for Truth among the soul-destroying
Brambles and thorns of man devised theology.
Instead of 'Christ' the living spirit of
Eternal Truth and Love, that which alone
Can save the world and lead the wandering sheep
Back to the Father's fold, your man-made creeds
Exalt as Truth and God the mortal Man,
The human Jesus; the mere house of clay
In which 'the Christ,' the Truth, the living God
Embodied was and walked with men on Earth.
They bow the knee and homage pay the Cross,
A pattern of the soulless block of wood
On which the Jesus hung—that mortal form
In which, like other mortal forms, 'the Christ,'
A few years here on earth, lived, labored, loved,
(*But suffered not*,—that to the Man belonged);
And then as Human Apotheosized

Passed on to higher planes of Truth and Love.
Not the mere name of 'Jesus' borne by many
Other men; not the corporeal Man—
Reputed son of Joseph; not the Cross—
That cruel block whereon the mortal son
Of mortal Mary died; to all of which
Incense of prayer; sweet songs of praise; rivers
Of blood; on sacred shrines of wood and stone,
And altars framed of myriad hearts and lips,
Daily and hourly offered are; not these
Material, changeful things that perish with
The using, nor yet blind, unreasoning
Faith therein can keep your heart from guile, nor
Save your soul from dire results of sinful
Word or act accomplished." In sore distress
Of mind I cried aloud: "Alas! What strange
And hope destroying words are these I hear!
If you speak Truth, my hope of future bliss
'Fades like the unsubstantial pageant of
A dream.' If faith in Jesus' name and blood
Availeth not, Oh, who then can be saved?
Who can escape the wrath of God so justly
Held in store as recompense for our sins?
Do not ignore, or for the time forget,
The promise made through Hebrew prophet's lips—
'Jesus, his name shall be, and he shall save
His people from their sins.' Can human speech
More clearly point the soul's escape from wrath
Divine, the rightful penalty of Sin?"
"Oh timid child of Earth"—she said; "well hath
One of your recent molders of free thought
Declared: 'Fear is the dungeon of the Soul.'
The fear of God, and Death, and Hell, have long
Since quenched the light of Reason in Man's Soul
And dulled his sense of Right and Justice to
Such extent that in his purblind zeal to
Shirk the penalty of his own misdeeds
He willingly entails them upon One,

Of whom 'tis said—'He did no Sin.'
Oh brother mine, consider well the words
Of Hebrew Seer of which you spake just now;—
'And he shall save his people from their sins.'
Do you not see that being 'saved from sin,'
And 'saved from *penalty incurred by sin*'
Are different acts? Did Jesus need some one
To die for him? Why not? Because—'*He knew
No Sin.*' And sinning not, the penalty
Infinite Justice makes a part of sin,
Upon him rested not. If all mankind
Abstained from sinful life as Jesus did,
Horror of punishment for sin, and fear
Of Death and Hell would banished be forever.
Then brother, shift your hope of future bliss
From drifting sand, of rescue from the fear
Of Death and Hell by sufferings of another;
And build upon the solid rock of such
A life on Earth as son of Mary lived.
Give to those words of his the meaning which
The true intent and purpose of his life
Require; 'And he shall save his people from
Sinning'—not from punishment for sin, but
From *committing* sin; thereby obtaining
Freedom from the guilt and penalty of sin.
No law in all the Universe of God,
More just, more rigidly enforced, than is
The one the Master's words approved, Cause and
Effect: 'What thing so e'er ye sow, that must
Ye also reap.' Singly or combined, Earth's
Children gather what they plant. If tares they
Sow, tares they must reap; and all the powers
Of heaven, Earth, and hell combined, cannot
Free one mortal from the dire effects of
Violence done the higher laws of Life.
He, and he alone, must bear his guilt, and
Restitution make for wrongs to others
Done. 'For our transgressions, each must atone,

And thereby render human life divine.' "

Again, with soul opprest by doubt and fear,
I strove to save one fragment from the wreck
Of shattered hopes around me lying. I said:
"Oh thou, who camest to me in such strange way,
And to my inner sight and sense portrayed
Such weird, unwonted views of Truth, how can
I guess the purpose of your tryst with me,
Or test the bearing of your unproved thoughts
Upon my soul's eternal destiny?
For nigh two thousand years the Christian world
Has joined Man's hope of future happiness
To Faith Alone; faith in assurance given,
That under heaven's dome, and among men,
No other name than his has been, or ever
Will be given, whereby the soul of Man
May hope for freedom from its load of guilt.
Thousands and millions of our fallen race
Have lived, and loved, and died, in blissful hope
Of Immortality through Faith Alone;
And other millions hope therein today.
Would you destroy our cherished hope and leave
Us comfortless?" "No, brother, no. The Web
Of Life that reaches far beyond the grave,
Is not made up of mortal hopes, or fears,
Or faith in sacrificial recompense
For wrongs inflicted on our fellow men.
Its warp and woof consist of lasting threads
Spun by that skilful spinner's hand, known as
Harsh Experience; of which Time's swiftly
Flying shuttle weaves that enduring fabric
We call character; and the which alone,
Entitles you to low or high degree
Of earthly or of heavenly joys alike.
You weigh the 'name' of Jesus 'gainst his 'life,'
And ask, would I deprive you of your hope
Of future bliss by resting idly on
The one rather than facing manfully

The thankless conflicts of the other? Have
You, my brother, sounded the deepest depths
Of that illusive method of escape
From sin's destructive consequence? Do you
Rely upon those words as issuing from
The lips, and bearing the approval of
'The Christ' himself? Not so. They bear the stamp,
And are the mere opinion of the man
Who thrice his lord and master wilfully
Denied, and whom the Master publicly
Rebuked for worldly pride and selfishness.
Jesus nowhere clothes his name with power
Of fetich talisman to save from Sin.
I who address you; and the precious souls
Of those unnumbered billions who were born,
Lived, and died, ages before the birth at
Bethlehem—what of us? We never heard
Of Jesus' name as saving human souls
From sin, and all its fearful consequence.
Are all those billions in that awful hell
Described by purblind founders of sectarian
Creeds? I tell you nay. I come as living
Witness of the truth, that your dark system
Of Creedal Eschatology; and your
Crude opinions of your brother man; of
His origin and destiny; your false
Conceptions of the burning wrath of God;
Your fear of Death; your distorted visions
Of livid hells and diamond studded heavens,
By which you veil the truth with crepe,
Water the earth with tears, and fill the hearts
Of suffering humanity with doubt,
Cowardly fears and useless sorrow—are
Worse than vagaries of an idle brain.
They spring from settled purpose of perverted
Minds to crush out Reason, and to enslave
The souls that helpless are through Ignorance."
Alarmed, I once again essayed to check

The rushing tide of Knowledge from the Spirit
World that washing was from underneath my
Faith the sandy bed on which it rested.
"Oh messenger from brighter realms beyond
The Shores of Time, I hail with gratitude
And joy the wave of love divine that bore
You to my unaccustomed sight. Your bright
And happy presence fills me with delight.
And while your words much cheer and comfort bring,
Truth bids me say they also sadness cause.
Like sturdy oak on mountain side, with roots
Deep buried in the rocky soil, has met
The storms of decades, yielding not, save to
Unwonted exercise of Nature's power;—
So in my mind the claims set forth in creeds,
Repeated o'er and o'er such anchorage
Have found that naught save evidence like that
Received by splenetic Paul while rushing
Damascus-ward to sweep the hated Christians
From the Earth, can wrench them from my credence.
You know the Man of Sorrows said of men
Like me—'E'en though Dives himself should come
Forth from the tomb yet would they not believe.'
My earth-bound carnal mind cannot conceive
How outraged Justice and Wrath Divine can
Averted be, or God's righteous judgment
Turned aside by upright conduct during
One short earthly pilgrimage."

BOOK NINE

Argument

The obscure legends and traditions touching the one time existence, high development and tragic ending of The Lost Atlantis, and which for six-score centuries have been regarded as the baseless fabrics of unbalanced dreams were beginning to assume the form and wear the garment of a sad reality. The startling incidents narrated in convincing terms by one claiming to have been an active participant therein left scant room for doubt, and the mission of the angel visitor being accomplished she withdrew; and her request to permit the public to accept or reject at will is now complied with.

Answering the thought
Expressed in closing the last Book, the celestial
Visitor replied;

Mona:—

“Brother mine”—she began—“How great the value
Of the frank confession made just now by
You, and how much of Truth you have therein
Expressed, you scarce can comprehend as yet.
The dire results of Error and Erroneous
Teaching are not made manifest at once.
They do not germinate, bud, bloom and bring
Forth fruit the hour wherein they planted were.
But like your fruit-producing germ within
The seed, a time of silent incubation
In fructifying soil must needs elapse;
And this give place to the evolvment of
The full grown tree ere you can hope to glean
The fruitage. Likewise seeds of Error and
False teaching lodged in receptive minds
Must first take root, build up sturdy trunks crowned
With overhanging leafy boughs ere they
Attempt to smother Truth and uproot the
Tender plants of Purity and Innocence

Inherent in the Soul of every child.
Your life—my brother—like a barren waste
Of parched barren desert glebe, unfructified
Is because the life destroying breath of
Falsehood, Fear, and Ignorance combined has
Seared and deadened the undeveloped germs
Of Truth, Purity and Love within your soul.
By gazing timidly upon Man's crude
Distorted silhouette of his Father God,
You have beheld him as a God of Wrath,
Anger, and Vindictive Cruelty; whereas
Since 'God is Love'—Essential Love—where is
There room within the range of Boundless Love
And Infinite Perfection for Hate to
Find a resting place? God is not a weak
Repulsive compound of Love and Hate as
Ye poor mortals are. Love Divine unmixed
With Anger, Jealousy, Wrath or other
Attribute of human frailty. Viewed through
The eye of mortal seer, ancient prophet,
Modern theologian, and Creed Embalmer
Of Man's self-derived intelligence, that
Which appear to be the scorching fires of
Hell and livid flashes of God's anger,
Naught are but the soul purifying, Evil-
Destroying radiance of God's changeless Love
Perverted and transmuted into wrath
And anger in the fierce alembic of
Man's awakened and remorseful Conscience.
When man obeys the promptings of 'The Man
Of Sin'—the lower self, and violates
The laws of God or Man, Conscience fills the
Mind with Fear and dread of punishment; and
Love Divine is turned to Wrath and Anger.
In the olden time that which you fear as
God—the All Good—was made of wood or stone.
When words were first employed men placed their God
Far distant in the sky; gave him the form

And likeness of a man sitting upon
A throne—believed by people still enslaved
By medieval Ignorance to have
Been the Creator of all things. Thus they
Blasphemed—calling their idol Elohim—
The Creator. Today you reduce your
High Ideal Deity to the same
Level; a spirit infinite worshipped
In the figure of a Man. Brother, know
This: The Lower Heavens anchored are upon
The surface of your Earth and with it speeds
Diurnal circuits round your Sun. Filled are they with
Gods, and Kings, and Kingdoms. And their Gods and
Kings once were tyrants on your Earth. Thousands
Of them have come back to Earth and proclaimed
Themselves Gods, Lords, Rulers of Heaven and
Of Earth, and striven to substitute their man
Proportioned Image in place of the One
Great Spirit inherent in and supplying
Life and Truth, and Wisdom unto the Sons
And Daughters of a Universe of Worlds.
Thus Osiris, Jove, Zeus, Bacchus, Yaveh,
Or by what name soe'er man's form—environed
Deity is known, has a throne within
One small dominion of these lower heavens.
So grand and beautiful these Kingdoms in
The lower spirit realms became that often
Angels from the higher realms dwelt therein;
And mortals on your Earth who loved and served
Each God went to his Heaven at death. So great
The bondage of their minds on Earth they knew
Not they were also bound in Heaven. There they
March in grand processions with Bishops,
Priests and high church dignitaries, bearing
Consecrated Host, Crosses, Banners, Images,
Chanting hymns, crying out—'Alleluia!
Our God reigns in Heaven and Earth forever.'
This they do for hundreds—aye thousands of

Your Earth measured years; hoping sometime to
 Draw near the throne and win the favor of
 The Sovereign Deity they adored on Earth.
 When Angels from the higher realms tell them
 Theirs is not the One Eternal, Infinite
 And Universal Father God, and this
 Their sublunary Heaven only one
 Among millions of so-called Heavens and
 Hells they heed not nor credence give, since
 The hope of one heaven enclosed with walls
 Of jasper, gates of pearl, and a God formed
 And fashioned in the likeness of a Man
 Enthroned therein, was all their creed benighted
 Souls were able to assimilate.

Before

The time of which I speak, the builders of
 The time of which I speak, the builders of
 Our Atlantean Cosmogony based
 Their Age Existing structure upon this
 Ancient postulate; "One Substance only,
 And One Energy exist eternally.
 This substance Incal is; or God the One
 Externalized; while energy is the
 Life of God in creative exercise
 Within His Frame material."

From whence

The poet of your modern time has been
 Inspired to sing, 'All are but parts of one
 Stupendous Whole whose Body Nature is
 And God the Soul.' Out from this glorious Truth
 Have issued all the wondrous triumphs of
 Atlantean achievements, and which today
 Emerging are from the Lethe of the
 Silent Past, and To-morrow shall behold
 Their glad return in uncomputed hosts
 To build afresh within your social, civil,
 And religious forms of government the
 Principles of Right and Justice whereon

The long continued excellence and power
Of pre-historic Atlantis were founded.
Much it behooves the mortal architects
Who plan and rear your civil and religious
Systems to temper their materials with
The Spirit of Justice and Love Divine,
And not permit the hidden fires of Wrath
And Luxury to devour the Souls more
Needful nourishment.

Know this; every soul
Lodged on Earth brings with him or her a wish
And tendency to choose and do those things
That men call Evil, and leave undone that
Which men call Good. Side by side with this innate
Leaning toward Error comes a similar
Desire to love and cultivate the Truth.
The love of Evil doing burrows in
The dark repulsive passions of the lower
Self alone and touches not nor leaves a
Stain of guilt upon the higher self—the
Christ within. Running link by link adown
The chain ancestral for centuries, this
Innate tendency brings to each one an
Inborn wish to leave the strait and narrow
Path of Virtue and with stylish pomp and
Splendor swagger along the broader flower
Besprinkled highway with the pleasure
Loving multitude. This innate willingness
To cast aside the Truth and unto Error
Open wide the entrance to the secret
Councils of the lower self, quickened is
And aided by Luxury and Lust born
Of uncurbed Prosperity. As fell great
Lucifer when high raised place and power
Too ponderous became for his weak love
Of Truth and Right to carry, so sank the
Pampered millions of my dear Atlantis.
The short lived splendor of the Ease and Wealth

Producing power they had gained blinded
Their eyes against the higher light—the Light
Of Truth and Love Divine. They closed, Alas!
The doorway of the Soul against the inflow
Of that life infusing, life sustaining
Stream of Purity and Righteousness
That flows unceasingly from the higher
Precincts of the Homeland of the Soul; and
Ready entrance gave unto the influx
Of Evil from the lower spirit realms.
Since like attracts its kindred, the base thoughts,
Selfish purposes, and tendencies to
Evil begotten by the Ephemeral
Splendor of transient prosperity drew
To us countless hosts of Earth-bound spirits,
Like those to whom the murdered Jesus preached
While his mangled body rested in the
Sepulcher of Joseph. Those decarnate
Souls, freed from the gyves of Mortality,
Enter the Spirit World bound with manacles
Of Greed, Lust, Love of Dominion over
Others, and evil purposes that shaped
Their character on Earth. Just as the needle
Swings toward the Pole, so are these souls drawn
To souls of mortals wherein those evil
Qualities reside. Thus it came about
That the outward splendor and unequalled
Greatness of our beloved Atlantis proved
To be little else than the gilded surface
Of a crushed and deadened spirit life within
A tinselled body.

Not all unknown to
You the law whereby ponderous and So-
Called lifeless matter yields to the hidden power
Of Mind. In this morning of a new
And glorious Age, the power of thought is being
Understood. Did the Master Jesus use
Hyperbole—mere play on words—when he

Called aloud Lazarus, Come Forth? or when
He said—you can wrench this mountain from its
Rocky anchorage here and place it on
The ocean bottom yonder by the power
Of thought alone? What limit can you place
Upon the product of power of Thought
When millions of immortal minds unite
In sending out one central thought like the
Hidden streams pulsing beneath the rippling
Surface of the Ocean?

You ask me to
Reveal the ultimate or moving cause
Of the catastrophe—that which engulfed
Our cherished homes beneath the Atlantic's
Billows. That I cannot do. Nor you. Nor
Any one except by groping backward
From effect produced to find the generating
Cause. Doing that, as many causes are
Assigned as reasoning hypotheses are
Employed.

You have been told how our seers and
Prophets warnings gave that some unheard of
Danger lurked within the secret movements
Of the elements about us. Some there
Were who worshiped the Great Spirit only,
Thus remaining true to the Highest Light
Then given to us. To them celestial Angels
Came, taught them to build ships on mountain heights
Far from the waters whereon other ships
Were built. In these the faithful few were lodged.
Earth rocked from side to side like a drunken
Man. Deep thunderings were heard beneath the
Surface covering of the globe. The gates
Of Heaven and Earth alike were opened wide.
The land was swallowed up. Ocean billows
Swept o'er hill and dale, climbing step by
Step toward the mountain tops until the
Ships thereon resting lifted were and with

Their precious human burdens floated safe
 Upon the swirling, seething waters. All
 Living creatures were destroyed save only
 Those rescued and preserved by angel help.
 Of them some were wafted by the breath of
 Heaven to your shores: Some to Egypt; some
 To India and Japan. And from these far
 Exiled descendants of the Pre-Adamic
 Race, the first of human kind that stood and
 Walked upon two feet on this your Earth, the
 Angel hosts caused to disperse and mingle
 With the undeveloped pre-historic
 Aborigines of Europe, Asia and
 The twin America."

Then I inquired;

To what extent the legends of the fall
 Of great Atlantis should be received as
 True, long has filled inquiring minds with doubt.
 Thanks to your unexpected presence and
 Discourse that doubt shall haunt my mind no more.
 But of the millions of your race dwelling
 On the lower planes of Earth Existence,
 And the millions of decarnate spirits
 Who wrought such havoc with the undeveloped
 Portion of your race—what of them? Since you
 Have reached the higher spirit realms, can you
 Know aught of their condition then or now?

Mona:

"I can and do retain sufficient power
 Of memory to tell in part at least
 The harrying events of that sad day,
 And how fared the swarming millions of the
 Benighted souls both in the form and out;
 And somewhat of their condition in the
 March of Progress now.

When that dreadful crash

Began, the Vortex of our Earth seemed to
 Be pressing inward under some Almighty

Power from without until the outer crust
Was shattered and our great continent
Torn asunder from its ancient moorings,
Sank from sight beneath the ocean billows.
The celestial guardians of the hosts of
Angels and familiar spirits under
Whose care the Atlantean millions were,
Provided were with every agency
Required for rescue and protection of
The homeless, helpless multitude thus so
Rudely driven from their mortal shelters,
Doomed to brood and wander like the outcast
Dove of Noah o'er a cheerless, boundless
Waste of water. All these were rescued. Not
A soul was lost. Not one spark of Eternal
Life was smothered beneath the angry billows.
Whatsoever the stage of their unfoldment;
Howsoever uncouth and unadjusted
Were the forms of Matter wherein the sprites
And demons were enshrined and therefrom so
Suddenly set free, all were rescued, and
In ethereal vessels wafted over
Atmospherean seas into the realm
Called Paradise, where to the martyred Jesus
And the Conscience stricken thief wended their
Way from the rocky summit of Golgotha.
There within a Province selected for
The work of building a New Heaven and New
Earth by the re-embodiment on Earth
Of Lost Atlantis and her un-numbered hosts
Of Children in their pri-mordial greatness.
Here the prolific millions of our race—
Under the tutelage of Angels, Gods,
And Goddesses have risen high above
The stage of soul unfoldment here attained
By yielding to the guidance of those placed
Above them by the celestial molders
Of your Earth affairs. Let your Vision reach

Beyond the Vail that shuts the future from
The now, and scarce one century from this day
You shall behold upraised in your own land
The Esoteric frame work of our great
Atlantean Commonwealth. The world will then
Begin to understand the misery of
Atlantean Greatness. Then shall they perceive
That from infancy to Virile Manhood
Every element employed in building
Up our glorious structure was firm and
Enduring; uplifting and sustaining;
And not until the dizzy summit of
Our unsanctified prosperity was
Reached were the elements of decay and
Dissolution introduced. What time our
Civic Fathers guided were by that well
Known polestar of true statesmanship—'The rights
And interests of all not greater are
Than the welfare of each one'—the guerdon
Of complete success was theirs. But when the
Cankermouth of Vested Rights and party
Loyalty crept in, secretly devouring
The high raised purpose of our nation's life
Destroyed the value of the grand results
Of our new found prosperity by causing
Its increase to swell the store of him who
Already had too much, and from him who
Little had exploiting all he seemed to
Have. Soon disaster—civic and religious—
Came. Because although the rectifying
Hand of Justice long may be restrained at
Times, yet in every case sometime, somewhere,
With armless hand it writes 'Mene,' 'Tekel,'
In the banquet hall of false prosperity.
Brother, from the spiritual Watch Tower
Wherein I view conditions that surround
Your land, I deem it not unwise to sound
A warning note if perchance your managers

In church and state may be aroused to see
The little cloud no larger than your hand,
Rising now beyond the Carmel of your
Promised Land.

Eleven precepts—meant to
Upbuild the moral character of men
And nations equally exist today
And have existed from the dawn of Time.
In the thick darkness, thunder, lightning, and
Seismic pulsing of Old Sinai's Mount,
The Dreadful Ten embodied were in terms
Of mortal utterance and engraved on
Fadeless tablet as the moral standard
Of the seed of Abraham. Through the pure
Love saturated lips of one who spake
As mortal never spake before, to half
A score crude fishermen together grouped
Upon the shore of peaceful Galilee,
Issued the One—the All-embracing, world
Redeeming mandate 'Love thy Father God,
And Love thy Brother Man.' Repealing thus
All preceding regulations of Man's
Intercourse with his brother man. Since on
These two alone hang all the Laws of God—
Written, spoken, or inherent in that
'Stupendous Whole whose Body Nature is
And God the Soul.'

In the New Age whose dawn
You now behold The One Command of 'Love
Thy brother whom thou hast seen and known,'
Will supersede the old command—'Fear God,
Whom thou hast not seen and canst never know.'
Thus and thus only will men love and serve
The Father here on Earth as the exalted
Angels do in heaven. Then shall all mankind
Uplifted be to higher stations of
Usefulness through the spirit of 'The Christ,'
The Love of God; not as preached in gilded

Temples or embalmed in parchment creeds. But
As enthroned within the hearts of mortals,
And exemplified in works of Love, Truth,
And Justice, born of the noble purposes
And hopes shown in the daily life of each."

San Diego, Cal., March, 1922.

THE AQUARIAN AGE

* * * * *

An Epic of the disastrous culmination reached by each of two Ecclesiastical $\mathcal{A}$ ons and their final absorption by a more glorious Spiritual Dispensation.

THE AQUARIAN AGE

"Glory to God in the Highest; on Earth
Peace, Good Will to Men;" this the celestial
Song wherewith the vocal hills of Bethlehem
Ushered out the Hebrew and gave joyous
Entrance to the Christian Dispensation.
Inured to times and seasons wherein stale
And barren legends, unfruitful customs,
And ordinances born of mortal mind
Stiffled the lawful exercise alike
Of Romance and of Reason, the systems
Above culled out labored faithfully
To elevate their brother man above
The sordid marsh of sensuality.
Encumbered thus, their o'erwrought wings the
Heights celestial could not reach; neither could
Their dull-nibbed theologic pens dipped in
The viscous mixture of dogmatic Creeds
Distilled from man's opinions idealize
In human speech Deific attributes
Greater than those by human potentates
Usurped. As the slow paced centuries of
Each cult approached its zenith the awakened
Soil—not of the Promised Land alone but
Of the sin-parched world—ready to absorb
The precious drops sent to allay its fierce
Spiritual thirst—responded with a soul
Inspiring zeal such that the harbingers
Of each proclaimed—"Surely Jehovah God
Hath chosen us to plant his reign of 'Peace
Good Will to Men' in every land on Earth."
And then with thumb-screw, torch and sword began
The effort to enthrone the peaceful Christ
Among the War-besotted potentates
Of Earth.

Alack! that whatsoever heights
 The mountain climber may attain in his
 Ascent, like distance he must traverse to
 Regain the vale below; and when the shifting
 Sands whereon they reared their sacerdotal
 Structures yielded to the treacherous waves
 Of Greed and Selfishness naught else enduring
 Have they now wherewith to breast the coming
 Cataclysm?

The New Time

Steadily the polished sands
 That mark the flight of centuries within
 The Hour-glass of the Ages sped their noiseless
 Rounds until again we hear the angels
 Sing—not from Judean hills alone, but from
 Ten thousand times ten thousand mortal lips
 And voices aid comes to the angelic
 Choir, and this the heavenly song they sing;
 "Praise ye the Lord. Praise him all ye people.
 "Praise him from the heights of heaven. Praise him
 "Sun, Moon, and all ye tuneful Stars. Praise him
 "Ye whispering trees, and singing brooks. Praise him
 "Ye angelic hosts; all his celestial
 "And terrestrial armies—Praise the Lord.
 "His glory is above the Earth; and the
 "Measureless Heaven of Heavens cannot
 "House the grandeur of his Majesty."

Again

He comes in power and glory to set up
 A throne and Kingdom that shall not crumble
 At the avaricious touch of greedy
 Mortals, because not based upon the shifting
 Sand of Man's unfortified opinion.
 For "Now have the unstable Kingdoms of
 This world become the Kingdom of our Lord
 And of his *Christ."

*Rev. 11:15.

They who now bow the head and crook the knee
In two-lipped service have from the sepulchral
Silence of the Past heard this stern reproof;
“Ye have abandoned your first love; have played
“The harlot under green leaved trees. Ye have
“Dealt wantonly with those who teach untruth
“And later on seduce you from the strait
“And upward-leading paths of Purity
“And Righteousness. Clouds are ye without water;
“Trees adorned with most alluring foliage
“But void of life sustaining products. Loud
“Boast ye make in numerals, and outer
“Name to live, whilst dying already are
“Ye dead within. Hence God his gilded temple
“Hath forsaken quite, and your less renowned
“Centers of Mammon worship are being
“Denuded of your ancestors’ saving grace.”

“Ring Out The Old—Ring In The New.”

The Angel Watchers in whose custody
Are placed the occult Signals of the cycling
Æons kindled have their beacons on the
Spiritual hill-tops of the now evolving
Century.

To aid his chosen Israel
In their flight from galling bondage the Lord
Of hosts caused monuments of cloud by day
And fire by night to illumine their
Trackless march through walled canal strangely cleft
For them. Even though Egyptian darkness
Still prevails in mortal minds and Red Sea
Deluge threatens the absconding Soul, still
In measure far surpassing these, “The Light
“Not born of Sun nor Moon nor glittering Star
“That shineth not on land or sea” dawning
Is within the hearts and lives of countless
Multitudes of those who long have slumbered
’Neath the oaks and ’mongst the smooth stones in the
Valleys of their unhindered choosing.

Along the Path of Life known also as
 The King's Highway, Angel Watchers
 Have erected guide posts without number
 Showing us "The Way, The Truth, The Life"—through
 "The Christ"* incarnate in the Son of Man
 *John 14:6.

In language such that e'en Earth foolish ones
 Need neither stumble nor stray therefrom.
 Millions however wander from the Way
 By substituting man-made signals, thus
 Walking by human rush lights rather than
 By Divine Illumination.

Jesus the Man—Christ the God.
 Well nigh seven hundred years preceding
 The Birth at Bethlehem a soul enraptured
 Seer of Judah land foretold the Mission
 Of the Heaven sent Man Child then to be
 Ushered in—"Thou shalt call his name
 Immanuel—the God with-*in* us; for that
 Ere knowing how to feed on curds and milk
 He shall learn how to choose twixt Good and Evil."*
 *Isa. 7:14.

When the Babe was born the sectarian
 Creed builders of that day unduly fired
 By zeal to propagate the sacrificial
 Features of the Law of Moses, enthroned
 The penalty attached to Sin above
 The guilt of Sin, and made evasion of
 That penalty of greater import than
 The deep abhorrent quality of Sin
 Itself in God's pure, unpolluted sight.
 In servile loyalty to the demands
 Of laws and customs then superseded
 By the Child whose birth they heralded, they
 Made a scape-goat of the sinless Son of God
 And upon him alone imposed the task
 Of cancelling the debts Justice Divine
 Recorded had against *all his creatures*—

Inanimate and animate alike.*

They caused the world's redemption from the dire
Results of sins entailed by countless hosts
Of individual sinners, to depend
Upon the agony borne by one sinless
Soul alone, rather than upon The Christ
Manifesting in the hearts and daily
Lives of sinful mortals. Thus the scope
And purpose of the *Virgin Birth* as outlined
By the Hebrew Seer as "Immanuel;"
God *within*, schooling and assisting each
One to reject the Evil and select
The Good has been silently ignored; the
Master's stern decree—"Be not deceived; God
Is not mocked; for whatsoever a man
Soweth that must he also reap," hath so
Emasculated been that naught remains
Save a resounding nullity. All man
Made Creeds able to lisp the shibboleth
Of Orthodoxy at the Jabbok Ford
Of man's enforced opinion, sentenced have
The unblemished Lamb of God—who knew no
Sin neither did Evil pollute his lips—
Sentenced was to vicarious sacrifice
For sins nurtured and enjoyed by countless
Millions who nothing know or care about
His sanguinary sufferings for them.

America the Cradle.

Long ages ere Spain's bold explorer
Placed the Antilles as a gem in his
Royal patron's crown the Angel Watchers
As they trimmed their beacon lights upon
Our Columbia's spiritual hill tops, beheld
Far down the coming years her future greatness.
Recognized in Prehistoric records
As Gautama, that portion of the Western
World known now as The Great Republic, then

Christened was as "North Gautama," the Home
 Gathering of Earth's scattered family
 Into one great Spiritual fold under
 One Deific Shepherd—The Christ—Son of
 Our Father-Mother God. They saw our fondly
 Cherished land become the birth-place of the
 "Kosmon Era," in later years to be
 Christened the Aquarian or Spiritual
 Age; the *Kingdom of the Christ* which mortal
 Eyes cannot behold since—"Not of this world
 Is my Kingdom" saith The Christ. "Ye shall not
 Say "Lo here, lo there, for lo My Kingdom
 Is within* you." What the Light Bearers saw
 As then to be—is now. The morning dawn
 Of that glad Day now is banishing the
 Darkness cast by Ignorance and Bigotry
 Over the world's Creed cluttered surafce. A
 New sensation thrills the inner spiritual
 Life. The Year of Jubilee has come. The
 Kingdom of our Lord the Christ is here wherein
 In the hearts and daily lives of untold
 Millions of the Father's family, he
 Shall reign whose right it is to reign and his
 Alone. Not on man made thrones in gilded
 Palaces where Kings and Emperors hold
 Arbitrary sway. Not in royal councils;
 Courts of diplomacy; bombastic halls
 *Luke 17:21.

Of legislation; civil and religious
 Conclaves from whence issue burdens too great
 For o'erwrought human patience to endure;
 Not from such sources will The Christ—The Prince
 Of Peace—send out his re-creative hosts
 That even now are tearing down the Old
 And building up the New Heaven and New
 Earth in the hearts and lives of millions. And
 From these millions as from the echoing
 Voice of God comes the welcome message—"See!

I new create all things. Former things shall
Not remembered be nor come to mind."* They

*Isa. 65:16.

Who trimmed the prehistoric beacon lights
Upon our spiritual hill tops saw in
The glad New Time the true Light of The World
Shine forth. Of that Light Jesus was the Lamp,
The Christ within the oil, from whence the Light
Its wide extending reach and saving power
Procured. Likewise also Buddha, Kapilya,
Plato, Socrates, Confucius, Joan
Of Arc, Abraham Lincoln, and countless
Other high raised souls, whose Aureole like
Israel's shaft of flame shone brightest in the
Darkest hour—all these in Nature's workshop
By Infinite Intelligence fashioned
Were as living conduits through which The Christ
Within could manifest Himself to mortals.

Prehistoric Forecasts

Tracing the footprints of that manifest
Seen by the Watchers 'twixt the Watch Tower of the
Ages and the present time, four we note
Of special value to the Age and new
Conditions that confront us now. Of prime
Import we note the teeming forecast of
Liberty and Soul enfranchisement in
Our beloved country as viewed by celestial
Watchmen when as yet our Earth scarce felt the
Touch of solid substance on her surface.

America in Prophecy

To those who supervised the gradual
Unfoldment of our Earth from Chaos up
To habitation fit for mortal man
To use, a time appeared distant many
Ages then to come, wherein a portion
Of our Earth protected by the Builder's

Wise decree favored was beyond the rest,
Should become the standard bearer among
Nations of Freedom—civil and spiritual
Alike; of equal rights to all alike;
Of equal justice unto all through wise
And humane laws wisely enforced; by just
And equal chance to all in framing and
Promoting systems of government and
Preserving rights and liberties thereunder
For all alike.

Good Seed in Good Soil.

Years became centuries; centuries lost
Themselves in cycles; and in the Old World
Error uprooted Truth. Right waged unsuccessful
War with Wrong. The feeble adherents of
The then organic Light of Truth in well
Nigh every European land forced to
Flee from home and country shelter found in
In far off Western wilds; whereof a just
Chronicler tells how God winnowed Europe
And transferred his wheat to America.
From mandates cruel and unjust in one
Land the greater number came and in the
Effort to forestall beliefs and hinder
Free amalgamated growth, the germs of
Civil and religious liberty sank
Deep in virgin soil and enduring fruitage
Bore. Under wise leadership those welded
Together—so to speak—by the despotic
Usages adopted, wrought the fulfillment
Of the precious promises in the forecast
Set forth. "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean,"
Freed from the dark unfathomed caves beneath
The selfish turbid waves of One Man Rule,
Shone forth the brightest Star yet seen in all
The galaxy of Earth's free governments.
Inscribed upon its corner stone a challenge

Stands to all the world—"All Men and all Women
Too—created free and equal are"—she
Sustained her proud averment by setting
Free three million countrymen from spiritual
Thralldom; severing the chains that held four
Million human beings in abject slavery,
And cancelling man-made laws whereby millions
Of mothers, wives, and daughters long held in
Cringing subjection to the self appointed
Lords of creation now share equal terms with
Him in the Father's liberal bestowments.

Carnal Wealth Increased

Almost coeval with the opening of
The Woman Suffrage movement, the ample
Bosom of the Earth on the California
Coast was found replete with stores of silver,
Gold and other mineral wealth; causing
A mad Hegira from East to West and
From other lands until in due accord
With the suggestive visions shown the Pre-
Historic Watchers the Northern portion
Of the Western Continent became the
Meeting place of Nations; the Home Gathering
Of the Father's widely sundered prodigals
On our Earth; and now of larger cities
Scarce one exists without its business signs
Expressed in dialects employed in all
Commercial countries of the globe.

Spiritual Wealth Increased A Hundred Fold.

When at a Galilean Marriage Feast
The Christ transmuted unmixed water into
Wine the festal ruler thus his approval
Testified: "Good wine flows freely upon
Occasions such as this until the guests
Are sated, then poorer grades are served; but
Thou hast kept the choicest vintage for the

**Last.” Among the four Time Signals God hath
Employed to notify the world of the
Time and manner of the Second Coming
Of The Christ as King and Ruler of Earth
And Heaven conjoined, the one last named although
In point of origin and earthly pomp
May seem to fall below, still destined is
To supersede all other signs of his
Near hand expectancy.**

Following fast

**Upon the rapid peopling of the Land
Of Gold the Watchers saw the ripe fulfillment
Of a pledge made by Israel’s God to Israel’s
King—“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
Shall strength and wisdom come and praise be made
Perfect.”**

Lodged in the hands of fragile girls

**Scarce manumitted from the nursery
The Esoteric Something—in derision
Called “Rochester Knockings,” soon became in
God’s hand and under his approving smile
More potent than the blows of Thor’s mighty
Hammer on the Scandinavian clouds.
They brought to Earth dwellers assurance that
Death does not end all because “There is no
Death, what seems so is transition.” They brought
A pleasing answer to the long unanswered
Question—“If a man die shall he live again?”*
No he shall not “live again” because he
Has not died. Man never dies. His mortal
House of clay wherein he tarries while he
Plays a short interlude between Time Past
And Time to Come, he exchanges for a
Mansion not reared by mortal hands wherein
The self same harper swells the symphony
Of unending harmony. Those unseen
Knockings bring to light the conscious
Recognition of myriad things great and**

Small that long have slumbered in
Cold forgetfulness whereby friend clasps friend
In glad reunion joined. They taught mankind
The true meaning of the Master's saying—
Whatsoe'er we sow that must we also
Reap—since figs are not the natural yield
Of thistles nor do winefat grapes mature
In hedges of thorns. Therefore if they who
Seed the domain of the Soul would gather
Harvests of the Good, the True, the Beautiful,
Germs thereof they should plant and nurture with
Due care in the soil of Earth conditions.

Unwritten History

In the Akashic Record of men's lives
Also called the "Book of God's Remembrance,"
They who have eyes to see may read the life
Of Jesus, or the true mission of "The
Christ" not found among the man made sacred
Annals of our Earth.

In Benares at
A feast where many high born Hindu priests
And other Brahmins assembled were, Jesus
Thus discoursed concerning Life and
The Brotherhood of Life. "The Universal
God is One, yet he is more than One. All
Things are God; all things are One. By the sweet
Breaths of God Life is bound in One. Men
And birds, and beasts, and creeping things are deities
Made flesh, and how dare men kill anything?"
A lawyer asked; "Who is this God you speak
About? Where are his priests, his temples, his
Shrines, and worshippers?" Jesus thus replied;
"The God I speak about is everywhere.
He cannot be seen by mortal eyes nor
Encompassed with walls nor hedged about with
Bonds of any kind. All people worship
The same One God, but all behold him not
Alike. One sees him as a God of Might;

One as the God of Thought; another as
The God of Love. Each man's Ideal
Is his God, and just as man unfolds his
God unfolds. That which he adores as God
Today may not be his Deity tomorrow
If himself is moving onward."

The Empire of Peace.

In Bethlehem the Christ again appears.
He found the shepherd's humble home where he
Was nurtured when a babe; climbed the hills where
Thirty years before the shepherds heard the
Angels sing "Peace, Good Will to Men." The
Shepherd folk still dwelt there, and in the quiet
Vales large flocks of snow white doves were flying
To and fro. When the guileless peasants knew
That he whom aforetime they had hailed as
King had come they gathered round to see and
Hear him speak. "Our Father Abraham"—said he—
"Walked through these vales and on these hills guarded
His flocks as you do now. Here it was the King
Of Salim, Prince of Peace, the Christ in
Human form appeared. Greater far was he
Than Abraham who paid him homage and
Gave tithes of all that he possessed. Meet it
Was that Love in human form should come amid
Such scenes as these. And once again the Prince
Of Peace has come and from these sacred hills
Again goes forth to fight. But this is not
A carnal war; not man to man at strife;
But Right opposed to Wrong; Love is captain,
Warrior, armor, struggling all alone. He
Is clothed in white; his sword is Truth; his shield
Is Faith; his helmet Innocence; his breath
Is Love; his watchword Peace; and Love shall win."
And then again the hills of Bethlehem
Were clothed with Light and again the Voices sang—
"Peace! Peace on Earth. Good Will to Men."

Truth Not Imprisoned.

Imperial Rome held despotic sway
 Over the Holy Land, and thereunder
 The House of Herod ruled as tetrach of
 Parace and of Galilee. John the
 Baptist, fearless Harbinger of The Christ,
 In public cried aloud against the lewd
 Character and licentious practices
 Prevailing in the royal palace at
 Tiberius; and in his prison cell
 Where liberty and life itself became
 The price he paid for his temerity
 Disturbing doubts and craven fears caused him
 To question the purport of his own mission
 And the divine authority of his
 Lord and Master Jesus. Trusty friends he
 Sent who boldly asked: "Art thou he that was
 To come, or look we for another?" Of
 King's appointment, royal decree, or other
 High authority by man conferred Jesus
 Had none, but before their searching gaze gave
 Proofs which fail not in heaven's highest courts:
 "Go," said he, "tell John the things ye hear and
 See me do—not what I promise but what I
 Accomplish, day by day. Tell how the blind
 Receive their sight; lepers are cleansed; the lame
 Walk; the deaf hear; the dead are brought to
 Life again; the hungry fed; the sick healed;
 The afflicted comforted; the Gospel
 Of the New Deliverance freely
 Preached unto the poor; all these my works ye
 See me do because my Father worketh
 In me and I too must work." Some one asked
 "Why so good a man as John had permitted
 Been to suffer such injustice and his
 Good life work brought to such a close." Jesus
 Said: "See you this decaying stalk of wheat?

It has brought its grains to ripe maturity,
 And now is yielding to Nature's law of
 Dissolution because its work is done.
 So of John. His work is done. Had he sought
 To add thereto he might have marred the worth
 And symmetry of what is now a truly
 Noble life, and God has called him home. So
 When my work is done they who bear rule will
 Do to me as they have done to John and these
 The works that I have done will long remain
 As footsteps to be guides for others.

El Envoi.

Thus it came to him, and thus it is with
 Us today. The unrepentant horde—not
 Satisfied with John's disposal could not
 Rest until the Master's life was claimed as
 Forfeit to his earnest efforts to uplift
 Mankind now stands as a pattern for
 The world.

The Age within whose morning dawn
 We now abide witness will the Cosmic
 Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Man reach
 The highest plane of Soul Unfoldment yet
 Attained upon our little Earth. The Christ—
 Which is the Universal Love of God—
 Inherently exists in every human
 Soul as an essential property thereof,
 But is lying fast asleep in countless
 Millions of us. Held in the relentless
 Grasp of carnal appetite, The Christ within,
 Crushed down beneath the heavy weight of Greed,
 Lust, false ambition and other sensual
 Desires, The Christ—steeped in the Lethe of
 Forgetfulness—knows not the true Kinship
 It bears to the Infinite Source and Center
 Of all things. Too wide the gulf that intervenes
 'Twixt God and Man. By slavish fear of man—

Constructed gods and fiends decarnate, Man
Has been compelled to grovel in the dust
Until all semblance of The Christ within
Has been blotted out of millions; and their
Potential Oneness with the Infinite
Has become the laughing stock of fools.
But in this present, inchoate Æon
Most amazing changes are scheduled to
Take place. The world's great man-made schemes
of social
Civil and religious government will
Crumble 'neath Inspection's rigid touch. Yield
They must to readjustment and be brought
Within the understanding of minds held
Captive in the soul-perverting bondage
Of sensual appetites and dogmatic
Intolerance. Not as the heir expectant
Of an earthly throne and Kingdom; not as
An angry Judge enthroned in clouds of glory;
But as the Unseen, Universal All-
Pervading Love of God the Father—The
Christ has come. Not on an earthly throne high
Raised among Kings, Kaisers, Emperors,
Popes, Prelates, Bishoprics or other Man
Created centers of authority
Will The Christ assert his sway; but in the
Inner Consciousness of high and low; rich
And poor; great and small alike where the true
Kingdom of The Christ abides, and where Love
And Love alone holds peaceful sway. Thus the
Starving Prodigal returns to meet the
Father's welcome smile. Thus the last stray lamb
Is found among the barren hills and safely
Folded with the rest. Thus the true "*At-One-ment*"
Is between offending Mortals and their
Offended God; not a mere subterfuge
Called "*Blood Atonement*" purchased by a life
Of shame and sacrificial sufferings
Of a sinless Divine Human, a *God-Man—Christ*.

My House of Clay

The Soul's Farewell to the Body at Death

By J. L. DRYDEN

An aged man in peaceful silence lay
Upon a couch destined erelong to be
For him the Open Door betwixt the life
In mortal and immortal tenancy.
Earth's weary pilgrimage was drawing near
Its close. The shadows from life's setting sun
Crept silently athwart the landscape of
His by-gone years. The hidden cords that bind
The Man within to Man of clay without,
Were weakening fast. The Higher Self—the God
Within, so long imprisoned in it's cell
Of earthly mold, beginning now to feel
The once firm ligaments relax, prepares
To quit the thralldom of material things,
And thus a farewell message speaks:

“At last

The parting hour has come. Oh glad release!
Joy inexpressible! Full quittance gained
From prison house of clay and donjon cell,
Whose gates and walls of friable compound,
The “I,” the Higher Self, have held in thrall.
Past four score years within thee I have watched
The flight of Time; have kenned the changing
years

Through which we passed from infancy to youth;
From youth to man; from cradle hymn to croon
Of crabbed age, o'er earth's departing joys.
Strange sentry thou, twixt life within and life

Without; linking the unseen God to grosser
Things by mortal sense discerned, and welding
These to That *as One*, in union mystical.
Through thy twin optics—crystalline and pure—
Have my celestial orbs assistance given
To help thee learn the mysteries of that Book—
Nature's marvelous scroll—upon whose pages
God's own moving finger writes Wisdom, Truth,
And Love Divine, in ever-changing song
Of bird, breath of flower, rush of storm, and
Dance of sunbeam on the brooklet's rippling
Tide. With thy material hands these unseen
Hands of mine—not formed of clay—have

wondrous

Changes wrought in evanescent substances.
Thy willing feet, at slightest wish of mine,
Have traversed hill and dale and mountains
climbed;

Treading the wine-press of Life's sorrows, and
Oft time reaching the summit of its joy
Crowned hilltops. With thee have I paced the
rounds

Of Hope and Fear; and danced with rapture to
The notes of joy. Thy form and members all—
Oh house of clay, were fashioned to subserve
Some corresponding feature I possess,
And faithful servants have they been to me,
By which my spirit senses, cribbed in thy
Mortal members, enabled were to grasp
The deeper meaning of this earth experience.
Thy well-knit frame my dwelling place has been
Through storms and sunshine of full four score
years.

Beneath thy sheltering that my busy mind
Her myriad thoughts evolved. Thy heart's walled
tower
Enclosed Affection's throne and Love's warm
couch.

Thy outer walls and gates—compact and firm—
 Protection gave while holding in their wards
 My every faculty. Here Learning turned the key
 In Wisdom's lock. Invention used the tools
 That Genius framed. Knowledge, Science, Art,
 Stored thy every vault with useful wealth.
 And from the Court where Will and Reason sat
 Decrees were issued which thy energies
 And mine jointly strove to at once obey.
 All these were *in* thee, but *of* thee were not.
 Lodged in thy frame at birth, by unseen cords
 To thee were linked; but thee they ne'er became.
 Like those of which thy crumbling walls are built,
 Oh house of clay, the elements which form
 My spirit body live forever. But,
 Unlike thine, decay and dissolution
 Know they not. Neither Time nor Change shall
 e'er

Affect me more. Mutationless and free,
 This inner Self—this "I"—shall last for Aye.
 For in it's brain, it's veins, it's bounding pulse,
 Throbs the eternal, all-pervading Life
 That men call God; that unfed Source from
 whence

All Life, Wisdom, Truth and Goodness flow.
 This spark from Him; this innate flame of Life,
 My every sense and power of thought and act
 Thrills with volitient life as I thrill thine.
 And thus we three the Triune image bear
 Of Father, Son and Breath Divine, blest three
 In One—*and only One*; not Three.

It seems

We now must part. The hour of my departure
 Draweth nigh. The allotted pilgrimage
 Of three score years and ten I have outlived.
 The lengthening shadows mark the day's decline,
 And twilight bars the door against the sun.
 A faintness from within thy vision dims.

Thy grinders cease. Thy strong limbs bow
themselves.

The Gryllus burdens thee. Thy almond tree
Has whitened in the frosts of many winters.
The silver cord that links my frame to thine
Is melting fast. The wheel at thy heart's cistern
No longer speeds it's currents through thy veins;
Because the pitcher broken at life's fountain
Brings nothing to repair decay and waste.
The vitalizing stream shut off, the crude,
Untempered particles disjoin, and swift
The elemental essences break forth
And each to source original from whence
It came, returns. Thus breath to breath; ashes
To ashes; earth to earth come trooping home.
While "I"—the Man, compact and volatile,
Of feather weight and ether wing, freed from
Thy cumbrous mold, speed back to whence I came.
Now steals the sweet transition on. The change
Which men call Death—the welcome hand that
lifts

My prisoned soul out of its chrysalis,
And makes me free indeed, shatters thy walls,
And dooms thee once again to service in
Some higher mortal tenement. And now
Once more farewell. Mourners will throng the streets;
Black palls, hot tears, and sobs of bitter grief
Will hale thee to thy silent home. The chant,
The dirge, the muffled words—ashes to ashes
And dust to dust—will close the scene. And then
To cheer the mourners' hearts, some tongue will paint
Th' illustive hope that thy dull, helpless clay,
At trumpet's call some future morn, will feel
It's myriad elements come trooping back,
Like soldiers' broken ranks at bugle call,
And each to each reblend in harmony;
And thee—my present jail—with ward and cell
Rebuilt, will once again my spirit habitation

Be throughout eternity. Of that, what
Need? when Moses and Elias—Prophet
And Law-expounder of the Hebrew Code,
Long centuries dead, appeared before the Christ
In garb and form of such ethereal mold
As needed no poor cloak of clay like thee.
The Seer on Patmos Isle, through pearly gates
Unfolded wide, saw thronging multitudes
Of human forms divine, whose clay abodes
Long ages past—as thine eft soon will be—
Had crumbled into seeming nothingness;
Of further need none will they ever have.
'Tis thus we part. I leave thee now forever.
The “I” that dwelt within and energized
Thy every part, now freed and borne aloft
On Aspiration’s wing, within me bear
A counterpart of every limb,
Faculty, Affection, and shape thou wearest.
With these I join the hosts who throng the path
By Progression never ending opened
Up to all who toward Perfection’s goal
Press ever onward but shall never reach.
Because Eternity itself is all
Too brief a space of time in which to gain
The boundless Source from whence Wisdom, Life and
Love Divine forever flow. Once more old
Friend and faithful servant—Fare thee well.”