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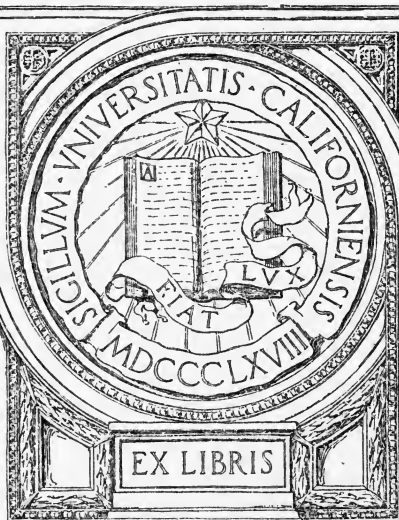
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PHYSICAL LIFE AND HIGHER LIGHT

WILLIAM TAYLOR

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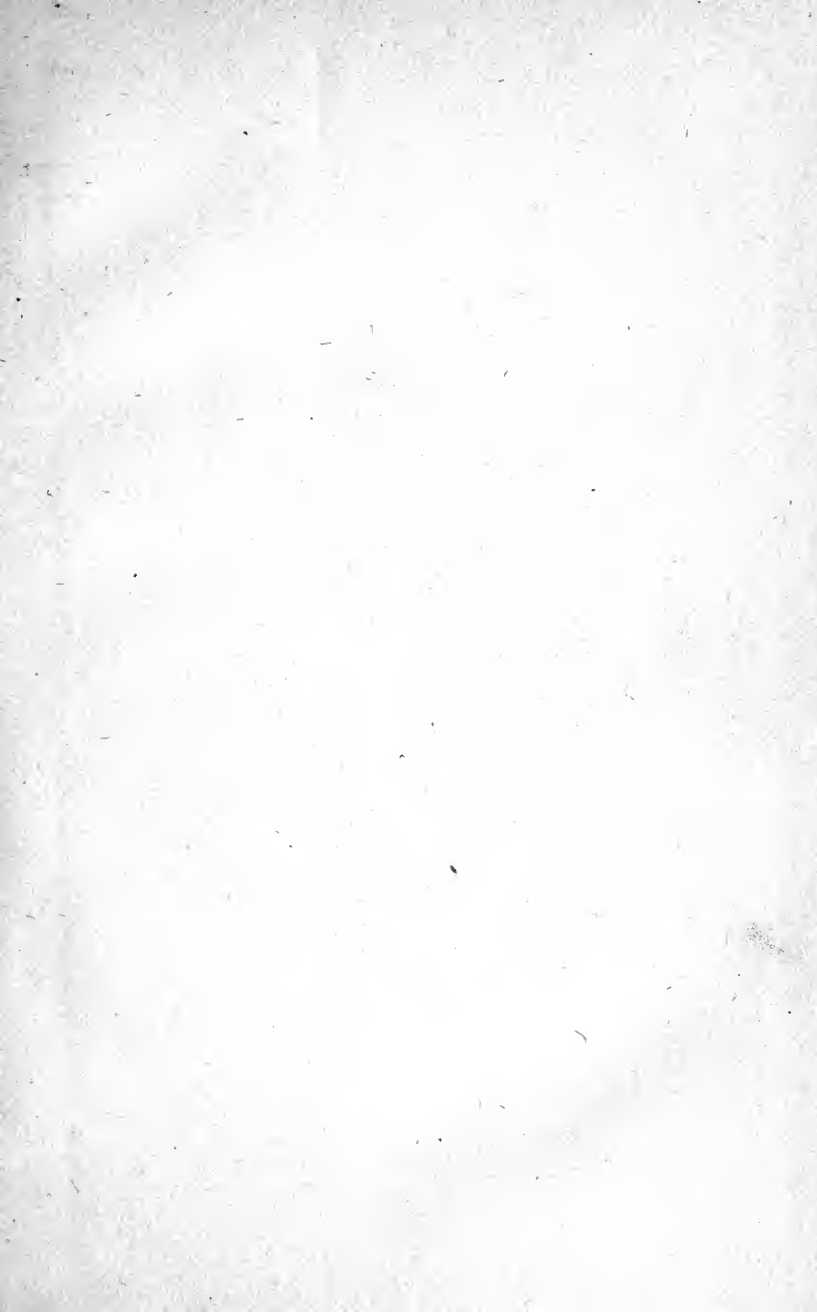


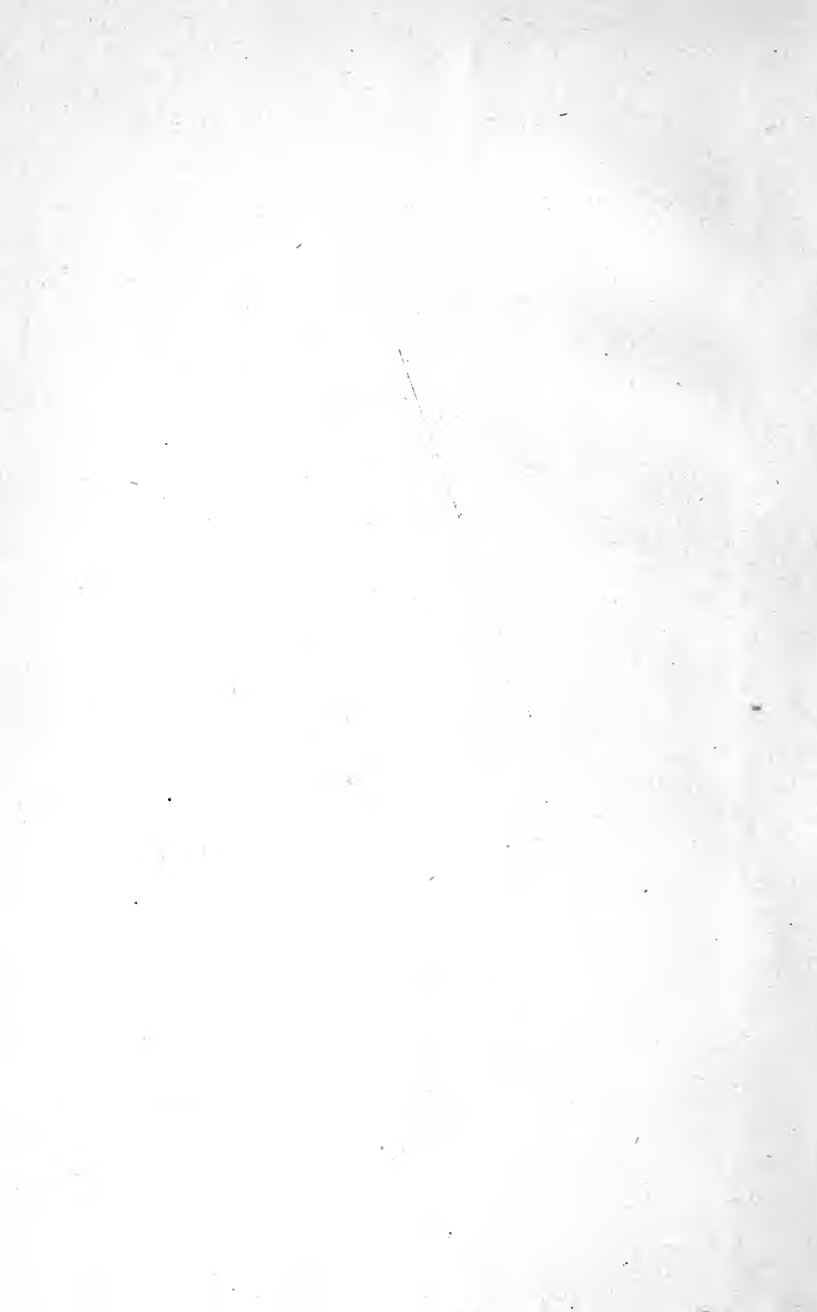
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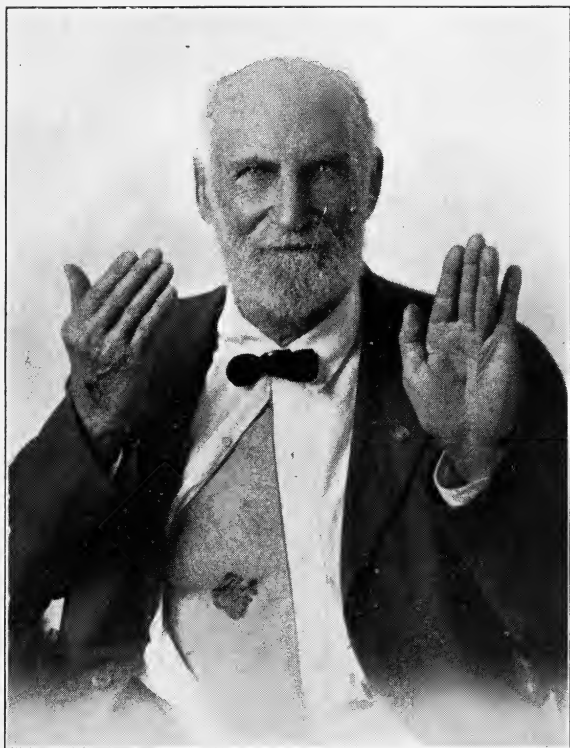
William Taylor

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DEAL OF CALIFORNIA



Stigmas.—Last published record of this inheritance was in the XII century, the stigmas upon the person of Saint Francis of Assisi, Italy. There are on my body the same marks, in the locations that the Roman cross marks at its cruel executions. A scabby sore is on my right breast, near the nipple—always open. On the back of each hand, in the center, are breaking sores; on the inside of each hand are gristly lumps; on my back, and opposite the front or opening sore, is a lump larger than an egg, resembling a fatty tumor, at the left side of and near the backbone. In line between the front and rear sores my bowels have always felt and acted as partially paralyzed. Feet not pierced; the shinbone has skin discolored.

WM. TAYLOR, Age 83.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

PHYSICAL LIFE
AND
HIGHER LIGHT

*Written for the
Thoughtful*

By
WILLIAM TAYLOR

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PREFACE

In a measure, extent of thoughts with us is very limited. Blundering is the name to be applied for those who defining for the common sense are slack. "I thought" means very little. Artemas Ward lecturing the spendthrift said, "It would be money in your pocket if you'd never been born!"

When earliest of mankind selected one only of the polarities of being, the male, as leader, as god or chief, a costly mistake was made; it made the tyrant, the slave-driver, the aristocrat. This blunder made War.

Our United States had added to its formation, one state inclusive, Pennsylvania, that had the humble people called Quakers, who would not call any man master; and no woman of this sect (formed in England) had for husband a master. The keynote with them was Equality. This feature in the population is bound to grow, so today we have a free and enlightened country, and it stands foremost of all the nations of earth. No nation, says Lincoln, (of Quaker descent), can endure, half slave and half free. He might have added, no true marriage is made half slave and half free. Want of thought is a bad basis, if you ever want to care for any creature we call domestic animal; you must give it *soul* equality, as you best understand freedom in life.

All religion was founded upon the autocratic basis of having God or gods to rule. "The kingdom of God is within you," so there is no truth in slavery if life with both predominate—the positive and negative polarities. Franklin and Edison in curbing the elec-

P R E F A C E

tric fluid, very sensibly used both the positive and negative, in other terms, he and she. Either element to act alone is unthinkable.

This belief is that upon which I base the rebirth theory, advocated in this work.

If "no more war," we must have no more gods of the nations, conquerors.

As mistakes occur in all early life, so recorded in bibles and scriptures for the less enlightened, we should strive to turn ahead to the known principles of that great Hebrew prophet, Jesus—who was the first to startle the world for higher principles in mankind. Plato, the Grecian philosopher advocated also for peoples of enlightened states to follow his teachings in *The Republic*.

No human records are long kept. Palmyra of the ancients had a throng in life. The Grecian unknown god and the others are not now named. But the despised slave on the *path*, sings, "Carry me back to old Virginia," meaning to his old home. An equally lasting thing is the stigma, a flesh mark that lasts through all Christian times. So books and creeds—kept alive in only the mind's eye, the soul. Jehovah was a big name long ago, yet is passing with idolatries and scriptures. Cain killing Abel was a soul offense, to last as murder may last. The coming Age of Compassion may glimpse that promised Age of Heaven!

Physical Life and Higher Light

BOOK ONE

This is an age of Change. The past, we hope, ends the long era of wars, and for the first time in modern history peace conferences of the nations have produced general rejoicing.

"War is Hell," was an expression of General Sherman, in 1865. As the Great Prophet, Jesus, 2000 years ago, based His work upon peace hopes—then so unpromising, let the prayers, the hopes ever since, of countless millions of peoples everywhere, be of account. Prayers for peace are heard and may be answered from on High! Very few with love for our humanity but can incline to join a general chorus—"May the Prince of Peace be born again—to meet less brutality and greater general intelligence."

There is no place like home. Oldest of our Christian sects, and we have many, worship the mother, as is proper for every one of us. As to the father, Jesus, the Divine One, recognized this as highest—in names—Our Father.

We of to-day mix the clean with the unclean, the man of blood, soldier, thief, conqueror, with the righteous, the divine. As Adam was scourged, driven out of the Garden of God, so we must drive the unclean out of our society, or submit to a weaker polarity of existence.

The kingdom of God, Jesus said, was always within us—whatever use you may make of a Creator and Preserver. If the starters of religions or governments

have failed to point out this kingdom, they made calamities and failures—this even down to the lowest savage tribes on earth. Gentlemen are reckoned our highest type of enlightenment, their failure in duty distressing and calamitous. Talk means little to idol worshippers, more than mere priestly formality, so remnant of this worship is too prevalent. Jesus was not the graven image to bow to, for that little we know of His teachings is as real for us as is the nation's government.

Beauty—a living presence of the Earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
 Which craft or delicate spirits hath composed
 From Earth's materials, waits upon my steps:
 Pitches her tents before me as I move.
 An hourly neighbor, Paradise, and groves
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
 Sought in the Atlantic Main, why should they be
 A history only of departed things,
 Or a mere fiction of what never was?
 For the discerning intellect of man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find these
 A simple produce of the common day. * * *
 Such grateful haunts for growing, if I oft
 Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights,
 Maddening passions mutually inflamed; * * *
 Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspirest
 The human soul of universal earth,
 Dreaming on things to come: and dost possess
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts
 Of mighty poets; upon me bestow
 A gift of genuine insight, that my song
 With star-like virtue in its place may shine!
 Shedding benignant influence,—and secure
 Itself from all malevolent effect.

—Wordsworth.

The first great reformer was Jesus of Jerusalem.
 But the Holy Land fanatics murdered Him. He came,

as the pious said, eating and drinking with the publicans and sinners, and the church would have none of the New, the democratic, Testament. War lords later became unbearably oppressive, Rome fell, and then came a reaction in the French Revolution; in England, a Robin Hood with his "outlaws" (the Lincoln Greens) to suppress the holy orders—monks, more to be feared than Darwin's monkeys! Governments in both England and France were so tyrannical that the people rose in their wrath and beheaded the kings of both countries.

Education was accomplishing its blessed work. Brave spirits were throwing off both the religious and church-and-state tyrannies. The Trend of Liberty, going mostly westward, the final downfall here of oppression came with a Monroe Doctrine. Washington's hatchet cut the way to free institutions on a New Continent, and English war lords, finally giving up their cause (Aristocracy), in a later day begged for our American sympathies when the most enlightened of their powers made a world war that threatened all Europe.

A better educated Church, and less inclined to be aristocratic and more content under the mild government of the Lamb of God, is now becoming of real use to the people. A better understanding of the Blessed Book begins to guide all alike. Formerly the Bible was a Thing to be worshipped.

Two authors, Virgil and Ovid, have references to Lethe and the descent into Hades, how the souls were there made ready for reincarnation and there assemble on the marge of the water of life, in order that they

may partake, and then forget their past life, thence returning to the physical plane. Christians and peoples of other religions have faith that they will enjoy an after-existence—and especially with those in or near the Old Home. It would be a senseless thing to combat such a hope. Jesus upheld, I think, such a heavenly vision—beauties of the earth, reunion of the risen; “a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the Father’s notice.” “Heaven,” he said, “was a place of many mansions,” such as we have—the place near home upon the earth.

A CREED

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I hold that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,
Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust;
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,
Has many a hundred times been dust
And turned, as dust, to dust again;
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
Is curse or blessing justly due
For sloth or effort in the past.
My life’s a statement of the sum
Of vice indulged, or overcome.

And as I wander on the roads
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads
To urge to heights before unguessed.
My road shall be the road I made:
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreath my head,
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mold,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

In the chapters of this little work a stigmatized scribbler arises to advocate a very old doctrine or idea, "Rebirth," expecting all the souls of all the living creatures here on earth to be reborn countless times, and be back on earth, until all mankind will attain that perfection to at last be able to abide in harmony in that ever yearned for place or condition where a heaven in reality is attained—with no more of the discords of the good and bad of life to make a Lamb of God other than an Elder Brother. "Who told thee that thou wert naked?" Adam was free to say things not true, possibly, about Eve, and drew the long-bow, as the saying is in our language; also he accused a hypnotist, a snake, for making things worse. This style of lying seemed to be at the very beginning of our race.

As wise men have ever affirmed, the earth when fitted for life and later for mankind, was provided with sustenance, and for homes—a state of felicity highest of all. Soul and life seem synonymously one element, the only other materiality.

Larger forms, with the brain dominating, have the long-time hibernation, death we call it, while the underworld, so called in Grecian literature, hath the Lethean forgetfulness of the past; yet the feebler worm, locust, etc., will be buried alive in the earth to pass the period and very briefly, it seems, to stay above the little while in sunlight and active life.

"*The March*" from "*Saul*," is remembrancer for all of the Great Adventure death,—from Incarnation to Spirit. Bathing in the Lake of Lethe for purification, then the preparation for and passing the gate of life again.

Dimly in infancy thy world will appear with that early Hebraic sign in a church, as the Commandments—partly unfitted for the present age. "Thou shalt have no other gods before *Me*. Correct; but yet in the prayer, another reads, "Lead us not into *temptation* but deliver us from evil." Children in this age would not make this balk.

Our American poet Whitman says, personifying his soul's path through the reincarnations: "O vapors, I think I have risen with you, and moved away to distant continents and fallen down there, for reasons; I think I have blown with you, O winds; O waters I have fingered every shore with you. All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me. Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul. Hands of the sisters, Death and Night, incessantly softly wash me."

Eve, the submissive, the good, has been lied about or enslaved all through the years. It is plainly to be seen she does not tempt Adam to be over-indulgent in use of drugged liquors, tobacco and other poisons. The root of woman's nature is to love and cherish, even the lowest of females in animal kind have this instinct springing from motherhood.

There is much of old Adam even in the churches, as you may start to cut out dead wood from pulpit and amen corner to the rear benches (for poor and

the niggers). Have these latter a shed for shelter in heaven?

You hear much from the meek, owlish, well-dressed priest (some in gold-spangled garments) about his want of funds—a money changer. The higher “calls”—they are not in the catalogue with Jesus,—are a source of great interest among God’s agents or ministers today. And mere loafers in the house of God have in our free country, that ignores church entanglements, all kinds of business and other callings at high salaries, for the asking. Unlike the union that Adam belongs to (churchly) our good government offers equal opportunities for women.

Costly bible institutes for education surely prepare the student for usefulness and keeps him away from low life and beggary. Receiving useful knowledge, any young person of brains may go up to the highest rung in life. Only indolence or worse can keep any away from the true Path and away from that Levitism abhorred by Jesus, and of the still lower grade of money changers in the temple.

A scientist as previously quoted says that smallest of matter still emits rays. This is equivalent to that saying of Jesus of the spiritual inhering in all life—the kingdom of God being *within* you. If you start a fire in any spot where a fire may spread, it will enlarge from heat into greater flames. An old saying, that the world will be burned—or we will have another flood—the polar opposition from fire. Words of the prophet are a true saying, if extended to spirit and matter being intermingled; so reincarnation is in a way natural.

Milton, in grandest of poems, hints that the highest heaven may be encroached upon by the lowest, Apolleon. Defeated above, the devil—darkness—sought the light in mankind. In other words the Christ permitted the old boy to get a lodgment; but we are of the godly,—yet—beware!

Adam lied when he said he walked with the true God in the cool of the evening; then he whispered to the Highest that Eve had tempted him, and he did eat (some person's chicken of woman's excellent cooking), the blasted snake-fruit!

I have marks on my body called stigmas, that mark infrequent intervals in man's history to account for the last 2,000 years of the struggle to escape savagery of the Roman period. This sign, marks of that Age of Tyranny from which the gentle Jesus died in many hours of his agony on the cross. That great New England author, Hawthorne, dared to raise his voice against fanaticism. His heroine was branded by public authority of Puritan religionists, and she died bearing the cursed mark on her breast. And scores of so-called witches (earliest of Christians) were put to death in this land of the free. Even in our day the citizens of all governments dare not risk a vote to publicly declare if wars shall cease! Two thousand years ago a preacher was abroad asking for peace and compassion. Even Lincoln says of majorities, "God must love the poor, He made so many of them." People of old were satisfied(?) to be called publicans and sinners. To torture and kill the great preacher, Jesus, a pact was made between Power—Rome, and Religion,

such as it was; a judge, however, declaring, "*I find no fault in this man Jesus.*"

Dante:

In this their order diversely, some more
Some less approaching to their primal source.
Thus they to different havens are moved on
Through the vast sea of being, and each one
With instinct given, that bears it in its course;
This to the lunar sphere directs the fire,
This prompts the hearts of mortal animals,
This the brute earth together knits, and binds.
Nor only creatures void of intellect,
Are aimed at by this bow; but even those
That have intelligence and love are pierced.
That Providence, that so well orders all,
With her own Light makes ever calm the heaven,
In which the substance—that hath greatest speed,
Is turned. And thither now as to our seat
Predestined, we are carried by the force
Of that strong cord, that never loses dart
But at fair aim and glad. Yet is it true
That as oftentimes but ill accords the form
To the design of Art through sluggishness
Of unreplying matter, so this course
Is sometimes quitted by the creature, who
Hath power, directed thus, to bend elsewhere—
As from a cloud the fire is seen to fall
From its original impulse warped to earth,
By vicious fondness. Thou no more admire
Thy soaring (if I rightly deem) than lapse
Of torrent downwards from a mountain's height.
There would in thee for wonder be more cause,
If, free of hindrance, thou hadst fixed thyself
Below, like fire in moving on the earth.

From Dante's *Purgatory*, I pass along to his *Paradise*—vision of a returned soul upon earth:

That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him.
That oft the memory 'reaves, perchance hath made
His mind's eye dark. But lo! where Ennoe flows!
Lead hither; an as thou art want, revive
His fainting virtue. . . .
Then Reader, might I sing, though but in part,
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er
Been sated. But since all the leaves are full.

Appointed for this second strain, mine art
 With warning bridle checks me. I returned
 From the most holy wave, regenerate.
 Even as new plants, renewed with foliage new,
 Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

And this is an age for us mortals to rise in airplane
 flights surely! The babe, sated with that beverage,
 the mother's milk,

Gazing as never eagle fixed his ken,
 As from a first a second beam is wont
 To issue, and reflected upwards rise,
 E'en as a pilgrim bent on his return.
 So with her (soul's) act, that through the eyesight passed
 Into my fancy, mine was formed; and straight
 Beyond our mortal wont, I fixed mine eyes
 Upon the sun. Much is allowed us There
 That Here exceeds our power; thanks to the place
 Made for the dwelling of the human kind. . . .
 And suddenly upon the day appeared
 A day new risen, as He who hath the power
 Had with another sun (soul) bedecked the sky.

In the last analysis of character, the system called
 reincarnation has no weak spots, not in smallest of
 the spirits.. Souls that are for earth, we may say, all
 generations, are as to the smallest forms—making
 growth, making changes to suit the condition as to
 future heat and cold, for our earth itself has soul and
 body. Let us refer to all animal life, that we know
 grows in shape and fineness to suit the later conditions.
 Take the forms so familiar to us, the horse, in fact
 all domestic animals. Then the earth's pets (butter-
 flies, locuts, etc.), we know of their passing long years
 in the "underworld," to appear for a brief spell in
 full sunlight, almost momentarily to enjoy existence,
 then as happily sings the locust, after the egg-laying,
 seeks again the darkness that fits its longer term of
 existence.

Our Creator has ways past finding out. Fitted are the two polarities of being as needed. We wonder why such as the fleas, as robbers of human blood, or as the bigger torments, human criminals, are needed for life's purposes. But a heaven can be fuller here, than (imagined) above all the homes of earth, again grandeurs, joys and social life are beyond dreams of poet and artist!

Body and soul so intimately blended are they, that a healthy person knows scarcely where one touches the other. Traits of character are almost like the twin body, with its soul. We know of most remarkable men and women whose traits re-unitedly theirs. Sickly children have often the healthy after-life of effort and joy; some of these, poets and philosophers, caused their mothers often to wonder as of a gift from God, knowing how the little ones thrive.

We have amongst us Helen Keller, whose faculties have been restored, trained from the inborn traits. And her soul now, in life and joy, is the greatest of puzzles. A body that was tortured, crucified, as was that of Jesus, leaves marks to show plainly elsewhere after nearly 2,000 years! These stigmas are more than birthmarks.

In lower forms of the soul, the "worm" stage of the body, from plain and loathsome (to us) they in later existence give us butterflies and other of the most beautiful aspects in colors and forms.

Read Franklin H. Heald's *Procession of the Planets*, scouted at or ignored as it may be by scientists; yet in studies like Prof. Chamberlin's of Chicago, lately, you will find the ipse dixit of the learned ones

of the past entirely reversed, as to the earth's solidity. The sun in every system of planets must resemble,—as Lakes of Lethe for our souls—have *material* unseeable to constitute the materials, for life, here on earth and elsewhere. New worlds are thus formed, so are new bodies for all the living. Heat, of the material kind, has wonderful properties it may be, to weld the two aspects, soul and body. The soul's individual complexities, generation after generation in a true Path—"driven out from God," as we say, then reaches the sphere called Life. No two souls are just alike! Even in birth of twins or triplets, as often happens with us, the natures are entities.

Wise men of the East, as recorded by the shepherd poet watching by night his flocks, saw overhead the galaxy of bright stars, and also the comet westward. He does not make record of the other party in daytime, going westward looking for the foot of that rainbow—where gold is buried,—some of each party finally landed in California and other states of our Union.

As to where the Wise Men found the new-born Christ, opinions differ; some say in a stable, others in a manger.

Soon after the cruel ending of this babe, the dominant religionists (or conquerors) and one pope remained settled in Rome, the other in Constantinople. Since the recent overthrow of the son of Victoria of England, Russia has no "religion."

The Night and the Day. John Burroughs, my serene and happy friend and friend of the birds, had query as to the cruelty of nature—that gives us the

sun by day and moon by night. The owl is not a solemn bird; for you judge the creature by daylight—its time for sleep. See the same bird at night, wide-awake, at its nest, and the joys it has at home where love rules, and ever and ever rule it should! The nestlings are most joyful of living creatures and in this regard, with the parents unmolested, far surpass the proud, too often peevish, human kind.

You will find that even at his prayers the owlish (in piety) takes great comfort in solemnity, many times, too, lacking in sincerity and saturated as we are with "business," the leading tone is selfishness. Go into thy closet with a feeling of joy, as one meeting a lover and true friend; for God, as Jèsus instructs, says, is not far off—"is within you." Do not in the stillness of thy closet act the part of a cringing beggar—what is truly thine will come to thee! It is a poor return when communing with Spirit at all times, and with men sometimes, to act the part that is mean, of beggary acknowledged. Speak no evil of anyone. He knoweth all, and if acting the Good Samaritan, you especially as a minister of God, and among those "sitting in darkness," be truly and honestly helpful. Weak nations are almost always the victims of those who call themselves Christians, since the dawn of American history. Raising the cross surely did not indicate the presence of good Samaritans in such crowds as ruined gentle natives, hospitable and civilized as were native Peruvians and Mexicans.

The light of life here on earth—at its withdrawal—is not calamity, only as respects parting from beloved ones awhile; for God rules. Your soul goes marching

on, to later reincarnations and reunions; again with the awhile loved and lost you will meet in joy.

An anxious question is asked, Will we know each other in the new term of life? I think so, for I have observed that even with horses the touch of noses is a conveying of intelligence one to another. We can have this language when it is needful, for surely we are not below the horse in intellect, and especially when love points the way.

I surmise that the after life periods, and rebirths differ little as with animal natures, as all alike are children of earth. Being primates, the larger soul needs a larger circuit. Instead of groveling as little souls do in the underworld or elsewhere, the superior in intellect goes into higher elements surrounding. The rebirths, whithersoever, do reach earth again and again, *via* reincarnation. This is an older belief than our historic and recent religions. We hear of it constantly by tradition, and so handed to our Christians of today,—that prayer of sincerity, *Jesus will be re-born on earth!*

I have often alluded to a Night of the Soul, negative of life's positive—as Milton in his sublime poem told of the proceeding of casting out devils from heaven. You see, on earth the near relation of day and night, for creatures can not live without a renewal in sleep. As Bunyan starts Christian with a load of sin, these oftentimes heavier than can be borne, yet in the renewal of pleasant rest and dreams, how refreshed we can open the morning, singing for joy. So it is, escaping a night—everlasting.

So goes my story of life, including on the traveled

road all creatures. As many die, averaging the years, as are born. It is unaccountable that some Christians, dazed by beliefs of old, cling to the *sacrificial* altar, streaming with blood, in his conceptions, he yielding possibly to the priestly demand(?) for burnt offerings (fried chicken) and money gifts for promised remission for sins—believing the Compassionate One, Jesus, had been offered up to his Father to be put to cruelest of deaths, a sacrifice, so to get remission of sins for a poor little Christian man of today, and also for his *rewards*, etc., etc..

Even our best scientific inquirers cannot fix on the functions stored in a tiny egg. The stabilizing and other needs, as the directing of homing pigeons, needs for the millions of creatures beginning life here, would not all be learned of highest gifts to man, in hundreds of rebirths. What little account could our Creator take of prayers of all, in all languages and to hear the praises round a throne, from all creation!

We speak of wornout New England farms; so we might speak of the deserts in all lands possibly. Our orb longer blessed and later covered with vegetation, and waters abounding in fish, should not show now any signs of decay, so early after making up of the same.

Man is a poor farmer to have deserts near his "land of promise," or say only abandoned farms. We find there is no trouble with nature and her affairs. I have seen southern cotton lands of lazy owners, in ridges in the forests, unused and back in the wilds. These lands are thus being renovated by allowing pine trees to start and grow thereon. The whole earth, it is said,

was once covered by the flood, yet man's feeble efforts only amount to irrigation in spots! It is the same always with nature and mankind. If you do not keep garden, radishes, carrots, chicory, and beets under cultivation, they go to the wilds for better care. It is only that we can get such as watercress,—because this plant is irrigated—watered by nature at her springs bubbling up here and there.

How are the living creatures of the garden of God being cared for in general? We have failing manhood propped by a fiction in marriage called "love," that is not Love. With airplanes, autos, etc., as precludes any serious thinking on affairs, on long journeys, the lady passengers especially crowding in their best-sellers—novels, so-called, for the speeders to while away time perusing. A favorite command to the man at the wheel is, go faster. So go the idlers, passing such small spots en route as Devilton, Deep Sea Port, and finally the crowd may be wrecked at the Point of Land lying ahead—called by the unfashionable name, Hell!

Rebirths, reunions, it seems to me, are the primal laws of life here and hereafter, for our spirits are to return to earth, as Jesus hinted, by rebirth. He said that except ye become as little children, you are not of the kingdom of heaven, of light higher than this life: "Be such as these little ones," for they have passed the Lake of Purification.

A path for all the living, souls or carnals, is, if you believe in immortality—from birth until death here and the heavenly life you hope for. Belief should have no infidelic gap, being of those who die, quit of

higher prospects of life here or hereafter. Let us hope there will be no dropping out even in thought, losing sight of a chain of being with no beginning or ending. The rolling earth has its 365 days every year of your life here; but the orb everlasting, above and beyond us, completes the great circuit of being.

One feature of the Quaker migration to Pennsylvania to escape persecutions in England, were of the great number bearing distinction in the old home land. Of the Nottingham colony were the Lincolns, Defoes, Hanks and Boones; Daniel Boone later of Kentucky, and Abraham Lincoln descended, as also his mother (Hanks), from these Quaker emigrants. A niece of Daniel Defoe, the London Quaker, coming to the colony at Nottingham, deserves peculiar mention. Her mother and the uncle, Daniel Defoe, thwarting her intended marriage ("out of meeting," they being of the Society of Friends), the girl of independent spirit sold herself to a sea captain to pay for a passage to the Delaware and was "redeemed" (by paying the money) by Friend Job of the Nottingham Colony. Later she married her purchaser's son, and a grandson of this marriage was Andy Job, born near the Friends' brick meeting house, Maryland. The strange character of Andy Job was a few years ago written up for and published in *Scribner's Monthly*, by Mary Ireland, and well illustrated. Andy's farm was an excellent one, received as inheritance. He would not admit visitors to his cabin—in a beautiful white oak grove on his lands, possibly from the fact that he wore no clothing except in coldest of weathers, and did all his own work, though owning a nice herd of cattle. In every

way—though not thought to be demented, he patterned his life much like that described by Daniel Defoe in his famous story of *Robinson Crusoe*. In this very peculiar case, no inheritance from any real personage is known and must be of the order of re-incarnation, as the forerunners, savages, were never known.

I have hitherto quoted a French scientist as saying that all matter he has examined emits rays of light. There is no doubt with anyone that all things are under domination in Essence and Matter—a Creator for matter surely, the other being the spirit thereof.

It is well known that we have wheat today from a few seeds found in Egyptian tombs of some early age. "The seed of the Kingdom" is often a quotation; and Jesus, the prophet, declared "the kingdom of God is within you." Even the little girl, when asked who made her, said "God made me—so high; I grewed the rest!"

II

Title of this book, *Physical Life and Inner Light*—light not of the sun, but of the Creator who shows in physical being, all that we know of such in this life.

Speaking of seeds that endure, I am reminded of once attending a lecture in Yale University on the subject of the Seat of Life here. The speaker told us of a few experiments he had made. He selected some frozen fish in market with fins and tails intact, and taking the fish to an unfrozen body of water, dropped them in. When spring came, the fish had all “thawed out” and were as lively as crickets! The speaker owned a pond full of terrapins, etc., and taking pity upon an exposed one with shell fast in the ice, dug a hole nearby and buried the turtle below frost line. In the spring he found the terrapins alive and well—except the one he had buried!

This is explanation so many poor mortals make who can think of no entity higher than theirs. These so pettishly and foolishly blurt out, “There is no God!” A fool of the “educated” sort once told a Quaker he could not see—did not believe—there was a God. The Friend merely asked, “Has thee ever seen thy brains, young man? (Of course he hadn’t.) Then dost thee know that thee has any?”

If a distinguished scientist gives up the riddle of life as unsolvable, so without more ado we poor mortals must let the frost make occasional kills; in the case alluded to, man was to blame. Even old earth has spells of the bellyache (earthquakes) and worries.

As education and culture advance, so does the reverence for womankind. Inferiority in sex is not recognized in animals below man. Excepting we now have less amazons for war; even the nobles, kaisers and chiefs are falling into ways of the softer sex and plead for ending of that savagery; a co-worker with slavery is war. In our bible scriptures and of the Shinto, Buddhist and Christian beliefs, there is the trace of creating better evolutions. The "born of a virgin" is not put forward as the true miracle of predominance. Japanese make the variant, showing greatest respect for both parents, yet have proper respect for the wife and daughters. This precludes all gush about beauty and its sex abuses.

And He rested on the seventh day, for tiresome is the work of creation. That is to say, putting the cart before the horse, for it is not likely man could have invented an almanac before there was call for such a book—as I remember away back, our old Dutch kind gave us rules for planting in dark or light of the moon and had many saws and funny crips. Think it over, and be of the religion of Jesus: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

"And the soul returned to me and said, thyself art heaven and hell," so Whitman later than Omar, on the seaside said, "I have fingered every shore with thee—my soul!"

We can have notions, intimately in fancy, of no places away from earth. Traveling in Germany, a new country to me seemingly, and when in region of the Black Forest had intimations of familiar landscapes there. This, as if the soul in former rebirth,

I probably had been home there on that great Path of the Eternal. No mortals have, except they be poets, the fancy fit to guess at unseen things. Milton in his conception of a war just outside heaven's gate,—to subdue, as earth also experienced later, arch fiends, invaders of the devil order,—the wrong polarity, as the robbers, holdups, etc.

Many besides our greatest prophet speak of the light within that must drive out any spiritual darkness. But if questioned about heaven and heavenly places—for preferments of anxious politicians and such, Jesus could only answer folly by folly: heaven is a place of many mansions. He did not proceed to give particulars as to taxations, and money changers—he had had too much trouble with the selfish followers.

It is useless in our discussions of the golden rule, etc., to mention those worthies, ancient and modern, who gave for the thoughtful so many times, as did Jesus, differing only in degree, the difference between highest orbs—sun, moon and stars, in comparison to the light (as Milton said, holy light) that lighteth up a passage throughout the soul's path. At the first lesson in the primer learn that "the kingdom of God is within you."

How poorly has the best of mortals made out discovering things of earth in the usual lifetime! So in the chances offered by our Creator to perfect ourselves He has given us more than *one* chance, by rebirth. But if artists leave their best work, soon time ruins the colors, as no pigments can be everlasting. To make their landscapes near the nature models must require artists to guess at the transitory, the vanishings with

time. Curious curves over the picture to blot out vision of shades very transitory—clouds, streams, and decay in all mountain grandeurs in the pictures. In reincarnation we can secure features of Nature in longer decay periods. Our “night time away from Nature” refreshes us, and in each life time can with Milton’s grand apostrophe, “Hail, Holy Light, offspring of heaven!” A new heaven, and a new earth—or older earth. So we journey afresh through the Seven Ages of Man. Thus comes renewal of strength, of aptitude for life, that in the night of the soul gets still more of the higher light and more manly strength also on being.

The latest kind of Bible miracles for children to read are those made up at a period when Cicero and other famous men of Rome made literature prized ever since. Let me cite one miracle to explain (!) the life work of the world’s Example in every regard: a story of Jesus at a jolly wedding party making good wine. Such a character today would be consorted with bootleggers and breakers of the 18th Amendment to our national Constitution.

This senseless, profane charge made against our Savior causes all the religious murders, burning of martyrs alive—and destruction of true writings of the best of authors,—who could not believe “the entire Bible” as handed down. The very kind of infidelity that has ruined the good name of a church and hastens the downfall of it.

Then, I say, on behalf of religion, separate the sheep from the goats in any revered volume, as the Bible, so to keep the children of God provided with only

intelligent traditions, etc., of the moral kind, touching all the events in the farthest past.

A print shop and a paper mill, ill used, have brought to the world a new form of idolatry, that formerly was among stone-cutters and hewers of wood. Originating long before mankind had knowledge, they set up something to call an unknown spirit; later, when language grew, it was called the gods. There is no excuse now for idolatry.

Tradition, that tells us so much of interest about affairs in the ancient world, is of priceless value, a thousand times better in form of knowledge than learned in the houses of gods, priestcraft, and such monopolies. These have been to some extent gathered, and one regarding the formation of the earth life—then mostly amphibious, but can be studied today in the rings of Saturn, with more perfect telescopes, as to the vapors and intermingled matters. First was possibly tradition of the flood. An ingenious story-teller among those who tend herds of sheep by night started, possibly, telling of a Noah's flood. The pious hero of such an age—if he now had such a reputation, would go to jail for sex enormities and drunkenness. He, Noah, and family are reported among the saved mortals, with the pairs of live creatures herded in Noah's tub!

The next water story, told by some shepherd on the hills, was that about pious Jonah, who was swallowed by a whale. He had a sea voyage of three days ahead, free of cost, and in all that time Jonah found comfort, maybe, but the whale got seasick. The big fish "threw up" about everything loose, including the "pious ex-

ample"—and this hero of the Bible story landed just where on shore he wanted to go. Three days in a whale's belly, and not any sea sickness or a sea biscuit!

At Sunday School the pious but smart boy was asked to state a moral to the class. He did! "You cannot keep a good man (Jonah) down."

No knowledge, even apparently trivial, says Maurice Thompson, can be without its place in the great chain of wisdom. "Art is not the whole of life, nor is material progress the only good. The pleasure of knowledge never embodied in painting, sculpture or poem, nor applied to any economic purpose, is of itself a mighty factor in the operations of human life."

"Lights out" along the land,
"Lights out" upon the sea.
The night must put her hiding hand
Out with the tranquil lights,
Out with the lights that burn
For love and law and human rights!
Set back the clock a thousand years:
All they have gained now disappears,
And the dark ages suddenly return.

You that let loose wild death,
And terror in the night—
God grant you draw no quiet breath,
Until the madness you began
Is ended, and long-suffering man,
Set free from war lords, cries, "Let there be Light."

—Henry Van Dyke.

God is over all, and always is a truth generally understood. Another quotation is often referred to. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, as truth is the "salt of the earth." You scarcely can look for relief from heaven from the Highest if you have no part and parcel of true verity.

The despised Quaker was, two hundred years ago, a subject of ridicule, even murder, among those who said he had no rights a white man is bound to respect. Because he had "no religion," as decided in Oxford University—sentiment of the elect in all aristocratical religious assemblies, not only in the mother country, but here in America among the "Puritans." Ancestors of our Abraham Lincoln came hither with William Penn, and settled in Pennsylvania. Among late candidates for President of the United States were found four or five of the descendants of the Quakers coming hither, one of whom was President Harding. As is well known, that active world-war food provider abroad, another Quaker, Hoover, is now an active member in the U. S. Cabinet. In several colonies, in the time of the Revolution, the staid Quakers in politics retired from active life because of their unwavering peace principles.

While Lincoln, of Quaker descent, in 1861-5 was President, slavery in our government of the United States was abolished. When the late world-war came to a close, our "Quaker" President called a World Congress together, that met in Washington, and was honored by delegates from European and other governments, all earnestly bent on securing peace for the world powers universally and by united effort. The ambitions that hitherto governed a fighting world should have been of "sterner stuff"—but God rules! Church members, when on the wrong side—the side of war—must be reformed, converted to the truth of God and wise efforts of the Greatest Prophet. Even

one of our best generals, in efforts to put down slavery, 1861-5, said War is Hell!

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
 As we voyage along through life;
 'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
 And not the calm or the strife.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Can there be a war in heaven—Milton says “outside”—also, as asserted in the scriptures of John? My claim elsewhere written is that scriptures wrongly written have tended to abate spirituality. A general cry goes up among reverends in any war, just or unjust, to encourage fighting. The preacher fights with his mouth, as the saying is, harmless because gunless.

Put up thy sword! was a true spiritual edict of a Great Savior, for, as I cited of the Quaker, the man of peace, the world must have spirituality up to that point when all the rebirths to earth can be secure from war. The promise to the righteous of soul everywhere, in all times. How can any with the least taint of combativeness rest in the final state, home for all the distressed of earth, except we become as little children, as the true assertion is. Who is keeping us out of heaven, the final rebirth, after so many trials,—except *ourselves*! That One Place of Peace, after buffetings through the ages, will be free from jarring sectarianism, mistakes between mating couples, ambitions for place of power, and all other meannesses “flesh is heir to” will be driven from our human natures. No holy water referred to, but that baptism of the spirit that long has been named bathing in the spiritual Lake of Lethe, where the earth-chain is severed, and the path starts anew!

Our Christian religion was an association of warring elements from the beginning. The Lion of Judah associated with the Lamb of God—the democratic Jesus, greatest of all the Jewish prophets, yoked with the bearers of the Ark of the Covenant.

The Bible says, in reference to Jesus, that in His early manhood He was called to discuss affairs of the soul with His people's doctors of divinity, similar in station to our worthies of the same rank, chief priests, doctors of divinity, etc.

Jesus was a superior personage, evidently possessing great intelligence. He would have educated, converted His people to become an age of reason; but as He said just before they secured His destruction on the Roman cross, "I would have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not."

A like dissimilarity of views was noticeable while Saxon orthodoxy in religions was governing England in the 17th century. One case in point was that of youthful but serious George Fox, founder of Quakerism. Desiring priestly help in his religious difficulties, he went to a priest, as he says in his *Journal*, for advice. The priest's advice to him was "Run with the girls, and chew tobacco." Before the imprisonments of George Fox ended in his death, he founded the Society of Friends (Quakers), to whom I make reference elsewhere.

Jesus, as the Bible states, after church orthodoxy had done its deadliest of work, cried out from the cross, O ye generation of vipers! In the cruelties of religious persecutions under "Christians," followers of Jesus and others since,—drawing and quartering,

burning alive,—as was the case with a false “witch” charge against the heroic Maid of Orleans, and are we yet clear of persecutions, and “O ye generations of vipers,”—as the words of a very great prophet said of the same savagery of the Sanhedrin.

Very wisely our colonies forming a United States prohibited all union of Church and State as a form of our government. Wisdom of our republican form, under men, not the least of them to be classed as “vipers,” can very readily be distinguished in comparison from almost all other nations today, as our United States leads all in culture, in wealth, and in sentiments of freedom, education and religious toleration.

It comes with our nature to recognize the fittest, for it has been a long time since devil worship. It is not in man to perform miracles; he may only do tricks. When Jesus said, Go into thy closet (for prayer) to have access to the Presence, He evidently meant the spiritual communion alone, and wordless, of course. “He will reward thee openly.” This applies to us who ask—not in any free-will mockery. Your inventors of any manner of useful things seek this silent approach. Could any inventor get his inspiration by frequenting places where are mere noise, or amusing antics?

Flammarion, the star-gazer, poet and mystic, has issued a book of soul-searching import. I take the following extract from it: After admitting that spirit and matter are forces in unity everywhere, it says: Cosmic dynamism rules the worlds. Newton gave it the name of attraction. If there were nothing but attraction in the universe the stars would form only one

mass, for it would have brought them together long ago, in the beginning of time. There is something else! Vital dynamism governs all beings. In man, as he has evolved, psychic dynamism is constantly associated with vital dynamism. At bottom all these dynamisms are one—it is the spirit in nature, deaf and blind as far as we are concerned in the immaterial world; and even in the instinct of animals; unconscious in the majority of human works—conscious in a small number. Matter vanishes; the universe is an intelligent principle.”

This is as good a guess as yet proclaimed, for in earliest scriptures is admitted, Ye have not seen God at any time.

The song of the reaper has a thought of home in sight; a lad on the sea will feign seasickness when it is homesickness. Wars on land or on sea are wreckers of home, and the dazed brain of a tramp comes of his flight from home and its innocence—his father's house. Lately, in the Arroyo meadow trees, I heard though the night joyful songs of home—a mocking bird's gentle singing, and knew it was for his patient, sitting mate. Then near me other music of a human, a love song for the children. Songs of this kind make for the beautiful and happy feelings of all the living; an opposite in polarity takes you afar from the tree of life and love. Even very gypsies will stand together and cherish one another through the centuries if they are not aquit of the song of songs they heard in deserts many centuries ago. The Father of Life gave the home for bird or beast, or man, and those reborn to earth, hearing the voice of God always will need not

be fearful of darkness, or divorce, wars, or carnage, or thieves, if you are fighters for the right, for home.

President Harding, we have noted elsewhere, receives much criticism in English quarters, because he doesn't know good English. Below I copy from a late address to students a fair specimen of the way this sinner uses the American language: Declaring that almost nothing remains secure today from the attacks of iconoclasts. Our President appealed to the graduating classes of the nation's universities and colleges to dedicate themselves to an unselfish service in the preservation of civilization.

"We look to this month's graduating classes," said the President, speaking at the commencement exercises of the American University, "to provide far more than their numerical share of leaders for the nation in a future not far ahead.

"The nation must constantly be on its guard against the tendency to tear down established institutions before a plan of reconstruction had been devised.

"After all, unsatisfactory as some earnest people regard the present structure of society and existing human relationships, a reasonably conscientious world has been a long time traveling far on the road toward as ideal conditions as it now has reached. History has afforded many illustrations of societies crumbling and going to pieces, and the process has invariably been attended with superlative disaster to great masses of humanity.

"It is a commonplace that at this time the world stands on the brink of what looks very like a precipice. It must not be allowed to take the fatal plunge. It

will not if it shall be able to summon to its leadership in the coming generation men and women who will unite a necessary measure of conservative purpose with an equally necessary portion of willingness to consider new expedients, to test out formulas, to apply the acid test even to what we have learned to believe is pure gold."

In our war for the Union, and incidentally to put down the Southern and English aristocracy, 1861-5, we noted that the free press was *non est inventu* with our enemies. Comic *Punch* only punched as the aristocrats bid it "be funny." After the war, it was too serious a concern for those against Liberty to see much fun in anything. Elsewhere in this book an extract from poem by Thomas Taylor of England (Tom Taylor in good English), will enlighten the reader about English aristocratical opinions of Lincoln.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face."

—John Burroughs.

Saddest of mortals that ever lived were friends probably of those who were stricken from life here in their early years. Surely we all would welcome their return. An ever-loved one in all the Christian centuries was Jesus of Nazareth. This primate of all prophets, when his young life was taken in torture on the cross at behest of phenatics, he despairingly

cried, My God, hast thou forsaken me? Best beloved of English poets, Keats, in his great gloom and disappointment (he died in early years of consumption) said, My name is writ in water! The best possibly of our southern bards, Dunbar, in a sad but beautiful poem affirmed, "I's lone and in distress." He was stricken by consumption when a mere youth.

Could anyone make suggestion of a more hopeful theory for humanity than that in this my book.—A never-ending Circuit-of Being, where the loved and lost could be restored, to gladden the generations of the earth-born? Precious lives of great ones, never forgotten ones, who could again spread comforting words of hope, words ever to be remembered, and thus to better help and cheer all generations.

With falcon-wings have flown the two-score years
 Since here I trod the heights, yet now I gaze
 Entranced, for that blue loneliness betrays
 No age,—like some perpetual bride who bears
 Unfading wreaths of bloom, it yearly wears
 Fresh garlands woven of cerulean haze;
 These dreamy hills well loved in happier days,
 Seem even lovelier as my twilight nears.
 Tense life hath taken her relentless toll,
 For to myself I turn, and see the truth
 Furrowed upon my brow, and in the soul
 Deep scars: Corrosive Time hath wrought the change;
 And yet yon blue, insensate mountain range
 Defies mutation with perennial youth. * * *

Each eve I perish on my sumptuous pyre,
 Yet every morn my bright renascence brings
 Innumerable orbs to illumine the rolling earth—
 When I, at dusk, withdraw from view of men,
 But star and planet never meet my sight:
 I am that Splendor of primeval birth,
 Which flushed the dawn of Chaos, and since then
 For me—till systems crash—there is no Night.

I loved the Day, but now the dark Night clings
Close to my soul. Lo, through the evening air
Night comes,—naked and pure—divinely fair—
Slow floating downward on those brooding wings!
She is the Dove of Darkness, and she brings
The olive, Peace, into the Tents of Care:
Oh, let the raven mystery of her hair
Enshroud me with occult imaginings!
O, Night, if thou art beautiful as this,
Let thine arms fold me till my passing breath
Dies into dreams wherein the Spirit rests:
Numb me with rapture of Thy Lethean kiss.

—*Lloyd Mifflin.*

Belief, no doubt, began with the notion of failing power of argument or assertion. Since the Christian age and periods of better education, we have had less of Thus saith the Lord. I remember well when in protracted meetings for conversion, to hear in sermon and song, "Only believe and you will be saved."

Early references can not be found in the Bible, I presume, of reincarnation—because there was no full faith in immortality. Our New Testament and elsewhere, catching the truth of a Hereafter, taught by the great Prophet, abounds in the spiritual concept entire and not of idol worship. We find a story of Jonah in the Jewish scriptures, that does not refer to the Spirit—for Jonah had merely made his temporary earthly domicil in the whale's belly. Theologians since time of the murder of Jesus have the fact, (little they understand it!), how education has improved—through belief in miracles being lost sight of—so such ones as that about Jesus even are out of date; where he turned crystal clear water, at a wedding carousal, into wine! This foolish miracle was of the order of the Jonah story.

From the good work women of the societies and others accomplish, I may well advocate that there is no Supreme Spirit having male sex, and I affirm that without woman's help theology long ago would have collapsed. God, He; God, She,—seems very ridiculous except to thoughtless priests. Before the male supremacy here, or hereafter, had any lodgment in beliefs, there was in very ancient times a woman god.

Nurse of Eternity,
Thy bosom feeds the sun;
From thine eternity
All breasts in nature run.
To thy bright Light we turn
All other gods to spurn!

Modern philosophy may require better common sense, to fix in our minds a fact (?) that beams of light have any zigzag or other unseen course from distant spheres, to reach us. As well say the conscience or higher light have a way of wabbling, so that you do not get your true measure! In what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again, whether of laughter, or the sunlight,—even of potatoes (?) you will require the full measure.

As Bro. Heald relates (see Appendix) a heavenly body of our own system, as astronomers affirm, and name Asteroid, was a law-breaker among the great bodies of the universe, so was flung to atoms. A nature criminal giving us the particles attracted to earth called meteorites, etc. Criminals in human society are entitled to punishment surely in proportion even as a law-breaking star. Life of Lincoln was destroyed by one of the creatures, lower than a louse, who knew not any human sympathy. Very

pious but mistaken people advocate forgiveness, immediate conversion, etc., so go to jails to present these lice, flowers! A well-known author, Thos. Taylor of England, in a poem on Lincoln's burial, at a time all friends of humanity or democracy were mourning, had these words of stinging reproach for the Gladstones and other English aristocrats who were wishing ill of our republic. I quote opening lines:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You who with mocking pencil wont to trace—
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd face,
His giant, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair
His gait uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair;
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.
You whose smart pen back'd up the pencil's laugh
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

This from a talented Englishman, whom his Saxon friends called Tom Taylor—a despiser he was of a title from aristocrats.

Get your criminals at earliest possible moment, and remove them from sight of innocency; or kill them,—for all souls passing to rebirth, then pure as babes again, are sure of another chance to do well. In youth most of us were taught by good mothers about the Good man and Bad man. You could have no better instructors to warn of opposite polarities. As education will augment possibly the class called drones, little higher than criminals, they should be treated as our Greatest Prophet did, with compassion; weak and poor you help, the mere animal tricksters you ignore as being neither good nor half-good. Since Sunday

schools were started by educators, we have compassionate, careful lovers of youth to impart and explain real helpful knowledge. Jesus spent no hours I affirm in biblical nonentities, but his teachings were very helpful. "Behold the lilies of the field." "The sparrow can not fall to the ground" without His notice. I would suggest a work like that helpful book of *California Useful Plants* for this state. It is full of instruction, giving pleasure to brainy youth. I remember near-childhood incident of an uncle carrying me to the pens outside—a new phase of active life to me. The compassionate Lincoln had long grief when his father sold his pet little pig! A truly American poet, Paul L. Dunbar, says:

Da rain done hid de mountain's fo'm,
De trees is bendin' in de sto'm,
I's lone and in distress.
But listen, dah's a voice I hyeah,
A-sayin' to me, loud and cleah,
"Lay low in de wildaness."

Look not outwards but inwards; there are sure no ideas in miracles. There now is belief in the supreme spirit, be it Law or be it Creator. "There is no god but God," one may say with Mahomet, another can quote Jesus, another Buddha.

The pose naturally of a tree, on any part of earth, points from center dark, to light of magnetic or sun force. What was the cult called Druidism, coming evidently from tree worship? Origin may be from fabled Adam's day of old, before the fall of man even—he fell from his home in the trees, to better himself after an age of monsters on sea and land as found now in our museums but articulated. Great

snakes! from Ireland, driven, as was Eve, from the better land of Paradise, where the Tree of Life was blooming, and the (forbidden) Fruit sickened Adam, possibly then he tried stock raising. This course of the Circuit of Life on earth, that fetches us time and again to the world (in rebirth) is traditional and problematical. And from pioneer days on all the continents, the trees, the grass and the flowers should make us surely lovers of Nature in all its ramifications.

And all these things seemed very glad,
The sun, the flowers, the birds on wing
The jolly beasts, the fury-clad
Fat bees, the flowers, and everything.

But gladder than them all was I,
Who being man might gather up
The joy of all beneath the sky,
And add their treasures to my cup.

And travel every shining way,
Laugh with the world at world's delight
Create a sphere for every day,
And store a dream for every night.

—John Drinkwater.

Yale Review of late date speaks thus of an English woman's autobiography. She "has no sense of reserve, no passion for accuracy, and no standard of taste, can hardly fail to write an entertaining book for England—and—more timidly—the United States. . . . It is a story after the order of Melchizedek, without beginning and without end. . . . She shrank not from exposing the secrets and sensations of life." A good bit of honest criticism!

EAST AND WEST

Men look to the east for the dawning things,
For the light of the rising sun;
But they look to the west, to the crimson west,
For a view of the things that are done.

For the eastward sun is a new born hope
From the dark of the night distilled,
But the westward sun is the sunset sun,
The sum of a hope fulfilled.

For there in the east they have always came -
The cradle that gave the birth—
To all the hopes of the hearts of men,
To all the hopes of the earth.

For there in the east a Christ arose,
And there in east there gleamed
The dearest dream and the clearest dream
That a prophet ever dreamed.

But into the waking west they came
With the dream-child of the east,
And they found the hope they had hoped of old
A thousandfold increased.

For there in the east we dreamed the dream
Of the things we hoped to do,
But here in the west, the crimson west,
The dreams of the east came true.

How do we get civilized and away from barbarism, if not through being born again? Christian belief as to Jesus and others whose blessed work for less civilized mortals, gave us clues for betterment. It has surely depended upon rebirth, as all our instincts point directly to former denizens of earth, before the printing press was thought of, or even earlier stories of creation were handed down. Discoverer of America had, as recorded, a firm instinctive faith as to new continent. Peoples of the East were famous naviga-

tors and no doubt Columbus was under this inheritance from Phœnician or Greek life lived long ago. In Spain or among Druids were no such leading. Inheritance means that which inheres, aside from real estate affairs, for Shakespeare says, "It is to enclose as in a funeral monument, traditions"; or as Raleigh says *to have inherently*. If the earth is for real estate owners, why is its surface so given to the waters?

Oliver Lodge, a learned spiritualist of the true order, already has a vast following—many from communing with unseen spirits as though heaven and earth were one. To what region will Jesus next come: to lands of his former work and agonies, still in control of autocrats, popes, kings and Kaisers, who hated him, or more sensibly, to those of the loving kind, the poor in heart who will gladly receive him? The principles of equity and helpfulness that Jesus taught are in the very foundations of the government of the United States, and signs of the times point to the triumph of the republicanism that means equity, equality of rights.

Nor shall I deem His object served,
His end attained, His genuine strength put forth
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness. . . . When the host is out
At once to the despair of Night
When all mankind alike is perfected—
Equal in full-bloom powers,—then not till then,
I say begins Man's general infancy.

—Browning.

Reader, did it ever occur to you that Heaven may be in our midst unseen? This surely would shorten the Circuit of Being. For ages we have had so-called spirit rappings, communications with unseen ones; by

priests, ministers, mediums, etc. We know that as God is spirit, no one has seen Him at any time; time being a material concept. What is coming from hell or the devil—negative of the Great Spirit—is not known. Have we ever had an age of miracles? I think not, for Law can never lie dormant, if from God: spirit never sleeps. To get a better advertiser was the need in theology a few centuries after Jesus had been killed by the fanatics. Make a noise, call out the lo heres and lo heres; so the miracles were revamped from uses in barbarism of olden times. Jesus taught highest philosophy.

There is cause and effect in everything—in natural way of course; so when clouds move because heat has to do with it, and the electrical disturbances must likewise be governed; then at man's behest if anything must stand still in Nature [as the sun is reported, while a fight lasted, over the valley of Ajalon] the reporter may have been drinking a drop too much or was asleep.

It is well known to intelligent readers that reincarnation is one of man's earliest beliefs. All ancient writings, including the Scriptures, have frequent reference to it—being born again. In fact, devout Christians and of all religions down to lowest level of culture, daily pray and act under this belief.

In Matthew, 11:15, of our New Testament, is this: And from the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven—[likely was meant the Holy Land of the Jews]—suffereth violence—[Jewish nation, conquered by the Romans]—and men of violence take it by force; for all the Prophets and the Law

prophesied until John. And if ye are willing to receive it, THIS IS ELIJAH [Jesus] which is to come. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. * * * For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, he hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! And wisdom is justified by her works."

In Malachi, "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet [by rebirth] before the great and terrible day of the Lord come; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children; they to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Luke 1:17, And *he shall go before his face* in the spirit and power of Elijah to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to walk in the wisdom of the just to make ready for the Lord a people prepared for Him.

Matthew 17:12. And he answered and said, Elijah indeed cometh and shall restore all things: but I say unto you, that ELIJAH IS COME ALREADY, and they knew him not, but did unto him whatsoever they listed. Even so shall the Son of Man suffer of them.

John 1:23. What sayest thou of thyself? He said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Make straight the way of the Lord, as said Isaiah the Prophet, * * * And they asked him and said unto him, Why then baptized thou, if thou art not the Christ? John answered them saying, I baptizeth with water; in the midst of you standeth one whom ye know not, even him that cometh after me, the latchstring of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose."

This prophecy (or introduction) of a great prophet, met fulfilment,—after a great many centuries of wrangling. We have no guide, religious or governmental, that would govern mortals truer than the advice vouchsafed by Jesus. I quote below from Charles Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans*.

"I believe that free government is a political application of the Christian theory of life; that at the base of the republican system lies the Golden Rule; and that to be a good citizen of the United States one ought to be imbued with the spirit of Christianity, and to believe in and act upon the teachings of Jesus. He condemned self-seeking, covetousness, hypocrisy, class distinctions, envy, malice, undue and ignoble ambition, and he inculcated self-restraint, repression of the lower and meaner passions; love to the neighbor, contentment, gentleness, regard for the rights and happiness of others, and respect for the law. It seems to me that the vices he condemned are those also which are dangerous to the perpetuity of republican government; and that the principles he inculcated may be properly used as tests of the merits of a political system or a public policy."

A poet of the nimble fancy exclaims, "How wonderful is sleep, sleep and his brother death!" Just as are your perceptions, keen or dull, will you behold of the higher life, the innocent, unwordly state and condition of Jesus, when he says that children are of the spirit that will be prevalent in the Hereafter. You can have no Heaven without this spirit. You make your conceptions of hell theologically, to suit yourself. No one here can tell of any divisions, physically,

in the Hereafter—of Heaven, Purgatory or Hell. These are earth-born. An eloquent but crafty preacher can add to his possessions in his sermon by references to his personal “wants,” say a piano, if in his congregation is a rich musical instrument maker, by broad hints—so that “thrift may follow fawning.” Evil will grow upon what it feeds—as a hog fattens. A servant is worthy of his hire, but somehow it happens that a master’s eye is worth two of his hands. So the hypocrite has a higher recompense (?) than is awarded a mere hog, or the contrary.

How comes it that we know neither the day nor even the year of Jesus’ birth; and only lay claim to December 25th because it is the Winter Solstice and is the birthday of an entire host of Pagan Gods, all of them reputed to have been born of virgins:—Crishna, Buddha, Mithra, Isis, Osiris, Hercules, Bacchus, Adonis, and dozens more? Is it all coincidence? And is it a mere coincidence that the rites of religion as practised now were, almost entirely, instituted by Mithra, five hundred years, approximately, before Jesus was born? While the doctrines of election and free grace, as taught by Calvinism and Arminianism, could never be harmonized with each other, with reason, or with the Bible, yet these two Bible doctrines are perfectly harmonious, seen from the standpoint of the plan of the ages. In view of God’s glorious plans for the future, what must be the attitude of every true Christian respecting the second advent of our Lord Jesus Christ—the first step toward the accomplishment of the long-promised and long-expected

blessings for the world of mankind?—*Golden Age*, April, 1921.

While aristocracy and orthodoxy (in religion) had dominancy, a democratic form of government was impossible. Even in our American colonies, the frenzy of religion became so rampant that under the Puritan rule, in New Haven, Conn., H. Norton, a Quaker, in 1657, was sent to prison for preaching the Word of God as he understood it, and later flogged cruelly until citizens interfered. Then he was branded in his right hand with letter H (heretic) and sent back to jail till a heavy fine should be paid. A stranger, a Dutchman, out of compassion, paid the fine. Later, Norton was banished from among the Puritan Elect. John Milton visited Gallileo in prison, in Europe, as the two were *heretics*—agreed, however, on question of astronomy, and had suffered for biblical non-conformity.

Lest the sorcerer entice
With some other new device.

Says Milton. These two were compelled by imprisonment and threats of death, to keep speechless while inquisition ruled.

Since the Spaniards first in America raised their religious banner, the Cross, in their search for gold, and Columbus tried a trick of making, for profit, slaves of the Aborigines here, it seems a far cry to the real Christian kind of government we have now.

I refer elsewhere to a paper in the *Missionary Review of the World*, written by Dr. Eleanor Taylor Calverly, formerly of York, Pa. The writer, now a resident of Kuwait, Arabia, says: "Yes, we admit there

is much cruelty among the Arabs; they are no mean workmen, and are brave in war—suffering silently the pangs of death, because death is from Allah. They are here a most hospitable people.”

In matters of the gods we are mostly concerned in the Far East. Here in America, a land of freedom, our spiritual, progressive, conceptions are different. Our form of government, republican, opposes the old Eastern tyrannies in any shape: our own Washington and lovers of freedom abroad—La Fayette, Steuben, Payne,—would not abide under aristocrasies in the eastern world, nor religions of “Thus saith the Lord.”

The trend of civilization has ever appeared westward. Our first president of the United States advised us to keep free from all European or other foreign alliances, secular or religious entanglements.

Hindu scriptures have hope of the Prasna Upanishad, 1.10, “that they who seek the Atman by austerity, chastity, faith and knowledge—they do not return in any more rebirths,—only means that they have finally escaped from the thralldom of reincarnations by being absorbed into God. Throughout the thirteen principal Upanishads the records of that eager quest which India has been pursuing through the centuries, which is tersely expressed in the Brihad-Aranyaka Upanishad in its first division (at 1, 3, 28):

“From the unreal lead me to the real,
From the darkness lead me to the light,
From death lead me to immortality.”

Not being an educational force, Theology is losing ground, and the Prince of Peace gains, in an enlightened world.

Arabs along the Red Sea, a most hospitable people, are far from being free from sensuality and bigotry.

Dr. Eleanor Taylor Calverly, graduate of Philadelphia Woman's Medical College, now living at the Kuwait Mission in Arabia, writes a graphic paper to the *Missionary Review of the World* about her neighbors. She speaks of Arabs as being very hospitable, and yet sensual and cruel; one house is for the "mother," the other is for "father's wife." There is Mohammedan belief in the evil eye; and children grow up in an atmosphere of envy, fear and hatred. "Little Arab sister, with sweet olive-tinted face and great wondering brown eyes, is a playmate of the doctor's little daughter. Disadvantages of Arab children are both spiritual and mental; yet there is something that is irresistible in the wide-mouthed, guileless smile of a baby, whether he be white, red, brown, yellow or black.

Life in an Arab town is something very sordid. There is so much to make one shudder, so much to wring one's heart. Then there is also the monotony: sand, sand, sand!

The doctor says, "Our little daughter, clad in pink rompers, and playing in the sand, was happy. Naima, our daughter's Arabic name, was asked by her playmate, Hassa, 'Where are your jewels? You have none?' Naima shook her head. 'Oh,' cried Hassa, 'you poor thing.' When I heard Hassa say this there came to me a vision of the probable future of these two children. I saw our little girl, in free America, rolling hoops and jumping rope, while Hassa was secluded and guarded within the confines of her home lest she be seen by men. Then I saw our little one a

few years later, a sweet girl graduate; then Hassa, 14 years of age, would be spending sleepless nights to still the crying of her first-born child. I saw our daughter walking arm in arm with comrades on the college campus; when Hassa, a disappointed, sad-eyed woman, divorced, re-married, would be supplanted by a partner wife."

Of all the land far-famed for goodly steeds,
Thou com'st, O stranger, to the noblest spot.
Colonos, glistening bright,
Where evermore, in thickets freshly green,
The clear-voiced nightingale
Still haunts and pours her song,
By purpling ivy hid. * * *
And yet another praise is mine to sing,
Gift of the Mighty God
To this, our city, mother of us all,
Her greatest, noblest boast,
Famed for her goodly steeds,
Famed for her bounding colts,
Famed for her sparkling sea.

—*Œdipus at Colonos.*

Above I quote from the famous Greek author, his hint that a city of thy desire may be a heaven, of delight, for the once and evermore denizen of earth. If elsewhere I refer to the "heaven-born" of Biblical times, the meaning must be taken as earth-born. Gods in the old Grecian times were said to have marriage with mortals. Be sure there is mistake—they have been of earth-birth. Even along in our history, in an enlightened Roman period of the New Testament, Jesus it was said came to earth fatherless and departed "in a cloud." Let us hope He Himself was free from trickery of the pious reporters in everything, for He braved a cruel death from fanatics to do unrivaled good for all humanity.

Put your ear to the ground, as the saying is, for we of the lowly have a hearing as well as a vision outwardly and inwardly. Sleep and Death by Shelley are accounted of, similarly, higher than by the outward senses. You who have vision can find this true. After the death of your beloved, then beyond the human senses, you can in dreams be told—these latter are not of earth. You may dream of helping the beloved one still, from a cramped enclosure as earth, and then the heavenly smiles reward you. While mere names of earth mates will not recur, yet you still detect the object, knowing no names can reach above earthly condition. Good and bad, rich or poor, are terms for us here. Good news of a conscience turns up now and then; but finally death grips; then Higher Light is too radiant. "I will repay." An eye for an eye is the human balance, yet the higher adjustment sure follows delinquency, and the stumbling over conscience of "Forgive! forgive!!" of the unworthy. Justice is sure, and sure does Fate "Strike once, and strikes no more."

EVELYN HOPE

BY ROBERT BROWNING

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass;

Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinges' chink.
Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; besides,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
And now was quiet, now astir,

Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.
Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What your soul was, pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, naught beside;
No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you.
But the time will come,—at last it will,
When Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say),
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall opine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.
I have lived (I shall say), so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want, and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? Let us see!
I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seemed full as it could hold:
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young month and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret, go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

McGroarty, a California philosopher, says: There are so many things to remember. And to forget the names of a thousand wonder workers, more or less,

who have been dead so long that it is time for them to come back again—what difference does it make?

Attributed to the Great Prophet, Jesus, is the saying: "Take no thought of the morrow—what ye shall eat and wherewithal ye shall be clothed." Also cease from worry now over "things to remember." Sufficient unto the day is the worry thereof, for reaching the higher sphere, there are no time-tables to mark intervals, as here on earth, in reincarnations. Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man will keep you busy over wonder-workings!

Civilization can be farther traced, thanks for that blessed book, the Bible. It is above all creeds, all nations, and only alert is its hint of beginning of everything,—the Spirit. Let us consider the first man, irrespective of any garden, or ship, or how this first of the race was clothed—not being so favored as other animals that are naked. His warmth came from a fig leaf garment; and after Adam was told to hustle for himself, then his ingenuity suggested the suspenders for this fig leaf; his first invention, possibly! With an eager and a nipping air, he became a bit envious of well-clothed animals he looked on as his inferiors "in the sight of God," and did his first killing, to get fur robes. Why should Eve not have had attention? Females of all breeding pairs of animals have better care from the Creator, in the innate modesty or feature of life-regulation, than has man.

What a long and unclean or brutal struggle our race has had! Greeley, our wisest editor, wrote, "Go west, young man!" Both to the north and to the south the trend of population seldom goes, for the end of these

journeys brings torturing cold. Even down to the days of a free Hebrew race, escaped from Egyptian bondage, but still carrying the Ark of the Covenant, the people rushed to new wars, bloody wars, very like conquests in America later, when the Red Man had to go. Jews wanted the territory Jehovah promised, a Holy land, and yet even unto this day that land is not very promising.

There will still be our Sphynx question: Is the world better or worse for mankind? Not as to any one feature. God is no respecter of special life in the whole kingdom of nature, and if any of us should be so child-trusting as to ask special privileges or comforts, we may (as the Bible relates to the whole question of immortality), assert, "*Ye think ye have eternal life.*" The Creator fills no stockings for children at Christmas, but delegates to the parents and friends this loving service. If the agents or the dear little ones are untrue to a soul's trust, how can they trust the Unseen One? If, as thy child believes, thou art great and noble of soul, he knows no mistrust when Christmas comes, or at any time. Break his faith, or her faith, and mistrust even of the Greatest Prophet ensues,—when that truth was uttered for all to cheer us. The kingdom of God is within you.

There is a straight way in life here, a straight path that leads thee later, and on until life begins here again for thee on earth; and if home is the heaven of thy desire, this next birth will bring to thee joy over reunions, and the new home will have transcendent phases of life, more life, that will grow better, larger of purpose throughout rebirths innumerable.

The Very Elect is not voted for by generality of electors; in fact, He breathed into you the breath of life, and in that condition only one ballot need be taken. We must take into the account Lo here's! and Lo there's!! Had we Christians a unit, there would be but one sect to interpret the Bible. Lo, too, our many denominations of Christians.

A little girl hit on a great truth when asked, "Who made you?" "God made me so high;—I grewed the rest." We all grow more or less—some very bad, some very good. Those in the brutal way, loving strife; others as Jesus desires, His own beloved.

Let us hope for another group of immortals reborn here, to rebuild, amplify our civilization, and to do the work left undone by the murdered Prophet, in spreading compassion that is love.

This warning for young aviators:

Our boy Jeremire
Dun burnt in de fire;
His airplane *drowed de sun*.

We need not the traditionally pick-up story of affairs from savagest and crudest of life, in the early times, when good men of Sodom or Gomorra were as rare as hen teeth, as the saying is. Report is that in Jerusalem today are, as in earlier times, rivalries and fightings—mostly over religion. "Great is Diana of the Epesians," great is Jehovah, great is Mohammed, and so on. One clan still points out the grave of Adam, which excited the pious(?) humor of Mark II.

A common saying is, "more holy than righteous,"

and has ever mortal exhibited the qualities that truly belong to us all?. It does not stand to reason, for we have all grades in hypocrisy. Artemis Ward mistook for a common preacher (though a hypocrite likely) and who appealed to the humorist with eyes cast heavenward—as a sign-manual. Meeting with no response, the good man said, "This is a cold world." A. W., sizing the man up, and having no Bible at hand, blurted out, "You'll get into a hotter one by and bye; hot as hell."

No fault attaches to Bible accounts, so valuable for reference; written from hearsay, these records can be construed as most valuable for study—conceptions of earliest traditional times. You must not take Jacob and his wives and concubines as a holy example *now*, for life today if examples of Scriptures mean for "instruction" (example) would indicate no progress through the ages. Jesus surely fought and opposed the holy ideas in olden scriptures. An eye for an eye—and saying not anything of reproof in the scriptures about holiness of holy wars—"but I say unto you, love one another."

I am not psychoanalytic nor of the pious—the very elect, but observe from all past experience, we do not get to the full understanding of life from our human nature. Experience of religion teaches that it has much of impulsive goodness, formal ceremonies or actions soon forgotten. Jesus no doubt had reference to this, religion too full of animal magnetism, for when speaking of a church (his was the open-air kind) when two or three in serious mood are met together. Then the higher light and life are manifest,

a spirit arises that will with the morning stars sing in utmost joy. A church should surely have the educational feature, for at this ripe age of the world we may drop notions of altars, offerings to gods (burnt or otherwise).

Rather too much of human nature is exhibited by school authorities in selecting teachers (a hint also to church authorities), the employed expecting a good time, to spend between the movies and mental concerns, as the "duties." In selecting help for churches or charities, the teachers should be given not any notions of ease, soft snaps, or time for selfish uses; but select the most competent of Good Samaritans, and not from mere scholarly or pious pretensions.

This is an age of action, and those coming in a rebirth to take again some part in human affairs must hustle. No more of the loafing, hold-up dispositions "need apply," must go as the scoffer says, to hell—where the dark of polarity belongs. Times change and we with the times. Now great shake-ups from calamities recently, endured from prominence of hatred and war.

Our President, since the devil dance of others, has been wise, careful and patriotic. With our Republic has always seemed the light of progress, or we would now, as at first, be in chains of slavery and under dictation of lazy autocrats or plutocrats.

As showing the new trend, in America, I copy from James Oppenheim's late *Times* essay:

"When its meaning is revealed, we see that the unconscious wisdom is trying to tell us of ourselves, to reveal our real trouble, and even to lead us to a solu-

tion of the difficulties. . . . What does one know of oneself? Human nature is a rich mystery, for not only is it compounded of our experience and our gifts, it is also inherited from the remote past. In each of us is the collective unconscious, the racial mind, which contains the wisdom, the power, the greatness of the entire past: the very source of inspiration, the spring from which have risen all our arts, inventions, religions and sciences. . . .

“One may wonder how by any psychological process one may come to this deeper insight. One cannot do it alone. Maeder, in his little book on the subject, likens the analytic process to Dante’s ‘Divine Comedy.’ The analyst is the guide, Virgil, who leads the patient, Dante, first down through the inferno of his hidden abysses of nature, then up through Purgatory, the great overcoming. But at the peak of the Mountain of Purgatory, Virgil gives up his guidance, and Beatrice appears, Dante’s own soul, now to lead him up through the paradise.”

III

When Tolstoy was excommunicated in 1901, he addressed the Orthodox Russian Church very candid letters as to his belief in Jesus and the Father of us all. Said, "Truth more than all else in the world he loved, and had greatest veneration for Jesus." His later years were spent amidst spies of the church, and very many pressing offers he had to die with church prospects for salvation at last. The wife of Tolstoy was evidently sent to spy on him, and take him from his prized last writings,—to burn such has long been the fashion of the pious *vs.* infidels.

From a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* I copy a Tolstoy letter of October 23, 1910: "I am a very sinful person, and my only occupation consists in mending myself, in the measure of my power and ability, from my numerous sins and sinful habits. I beseech God to help me in this cause, and He helps me. Though at the pace of a turtle, still I advance with His help. In this advancing I find that the sole sense purpose and benefit of my life. The kingdom of God is within us and the kingdom has to be won by force (that is, by effort). I believe in this, and exert all possible efforts for this; and here you come to offer me the performance of certain rites and the utterance of certain words, which would show that I consider as infallible truth all that which men who call themselves Church consider truth, and in consequence of which all my sins would be pardoned—pardoned somehow and by someone; and that I shall not only

be exempt from the inner hard—but at the same time joyous,—spiritual work of self-improvement, but that I shall be somehow saved from something, and shall receive some kind of an eternal bliss.

“Why, dear Brother Dimitri, do you address me with such a strange proposal? Have I tried to convert you, have I counseled you to rid yourself of that, in my opinion, pernicious delusion which you profess, and into which you painstakingly lure thousands and thousands of unfortunate children and common people, perverting their minds? Then why do you not leave me in peace, a man who, by his age, stands with one foot in the grave, and who calmly awaits his death? My conversion to the church faith might have had sense were I a boy, or a grown-up atheist, or an illiterate yakout who had never heard about the church-faith. But I am 82 years old, was brought up in the very same deception which still dominates you, to which you are inviting me, and from which, with greatest suffering and efforts I freed myself many years ago, adopting a Christian—not ecclesiastical—point of view, which gives me the possibility of a peaceful, joyous life directed toward self-perfection, and the readiness for as peaceful and joyous a death, in which I see a return to God of love, out of whom I issued forth. With brotherly love, Leo Tolstoy.”

Orthodox church, as we know, has ever been foremost in spreading evil reports. If hatred as so often did not stop short of cruelest forms of murder, for its “enemies,” independent thinkers. Our own lover of liberty, Thomas Payne, died, as evil report gave out, a drunkard, who wanted to confess his *errors* in

speaking of orthodoxy. Equally false have been reports that Tolstoy was maddened by his unorthodox writings, and started off in his old age to die in some unknown wilderness. The letter above corrects these reports.

Possibly the worst blunder committed in the history of pious sects and idolatry in early ages, was in having men set apart, no family or family relations, to attend to the altars of the gods. As the Maker of us all clearly indicates as His will and our instincts verify it, sexes cannot be apart, and children in all homes have a clinging to and almost worship of the parents. Babes are the best gift of mankind, most highly prized by all surely. Child-trust and innocence are makers of true character and worth. Return to earth in all rebirths, ever rouses the sacreddest of songs, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth; good will to all mankind." And this language, and song of glory, is indicated even down to the humblest creatures.

When in life's common ways,
With cheerful feet we go;
When in the steps we tread
Who trod the ways of woe—
Thou that once on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me,
Thou hast sent me here to be
Born of human-kind like Thee,
From nature's inmost heart
(The final film withdraw!)
Eternal silence reigns
Bound in Eternal Law
It is enough: we ask not where Thou art,
Present in space, or in the faithful heart.
Unchanging Law binds all
And Nature's law we see—
Hope of those that have no other.

—Palgrave.

Mark Twain and many others have toured to the Holy Land, to get sight of holy relics. Our Mark was shown the grave of Adam, and if some scriptural things he writ about in the Holy Land are found—say among Mark II papers—maybe valuable. Photo of that grave; and possibly Mark II having measured the hole, has the new scripture to quote how the holy dust of Adam was found! He, Mark II, an American, knew how to be trusty, having sure swallowed Washington hatchet as part of *our* scripture.

Can any value the sayings of Jesus more than I? But even the monk reporting was human; he surely was when the prayer pleads with the Father of us all to *lead* us not into temptation. God Almighty does no such mischief. In the scripture of truth called John, quoted on another page, his record of wars and rumors of wars in or near heaven (possibly had reference to wars between Jews and the conquering Romans). It seems very probable—scriptures were pick-ups, as printers call *fat-takes*.

After Jesus had been cruelly murdered as a rebel against Romans, and his spirit passed on to the Great Path of being, then will come his rebirth—possibly back to earth to now receive the wonted welcome and not again have to curse a whole generation as previously—"Ye generation of vipers!"

They stooped in the gleam of the faint light, over

The print of themselves on the limpid gloom;

And she lifted her full palm toward her lover,

With her lips prepared for the words of doom.

But the warm heart rose, and the cold hand fell,

And the pledge of her faith sprang, sweet and clear,

From a holier source than the old saint's well,

From the never-ebbing tide of Love—a tear.

—R. D. Blackmore.

Sleep, under the law of life, as alternating with the wakeful period, seems a polarity existing between everyday existence and a higher life. No creature escapes going over the Path. To make a personal explanation, will refer to a fact occurring in March, 1922. I received notice that a beloved cousin had died after long illness, at Atlantic City, N. J. On the night succeeding notice, I dreamed of her. Passing in dreamland from one ocean to another, I detected cousin in a position requiring help, a kind of trap. Rushing to help her, I noted very distinctly that it was a gray dress she wore. The vision faded, but not until her joyful looks disclosed that she was far from having any fear in her peculiar situation. Writing to brother of deceased later, wished him to state how the sister was dressed for the funeral. The reply proved that my far-away vision in sleep was correct! As a fact, deceased was *buried in a gray dress* exactly corresponding to my vision! Had one's dream followed the circumstance of meeting in late years, no surprise in the dream could occur. But here is a fact of distance and unusual sight—of the gray dress; thus recalling some spiritual agencies, as spoken of by Plato and Whitman—that time and place are of the earth and have no spiritual bearing.

Home is the corner stone of our civilization, says President Harding. We may read of any land of promise, but the home therein is the great concern. No home, no heaven!

By a theory I claim, Rebirth, we shall know our promised land will be located where our parents and friends have been or are, ever next us with love—in

the eternal and the earthly shapes. We know our own, as Jesus said of the sheep separated thus only for a while.

“And what has happened to the colored people is that there are those among them who have acquired a degree of culture equal to that of any race on earth. There is today among the negroes of America a large class that has placed itself beyond the sneers of negro-baiters and negro-haters. For that class the “color line” has faded away forever. The people of that class can and do look serenely down on whomever sets himself up as a mental or moral superior.—*J. S. McGroarty.*”

Dr. Maudsley says, “It has been justly remarked that if we were actually to do in sleep all the strange things which we dream we do, it would be necessary to put every man in restraint before he went to bed; for, as Cicero said, dreamers would do more strange things than madmen. A dream put into action must indeed look very much like insanity (*e. g.* the ordinary sleep-vigil), as insanity has at times the look of a waking dream.”

Somnambulists act without any visible sense of direction or purpose. I had an uncle, Caleb Hood of Lancaster County, Pa., who in youth often climbed upon a high roof and from the peak was alone, star gazing or to be spiritually alone and away from earth's affairs. In his very dangerous climbing he was never hurt. His father was epileptic.

Hibernating animals have the instinct to sleep through seasonal intervals. Securing abundance in

days of plenty, the sleepy animal, the fat animal, retires through the long inclement season to sleep.

Body is not anything important; so cling close to the everlasting soul. Sleep is the near-soul restorer, this you have always, but now and then only a rebirth, awhile in mortal being just as you enjoy changes of day and night.

"Every man's work shows what god he serves,
For faith is a path without any curves.
We must all hear our master's word before we can do;
Faith will come by hearing him, which will put us through."

The four lines we quote here from the new poetry have more of good sense than all samples of sex-compositions usually do, appearing formless.

It is a long while since the sun stood still at Gibeon and the moon at Ajalon, to see the invading Jews, ferocious under a ferocious leader, Joshua, drive out of their homes all natives in the Holy Land that God Jehovah had promised the children of Israel. Later on, when Hebrews began to know from a Higher Light for all nations that called by Christians the Light of Christ, Jesus the compassionate Jew, He prayed for an era free from war.

Education not stored in your memory, your soul, is surely not a real light. Gods, and such as Joshua the killer, have passed, I hope, as Jesus, a Jew, gives a new commandment, Love one another!

Later generations that sprang from the earlier births show a larger and finer brain, and consciousness of purer light in the soul. Earliest of the Scriptures gave a primal mandate of the Highest, referring to good and evil; so with Druids and others followed a say-

ing, "If the tree bear not good fruit, cast it into the fire!" If a farmer spends time cultivating bad stock, how can he thrive? Then how can nations prosper that allow evil men to rule? Pure democracy says, Cut out the dead wood!

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted! nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. —*Bacon.*

Orthodox Christians, fleeing to America to escape religious persecutions by England's state church, grew very intolerant, and began to kill Quakers and witches. I quote from a new book published by Humphrey Milford, *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe*.

"Ritual Witchcraft—the Dianic cult—embraces the religious beliefs and rituals of the people known in late mediaeval times as 'Witches.' The evidence proves that underlying the Christian religion was a cult practised by many classes of the community. It can be traced back to pre-Christian times, and appears to be the ancient religion of Western Europe, which, carried to America, caused Cotton Mather to say, 'The witches are organized like Congregational Churches.' There was among the witches a body of elders—the Coven—which managed the local affairs of the cult, and a man who, like the minister, held the chief place, though as God that place was infinitely higher in the eyes of the congregation than any held by a mere human being. In some of the larger congregations there was a person, inferior to the Chief, who took charge in the Chief's absence. In Southern France, however, there seems to have been a Grand Master who was supreme over several districts. The position of the chief

woman of the cult is still somewhat obscure. It may be the cult mentioned in Scripture: 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' "

Little is known of the animal nature. In Egypt of old there was no sacredness of a human being recognized religiously over the animals; and in Greece at the height of art there were so many requirements of man for the horse that a tradition grew that they were formed together. Science teaches, however, that through all the evolutions, man has shrunken physically, but expanded mentally; the horse has greatly gained physically. In Grecian times the centaur was reckoned a once real animal. In the city of Taormena, Italy, can be seen typical man-monkey, intelligent man with a tail.

Behold, how these religionists love each other: at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, even where they in reality fight like wolves, when the gentle Jesus surely is far from them. 'These do not regard a command to love one another. Why then seek holy places to dishonor purest memorials? If idolatry lead you into savagery, how expect a better world when you pass with your degradations marked on your soul record in this life? If you love the old home, and keep in remembrance all the joys of earth, you are fitting yourselves possibly by many rebirths for the "amen corner," as the saying is, for the place of many mansions, on any habitable sphere, in the skies, promised for the elect. Above all, at any rebirth, do not neglect your soul-gifts from God. Sweet brain-path memories—dearest in the book of memory, always with you,

reached ever in sights and sounds, not of any sphere especially, along your path!

Therefore, O friends, if you are of my mind,
When we are passed the French and English strait,
Let us seek news of that desired gate
To immortality and blessed rest
Within the landless waters of the west;
But still a little to the southward steer, . . .
Spice trees set waving by the western wind,
And gentle folk who know no guile at least,
And many a bright-winged bird and soft-skinned beast,
For gently must the year upon them fall.

—*Morris' Earthly Paradise.*

We always have carpings as to the faults in nature, and ye proud scholars have been of late finding many faults in Shakespeare, the child of nature, in all his writings. He is decried mostly because he was not a university man. Shakespeare was plainly, openly, universal, and not particular about small things.

A recent writer, Prof. Powell, about early orthodox religions mentions services in Crete where devotees danced to most excellent dance music, and hymns that exacted the best of trained singing. He says, "There is little permanence for a religion consisting only of miracle and ritual, and less for one of magic; and these types are doomed to pass away."

THE COWBOY'S PRAYER

Oh, Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,
I love creation better as it stood
That day you finished it so long ago,
And looked upon your work and called it good.

I know that others find you in the light
That filters down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight
In the dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well;
That you have made my freedom so complete,
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall or street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun,
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a partner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
And make me square and generous with all;
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small.

Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when I sometimes forget,
You understand the reasons that are hid,
You know the little things that gall and fret,
You know me better than my mother does.

Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, long trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

—*Badger Clark.*

Inabilities of our priestly class are mostly because of bad training that may be traced from the beginning. In days of idolatry there was chosen a certain class of men assigned to keep the hands of a lower class off the sacred thing. For ages the assignment lasted, and in some respects for the mentally lowest of peoples, as can be traced today; but now culture of all races has risen until the Spirit of God is manifest. In fact, today the "holy men" really and truly fight against the Eternal One and for idolatry.

Our modern beliefs are for all humanity, as Jesus taught the people, not for the "upper class." No man

can rise above the evident and well understood behest of the true Scripture. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." But the lazy class assert, "The world owes us a living." Any place at an altar must be the hirelings of idol worship, now descended into mere custom. Educational work, or work in hospitals, require no Very Reverends. Only good charity workers need apply. You may, not loving exertion, select thus a needed branch of work—but work for yourself—if you have the means, furnish the means to carry on the good work.

No more school sports, if these innocents are to seriously turn attention to God's altar and the church trappings of ANY denomination, in the house of God or gods. In reading, to begin with Genesis, the urchin is told, Man was made of the dust of the earth. Not very educational is this, for a fact! A book on geology will tell a very different story. There was no dust until made in millions of years later by tramlings of man and other animals. So of the Ark story: very indefinite and misleading, to take a lawyer, sure, or paid preacher, to tell you straight.

Aristocracies in either form, churchly or governmental, are taboo in any republic, for the wars they have created in all ages have very much hampered the true growth and resourcefulness of the people.

Life on other planets, if we judge from conditions here, has constant changes and evolutions. With the horse, we know his physical life has tended to the improvement in size, while that of man goes to the mental make-up, more of spiritual change. We know from experience in earth's past, that races enslaved can only

after great lapses of time assume the most upright phase and be clear of gypsying. With lower animals, they understand our ways and words, but never speak.

In *Leaves of Grass*, my old companion, Walt Whitman, wrote concerning his soul: "I have fingered every shore with thee!" Even today we are worried touching drinkables, and in our U. S. Constitution is prohibition touching alcohol to be drank by the weak-headed. It is a poison.

As the schools teach, there are many worms having each the two sexes, and all sex matters are free of dust. That the earth had its origin in fluidity,—cooled steam with the sun's help in sending its power by gravity of heat in very fine particles. So when life was sent to earth, a Higher Life it was, came with an impulse we know not of.

Army worms, pet ones, take to the sea in undersea crafts used only in the latest of our wars. Last we hope to see of that breed. Pests to farmers plan their forays at stated intervals in the dark. Both kinds of pests are to be dreaded.

Many good people, from suggestions of priests or ministers, have urged our lawmakers to permit the use of the Bible in schools. It needs not much argument to convince the thoughtful that this would not be in the interest of education. The child must have a time for childish things, yet on going to school he is to be educated. When told to read from the Word of God the little one is puzzled. "No one has seen God at any time."

About an ancient religious belief I quote one of Erasmus' *Colloquies*: "During a furious storm at sea,

not a few fell flat on the deck, and began to worship the sea, pouring all the oil they could get hold of upon the waters, soothing it, just as we are wont to do to an irritated prince. O most merciful sea, most noble sea, most worthy sea! O most beautiful sea! grow calm and save us. Many prayers of this kind they kept chanting to the deaf sea. Some were only seasick, most of them were making vows. One Englishman was there who kept promising mountains of gold to Our Lady of Walsingham if ever he set foot on land alive. Some made many promises to the wood of the cross in one place, and others to it in another. A few promised to turn Carthusians. One there was who bound himself to go to St. James of Campostello with bare feet and head, his body covered only with a shirt of iron mail, and begging his bread along the road. I could not but laugh, as I heard one vowing as loud as he could bellow lest he should not be attended to, a wax figure as big as the St. Christopher who stands on the top of the church in Paris—more like a mountain than a statue. While he was thus vociferating at his best, an acquaintance that happened to be standing next to him gave him a nudge, and added a hint, ‘Mind what you promise,’ he says, ‘even if you sell by auction everything you possess you could not pay this.’ The other replied, in a most subdued tone, so that St. Christopher should not hear, forsooth, ‘Hold your tongue, you idiot. Do you think I am speaking my real mind? If only once I set my foot ashore I should not give him as much as a tallow candle.’ ”

Our Holy Bible, with all the uses made of it,—to be worshipped as the object of all things holy; to be sub-

ject of study for millions of the thoughtful in all generations,—is, I think, still a mystery. For the worldling it is an idol; for those who read it by the Inner Light, as was that light with Jesus, it is "*the light of the world.*"

Let it be understood that the author is not quarrelling with religion, but so far as it concerns Jesus—many of us wish His rebirth may be often of earth, until all aristocracies and churches of that kind,—or admixture of these,—have been quelled by common consent. Some persist in saying we are heaven-called—ideally perfect in our Biblical interpretations; but all may settle into one belief, that no books are kept in a higher place than here on earth. If religions were from above, beliefs would be all alike. A theory that we all have by instinct is of self-preservation, and for union in a government, as lower animals exhibit in their flocks.

A reason for our calling Jesus the Lord is that He is and has long been leader in human democracies. The nearer we get to republican form, the nearer to the Lord and God.

There is no middle ground from the idolatry of old to the community of man. Aristocracy and such as beliefs seem mere phantoms.

I will give and I will take are selfish notions, not possibly inheriting in a Creator of All; but if human rights are interfered with a Scripture rightly says of Him, "*I will repay.*"

As to reincarnation, being reborn, that is a theory of life. You will not be murdered if you fail to believe in it, so go your individual way; but help the help-

less, and do unto others as you wish to be done by. Beliefs are of no account.

To make a Roman holiday required many sacrifices. Captured queens and kings, bedraggled and in chains, and so many other captives, dragged to the Coliseum and to death. All the spoils of war and of savagery became offerings to some god. On his chariot was the conqueror's sign — so gods and men might not get mixed, the glaring sign, "Remember thou art a man." The spoils of empire were heaped mountain high.

Later, the glory of conquerors and all their belongings faded, as fades the pictures on the movie screens — about as little worth.

The majesty of old Rome, of savagery, replaced awhile by a Christian ruler, Constantine, he to leave the ruins and seek shelter in the East, Constantinople. Now we have two rival powers, both "followers of the Lamb of God," or as Carlyle said of them, Papas. Seneca the pagan says, "What today are your sufferings compared with the flame and the rack? and yet in the midst of sufferings of that sort I have seen men not only groan, that is little; not only complain, that is little; not only reply, that too is little. But I have seen them smile, and smile with a good heart."

Did Jesus ever join or recognize a church, except as His mother led him? His pure religion and undefiled was, be helpful for others, and remain undefiled by the world. Surely this is credo enough for the Christian religion later! Have we any church that is limited to this?—if we have showdowns of *creeds*, these are as the "movies." It is of record that Jesus said to a disciple who had been a baptizer, "I will *suffer* this,"—

but I surmise He meant no form that binds to a creed. Doctors of divinity who had asked the lad Jesus to converse, did not find that they could later "convert" him. A little later, in torture on the cross, He exclaimed as dying, cursing, O ye generation of vipers! Should Jesus be reborn to earth, at this time, would He be likely to seek knowledge as taught at Bible Institutes? I think not, for His unusual intelligence 2000 years ago, and His soul goes marching on. What a great and good helper He surely would be today for all of us!

My suggestion came for adopting the so-called Rebirth Theory of Higher Light, and its opposite, the physical being, from Franklin H. Heald's "*The Procession of Planets*. In our world there can only be originally, motion from heat, and its opposite in polarity is cold, the Creator's forces in nature. As life belongs to the higher light of a soul, I insist that the polarities dominate even as between the bad and the good—devil for evil and a good God. In Darwin you will find only references to life here on earth: Falstaff, as Shakespeare shows him a go-between, says, "And if I be virtuous will there be no more cakes and ale?"

Near the same locality in England were born—a few years only the one older than the other—two babes, destined to be great leaders in religious freedom: George Fox and John Bunyan. The former became advocate of a Light within, the other was author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, that directs Christian to a GREAT LIGHT before him and others, always.

Men of intelligence, in Jerusalem who had courage

of their convictions and ideas not formed into creeds) were very scarce when the question of having Jesus, the idealist and thinker, make open proclamation of dissent from Jewish doctrines,—and He Himself a Jew! Says Prof. Fiske: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed upon the earth; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how. The earth beareth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. But when the fruit is ripe, straightway he putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come." Evolution is defined by Professor Le Conte as "continuous progressive change according to certain laws and by means of resident forces."

We only begin to understand, notwithstanding so many things thought very holy in the New Testament, that some biblical facts abound of supreme use for humanity in the books referring to Jesus. Our *Outlook* explains this: The gardener can plow the ground and fertilize it, and can guard the growing tree and spray and prune it; but he cannot give life to either seed or soil. Growth from seed and soil is God's way of making an apple—continuous, progressive growth by a force residing in the seed and in the soul. Sow diamonds in the soil and nothing happens; for the diamonds have not life. President of Yale, Dr. James R. Angell, thinks that the Pilgrim Fathers are 'extolled in terms which would have brought the blush of shame to their tanned and sallow cheeks," and that the praise is not only excessive, but is often "ludicrously misconceived and misdirected."

"Between two fires" is an old phrase, and a truth, with man and other animals. I saw this exemplified at Rose Hill, my home, when a new neighbor there wished to search my hillside lot to find his escaped wild cat. In Arizona he caught a male and a female, and wished to raise them for pets. They bore captivity a while, but instinct prevailed — this out of the way place was not the mountains, their home. The male kitten broke for liberty and disappeared. He was caught a week later in a nearby garret, and the owner carried him (everybody else afraid) to the cage again, and to his mate. Whether or no she had become reconciled, and trusted a mere man, it never will be known. The wilder one, now in the cage, with untamed instincts, one day killed and mangled the mate. Why?

The last and greatest Prophet of the Jews came of a good mother and father, and had a good home and trade, carpenter. The doctors of His church could not "convert" the boy Jesus (Joshua) of this family, so for being an infidel, associating like the other poor Jews with the publicans and sinners, He was outlawed. He, the very flower of humanity! Church and state in darkness, lo, these many centuries, have had wonted evolutions since the infidel Jesus suffered on the cross, and now in America the state is exalted, and the church—between the kill and cure medicine, meekly survives.

Instincts are the lead-all in life; the humble follow this call oftener than the great, the rich, the so-called wise and worldly. A creed is noted in the church, but we have the cute priest—once he, we know, advised a searcher after truth—George Fox, the Quaker—to

quiet his soul by running with the girls, smoke tobacco and drink a little. This priest was not speaking higher than other worldly wise ones.

Our Bible, true to all instincts of mankind, calls attention to a study of man's foreknowledge. All animal kind has a light to perceive its course at death, and craves to return to nature—to former habitats in the wild state, the woods and mountains green, and "beside the still waters."

Pierre Loti of France made comparison a great feature in life, and chose the cat as a close friend, because she almost talked with him, *through the eye*. His pets always escaped before their death, knowing death would not end all—and all life was craving for particular locations on earth. The old home, of the spirit—the heaven we say. That flash, the vision of death, "we know neither the day, nor the hour" for it. This period having illumination of the soul and not of this world. John Burroughs, dying in the car, asked in bewilderment, "Are we near home?" Earth, his ideal home.

Church and state powers in Europe during the Middle Ages were not favorable to having the New Year begin at or near our Christmas date, but the old heathen festival spirit was too deeply established to be easily thrown out; the Christ mass was not substituted for New Year day. Prof. Poole, of the British Academy, says the Year of Grace period for the continent, carried by the English missionaries, having learned that near the same period in the year a harvest festival of the aborigines was celebrated—so the churches had the Christ mass to occur as it does, and

New Year later. The church festival of Easter, also Lady Day, etc., were kept to mark New Years before our Old Style was replaced by the proper one of astronomers. The monks were careless and ignorant, so church records are giving New Year day—from September to March!

The *Times* of Los Angeles wisely asserts that the church should be a retaining wall at the edge of the cliff rather than a hospital at its base.

That eternal riddle, Life and Death, the here and the there, that is highest in importance, can do little to enlighten the near-animal nature in many. Schools can not do more than stimulate the thoughtful, but our form of government compels equal attention for all. Artemus Ward in humorous way speaks of showmen, who seek a living by exhibiting the wonderful, or the Billy Sunday style of frightening people into their nets, when the humor was shown of a man raking in money "to look at the sublime eclipse of the sun!—10 cents only! Come right inside this open-top tent and look up!!"

When dying, the great Goethe exclaimed, "More Light!" as nearing the end of life here, he possibly saw the Great Light John Bunyan speaks of in *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the repeated mental state referred to by George Fox, of an Inner Light. John Burroughs, lately dying, was not clear of the world's visions of creatures he loved here, and asked, "Are we near home?" I have a last photo taken near our Arroyo of him, that I think should never have existed,—of a last illness that presented tortures at a time that even our animals seek to be alone, earth passing.

On this subject I quote, author unknown:

"When some one leaves this world to go on to another, why it is usually said that the person 'died'? Is it right to say that John Burroughs, for instance, is 'dead,' when we know very well that he still lives, and that his feet are wandering in fields of asphodel in another country? That which was really John Burroughs could not die. The poor, old worn temple that was his body crumbled back to the dust from whence it came. But John Burroughs, himself, is living still.

"The Christian Scientists say that he has 'passed on.' The Salvation Army say of their departed comrades that they have been 'promoted.' Both these phrases are infinitely better than the common usage."

Franklin H. Heald, of Los Angeles, when first he published his *Procession of Planets*, about 1907, went on camping trips, until 1921, then, with Mrs. Heald, located near Death Valley.

Men of science avoided belief in his theory of the universe, just as men keep up notions of the past until the show-down comes. This in humanity, as a white feather on a blackbird, meant that the flock instinct in nature must be paramount. We are yet in that stage of civilization as the Indian, our predecessor of the soil, has belief in—"medicine men."

F. H. Heald explains in his *Procession of the Planets* the basic principles in nature thus: Matter has three forms, and two motions, extending and contracting. Water, we know, takes up the least room the instant before it is in the solid form—when it is in a crystalized state its atoms lie between straight parallel lines. When 32 degrees of heat are added its bulk is

decreased and it becomes a liquid. Increase heat to 212 degrees, it becomes a gas and occupies 1730 times the space it occupied as a solid. So all matter increases in bulk as it is heated. Gas at the sun below must hold the gas above up as far as it can, and when it meets the gas from the next sun—where upward expansion from the two are equal, of course it can go no farther. Gas is composed of spherical atoms, each one from the sun held up and forced up by pressure from the sun,—held up and pressed up by pressure from the next one. A pile of these atoms has the force of expansion by heat at the sun, so must force them up and hold them there until they become cold enough to contract into solid matter; then they begin to fall again, by gravity, to the sun, or center from which they expanded. If there was only the force of heat in nature, all matter would be expanded into space as gas, never to return; and if there was only the force of gravity or contraction in nature, all matter would finally be concentrated into one vast body. In either case all would be silence and death.

When Sir Isaac Newton discovered the force of gravity or contraction, by wondering why the apple fell to the earth instead of into the sky, if he had wondered also how it came into the tree top he would have discovered the law of heat expansion, the opposite of gravity, or the other great force in nature. It was the force of expansion by heat acting on the soil which sent the sap up through the pores of the tree to the apple blossom to build the apples; and it is the same throughout all nature. It is the force of heat generated by the friction of decay or chemical decom-

position of food in our stomachs that warms our blood, feeds our tissues, muscles and nerves, and sustains our life; but it is the force of gravity, or contraction, that collects the substances, condenses and ossifies the bones, muscles and tissue, finally bringing the ripeness and wrinkles of old age and death.

When matter returns to the sun, as solid matter crystalized into separate elements, and is expanded into gas tens of thousands of times its bulk when solid, and is swelled up into space, it is composed of a perfect mixture of all the elements in matter and nature. It is forced up into intensely cold regions of space, where it contracts into solid matter, and gathers into worlds. It separates again into different elements, such as water, air, and the various minerals, as it goes through its evolutions—returning to the sun, thus to start force to again release it at the end of another journey.

This outpouring of matter and energy from the sun in every direction in space, and a continual returning of this matter and energy, guided by the minor forces in the great circling orbits of the planets, moons and other bodies,—is an everlasting movement, until the suns fail.

Lockyer says the visible universe, as distinguished from our own universe, is less extended in some directions. They are most numerous, the bodies, as a zone which crosses the Milky Way at right angles; the constellation of Virgo being so rich in them that a portion of it is termed the Nebulous region of Virgo;—this being at right angles to the Milky Way is on the plane of the sun's equator, and as Mr. Heald says, is exactly where we must expect to find the condensed crystals of

this expanded gas,—where new worlds should be forming. The negatively charged Nebula is the supposed cause of rotation from electrical disturbance.

From outworn theories in astronomy, we find that the *stars* are supposed to have “influence” upon us of the earth!

BOOK TWO

From conquering Rome taking possession of the so-called Holy Land at the time Jesus worked, suffered and died that cruel death on the cross, there may be excuses for the Jewish church showing great resentment against a member (Joshua or Jesus) for offering to reform the holy order of a holy church; but corruption had done its deadly work among even the anointed and leaders of church. Kill the rebel! And they did; but that murder has had far-reaching effect. The old hymn, *Dies Ire*, says:

The Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness;
Mary stood the cross beside.

Ignorance in the population had prevented any perceptible change from the preaching of the reformers, Jesus and John. A woman at the well, tradition tells us, heard Jesus speak, telling of all the "things that ever I did." Astonishing! a fortune-teller abroad! Others reported the dead had been given life again, by a rebel against God, who had in His wisdom assigned Death. Then, too, Jesus had driven devils from insane persons into swine, and drowned the bad spirits with the hogs!

Intelligent and religious mortals everywhere have had lasting sorrow over the loss of Jesus, in His early prime; but traditions (His writings evidently destroyed, as He was not an ignoramus), having with the Father's care been preserved through all the cen-

turies since! Some idol worshippers, holding to the idols of the earliest of mankind, had the audacity to revive the dead forms of "altar," "died for us," so His cruel death, a matter of course, as taking the place of a slaughtered beast, and priests grabbing for the "burnt offerings." But such a stretch of cruel fancy seems horrible! Shame, like fanaticism, has no bounds. This being an age of reason, there need be no more hesitation, as when the Roman judge, sentencing Jesus, said, "What is truth? I find no fault in this man." The coming of a Christ, a man of God, was the belief of pious Hebrews; and when that one came, "eating and drinking," living with common folks, he was despised, forsaken, crucified. From the world's terrible warrings and cruelties in every form, surely it was the Christ—when He preached Love, Compassion, and Peace!

Greater the preacher—so few are great and conscientiously pious—then the greater thinker; divine nature being nearest the Divine Being. Are divines related to the Good Samaritan, or too many to the despicable Levites?

Brooks, the good man and famous preacher, said:

That makes us purer, makes us wiser, too,
And every beauty coming on a beam
Of God's sweet sunlight, brings new truth to view.

"Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam!
On the Indian's grassy tomb
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom!
Deep below as high above,
Sweeps the circle of God's love."

—Whittier.

When Jean Valjean felt the death-damp gathering about him, Victor Hugo put into his mouth these regnant words: "I do not know what is the matter with me; but I see LIGHT!"

My old friend, Americus D. Buck, has an expression, when I offer some book to him, "That author doesn't write for me." We cannot school ourselves into something our nature does not care for. Cramming and memorizing is not a thing of the spirit if the spirit does not absorb the thoughts or images. That is the reason for waste of time in school or church. Mind has its own memorizing cord beginning at the very beginning of life, or of instincts earlier. thoughts of snakes or dragons of some long past ages torment the timid always. Even physical peculiarities of your life may linger. A man was seen lately at Taormina, in Sicily, who has a tail like a chimpanzee. Several thousand years ago, possibly, his strain of inheritance came of the meaner animal.

Darwin was a near-martyr for having said our race sprang out of an earlier form of life—the chimpanzee, to illustrate, having all the bones of animal structure man has. The bridge to reach lower than humanity is now resting upon a figment of belief in some other compromise structure. Pride goeth before a fall. Act well your part—there all the honor lies; the dishonor may rest on your mean monkeying like the monkey.

Roman Catholic artists picture the dying Jesus on the cross, with spikes through His feet, and instead of the Roman death cap He wears a crown of thorns. Greeks and other enlightened peoples are probably correct—the feet and legs bound with a cord. Roman

soldiers, best drilled of soldiers, allowed no rabble to interfere—with hootings and violence—against any of the three, rebels or outlaws; they were commanded to execute legally (?), in that trinity being Jesus.

They also, (later than the Bible) give us some pointers to explain the Man of Sorrows, as also the Holy Ghost(?) for sacred Trinity.

Listen to the song of the fire,—that element with water will conquer all things physical on earth. So long as the blubber of the whale, and fat remains of the hybernating bear, we may expect a continuance of ordinary life. When the life elements are withdrawn, death of course follows. Ingenuity of man already thinks over the possibility of using central-earth fires for heat, to drive our machinery and cook our meals.

Traditions have long existed, that the earth will be destroyed by fire or flood, just as we drown or cremate anything; but that cannot occur wholly while the earth has life. Long before demise of our foundation—the earth—man, like rats on a sinking ship, will have fallen under the care of a later globe to mother us, so nature will have provided for the infant souls, late of the earth for heaven, to accept a new and greater home.

As Father of us all will continue our provider, let there be increase of joy and not fear. Innumerable stars in our sky will as old earth offer all the souls of all our past, a home, a heaven again.

The soul has had ever the instinct of self-preservation, for back to our earthly beginning has been a like fear for humanity's beginning and ending—of a sudden, fearful end thereof, of the earth. But really we

have fearful plagues, wars, panics, even since general ignorance, worst of them all, is being well doctored.

A. B. Cutner sings grandly of our beautiful "waters of life," may too give us tenfold more of poetic beauty to describe our hills and valleys, of holiest landscapes.

I want to go back to the rolling seas,
The dark blue seas and the skies,
Where the breakers roar on the wild seashore
And the mad gale sighing flies!

I want to embrace in the speeding bark
The rapture of watery main,
While the billows play in its mighty sway
With its thunderous, fierce refrain!

I long to go back to the crystal deep
With its rainbows of pearl within,
Where the mystic gloom slumb'ring weeds entomb,
And disport gay mermaids in.

I long to go back to the straying breeze,
And the great sea's thundering tide,
To the ocean's voice and the ocean's noise
By the deep blue ocean's side!

I want to go back to the rolling seas,
The dark blue seas and the skies,
For, there I'll find my wandering mind,
Where the raging hurricane flies!

Many find themselves—themselves to blame—even after many reincarnations, groveling yet and "down and out," wearing the fool's cap, maybe gold-embroidered; the fool still uneducated in all the higher phases of life. Surely these are not fit for any orthodox heaven, when as proven they are unfit to live on our humble earth,—and behave themselves properly!

Out damned spot! is the curse that Shakespeare put

in the mouth of a Scotchman, that would as well suit the cross-bearer everywhere. The murderer, the stigmatizer of the greatest of mortals, as the war-makers and conquerors; all those devoid of compassion and rather enjoying cruelties, else the Roman cross would never have been invented. Even the Primate of Mankind, the last and greatest Jewish prophet, was stabbed by the iron nails of the cross to endure a lingering death. Jesus yet and evermore will live—his soul goes marching on, giving to millions rejoicing or hope, while proud and cruel Rome will soon be forgotten.

IN MY DREAMS

By FRANKLIN H. HEALD

In my dreams a roguish boy
Comes to me—in my dreams.
He folds his little arms
Around me—so it seems,
And tells me how he loves me
—in my dreams.

In my dreams I oft times
See him playing—in my dreams,
Building houses with his
“Gifts” and toys—so it seems,
And he always builds “for papa”
—in my dreams.

In my dreams he writes me
Little letters—in my dreams,
Of how he longs to
See me—so it seems;
All his postscripts are sweet kisses
—in my dreams.

In my dreams I love
To linger—in my dreams.
Were it not for living
Loved ones—to me it seems,
I would not be awakened
—in my dreams.

EVELYN HOPE

By ROBERT BROWNING

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass;
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?

What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold,
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

One having ripe experience in the world might whisper to the devil that of two ways for destroying the human race—one selfishness, the other destruction of modesty and worth of womankind. While in all lower races the women were slaves, humanity was inefficient, weak and every way in savagery.

The church today, aristocratic, depends upon women help akin to her slavery. Acuteness, that amounts to other weaknesses of aristocracy, as Artemus Ward tells an experience of an emphatic showman who took advantage to show an eclipse for profit. He set up a tent open at the top, and harangued to folks on his front: "Chance to see an eclipse in all its glory. Admission ten cents only!" Others pursue "money-changing" in church like in the open-top tent, a worshipful place to see God! (He is within you.) We all know that pure religion and undefiled, is as free to all as our glorious air. Why pay to see God or an eclipse?

We hear constantly from the feeble prophets, pre-

dictions that the world would soon go up in smoke, be burnt. Others say at such and such a date, our footstool would be exceedingly moist! All from the Word of God. (Whose translation?) So the elect put on robes of righteousness, and on hilltops tire of waiting for the great event, appoint a new date, to have the ascension, one just like Elijah, Moses, Jesus; but there is no room in heaven for chariots, horses, old clothes, etc., even with the tentative home in heaven located. Go and assist the next Elijah and others. Put teams under shelter—but only on earth; also pack, until next call, all robes.

Our latest abuse of the blessed Book is to fill it fuller of miracles, world's ends, and foolish prophecies.

Reincarnation in all of history's pages stands side by side with other theories. In the Christian dispensation are so many references.

Christians fled in fear and sadness;
Jews were wrought to cruel madness;
Mary stood the cross beside.

We have no truer account, in short, of that age of Jesus, than this Catholic hymn discloses. On the cross, amidst tortures, he had nothing to say against his cowardly followers—who so lately discussed their expectations of rewards or promotions the highest attainable in that kingdom of the righteous they had poor comprehension of. Enemies of Jesus were divided, some of the established church; the others liars against the Prophet: that he desired an earthly throne as the conquering Romans had.

The tortures so crazed Jesus, evidently, that he gave a helpless, desponding cry, "My God! hast thou forsaken me!!"

It was well to call this greatest of sons the fore-runner, for the time had not arrived evidently for a spiritual era; in fact, 2000 years passed later and the hell-hounds barked for "our rewards in heaven!" They for the glory of God were murdering, burning alive, or quartering infideis and witches.

Among our feebler-minded or lazy calling themselves the annointed—and what for?—who seat themselves with aristocrats, dogs of war, etc., and live sumptuously upon church tithes, can be called modern Levites. "Walking on the other side," seeing no manly path of duty; and poor or helpless of us mortals they see not. I feel, we will have no churches of Christ and houses of gods to reckon with Good Samaritan worshippers, in the good time coming. Servants may become masters and well fitted for the places of command; then these fitter rulers may kick away those warring and expensive of the humankind now in power. Our beloved Lincoln was one of the lowly kind, and said, "God must love the poor, he made so many of us such." In the school of life, those of supreme intelligence may not be kept forever in the lower classes.

Men and women of the shady class, night birds, soiled doves, gamblers who think the world owes them a living—which it does not; must in the new order be eliminated. Creatures in nature kill their drones, when the cruel necessity comes; this their evolution as others surely "the voice of God."

That eternal riddle, life and death, the here and the hereafter, are of more importance to all, old and young, than pleasing sights of movies, or sounds from

gabfests in tavern or temple—as the saying is, these sounds come in at one ear and go out the other. When dying, the great Goethe exclaimed, “More light!” as evidently bursting from the hereafter it may be surmised. John Burroughs, dying lately, was not clear of the world, yet asked, “Are we near home?” I have a last photo of him—it should never have been taken—showing his uneasiness, almost his torture, as his last writings are forshadowings of.

Lowell has an expression: “They met by chance in the usual way,” in life yet and youth. Shakespeare said of his beloved mate, “Ann Hathaway, she hath a way “that he never would forget even in realms of the blest.”

So it is with all the living, love and sympathy deepens whenever we “sing of the brave and the true.” Will we meet again? Surely, if we belong together in life and in death. One star only differs from another, in power, in glory. They all are found in star clusters—moons, habitable globes, and that center of light!

A primate among the living of 2000 years ago gave us the key that is of the soul everywhere, “I give you a new commandment, love one another.”

We have almost forgotten this best of all sayings, that surely is the binding element in life. Our houses fit for gods are very stately, but those therein lack dreadfully that command of Jesus. In congregations you may begin at the doors to cut out the dead wood. Rulers of men, from Pope to Indian Chief, are more concerned over the tinsels and the monies, in this life of theirs, than anything that may pertain to that com-

mand to ruler and ruled I have quoted above. Ye thieves and those fallen among thieves, you await the Good Samaritan, alike as two peas you are to be!

"Conscience doth make," says Shakespeare, "cowards of us all," and of all the most in *need*, those in authority. Ye who are principals should be servants, caretakers of those who need your care. If you were on the heavenly path and ready to sing as chanticler does after close of earth's night-time, then feel the joys of life, and of those little ones coming back to earth purified, surely you could and should preserve here that heavenly jewel, compassion.

Here on earth, be not as the worms of the dust, loveless—for why a heaven for creatures pitiless? Words, mere words, mean little, and wealth less. When there must be ingathering, the good harvest, spread the bounties thereof. The earth surely is a good school.

It seems that the great reborn, for a purpose are sent us in groups, in "star systems," I might say. Milton and Shakespeare; Lincoln and Grant. In Roman times, to checkmate the cruelties of the era came Jesus, greatest prophet of all time. Then democracy rose in its very earnestness. This republic of ours was the result of the great upheaval—by the people, for the people—and in two of the leading governments of Europe, kings were slaughtered; since, the slowed-down solemnities of the past, the aristocrats are as tame as rabbits. "Let us have peace," said Grant. A writer in *N. A. Review* says, "Neither Olympus nor Calvary (war nor religion) dominates the scene, for man is the great heir of both." So both have had their

day of dominion, indolence, and extravagance that overburdened our time, and left mankind beggared in lands "flowing with milk and honey."

Let us hope for another star group of immortals with powers to rebuild those civilizations that "progressives" since have in digging for gold, ruined, made the lands deserts. Halt the fighting storekeepers that bring on world wars, so we may have world peace, a society free from sex suicide, etc., to weaken strongest of nations.

But give me one clear hour at close of day,
And whisper, as the darkling shadows fall,
The names of friends I lost along the way,
The faithful friends I can no more recall.

And while their names upon my lips are set,
Oh, speed the silent tides that I must stem,
That ere again I slumber or forget,
I may begin my eager quest of them.

—*L. Dodge.*

In this fervor for reunion in spirit we have an idea of rebirth akin and more real than those of earth wholly. Religion may still keep the key, the password, but dogmas about the infinite mystery must pass. Education makes us more and more at home in this world of progress, but for a well-balanced mind the need can be felt for a night of the soul, a higher land of delight, felt only in our dreams now and then. Passing to the new morn again for a coming day, by rebirth, society will have advanced as we get to an age for appreciation. Wonders increase, souls in all homes with love and compassion as the religion of Jesus taught and to be understood later; so this quiets our fears of hell and purgatory, man's inventions

surely; so we can, as the saying is, continue if necessary to pour oil on troubled waters. The world no longer a place of torture, a prison, but for real home life, and joys of nature we never before dreamed of.

As Burroughs said, "satisfied with our earth." Whitman in his joy exclaimed, "I have positively appeared"—again!

A well known writer says: "I am pessimistic by night, but by day am a confirmed optimist, and it is the days that have stamped my life. I was born under a lucky star." May all thy rebirths be like unto this!

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

—*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose: nor can we pass current in a higher college, if we do not undergo the tedium of education in this lower one.—*Author Unknown.*

"Nature is ourselves written large," says John Burroughs. I have dwelt upon some phases of early humanity, as exhibited by scriptural traditions, a species of ancient history. We shed past life, just as life ascends to higher light.

On earth "in the beginning" may mean only back to savagery. Prof. Osterhout, studying our seaside kelps, found death always going on, as with life, the turn of the scales, he states, in turn break to mysterious life. As with vegetable life, the A, M, B, etc., to properties, say of the kelp; the cell means life, with elemental

forces diminishing. But the foundation link which joins the organic with the inorganic elements, in all living forms, chlorophyll in plants, and diatomic in animal features, means the unthinkable spectacle—bridging life and death.

A slight change in the thermal condition of the globe, or some real flood of pernicious fluid, would sweep us all to the discard—and this may happen any moment—would happen if the creator was a mere divine of the proselyting order, with foolish cry of god, god; me, me!

This would be far less cruel than has religion or Roman power inflicted, to say nothing about ferocious quarterings or body burnt alive because of “infidelity.” To say this fair earth of ours is not good enough for the *righteous*, is rather laughable. If the Maker of heaven and earth made anything amiss, it was mankind, if scriptures are truthful. But do not reckon as of the higher light the mere rushlight that humans hold up.

Man, like the rest of all life, will be improved by every evolution, yea, by every rebirth. Prayers of the righteous avail much in the way of directing attention to future betterments. If we find that after a general hope in mankind there is sure comfort for death that evolution follows evolution, a theory of re-incarnation has no terrors, as death now with uncertainty. Whatsoever you may think of heaven, purgatory and hell, the hope of coming to the old home land may be cheerful, may be joyous, as you will come as come all the living from a state of simplicity, and ignorance.

Philosophy and theology agree that matter is a coarseness as compared with spirit. See wheat grow up only with assistance of *silica* in the stalk. In the egg of every creature coming to life are the elements of body and spirit. In the body goes the earth's fertility fitted for spirit later, reincarnation. Life's envelope contains the new letter of credit for both life and higher light.

As I made reference, the first of life in the world was when one-cell particle of matter joined the one nearest of opposite sex, or polarity. Even dust hardly discernible has the quality of circular attachments to other particles of opposite polarity. This law continues to the highest and greatest of aggregations, heavenly orbs and suns. Fish and other of the near-brainless creatures, cold-blooded, have only external contacts of polarity. The vulgarest of all creatures is mankind, with a literature filled with love gush and art with naked women and men—models. Whitman told me the poem he wrote to kill sex vulgarity was the very one that is loathed by all hypocrites and vulgar-minded.

Mr. Heald lays much stress upon polarity of heat and cold. This twin force seems to move everything. In the earlier stage of our world, the oceans being warm and earth supercharged with fertility, the vegetation was crowding and decaying, to accumulate for ages and ages coal, crude oil, etc. Showing that our present period is that of earth's sear and yellow leaf—autumn of the old man earth—he is beginning to exact extra clothing. Those of us not being minded of coal oil products and remnant of coal left us, are bethink-

ing of getting nearer the sun. Nature will perform the operation—dissolve his cold remains in our surcharged neighboring sun—then we *will* be warm!

The passage from suns to earths, to form all the globes of the heavens, is very like the spirit of all the living being reborn.

There are honest rich men as there are dishonest poor, and vice versa. You see the profiteers making all kinds of lying promises, advertising tricks, so-called bargains, to call attention of those who imagine the greatest call is also the biggest bargain. Hence so many millions of dollars spent annually in very gaudy public advertising. Duplicity, dishonest trading, come of craftiness and selfishness, so called provident ones are also, maybe not honest ones of earth. “Bargains” turn the heads of the weak,—those Jesus came to succor as lambs he would hold. But ye would not. Souls differ of course, individually, and weak ones pass the Lake of God time and again but are not remade—only purified.

If anywhere in this essay the writer makes allusion to the Other Life—which no mortal can know—please lay this upon weakness of human nature training among story-tellers, mind-readers, spiritualists, preachers—all who work you for a fat living. Soothsayers all telling you about gods and higher abode you can get for so much at the agency on earth.

Animals meek and harmless, or nearly so, are called wild beasts and monsters in all languages. This is far from truthful, and shows our unkindness and selfishness towards the little people. A lizard not longer than your foot is a gila monster.

Even an Ice Age has its uses, especially after rank growths in an age of wonderful vegetation. The great covering of water in form of ice will then give way to stretches freed from former deserts, and an age of coal and oil, accessible beneath or at surface of the ground.

"Jesus set small store by charity. The philanthropy of almsgiving was to Him a mere cloak for the imperfections and inequities of human relations. He put all the emphasis of His teaching and example upon justice and love. In a word where these prevailed charity would be unnecessary. We have traveled so far from the ideals of Jesus it is not easy to restore them. But there is no other way to find a permanent solution for the troubles that disturb us. His road is the only road. It involves sacrifice. We cannot avoid the cross. But beyond Calvary lies the realization of our hopes.—*Chicago Post*.

The fool and his money are soon parted; abroad, the Wilhelms, Henrys and Georges nowadays kill no dragons, yet their proceedings cost the people billions in money and countless die in fear of blue-blooded autocrats such as these—bringing on costly wars. The churchly Pope and the financially poor were born exactly alike to all appearance. If I was born in an oven would I be a loaf of bread? asks the witty Irishman. In one and all the tribes of man a spirit of nature rules. Scientists could not explain the concern of the get-rich-quick how to convert other metals into gold, or how to secure the desired metal from sea water; but an evil-minded man may handle millions of our money, for his profiteering, to do the

trick. How long will such tricksters have us at their mercy, or grabbers (even for charity money) keep begging "for Jesus"?

A well-balanced healthy life never tires of earth. That is more possible than might be surmised of the old heavenly vision of churchmen who sing over and over Glory to God in the Highest! Praise Him all ye Saints!! whatever said about (imagined) surroundings, trumpets, golden streets, and the very sands are precious stones everywhere for everybody. The priests never look at nature, I presume, with trained eyes. John Burroughs loved the wild woods as nature always has very beautiful and abounding life. John Muir loved the greater view of mountains, and all of us might exclaim at dying, as did Humboldt, Oh, for another hundred years!

Scientists may explain something of sunlight and of summer lightning, but these would be trifling things—of the earth, earthy, as compared with seizing upon inner light—that never was on sea nor shore. You may see movies to represent god Jupiter tossing up streaks of lightning, but this is not explaining electricity, any more than I can in trying to tell you of a pure spiritual element, such as spiritualists(?) often try to be familiar with—knowledge of the unseen. Nearest the Greatest Prophet came to an explanation was, the kingdom of God is within you!

Sympathy plays a great part, but attraction of mesmerism has greater effect. Watch movements of birds, etc., in flocks. You note the oneness, the unity in movements.

Verses in *Yale Review* by C. M. Lewis, tell an old tale of a statue:

Pygmalion paid no worship to the warm sun's dazzling beams,
But shrined a dim ideal in the temple of his dreams. . . .
The Cyprian Aphrodite heard the anguish of his call.
Zeus frowned; she heeded not; and heard not, till too late,
The slow relentless tolling of the iron bells of fate:
She breathed into the ivory the breath of carnal life,
And to a mortal dreamer gave his dream—to be his wife. . . .
Unnatural, unspeakable, filled full the cup of fate,
And one fair child, Adonis, last of Pygmalion's race,
Avenge on Aphrodite her blushing act of grace. . . .
For down here in the valley, secure from wind and weather,
Is the true hearts' homing-place for me and mine together.

Writing of life with the inner light of the impalpable soul, is never anything practical—however some may believe in ghosts or “spirit forms.” Shakespeare's line of divergence is I think correct, “from whose bourne no traveler returns.” This conception I am advocating, rebirth, for “Far down here in the valley, secure from wind and weather, is the true hearts' homing place for me and mine together.”

No truer conception I opine ever originated in Greece or elsewhere—entire separation of the Here and Hereafter. Lo heres and lo theres, like those of earlier days advocate going to heaven “with their boots on,” very evidently not the true life and inner light.

Kindness to the poor and lower animals results often in the harm done by visitors whose motive is the exercise of a dilettante virtue. It is more difficult to rejoice with those that do rejoice than to weep with those that weep; for good fortune awakens envy, but, as has been shrewdly said, the misfortunes of our friends give us secret pleasure. While there can be no real kindness to others without sympathy, feelings of

sympathy have, in themselves, no moral quality. With animals, "regard for others" terminates early; reproduction and care of offspring are little more than instincts planted in the physical nature and needs of animals."

If what is known as human lovemaking were only and truly holy, we would hear very little about divorce. Even birds mate without "catawauling" and so live as pairs mostly, throughout their lives. Isn't it at last recognized that God is everywhere? Are matches, marriages, made in heaven? A great question if the latter are not, as it would preclude divorces.

Joaquin Miller is rated by an editor of *L. A. Times*, Mr. Ford, as the third great number of the Overland group. His was a free spirit, brooking no restraint, an impassioned nature instinct with the love of the primitive and of untrammelled life. Freedom he demanded and freedom he achieved both in his life and in his poetry. Born in Indiana, he was brought to Oregon while yet a child. At fifteen he threw off all restraint, ran away from home, wandered from one California mining camp to another, and finally took up his life with the Indians. This was the life that he loved. He abandoned himself to it with all his ardor. So he was adopted by one of the tribes and married the chief's daughter, in true story-book style. But he was a nomad whom the Red gods called. So he packed his kit and trekked. Nicaragua, South America, Europe, the Orient, the Rockies, Alaska called him and thither he went, breathing deeply of the free air of romance and of adventure.

His picturesque garb, with flannel shirt, flowing red

tie, high top boots, into which his corduroys were tucked, combined with his unshorn locks to make him the cynosure of all eyes when he was in England, and it was here that his verses first attracted marked attention. When he was at last ready to settle down it was on the hills back of Oakland that he built his cabin. Here he had the view of foothill, bay and ocean, ever changing and so ever new.

His poems are mostly contained in "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sunlands" and "Songs of the Mexican Seas." Though highly individual in form, they have a free musical sweep, are full of color and of beauty and of the romance of the West. Undeterred as they are in form as in thought they created a literary sensation and gave a new impetus to poetry. With Walt Whitman it may be justly said that Joaquin Miller enlarged the conception of verse both as to form and content."

"Lord, Lord, when thou comest into thy kingdom, remember me!" It started with the first followers of Jesus, will continue while selfishness exists in mankind. The Romans; most famous of human butchers, ceased conquering neighboring nations long enough to look out for the heavenly "rewards," becoming Christians. Spain raised the Cross and blotted out civilization on the American continent. All Christian nations have yet wars and rumors of wars; yet base their lamblike ethics upon him who had said, "Put up thy sword!" Ministers of Christ under whatever sect have claimed exclusive guardianship of the truth of God as it is in Jesus! None of these show more Christian resignation than did the late John Bur-

roughs, whom churchmen do not accept in fellowship. He said:

All serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

Problems of good and evil—God and Devil—are oldest, yet freshest, that man has to deal with. It was in the Garden of Eden, yea, tree of life and its fruits. According to *Paradise Lost*, the great poem of Milton, this same problem was solved in heaven.

When was beginning of earth, and when the close of its life, no human can guess aright. As we all have hopes of higher and better life, there may be in our rebirth, some better world for us. For the weak in any sense, mind or character, may be born into existence lower down the scale, or tribulations somewhere met to complete us. "If I had life to live over again!" Surely you will always on your soul have the right "tab."

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
"Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at *night*. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around,—'tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
 His teeth, and spits
 On his two hands and grabs, of course,
 Some old remorse,
 And beats me with the big butt-end
 O' *that* thing—'tel closest friend
 'Ud hardly know me. "Now, says he,
 "Be keerful as you'd orto be
 And *allus* think o' me!"

—Riley.

Seekers after truth, teachers and not preachers only, were at the time of Jesus located possibly in Greece or other countries favoring education. Solon gave as a truth, that until after death there can be no man called happy. Grecian thinkers made Harmony the touchstone, for the soul's betterment. Socrates said man from his own fear of death, unprepared, reckoned the swan's song before dying a soul-cry of sorrow: his own actions, condemned to death by poison, shows the grandeur of a brave man going hence. He referred to Anaxagorus as applying himself to thoughts of rebirth in his meditations about life, and says this sage taught that mind is the cause and controlling power of the universe. Many were the theories rife in ancient times as to the universe,—some saying the earth was encompassed by a vortex, declaring heavenly bodies were held in orbital place—yet still the notion that our earth was flat prevailed.

A few blest souls that clearly see the right,
 Who love the truth and have a steadfast will,
 Live life to do the right in love, not might,
 To seek the truth with zeal which naught can still,
 To help those stumbling on life's rugged way.
 These are content for now to know in part,
 Because they inly feel that God bears sway,
 And peace, eternal peace, dwells in their heart.

The oldest road,
And the craziest road of all;
Straight it goes to the witch's shade
As it did in the days of Saul;
And nothing has changed of the sorrows in store
For such as go down on the road to Endor.

The earth is yet a strange land to most of us; then why wish for any better? The songs of birds and in childhood with thy mother are surely sweetness of life. The scenery here is so entrancing that all the fancies of the most pious of artists have never pictured a heaven of hereafter with the sublime beauties and tints of earth. So let us all be content that we are here—and here maybe to stay at intervals! Tarry in earth's grand scenery forever is the highest conception of bliss and beneficence—if *we* are beneficent! When I point to the doctrine of transmigration—not new—as return after death in a rebirth, it may be height of most heavenly desires—for Home, Sweet Home, is the greatest of songs for mortals, and to meet again a loving mother is sure haven in the highest point of bliss. Our scriptures, our society affairs, our greatest longings, fall far short of this hope of being again in father.

God, Father, Maker, Ruler, are names of a higher force that must remain forever nameless in the spirit. Be content with blessings, and fulfill thy duty as duty comes along the Great Chain of Being, and no need for worship—except in every moment. To thine own self be true, here on earth and keep peace with all the living!

As an echo of times of religious persecution in France, I find this extract from a story by Gilbert Parker:

"To her the vesper bell was the symbol of tyranny and persecution. All that she had borne, all that her father had borne, the thought of the home lost, the name ruined, the heritage dispossessed, the red war of the Camisards, the rivulets of blood in the streets of her loved Rouen, smote upon her mind, and drove her to her knees in the forest glade, her hands upon her ears to shut out the sound of the bell. . . And a revelation seemed to have come upon her, and, for the first time, she was a Huguenot to the core. Hitherto she had suffered for her religion because it was her father's religion, and because he had suffered, and because her lover had suffered. Her mind had been convinced, her loyalty had been unwavering, her words for the great cause had measured well with her deeds. But new senses were suddenly born in her, new eyes were given to her mind, new powers for suffering to her soul."

Religious intolerance does not apply to any one nation. England, Italy, Spain, Germany have shown the same hall-mark of aristocracy. Mohammedans and Eastern Christians have kept themselves poor trying to enforce certain doctrines upon those who differed from them severally. As free as is America, the same intolerance prevails. The latest get-together are followers of Wesley, that church as others having in slavery times in this country agreed to part, because human bondage was approved of by Southern Methodists. The devil and the deep sea yawned; but as public morals and education advance, religionists at this later age of aristocratical failures has caused a stampede of churches to the side of freedom. In this

age of Lincoln what miracles of common sense! A laughable combination—salvation and army—a concept to link God with Devil must go, or fighting Christians have revival.

How round gray arch and column lone
The spirit of the Old Time broods,
And sighs in all the winds that moan
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nations' cries,
Nor seen thy eagles swooping down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.

Nor watched in midnight's solemn time
The garden where His prayer and moan,
Wrung by His Sorrow and our Crime,
Rose to ONE listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot,
Where in His mother's arms He lay.
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;

Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast where wide
His arms to fold the world He spread,
And bowed to bless—and died!

Speaking of spiritual impressions, inheritances, we approach an old theme, reincarnation. First of intellectual race inheritances seem of Greek or earlier origin. Belief in gods as souls of earthly heroes, was followed by the Druid concept of golden boughs (seen as spirit, not with the mortal eye), was in the Bible of the Hebrews recorded as fact in the priest's presence of the unknown god, the vision.

When the aircraft in use gets old-fashioned, the other, a still finer element, comes next to be exploited.

Already other waves in the wireless-message contrivance, is much in use.

Air and electricity were long mysterious agents to early races of mankind. A god, Jupiter, is represented as above, handling the lightning! Now that electricity is well in control by man, and air heavier than ether, we will require to go higher yet for latest experiments. "Heaven" will come next in our evolution, to get to the top! Or we may be delving for heat toward earth's center!

Man sees where nature is blind; he takes a straight cut where she goes far around. In him she has added reason to her impulse, conscience to her blind forces, self-denial to her self-indulgence, the power of choice to her iron necessity. How well she has done by man, man alone knows. How much he is dependent upon her, he alone knows; how completely he is a part of her, he alone knows. We may call man an insurgent in her world, as an English scientist does, but he is her insurgent; she inspires him to insurrection and she puts his weapons in his hands. His cause is her cause and his victories are her victories.

Only by personifying nature in this way and standing apart from her and regarding her objectively, can we contrast her methods and her spirit with our own. The mother she has been to us becomes apparent. In spite of all her shortcomings and delays and round-about methods, here we are, and here we wish to remain."—*John Burroughs* in *Yale Review*, Jan., 1920.

Our purpose in this book is to advocate the old theory, reincarnation, our return time and again to the physical life. It is no new belief for this progressive

age, even the most devout among us believing in the doctrine that Jesus will be born again. So say we all; the new birth giving this conjecture, as to whether we shall know each other? I might venture here a thought that if a family had been harmonious, will not part when the night called death passes over—as sure as day in the spirit; but the old names and old places are of the past, so only the spirit keeps alive.

Jesus Christ, the Logos, the Divine Word, was a new revelation, though Plato had “longed for some divine word, if only it might be.” To the Greeks and Jews the new phase of spirituality was a stumbling block, and the Prophet was crucified; but fortunately not all his teachings perished, as the new era had a means of preserving such writings as escaped censoring and burning by the priests. In a summing up of doctrines said to have been given the world by Jesus, there stands, a recent reviewer says,—*simple home life* with an atmosphere of love and truth and intelligence; where real life was not lost sight of and obscured by the then (church) *refinements* or atrophied by pleasures; where ordinary needs and common duties were the daily facts: where God was a constant and friendly presence. The prophet, however, was being brought into the higher light—the spiritual phase of Being very far above divine miracles, loheres, and other claptrap.

Cheerfulest of peoples it seems are races that long endured slavery, and now thank God (not man) for freedom. The Hebrews of old when captured and sent among vegetarians in the garden of Paradise region, had longings for the fleshpots of Egypt, the

old home. Scriptures recount their query, How can we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land? Cheerfulness did not desert the race, howsoever attacks of homesickness. Vegetarian king of Babylon stirred their wit to remark, he "ate grass like an ox."

Quick wit is not lacking with our Afro-Americans. Mrs. Pickett tells of Old Mose, ex-slave, who fished later for his sustenance along the James river. A New York visitor at the Pickett plantation asked Mose what price he received for diamond-backs? "'Bout a dollar a dozen." "Why, at the New York hotels you can sell them at \$10 apiece!" Mose, swelling up with fun, said, "You see dat bucket o' water; hit's wuf a million dollars—in hell!"

Should church property be taxed is a question. All depends upon the use these properties are as public institutions. If tithes go into our public treasuries for public use then there is good reason to help the church members on the equitable plans for taxation. Take off taxes on houses of God, when taxation for the public use is not called charities, missions to foreign lands, etc., but for "our own use."

Edisonally speaking, dear reader, did it ever occur to thee that the story of Jesus, Levite and Robber, might hint that these could be partners? One a lure for the other? Positive and negative as electricity in dark cloud, may not have active contact. Theology, with its purgatory, heaven and hell, is not teaching anything to the righteous other than heaven is our home—of a vast camp-meeting order. I would enlarge the place of joy at the home, to complete a circuit of

life—the here attuned to the hereafter; from death, to rebirth; to death again.

A few years ago in Europe the evil traits in mankind became such that thievery and other deviltries were punished by sentence of death. Cruel, some may say, but it was a question of life in peace. The honey-producers, by destroying useless bees, the female working bee finding insufficient food could be gathered for the hive, determined on thus destroying drones.

In sublime poem, Milton depicts Lucifer, like a mischief-maker, who started rebellion in heaven and was sent flying earthward bethought him of good business (for him) down amongst the Adamites; and straightforward he came to us. Between fights and frolics he was ever after in his glory on earth. His two weapons, laziness and war, did the business, sure, for us. His work has given us overloads of poverty. *Paradise Lost*, depicting the twin evils, is followed by this poet's *Paradise Regained*. Here is brought forward the Prince of Peace, the industrious carpenter—who builds up, as Lucifer tore down. Our glorious American, Lincoln, finding evil fruits of slavery everywhere, keeping up the idle-rich at home, and in Europe and elsewhere a breeder of aristocrats—rich and idle classes, had by heroic endeavor to put down the war element of the home rebels, and their co-workers for slavery, in England and France. Noblest endeavor of any mortal in history. A writer says:

“Should you be able to persuade others to follow your lead, and rank all work by its usefulness rather than by its gentility, you would accomplish a much

needed reform. Gentility is the most worthless possession in the world. Thousands have starved for it, and thousands more have lived cramped, forlorn lives because they worshipped at its shrine."

In all the years of my observation of the beavers and their ways I never knew of them being caught short on their winter's feed, unless it was a case where the ruthless hand of man brought distress on them by cutting out their dams or destroying their houses in mid-winter. The first work on their dams usually commences about the middle of September, in North Dakota. They first go to the dam breasts and do a little repairing with mud and twigs, after which they dredge out or dig any canals the situation of the hour would warrant. By this time the old weather prognosticators had cast their horoscope for signs of the coming winter, and whatever the result, action followed. If severe cold snaps were expected early, work on the dams stopped for the time that all hands could commence cutting down and dragging in their willow brush and tree-tops before ice formed in their water slides which would bother and retard them, getting their food in shape for winter storage. A winter without snow in the fore part of it, means water exposed to hard freezing weather, and as a consequence thick ice that will freeze deep down in the beaver's feed bed and give them much trouble the balance of the winter, if the same cannot be avoided. This is the reason that from warnings of a snowless winter the beavers raise the breasts of their dams from one to two feet higher than in winters that they expect a heavy snowfall in the earlier part. Long cold winters can be forecasted

by an intelligent observer of beavers' ways by noting an extra large feed bed and the extreme care that they use in replastering their houses; the work on the latter being usually completed by the first days of October."

The above quotation from Joseph H. Taylor's book on *The Beaver* indicates how the white man—with civilization—ruins any fair realm. Killing inhabitants, not only red brethren but wild animals ruthlessly. In destroying beavers alone, large tracts along our streams were deprived of moisture, made desert. Killings have robbed our native wilds of countless creatures that in former times had the forests, now destroyed, to live thereunder in all peace and security.

We have neither to curse our gods nor to praise them; neither to do penance nor to offer burnt offerings (food for priests), but only to take and use wisely the gifts bestowed upon us.

There are neither skeptics nor atheists in regard to nature and the true God. He can exist in the higher place and can never be *changed*. God is as many-sided as nature is. The savage and merciless aspects of nature are of Him also—in the jungles of Africa as well as in the walks of culture and refinement; in the destroying tornado as well as in the gentle summer breeze; in the overwhelming floods as well as in the morning dews, says John Burroughs.

Dogs of war, conquerors, are first in war, last in peace. Next to this very evil element come distressful millions of their victims, and hordes of profiteers. Money as exchange symbol is not evil, assuredly; but when the rogues and idle rich get hands on it, then it is linked with evil and can do no good. Idleness is

an accursed evil—has no place in nature. We see motion everywhere—in the heavens and every portion of animated being. Honey bees will take the lives of their drones (males) when scarcity of food is threatened on years flowers are scarce.

Exclusively blessed ones, biblical to the core, are now, they say, near the era of the Second Coming of Jesus; or they to meet him above with their robes on. They never die! “Remnant,—true believers now living,” says our local publication, *Messiah’s Coming Kingdom*, “should first go through the shadow of His death, burial and then the reality. We should be sown or buried, a natural body, and then be raised a spiritual body. But provision is also made for a company in the last days of the dispensation who are not to pass through the grave, but are to be changed. We undoubtedly are living in that time, and no true believer should think of death or the grave, but strive to be among the overcomers. Some have honestly taken the stand that if all believers during the gospel age had been sufficiently strong in faith they might have escaped the grave and been with us today. After this the Son of man is revealed sitting upon a white cloud, and forthwith the harvest of the earth, or general ingathering of surviving Christians, is reaped by him. As soon as the 144,000 sealed ones are securely caught up to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, straightway there goes forth an angel, representing a body of preachers and journeys through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel. The immediate and final sequel is the treading of the winepress at the battle of Armageddon, when

the incorrigible are crushed in the vintage of God's wrath. Thus terminates the description of the five years of the second advent of Christ, including the translation of the first-fruits-Christians at its beginning, and of the harvest-Christians at its close. God's word plainly states that a woman must not be "allowed to teach or usurp authority." We know of no better way for preachers to use their tithing money than in literature bringing light and truth. The Lord will touch your heart to give, but you must do the giving. The finances of the editor are very meager." This is not different from condition of other poor editors than Brother Miller. But why be concerned about money at so terrible, so prophetic, so pathetic a time of catastrophe!

Before Lincoln reached his acme of achievement, we heard he was too common to be great, and looked like a baboon. Socrates, greatest of the Grecians, was a "corrupter of youth" through his queer doctrines, for his judges were found, to condemn him to death by poison. Omar Khayyam was called a drunken loafer, an infidel. Even Jesus was scoffed at as a hobo, mere carpenter in Nazareth—especially was he an infidel deserving all the agonies of slow torture on the cross.

We hear all kinds of complaints as did Job, of troubles and vexations in living—the chief villain (as playgoers say) was Maker and Moving Cause of all life's activities. Job trusted things would move better by-and-by. A beneficent One sends to earthly existence once and oftener as to a house furnished: here in Los Angeles if the human animal is dissatis-

fied, dirty, negligent, and howling about better treatment, he must move or pay rent and "no children permitted."

Human nature in the days of Jesus was much the same as today. We have missions abroad and pulpits filled, by those of the Levite order; we have true reformers doing work without money and cheerfully doing their best. Jesus scornfully points to the Levite as passing on the other side—of trouble, of serious calls to help a brother. How will it be possible to build up the old aristocratical institutions, by aristocrats themselves, the help! help! yelpers. They follow advice of the poet, "*Donst thou marry for money, but go where money is.*"

Evolution is a fact, as we see in growth everywhere. Not only do the creatures of earth change, but the earth itself ages. Single lifetimes are mysterious, for many small things among those living about us have their tadpole-frog or earlier changes of form. The bee has progressed so far as to control progeny—the atrophied female can be seen destroying males of the hives,—one pair (sex) doing the office of hundreds of individuals. The worst enemies we have among worms and the like, are those underground breeders, coming up at stated intervals like our seventeen-year locusts and the army worm, that in their last of transformations to the perfect state will overrun acres and destroy every bit of the vegetation. Farmers may get control of this over-breeding mania when his own kind require no more divorcing. In old time the greater the power a chief or holy man had, the more were his

"concubines." Thanks to increase in education the chief can no longer control the woman.

It will bear examination, the statement that convicts have sharper—more cunning—intelligence than the general population, but lack much of pity. You find in little depredators as mice (and not their fault) intelligence suited to their size, as that governing human crooks, the latter in polarization all wrong. Make better traps to catch the big ones. It does not make for hardening of youth to great extent, catching the "innocent" lice and mice. It will not likely make us less in innocence, destroying humans possessed of bad instincts, than to be carefully eliminated, for these negative ones only live to study how to "get you" who are on the side of innocence.

There was a recent case of a citizen "being born again" after eight years of silence as in a grave. A Denver mute—dumb, blind and paralyzed in every limb, so helpless that it was necessary to feed him by means of a tube through his nostrils, unable to feel, smell or taste or even to think, to all intents and purposes unconscious, Luther Dionne was carried into the county hospital. Now he can point out the town of his birth, and with a pencil he can print, laboriously, the name of the village.

"Would'st thou the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its decline,

And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed,
Would'st thou the Earth and Heaven itself in one sole name combine?

I name thee, O Sakuntala! and all at once is said."

—Goethe.

Main purposes in this book will be to promote joys of home, and of peace. These are surely more in the

way of hope and sure expectancy than is a heaven in belief only. The physical love of life *here*, are our vital purposes always. From *Henry IV* in Shakespeare, I copy, the dramatist glorying at end of a war :

I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here by the honor of my blood,
My Father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about them have too lavishly
Wrested His meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressed;
Upon my soul they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers into their several counties,
As we shall ours, and here between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear these tokens Home
Of our restored Love and unity. . . .
The word of Peace is rendered,—hark how they shout!
A Peace is of the nature of a conquest—
For then both parties nobly are subdued
And neither party loses!

The human family seems never satisfied with earth, being of such covetous nature. Self-preservation—hustle—influenced our races from very earliest times. Man wants to go faster, imitating spirit, that travels, Plato says, from Here to There without lapse of time, or any pain. When airplane or under-sea crafts tire him, he will seek further knowledge of the earth's interior, or further, seeking universal schemes toward a heaven! But "heaven" is within him. How pitying he is "to the man sitting in darkness"; some other sort of civilization, or medicine, he must take. We get farther away from health and undefiled religion every century, and when innocent, childlike nations are used up—how we all will be as like as two peas!

Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* relates: The Spanish were nearly mad with joy at receiving these brilliant

tidings of the Peruvian city. All their fond dreams were now to be realized, and they had at length reached the realm which had so long flitted in visionary splendor before them. . . . "It was manifestly the work of heaven," exclaims a devout son of the church, "that the natives of the country should have received him in so kind and loving a spirit, as best fitted to facilitate the conquest; for it was the Lord's hand which led him and his followers to this remote region for the extension of the holy faith, and for the salvation of souls, Having now collected all the information essential to his object, Pizarro, after taking leave of the natives of Tumbez, and promising a speedy return, weighed anchor and again turned his prow towards the south. Still keeping as near as possible to the coast, that no place of importance might escape his observation, he passed Cape Blanco, and, after sailing about a degree and a half, made the port of Payta. The inhabitants, who had notice of his approach, came out in their balsas to get sight of the wonderful strangers, bringing with them stores of fruits, fish and vegetables, with the same hospitable spirit shown by their countrymen of Tumbez.

Repeatedly they saw structures of stone and plaster, and occasionally showing architectural skill in the execution, if not elegance of design. Wherever they cast anchor they beheld green patches of cultivated country redeemed from the sterility of nature, and blooming with the variegated vegetation of the tropics; while a refined system of irrigation, by means of aqueducts and canals, seemed to be spread like a network over the surface of the country, making even the desert to

blossom as the rose. . . . On his way, he touched at several places where he had before landed. At one of these, called by Spaniards Santa Cruz, he had been invited on shore by an Indian woman of rank. . . . Pizarro found that preparations had been made for his reception in a style of simple hospitality that evinced some degree of taste. Arbors were formed of luxuriant and widespreading branches, interwoven with fragrant flowers and shrubs that diffused a delicious perfume through the air. A banquet was provided, teeming with viands prepared in the style of the Peruvian cookery, and with fruits and vegetables of tempting hue and luscious to the taste, though their names and nature were unknown to the Spaniards. After the collation was ended, the guests were entertained with music and dancing by a troop of young men and maidens simply attired, who exhibited in their favorite national amusement all the agility and grace which the supple limbs of the Peruvian Indians so well qualified them to display. Before his departure, Pizarro stated to his kind host the motives of his visit to the country, in the same manner as he had done on other occasions, and he concluded by unfurling the royal banner of Castile, which he had brought on shore, requesting her and her attendants to raise it in token of their allegiance to his sovereign. . . . He took with him gold, some of the natives, as well as two or three llamas, various nice fabrics of cloth, with many ornaments and vases of gold and silver, as specimens of the civilization of the country, and vouchers for his wonderful story."

Has Spain received glory and wealth to yet endure

the inroads of time? Even at our time of greater civilization, only one nation (our own), has published any desire to quit robbing weaker nations. Still Pizarro methods predominate!

Our American poet, Whitman, personifying the Soul says:

"O, vapors! I think I have risen with you, and moved away to distant continents and fallen down there, for reason; I think I have blown with you, O, winds! O, waters, I have fingered every shore with you. All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me. Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul, etc. Hands of the sisters, Death and Night, incessantly, softly wash again and ever again this soil'd world."

"When once," Bacon says, "the mind has placed before it noble aims, it is immediately surrounded—not only by the virtuous, but by the gods." This is evolution.

Jesus says, "To him that hath shall be given."

Plato affirms that "the soul is wholly immortal, and when it is removed from *this* spot, it is *there* without pain; so it must needs be, Axiochus, if you have lived piously, you will be happy either below or above."

Confucius says, "The glory and tranquillity of a state may arise from the excellence of one man. If a man love others, and no responsive attachment is shown to him, let him turn inwards and examine his own benevolence."

"The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are within ourselves alone."
—Whittier.

Franklin H. Heald, in his theory of the procession of planets, has reasoned out his case from facts, without any tendency to mysticism.

Early Hebrews believed in their Burning Bush, and in ancient times idol worship and ghost-seeing indicated there was evidence of this unknown force of light. Shakespeare in his great tragedy, "Macbeth," gave this unexplained something both the knocking power (at the gate), and the visions.

Spectrum analysis shows the same elements as our sun, for the earth and all other bodies. A more searching knowledge will some day follow on the spiritual side of light.

The war now ended will give us a new era. Prussianism and Priestcraft must go! and then the lowly Jesus, the leveler of old, will come into His own. Despised, forsaken, crucified, this representative of republicanism moved among the publicans and others, His true mission never wholly revealed, even when the new religion had later sprung up to do Him pious honor. His fabled Samaritans, Levites and Magdalenes will now be better interpreted. Woman is free now to live, and no longer must be slavish burden bearer or bearer of children,—as her only "spheres."

Our palaces of kings and houses of God or gods will be turned to better use, to poor houses, maybe, so that the halt and blind and poor will have veritable refuges at last. Every human being must, as Bunyan said of the tub, "stand on its own bottom." Church and state tyrannies must go. Less than 300 years ago John Bunyan in Merry England was kept 13 years in Bedford jail for preaching in a private residence;

indicted as "a person who devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church." And he the author of *Pilgrim's Progress* and other pious and ever-popular books!

George Fox of the same period and region as Bunyan, for preaching the gospel, was seized—by law—and robbed of his goods, and often sent to noisome jails. His followers in the Society of Friends, to the number of hundreds, were ruthlessly mobbed, jailed, or murdered.

Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man" would indicate our earthly personal evolutions, almost as marked, one from the other, as the final one here, the Great Adventure.

As sunlight may carry all the materials to make up worlds, why should not "Light that never was on sea nor shore" carry souls,—life;—and cannot this better part of all animate creation, after rest at the center, go again into motion beyond,—attracted by the loved souls gone before; or, to go again into outer realms? The new-born babe holds forth the hands to grasp the beloved one,—so we should approach the finite or infinite, our best beloved.

"Lead, kindly Light," that lighteth everyone upon the earth. The Guide will not turn from Light to Darkness in either direction making the procession—the evolution. George Fox, in his homely phrase, said, "Mind the Light!" Another meaning than the one he intends, we may indicate here: *Mind* is the channel of all reunion, Finite with Infinite.

You can always discern the difference between a "miracle" worker and the true minister of Jesus, for

the former makes ready advances to get your money, and the latter is true to his teacher in the spirit will "render unto Caesar the things that are honestly Caesar's, and unto God the things that are His."

"A servant is worthy of his hire," says the trickster. As no man "can find out God," no man can be honestly *hired* by Him. Work ye for the well-being of all in Life—do it in the spirit of love and compassion.

This auto, aero, and movie generation has much more of frivolity than had that generation before it. In 1653 George Fox of England devised a very simple but solemn marriage ceremony. After a young couple had attended his (Quaker, and very solemn) meetings and announced there their intentions of marriage, at last came the meeting place ceremony, with a personage of the law present as recorder. They, standing before the assembled Friends, say, as Richard Roe, who, taking Mary Doe by the hand, said: "In presence of our friends assembled, I take to be my wedded wife—promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until death shall separate us." Then the woman (with only "husband" omitted, and "wife" inserted), repeats the promise.

This is a very practical age, in a well-governed republic. Before the Jewish nation succumbed 2000 years ago, poverty was general, for, after paying the tithes, 10 per cent. on incomes, the people must raise taxes for government purposes. The tithe went to autocratic religious extortioners—hirelings in name only, as they lived in great comfort. This class had, before they killed Jesus, to bear much ridicule and

some violence from Him, the free prophet, or "out-law." As the Bible says, Jesus *scourged* them, and His way of treating "the Levite priest" is of record. God-hirelings, so-called, are today our citizens without regular employment. The citizens assist them, aside from the exaction of ten per cent. in money raised by tithes from parishioners for them to use. If they go abroad to the "men sitting in darkness," they are, on return here, well healed, yet helpless in regard to public duties. As our poor need assistance, this class of the community should be publicly enrolled and be made to work. They were of public school education (also theological schools or Bible institutes), so could be of great help to the public. Mothers everywhere are overburdened by care and work, so why not turn all agents of God, so-called, into By-the-Sweat-of-the-Brow class? I have a niece, a doctor with Presbyterian missions in Arabia, and the wealthy sheik of the region encourages her in different ways—imploring her to help his downtrodden people—but asks her to be among them *not as a missionary*.

Authority is the thing to scare you out of your boots, be you ever so innocent of wrong-doing. A snip of a British officer, leading his crowd of armed overwhelmers near Bunker Hill, got his soldiers into a bad mix, captured by our Continentals. Our sturdy Revolutionary general was being browbeaten by the haughty captive chief, who roared out, "By what authority?" The answer of our patriotic general was "By authority of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." This is the best, the most pat, and enduring answer to aristocracy that could be made. It was good before

the days of Putnam; it is good today. The same blatant cry of authority, religious, strength of arm, or trickery, can turn up the rottenest element to rest on the surface of affairs—with stench, with abuse, with money (or God's authority (!) no one with intelligence would obey.

The insolence was crowded back in our Revolution, and today we hope will be alike successful whenever an unauthorized (by the people) set of rulers attempt government. The like fate will be meted out to science or religions attempting to override the common sense of a common people.

It appears from tradition Jesus was a fighter for the right, as shown in a fight He had with money changers in the temple. Today we have perplexities in belief, yet with education and science now, the mystery business (miracles, etc.), mildly turn to movies, acrobats in the air springing securely across voids from one airplane to another; and the ouiji board that crazes many who are looking for some hokus pokus from spirits. All have trace of a brain weakness that comes from use, generation after generation, of rum, tobacco or opium mostly. Systems are also weakened physically from private diseases and poisons. *Paradise Lost* might be rewritten, and as Quaker Thomas Elwood suggested to his friend John Milton once, "Thee should tell us of a paradise found." If Jesus by re-birth comes to earth, as religionists oft aver He will, we may expect a still more elevated poem than that of blind Milton.

We begin to learn of true mysteries of sky and planets, and suns; and when more writers can follow John

Burroughs in telling us of the real life of bird or animal, the earth should attract all attention, long diverted to a heaven of the Loheres. Then will we have a tithing for human knowledge not yet attained, that is far above gold and rubies. Then, possibly, will be *seen* spirits (I think not), in nature aside from all the creatures returning here by a rebirth. The grandeurs and endless variety in nature here is surely above any conceptions of a golden, trumpeting, hallelujah resting place for spirits—only spirit; unseen forms. (No trumpets, no mouth to sing.) “The kingdom of God is within you,” was a fitting expression of Jesus, when we can keep thoughts above any concepts of kings, priests, or any pleasures of society, past or present. We are not longer worshipping mere idols of dead men in this age of equal rights, equal privileges, caring not what any boss may think about this and that.

Venerate the Scriptures, in the saying, “If we go to the uttermost ends of the earth,” there is the God of law and order. (In the old times, possibly, the earth had ends, but now it is round as a ball.) “How can we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?” Thou needst not, for in thy everlasting garb of the spirit, there is no strange land. “I sent my soul into the invisible, the after-life, to tell; and it returned to me and said, Thou, thyself, art heaven and hell.” God is everywhere. Why wish to meet Him in bliss (heaven) if thou wilt live in peace and happiness?

As a soldier, going over the top with an unloaded gun, would mean want of discretion or wilfulness, so you must in this world have a trained will. If you take to flight in an airplane, and have the ocean or

mountain to cross, then you find a trained will essential.

If a young person of either sex contemplates marriage, then an age of selfishness—ice cream and candy era—must be abated. This most essential period reached, selfishness must be thrown out of your then high flights of fancy. The pilot of an airplane would not need a better trained will than yours should be to steer you on a true course. Lay low, and think! Call up a trained will power to command or to your need. You will truly seek then that power within—the instinct guiding all animal life. For if the mate, chosen with a care the bird shows in preparation for nesting, has met the crisis with like care, you can go ahead knowing all is well.

Man's a little chunk of ice;
Woman is the Sun; she lets
Herself beam on him. How nice
And soft he gets!

A person who loves ease, and yet counts upon a rebirth that will still keep him among the slothful high-ups, will be much surprised, maybe, to find that his soul has, like the ass's skin in the story, grown infinitesimally small, to be brought again into reincarnation amidst his equals, the sloths or monkeys. What a hullabaloo was raised when Huxley and others proved that man and monkey have the precise skeleton in every bone!

We had returned to us of earth, a century ago, when our republic was endangered, such grand men as Lincoln and Grant, just in the nick of time as the saying is. While great souls are sent as needed to rebirth,

the lower world of wild creatures will have souls also sent. Those humans before tried and found wanting, possibly, will appear in families of monkeys or sloths. The devil takes the hindmost, is a common saying.

Related to immortality seems that almost invisible element protozoa. After its host's death this continues its life, almost formless, in the dead body. Cycle of life at first passes six stages from fertilization until leaving the egg form. Oxygen seems of primal use, as use of air is our last hold or want of hold upon life.

It is crass conceit to say you know the world, for throughout countless lives of creatures you cannot even *see* so many of microscopic smallness. You only see a few of the larger forms in all the kingdoms of nature. Thus you can pass away from earth, and again return to the first stage, ovum, the spirit returning rejuvenated after death (soul sleep) to again reach the middle of life's stage.

Ignoring the opposite pull of polarity might destroy hell. As well try to write hot and cold into a compromise unit. When a Higher Light illumines, there comes the Christ spirit, and later our Elder Brother, Jesus. The age we live in is not Christian, if that means being on the side of right to any great extent.

Evolution has brought us out of savagery; they will lead us to God (good). Jesus gives no account of heaven, no assurance of our fitness for it, only of *home* concept.

A Quaker poet, Whittier, whose ancestors were so maltreated for heresy in the Puritan days, is now accounted a Christian guide and an honored hymn-writer, all denominations honoring him. Another be-

liever in voices, the Maid of Orleans, was burned at the stake as an infidel at behest of a bishop, who, Judas-like, betrayed the savior of France to her English foes. Puritan cruelties exercised against old women martyrs—so-called witches—show a big blot in our history. And but for educated thinkers we would yet have a dark age—kaisers thirsting for plunder and power, and fanatics stirring up all kinds of disorders.

Let us follow the teachings of Jesus and other compassionate democrats. There is a general belief in churches that the Comforter will again be reborn on earth, so that I may presume to say the theory of rebirth, as old as sun-worship, maybe, will bear in time good fruit.

THE OPEN ROAD

BY C. B. DODGE

The open road lies out to the hills,
Where the cares will find you not;
Each turn of road brings a vista new
Of a quiet sylvan spot.

And the song of the thrush is ringing,
Oh, a wonder song thou art!
And a solace comes in the woodland,
And quiet steals to the heart.

Then it's leave behind the noisy town,
Where the cares and worries be,
To wander far o'er the open road
To the land of leaf and tree!

Oh, world, the wealth of life and love
Breathes out from thy primal sod;
The open road lies out to the hills,
And that highway leads to God!

"It is not easy to hear and apply to one's self the exhortations of preachers who, aloft in the pulpit, seem to be carrying out a mere formality; it is just as difficult to escape from the appeals of a layman who walks at your side," says Sabbatier, author of the *Life of Saint Francis*. The latter was more the recluse, camper in the woods, than preacher. Deeds, not words, as this great man did his work principally for the poor, and his friends, the birds and other lowly creatures.

A man who worries over his own soul and to convert others, as did the fanatics about 1212, when sending abroad into the region of Jerusalem defenseless children. The little ones were ruthlessly slain, or taken by enemy soldiers, to spend the rest of their lives in slavery, and homeless. This was far and away from the religion of Jesus the compassionate. In England, likewise, the poor were neglected and downtrodden by worthless priests and rulers, until a friend of the poor, Robin Hood, made havoc among the idle rich churchmen.

Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, slaughtering each other, for ages, and all other wars, upon unbelievers or enemies, must cease, or compassion such as Jesus taught, and education fosters, must go to the discard and we go back to savagery!

Ovid, the Roman poet, speaking of Pythagoras as his interpreter, says: "Our bodies, too, are changing always, and without any intermission, and tomorrow we shall not be what we were or what we are now. And, believe me, in this universe so vast, nothing perishes; but it varies and changes its appearance, and

to begin to be something different from what it was before, is called *being born*; and to cease to be the same thing is to be said to die. Whereas, perhaps, those things are transferred hither, and these things thither, yet ,in the whole, all things ever exist."

As Pythagoras was considered to have pursued metaphysical studies more deeply, perhaps, than any other of the ancient philosophers, Ovid could not have introduced a personage more fitted to discuss these subjects. Having traveled through Asia, it is supposed that Pythagoras passed into Italy, and settled at Crotona ,to promulgate there the philosophical principles which he had acquired in his travels through Egypt and Asia Minor.

The Pythagorean philosophy was well suited for the purpose of mingling its doctrines with the fabulous narratives of the poet, as it consisted, in great part, of the doctrine of an endless series of transformations. its main features may be reduced to two general heads, the first of which was the doctrine of metempsychosis, or continual transmigration of souls (as in rebirth) from one body to another. Pythagoras is supposed not to have originated this doctrine, but to have received it from the Egyptians, by whose priesthood there is little doubt that it was originated.

A native of India says: "We've been taught for ages after ages, and centuries after centuries, to turn our gaze *inward* toward the realms that are not those which are reached by the help of the physical senses. Great as the physical body may be, there is something greater within man, underneath the universe that is to be longed for and striven after."

Plutocratic religions must give way for democracy as Jesus taught and practiced. The cycle of matter and that higher one of the spirit, admit of no release from law—here and hereafter. No agencies for God—to excuse, to help, to exonerate. The little verse of Bishop Doane may be cited:

The parish priest of Austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple
To be nearer God, that he might
Hand down His word unto the people.

So he daily wrote in sermon script
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped this down on the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In his age, God said, "Come down and die."
And he cried from out the steeple:
"Where are thou, Lord?" and the Lord replied,
"Down here among my people."

The human mind, as shown in progress of inventions, has no recourse but from imitation of nature. Our minds get the concepts *only* of earth (and what the light within prompts), so why not have a religion that will glorify the Original of all earth's glories? "This is a sinful world" is taught by priests, yet the Original of all is praised—the revilers of His works knowing no other world! There are billions of creatures and numberless plants, unknown to us "of the home plant," yet some may be intelligent and inclined to see and appreciate any of these: this is religion looking backwards, and not seeing the all-absorbing beauties of the present.

Education is far from that concept of *reward* in another world—a heaven of bliss and praise to God.

Prof. Sumner, deceased, of Yale University, once said :

“The higher you go in social attainments, the greater will be the restraints upon you. The gait, the voice, the manner, the rough independence of one order of men is unbecoming in another. Education above all brings this responsibility. Discipline in manners and morals does not belong to the specific matter of education. The educated man must work by himself without any overseer over him. He finds his compulsion in himself and it holds him to his task longer than any external compulsion. This responsibility to self we call honor, and it is one of the highest fruits of discipline when discipline, having wrought through intellect, has reached character.

“It is well that we should remember that the religious life looked for God in law and ritual, in the abnormal and unusual ; but for Jesus, as for every man who has earnestly sought to help his fellows, the ordinary and commonplace were enough. How the growth of the priest and the progress of ecclesiasticism all through the middle ages, overlaid and obscured Jesus—his spirit and His teaching—and the ‘hungry sheep looked up and were not fed!’ How slow man has been in learning that the kingdom of God is among you, even within you, in the common people of whom all other teachers have declared!”

Further, says this writer :

“The Pharisee in his tithing of ‘mint, anis and cummin,’ in laying excessive stress on the trivialities of the law, on Sabbath keeping, on tithes and temple ritual, on the washing of pot and platter, shut himself out of all sharing in the fellowship and friendship of

Jesus, for he utterly missed His spirit. In all that he supposed constituted righteousness, the Spiritual had no part. Absorbed as he was in the vexations and pettiness of trivialities he was but playing to himself a *contemptible comedy of holiness.*"

A Night of the Soul! From age to age selfishness has increased. We kill all harmless birds and animals for sport only, or for food; robberies are on the increase; even children, helplessly aged persons, pets and domestic animals, are cruelly treated. Lambs and monkey calves are led to the slaughter, or themselves are starved that the selfish humankind may get richer milk and cream. Physical nature will in course of events become rigid and cold as the earth loses by age—our moon already presents only one side to us. So the earth, in turn, will show only the one face to the sun, later to be swallowed up in that fiery furnace. Meantime, all the living creatures of earth will die, and be reborn on some globe as a new home, probably the next planet in our system behind the earth, if habitable. There may we have joys, flowers and fruits, in fact, a second home for all!

This is of a greater evolution, indeed.

We are learning more and more of the Spirit; having less and less of the fear of death—that is no monster at all. All will abide under and trust the Beneficent Creator at last. Death and birth are near alike.

Half the congregations of so-called worshippers may have a certain belief in Beneficent Christ, yet so set in the crooked way that these have murder in their hearts if others will not cringe to a selfish opinion.

Rows upon rows the graves are found in Slander's fields! — So numerous that continuous graveyards stretch around the world, and then not hold those killed by cruel slanderers. Yes, in Slander's field!

Real education is not a common kind of culture, for business, war, etc. Matthew Arnold, in the Introduction of his essay, "*Sweetness and Light*," says: "In one of his speeches a short time ago, that fine speaker and famous Liberal, Mr. Bright, took occasion to have a fling at the friends and preachers of culture. 'People talk about what they call culture,' said he contemptuously, 'by which they mean a smattering of the two dead languages, of Greek and Latin.' It is well for Americans to remember that the cultured Englishman, Mr. Gladstone, was the first of the aristocrats who favored in Parliament the side of slavery in our fight for the United States and freedom in 1861-5." We want no such culture. It was just such autocrats as Gladstone who financed that war for slavery, yet the scoundrels failed of their purpose to break up the United States. The same kultur we fought against in the World's War later.

There is nothing in the universe stationary—nothing void of HEAT. Evolution may refer to life as we know it. Matter cannot be "blessed" into animation of soul, nor can our bodies be mummified to preserve the mortal likeness—preserve from changes of time.

A rose she was, most passing fair,
That makes more sweet the summer air
For one day only;
A solitary cloud at noon,
That, melting in the dome of June,
Leaves the blue lonely:

A bird at dawn that upward flies
And falls from out the scarlet skies
Of Eldorado;
A murmuring shell upon the shore
Swirled sudden down beneath the roar
To realms of shadow;

A sumptuous moth, in autumn hours,
A-flutter o'er ephemeral flowers
In vain endeavor;
A firefly in the fields of even,
That lights a little space of heaven,
Then fades forever.

—*Lloyd Mifflin.*

As I once told John Burroughs, my opinion was that the greatest, unpleasantest fall of man was when he fell from the trees, then in his arboreal stage of nature. He began then to kill and eat innocent creatures on the earth, descending to the low estate of a carnivore or buzzard. Keep going, going—so you get somewhere.

A chance for home gives the weakest (or wickedest) criminal some cheer, of the dreamy kind. Out of the depths, cries Evolution. It takes no "Revelations" to give your inmost thoughts something of that core of Being—your mind's eye pictures of HOME, if it was a happy one! The devout Catholic, with his "Hail, Mary," has conscious touch of home, here or hereafter.

It matters not what science may tell of matter and worlds. A single cell of the lowest life has a magnetic cell to reach for its next neighbor, cell of an opposite polarity. This is the way of life here—Love and Home. The Sun of Righteousness! We know throughout all history of *divine* influence—a light that but seldom lights upon sea or shore; the days not ac-

tinic, even, but known of those who "see in the dark." When the human spirit reaches near the Highest, be sure there will be no selfishness in such a Presence—

Come back, come back across the flying foam,
We hear faint, far-off voices call us Home;
Come back, ye seem to say; ye seek in vain:
We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.
Come back, come back!
And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,
The heart's fond message hurries to its HOME!

Students of the University of Michigan have begun a new and excellent life work in agriculture, that promises much. There the young folks, studying under government supervision, are being paid for vocational training for the farm. Their courses stipulate that a certain period be devoted to practical agriculture. Students are required to pay for the public lands on instalments, from a salary of \$100 a month which each receives. The men, some of whom begin work with families, are to be housed in large community bungalows, until separate houses will be built. There will be schoolhouses, stores, churches, recreation halls and grounds.

The culture secured in our American schools it is hoped will eliminate much of ignorance, in every phase of life. We have now too much of childishness and selfishness.

Aggravating foreign troubles now—and such with disease uncultivated catch readily in our republic—is near anarchy now in Russia, from misunderstanding of their prophet, Tolstoy. He, with ideas of culture such as Jesus', is conducting the boorish now in need of a government.

We all have Hope ,that means Heaven, and from the present lookout one can visualize there the robes of the Very Reverends, preachers robed with righteousness, the reformed murderer or thief, and those with robes cleverly made for the "getting there with both feet," who affirm they never die—but fly!

In a period of great unhappiness in youth, Goethe penned some odes (halbunsinn) that, now, 150 years later, read very like prophecy, regarding his Fatherland. I copy here and there these lines:

"In the distant world is waiting,
In our arms thou'lt find thy prized, and love,
too, when returning!"

And now I've seen her,
Alas! how changed!
With cold demeanor
And looks estranged,
With ghostly tread,—
All hope is fled,
Yea, fled forever!
The lightnings quiver,
Each palace falls;
The god-like halls
Each joyous hour
Of spirit power
With Love's sweet day
All fades away!

Let us in a cunning wise
Yon dull Christian priests surprise!
With the devil of their talk
We'll those very priests confound.
Come with prong, and come with fork,
As from the smoke is freed the blaze,
So let our faith burn bright!
And if they crush our olden ways,
Who e'er can crush Thy Light?
Wilder yet the sounds are growing,
See the arch-fiend comes all glowing.

Thou would'st rejoice to leave
 This hated land behind!
 Wert thou not chained to me
 With friendship's flowery chains.
 Brother, take thy brethren with thee,
 With thee to thy aged Fatherland.

Down from the lofty,
 Rocky wall
 Streams the bright flood,
 Then spreadeth gently
 In cloudy billows
 O'er the smooth rock,
 And welcomed kindly,
 Veiling, on roars it,
 Softly murmuring,
 Toward the abyss.
 Spirit of man,
 Thou art like unto water!
 Fortune of man,
 Thou art like unto wind!

* * * *

All the remaining races so poor
 Of life-teeming Earth,
 In children so rich, wander and feed
 In vacant enjoyment,
 And midst the dark sorrow
 Of evanescent, restricted life—
 Bowed by the Yoke of Necessity!
 Father of Love—but one tone
 That to His ear may be pleasing,
 Oh! then, quicken His heart!
 Clear his cloud-enveloped eyes;
 Over the thousand fountains,
 Close by the thirsty one in the desert.

As old as Plato or older was a fact—known, I surmise, through the Spirit; Life not requiring space and time, and we find in our mortal existence, spiritually it comes to us without our knowledge here. By what I may term sympathetic assortment, nations and families associate when “time is no more.” One who governs all things, so is known not of men exactly, a problem of race as well as nationality here with us.

Says V. Kellogg in *Yale Review*, "The problem of Americanization of the American people involves a consideration of race as well as nationality — partly biological, partly educational. Anthropology is a science which has had great development in recent years because of the many finds of the relics of prehistoric man that have been made since the beginning of this century; so a new and much more precise knowledge of heredity has also been gained."

Melting pots have no uses when we affirm, generally speaking, "God rules." Polarity in the character is a something to convince us man cannot govern; we ourselves as Americans continue to kill or cure, in our physical times and conditions. Just as we learn on earth,—that except for polarization, that even in lake to cleanse us, as babes later are cleaned by us in the physical life,—cannot remake the soul. Otherwise we could be made as Adam, scripturally, "out of the dust of the earth," that a breathing of the "breath of life" touched.

The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion

to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry.

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CONCLUSION

I have yet much manuscript, but forbear to use it until such may be needed, explanatory to the theory of rebirth and new evolutions.

Slowly our old earth may get the transforming ingenuity of man—to get away from the “Under World” (after robbing it), reaching for abode nearer the heavens. Airplanes, already very ingenious, will, after many mishaps to the inventors and users,—be used skyward; for, let us consider Nature Farther—how annually the clouds now keep up the millions of tons of water in wet seasons! More room at the top is an old saying. Keep up a lively courage, for you have friends—an Almighty Father; and Greatest of the Prophets, Jesus; have your twins within your soul, Conscience and Character, and that host of the “Do unto others as you wish to be done by,”—others may be tricksters!

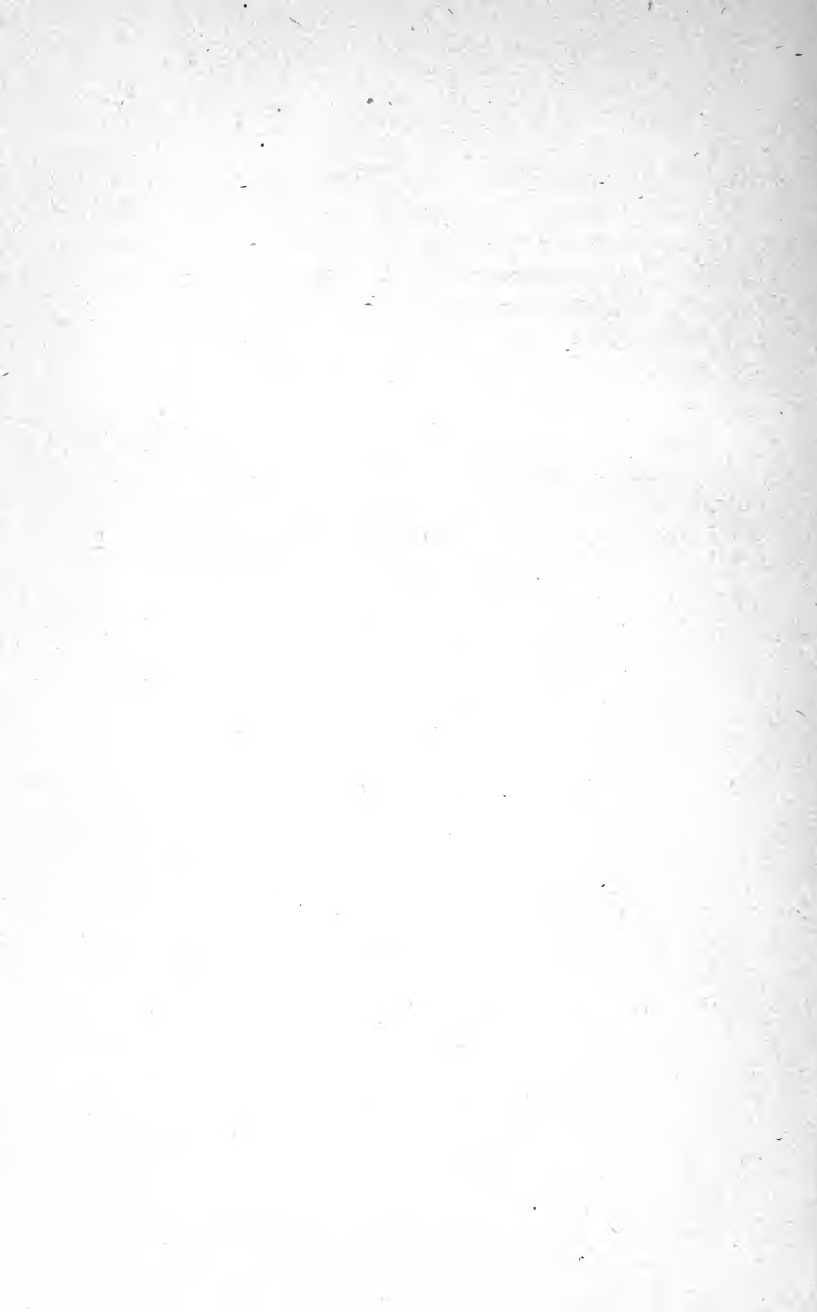
W. T.

A few words, gentle reader, and then I quit. We “two or three met together,” as Jesus enjoined, have had life under discussion, just as Job of old and his

friends. As at the dawn of creation, under the tree of life, the question Good and Evil comes uppermost. Let us confer, concern ourselves very little as to a place in heaven, but try to determine influences growing out of good and evil, that affect us and others. Eliminate the dead wood on the Tree, "cast it into the fire," as Jesus advised, and act as good husbandmen for planting—not in stony places. Let there be care to stop the irrigating wastes in our Garden of Eden. Curb laziness and languor in the good work for the world, and promote culture.

In a word, let us have Peace and Plenty—if possible, in this Old Home ,earth ,as appointed (thus far on the Path of Life), so we can continue God's plan in our Everlasting World of the Spirit.

THE END





To the Reader;

“Physical Life and Higher Light” has been compiled by the author, Wm. Taylor, not with the idea of financial gain, but to reach a class of people who have an intelligent appreciation of new educational ideas. The price, therefore, has been put at the lowest point consistent with the actual cost of the printing, binding and mailing.

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