

BACKWARD GLIMPSES

GIVEN TO THE WORLD

BY JOHN BUNYAN,

THROUGH THE INSPIRATION OF

SARAH A. RAMSDELL.



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P R E F A C E .

Curiosity, after all, is the hook that fishes out more knowledge than any other trait in the human character; and so my appeal will first touch the never-satisfied hunger of the buzzard bird who sits a croaker around our well-spring of thought.

In the many attempts I have made to reach the tidal shores of Time, I have met the rebutting spirit of incredulity; and I have said, each and every time, my hour of presentation is yet in the future; wait until the bride and the bridegroom say come. And I have waited for the hour when no man need be deceived or ashamed to face the truth of Spirit communion. And now, when the soul craves more light, shall I withhold my feeble torch? For the light is to descend in its various and many ways to choke out the spirit of darkness, and if my one ray of individuality, given from the platform of Spiritual growth, saves one soul from the cherishment of despair, then have I done the will of Him who sent

me, as did the Christ of old follow back on the line of natural condition inherent from the will force of Deity. And thus I return to earth, not through the atoning merit of Christ's blood, but through and by the same force of natural law; and were Christ today to fulfill the mission of his second coming, the world would look for the natural causes that propelled His journey.

And thus would I have the world look on my return; not as any miracle, but simple compliance with the requisite conditions, which is love for my fellow men, the will power to control another person's organized brain-principles, and a recognized right to do so through the harmonial blending of the natural affinities of disposition and character to act from the standard of duty. And so I come, dressed as of old, for service. But thanks be to the Great and Eternal God that no prison doors can close around me, or prison bars shut out the light of this glowing day.

GIVEN IN LOVE, TRUTH AND CHARITY,

BY JOHN BUNYAN,

THROUGH THE TRANCE CONDITION OF SARAH A. RAMS-
DELL.

BACKWARD GLIMPSES,

CHAPTER I.

WITH flowers filling my crown I come back to earth. Years have intervened and stubborn facts have chased along my pathway since the grim monster Death propelled my onward march. I took on my form of life in the Province of Bedford, on the English coast. A provincial town or township is necessarily fluted and stuccoed with the sap that has run a leakage from the interior fund of social knowledge. Hence the beverage I drank from youth's open doorway of grasping sensational life was filled with the slime run from the circles or pools of upper-tendom, or the interior court-rooms of polished fastidiousness. Youth wore no rosy morn for me. Hell broke loose over all the continent of youthful labor. My storm-king

raged throughout my whole being. Every part of mind-function was traversed and laid bare, for the Angel of Destruction to riot in full, and leave the citadel a broken, shattered wreck, with but a dim star left a pointer from the other side of angel guidance that touched my heart or mind ability to see that I was becoming a cumberer of the ground—a curse, walking in God's sunlight—a fact outwrought from the mind force of Deity. I shudder now in recalling my youthful depravity—what might have been, had that lone star or germ of goodness dropped from my horizon of life. John Bunyan's name would never have floated to the world of public favor, and John Bunyan to-day would be filling the lower saloons of spirit growth. Oh! God, I thank Thee for that one flower that has shed its fragrance through every grade of my onward march.

I do not intend, in this work which I am about giving to the world, to pick up past events, or linger around bygone scenes any farther than to show my individuality. I have felt for some time that the world needed my experience portrayed from the realms of Spirituality, and in giving it to the world I am stepping through all the barriers of con-

ventionality. I am laying low the postal doors of oppression—am swinging open the broad gate whose hinges have become rusted from disuse, and whose pillars need no longer stand sentinels of guard around the superstructure of Spirit communion. I bless God that the boon of ignorance is failing in service; that the *tweedledum* of to-day outstrips the *tweedledum* of bygone centuries, that laid a fundamental theory for each successive generation to step to and make secure that uncton of facts to bless the world with its new found light set in the candlestick of liberty. God designed, in his plan of superstructure, that one body of purposed power should waylay and assist those of weaker constituent parts, and God never failed in purpose or one iota of judgment, so to speak, dropped to the Devil's field of use. God manages at the helm of governmental duty, and picks a star of promise from every outgush of scientific knowledge that comes to the world. God deals by justice of His truths, outcentered, outharmonized and out-hung on every typical branch of His personality. God ranges through cause and effect with the utmost skill. He never runs counter to a law laid down in His book or field of

truthful principles that do the labor of the world. God harmonizes love and labor. Labor ever waits for love to touch some portion of its merited worth before it commences a nutritious movement. Love is God's centripetal, centrifugal, and centralization force, that winds the armor of brightness around all the law of cause and effect. God manages by force of circumstances, as man, the outwrought holocaust of liberalization, is managed, controlled and governed by God's internal law of circumstantial by-play. Man has no free will outside of God's free will, for God is the agent or agencies that starts his wheels of power, whether it be in the animalculæ of natural functions of growth, or in the high-toned spirituality of cosmopolitan manhood.

I have never laid off the armor that cause and effect produced on me. Every license given to cause had its widening influence on effect or effects of characterized symbolic life. We live as much under that law in Spirit life as in the life that gave us startling proof of existence. Manhood is the counterpart of childhood—the limb grown from the twig—the arm of power that sapped up the baby for a ride in the car of growth. Babyhood

is our tinsel experience—the slippared foot that draws on its rubber of protection as the inclement season of youth advances, and with each advance step on the border shore of Time, the rubber casement expands, and youth steps into the grown shoes of manhood, a battledoor and shuttlecock for the public waves of good breeding—false breeding or no breeding at all—only what has leaked through the crack of public animosity. When the world disfavors a criminal, on that criminal's brow is stamped the brand of Cain, which is left to burn and corrode, sear, scorch, and damn a soul that is already bottled up for destruction, and only awaiting the light hid under a bushel to change the current of hellish design. The lever that has ever been the probe of use, that has reared its scaffold of prizes that each generation has picked from, is the great light of love hid under the bushel of discontent, and when the cover is removed and love shows every lineament of her smiling face, then will the criminal courts of justice and the criminal courts of the body police be on the line of withdrawal, and God's stamp-mark, with its fleecy brightness, will be the whipping-post and scourging-rod used on the course of Time. I

would preface my work with this scrap of truth, and then proceed with

JOURNEY No. 1.

The letters of the alphabet are ranged according to man's reason. But who arranged the A B C of man's checkered footstool of life? Who digs away the fossil remains from every doorway of advancement and lets out the eager bird of curiosity, whose wings are becoming too broad for its cage? What but the mind force of intellectuality could grapple the whole basis of man's outstart, and see from the beginning the stagings built along the road of progress, and the step higher, step higher, of the internal revenue fund of man's created genius of movement. What or who but God built man, and who or what but man built God? What but mind can fashion? What delve and dig, plan, contrive, and execute? What but this unseen force—this God in man, and man in God. What Kepler gave the world was a part of Deity, and what I shall give the world to-day is but another portion, hung on another branch of the God tree of life. My journeyings commenced with God, will proceed with God, and, if they ever end, end with God. There-

fore, if I ever cease to be, shall cease on the up-hill grade of motion, with God for a leveler, with no pin of devil claim stuck in my wardrobe of growth. Life's commencement with me was almost bereft of sunshine. I waded with intuitive reason—God's help in my hour of need--on to a platform where principle made a footprint, and reason sustained the embryotic monitor of guard. Earth holds me with its weight of circumstantial evidence against my boyhood's outleap of sin; and farther on, Earth holds the changing boy. Another step, and experienced manhood flung its mantle around me, and I stepped to the goal of public animosity or the shooting star of liberty, which I then tried to capture and hold fast by the string of justice—the cord that the world handles lightly and in accordance with the public favor of opinion. Twelve years of my earth life was the Sodom and Gomorrah of my existence; the hell of my boyish keeping broke loose in my prisoned cell for thought to linger around and harvest what it could of worth. The dreary cell of a prison might well be called the anxious seat where one's past experiences come up for show, to profit and strengthen our future course, and if we have the down-

ward tendency there is no heart but God's to save us. And some hearts are never touched from the great fountain of God's love only through the channel of human kindness and effort. What can be done when that source of watering the prison cell with love is withdrawn—pent up and laid away to rust and corrupt in a world of selfish monopoly. Many sink to the very verge of that hell they are placed there to escape. Some there are who can weave a web of salvation, and mount the ladder of growth, confined by ten thousand prison walls; because some hearts make league with God through the silent, unseen monitor of conscience, and grapple for truths that come borne by the winged messenger of love that sits outside our conscience-room and lifts the wail of despair into the court-rooms of angelic Godhood; and there, away from earth, and yet aware of all her selfish principle of deal, the work of a prisoned soul's regeneration goes on. And it was thus with me; shut away from man, that should have been my prop to sustain, strengthen and encourage, I sought my God with new hope, faith, and indomitable will; for if I ever wanted God it was then and there; and as I was placed there for trying to swell His prin-

ciples of liberty, I felt in some way He was owing me duty; and there, in my Berkshire prison-house, I made my entire peace with God, and ever since have been a traveler, guided by his unerring hand or hands of wisdom, that opens every gateway of knowledge, whereby I may near the Throne Eternal, which is the height of human capacity over God's outlay of scientific or scientific principles laid in the underground car of natural attributes—the field where man ever digs, whether in the world of matter or the world of Spirit—for every grade of life is in its natural proximity to Nature. We can no more step away from Nature than we can step away from God, because both surround the orbit of natural design, and both work through the harmonized condition of love out to the broad field of God nature, God man, and God throughout the height, breadth, and depth of every world motioned in space.

I would like to show in this work, if I can take the medium so far, the meaning of the term love. I want to wind it around every branch and loophole of God's defensive world of care. I want to show its deep wells of thought, its holy sanctification ground, where never yet has been a soul stranded, and

where never can come the footprint of error. I throw it out as a prediction, that the world, or its secret avenues of sorrow, and perhaps guile, will one day throw to John Bunyan a blessing for an exposition of that one little word, love, so full of meaning and so highly seasoned with the bread of life.

CHAPTER II.

AN entrance way to any place must be free from rubbish, to make smooth the passage to fit us with a passport of ease and self-reliability. When our footsteps are clogged we cannot maintain a natural position in walking; and so when the avenues leading to thought become obstructed with the fleecy frothings of the world's nonsensical nothingness, the stream so filled cannot float the more substantial timbers of common sense, and, therefore, common sense runs the blockade, and sits grim and serene, awaiting the removal of the fungus growth or bandage of show that clogs up and somewhat embellishes the stream of free thought.

When Washington Irving joined hands over the world's hollow mockery of life, he took the staff that pointed heavenward, and the mind of America's brightest poet ever found food ripe for his picking. And now, when Washington Irving greets me in my home of Spiritual truth, the restraining hand

of Time can pick no flaws on his line of poetic march, for the hallelujahs of pure motive ever resounded over his earth life. I might cite many a man that has lived purely, truly, and in direct harmony with the light of conscience, and yet have called down the anathemas of the world on their honest-topped heads of worth. Socrates, with all his learning and canticles of power, froze up the one stream that should have watered the earth and left a more brilliant fruitage in his garden seat of honor. Socrates loved the glitter of show—loved the ruby coloring of wine—loved its sparkling effect on his income of knowledge that he was pruning for the world; and had Socrates left the stream clear, wherein floated his prize gems, for humanity's picking, the bugle-horn that sounded his praise would have dropped more notes to his bar of musical grandeur. The world imbibes by force of instinct, and hazards by force of will. If I start to grapple for mind education, it is instinct that first shows the need. Then will puts in the hook of claim, to show that power has a meaning, and gloves are not needed to handle the enemy at bay. Knowledge is a touchstone that needs the repeated raps of the chisel or peck-hammer to keep it under

the control of physical force ; for there is no branch of knowledge but what must be brought in direct contact with physical sinew and bone service. What is worth having is worth grasping for; and the hand of fate never moves our car of growth or succors our maintenance until we step to the platform of give while we receive. The bane to growth at the present day will be physical stupidity ; or, more anglicized, means laziness, which will yet curse the American people. Americans, at the present day, if indeed there are any true to the core, without the admixture of foreign driblets of show, that take from instead of adding to the birthright fund of America's freedom. America can never again be free, in the true sense of freedom, for the staple article in her markets of outstanding deal, is pride—pride of wealth, of outward adornment, of simply mustering dress parade for every day in the week ; and as Sunday is reckoned somewhat out of the week of daily labor it would seem that theatrical rehearsings were the order of street exercises, and churches the drop curtains for hiding the shams of life.

The Zorastic period wears a type of mediumship or inspirational pathology that lit

that age with its star crown of prizes, that has graced the brow of every generation since, and the tombs of the Zorasters never buried an inkling of glory around the field of Zorastoric labor. The lamented Theodore Parker has said to me, in our social chat hours, that he never in his earth pilgrimage blew a horn of outgrowth but what some spaniel scented mischief, and straightway sent out a snarl that vibrated all through the puppy kingdom, or the fledgeling nest of man's reasoning faculties, which are puppyish until the old dog of experience has barked in every tree where hung game for picking. Theodore Parker was a martyr on earth. He had a soul hung too high for the world's acknowledgement, and when his messenger of release came, the world saw the Christ within him—saw the halo of glory surrounding his brow—and would have picked him away from the world he was journeying to, and have killed the fatted calf of animosity, and hung out a star of love to guide him back to the world that needed him. But thanks be to the God of all life, truth and love, that Theodore Parker still maintains his high gifted soul of purpose; maintains his position of help to the world, and maintains the sympathetic chord

whereby he will reach all hearts by the deep tones of resounding truth that will be sent forth from his Spirit home. I bless God that Theodore Parker lived; and I bless God that every high and holy-martyred soul found footing on earth that this day star of glory could shine for the enlightenment of others. Theodore Parker has lit a torch that never can go out, because it will be fed from God's eternal wells of truth, and the flame kept bright by the gentle fannings of progress and the gentle wooings of Spirit over matter.

CHAPTER III.

BEELZEBUB was accounted the father of mischief, but no mother has yet been found, if the Eve partakement of the fruit of knowledge ingrafted on every branch of scientific principle or scientific outlay of strength that God propelled from His library of ease and history, would assure us that by some means the snake first imbibed the secret of this knowledge that God was trying to keep from Adam and Eve. Now, in order to make the Bible appear true and in sound keeping with God's lofty judgment and forethought of execution, the snake must have typical significance. He must be dressed with some power from the outside world—must present cunning and artifice to attract Eve, and make himself heard in his sly retreat. It would seem, therefore, that God justifies the means of evil to work out a good in its principles of action. I might as well start on the basis of no evil, for that is my theory at the present time, and everything in

Nature, and every sentence of pointed worth in God's book of saving grace that the world still clings to and never can fathom, because it had its origin in the brain work of ignorant manhood, and, therefore, shut away from the enlightenment of the present century of development, which is flourishing finely from the tree of promise, instead of the backgammon board of error, that has well-nigh served its purposes, and is running to the font of freedom for support, as stringency will no longer sustain its aim to be kept before the world of public favor. Nature and Biblical history proclaim there is no lasting evil—no burnt offering of Jehova's wrath swells the base to any tenor cord in the vibrative box of universal love as the ultimate and end of God's harmonical love-tune, which is as lasting and pure, as the Father is lasting and true to sustain. God grant that the evil of to-day may be over-balanced by the good of to-morrow, and that the captivating smile of the arch-enemy may wear no truth of purpose around the human heart; and God grant that the evil of to-day may not leave our souls hungered and athirst around the stringent tree of worth placed in a world that God once acknowledged to be good, and as we

have no record that God allowed the evil one to contaminate beyond His power to redeem or reclaim, we may as well suppose that the world to-day is as God designed it in its good and evil report. I find, as I again traverse the earth, or bring myself to notice its parts and points of growth, that the next deluge that will be needed and of service to God's universal whole, will be the surging waters of Spirit truth, which sprung a leakage as far back as we have any knowledge of time, and was dammed up by the earthly clogs of superstition and the fanatical cry of earthly Heavendom. Time has started every foe to Spirit communion, and is still on the rampage for the lost House of Israel, or a Heaven that will sprout nothing but aristocratic bipeds, who are floating in the world without purpose or power—sticks to be picked for the Devil's burning. I have never found in my Spirit journeyings a Heaven especially designed for the wealthy aristocracy of earth. They commence their growth with the poorer children on Time's shore, and will enter the Spirit house of God's love with the same poor travelers that often appealed to their pockets of mercy when wandering on the bread and butter shores of life. God furnishes a plat-

form for our straying feet, and we step thereon barefooted and weak, but sustained and made strong by the earth props of love and care, the father, mother, brother and sister relationships of time, God's viceroyalty of binding grace in the world. Life is one vast playground, and the slippered feet move with unclad ones of sorrow, and when the play is over on the thorny side, the new Jerusalem will offer no sly wink to the feet that have always been encased with care. Each and every soul, whether grown to manhood or still lingering by the shiny shore of childhood, will, when the cross-over of life commences, pick up their own staff of travel and find their own level of credit.

CHAPTER IV.

THE world of poesy is all about us, and the hard stern fact of life's reality that weaves its intricate web and hangs it on the battlements of our widening experiences of duties and of pleasures, is all there is of growth. The mind functions of being never expand under the blighting influence of slothful habit. Neither can the physical functions of earth life grow harmonial and true to the natural instincts of progress under the binding cord of non-usefulness and non-ability in actual outlay of physical strength. Man was made for use—for the watering hose—to expand and cultivate the garden fields of Time, and to prepare a fruitage mete for the kingdom of Heaven. The ideal life of sprouting manhood is his basis ground for the actualities of real life. Homer, in his Iliad, lived through the truths he therein uttered. No person can build on the ideal plane but what the structure must be in component parts a life-lease of the individuality

that surrounded and made palpable the outwrought figure of individual design. There is no harness that fits as well as our own; although other people's may be gilded with the silver and gold tips, still they would not serve the wear and tear of our every-day experiences. We want the solid masonry of right principles, right motives, and the right judgment key to unlock the fountain of appreciation in the outside world. If we educate our conscience aright, it never will or can play truant, because it is founded on the God rock of Truth, and will stand every emergency of testship. Claudius, the Romish lawgiver, made truth glow with Divine favor. He built, and maintained his building on the even square. 'This system was to fit all things by the cubic process, and hence Claudius was to the world a prize gem—a lofty exemplifier—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." The world of materiality will yet have to step to that basis of deal, for the lightning rod of common sense must some time protect the embryo principle of right, of justice, shown in the milk of human kindness that goes out to succor and maintain the great brotherhood of man. When Rome built her fires of wrath

and destruction, they were built on the platform of physical hardihood of endurance. The Romans would acknowledge no strength superior to man's; no God superior to their templed one of pomp and worldly honor. Rome flooded herself; for there never can be growth on any continent of the world's renown unless the spiral point for accumulation reaches to the world of God's Spiritual grandeur of purposed power. God or Nature would have us acknowledge our maintenance—would have us throw out a spirit of thanksgiving and praise, that the great life fountain has been mindful of our daily wants; has cherished us with a loving arm of protection; that no straying wolf has entered our fold of secured prizeship unless we, from careless habit, have left a bar down or failed to secure the door leading to God's help-house invested in man. What we want to-day God has never yet failed to give; for if His stream to us seem stringent, we know the withholdment means purification—a greater good through the lesser means—a Spiritual development through the laceration of physical by-plays of movement. We never clothe ourselves for the world's eye but what we wish for something better—some gew-gaw of show

we think would be highly attractive and fix our mark of worth in the outside world. But when we come to the Spiritual clothing or adornment, we are not so lavish with our details of show. We sometimes even shrink from letting the world know that we have secured a gem set in the crown of Spiritual light. We are moved according to the wealth in our mental and moral deposit. We can only give as we have received, whether it be from the external or internal prize-house of worth. The law of equity will ever be classically illustrated and brought to account if entailed upon or in any way misled or abused. What I propose in this work which I am striving to give the world is, to illustrate and make clear my journeyings and pilgrimage as I have wended my way from earth. It will simply be a recounting of my travels, my restings, and my gleanings, and I hope the world will see that Christian's pack or burden that weighed him down on earth was but the typified expression of sin, and how each successive movement on the up-hill principles that govern and stake our onward life is more or less ruled by our past beverages drunk from the cesspools of earth. Time was when man was slow to perceive the debt he



owed to God or conscience; but the swift and fleeting feet of progress have brought man to see that apology to our interior manhood is oftentimes due from the winding course of outside life.

God grant that the earthly journey may pick new stars
of light,

As Time's wafting breezes make onward her flight,
And the glory that's found in the tombs of the past,
Be the star of reflection that cannot hold fast.

For the booming gun points and is sure to discharge
Its contents of fire to the enemy at large,

Who has wriggled and shuffled and fought to secure
A stronghold for credists that would ever endure.

But Time's changing finger points out to the light,
Where the glory of error is found in its flight;

'Then let God be the watchword—let Satan hang low;
And we're freed from His pincers wherever we go.

JOURNEY No. 2.

The time has been when John Bunyan's attempt to visit earth would have settled around the minds of earth as a hallucination on the part of a writer, or one giving the facts of my present or past locomotive power to be a tangible embodiment, bearing the stamp mark of individuality possessed by no

one but John Bunyan; and the reason I have not before made my appearance and related my experiences in the world of ether light is, because the spirit of unbelief has ever stared me in the face, and to use a homely, but old and trite expression, it was like casting pearls before swine to force myself back before the world was ready to receive me; and my second coming shall be like a thief in the night, and I will draw all hearts around me by the truth marks of circumstantial evidence that I can lay before the public mind. The lady I have chosen to do my work is obscure to the great world-heart of popularity, and in no way anxious to become a shining light on the road of public favor. She is simply acting from the standpoint of duty; but I will try and gather the roses for her Spiritual crown from a bush that has discarded the thorny emblems of life, and in the days that she shall be shut away from the world, but holding entire communion with me, I will lay before her those fields of living green that are watered and kept in pristine beauty by the key-notes of harmony sounding from the river streams of Spiritual life. God grant that there may be many workers from a sense of duty—more that are willing

to take a plunge in the pools of public animosity for the fish or shark that wears the fins that only protrude when the helpless figure or figures of Truth come slowly twinkling by; and God grant that the spicy shades of life may throw wide and free the aroma that gladdens the secret springs of a happy lifehood.

We do not give out our happying forces as much as we should. We twine ourselves too much within the range of our own encompassment, and live on the basis of selfish monopoly. The time has gone by when the face-marks of error that have arisen by the fire-side of our own selfishness can be wiped out without leaving the indellible stain that lasts through the wear and tear of earth's fabric of experience, and nestles itself, by force of habit, into our Spiritual garment or vesture of change. When selfishness takes possession of a person, there is but one tune for them to be played on the great fiddle of use, and that is the quick-time footstep to every whim of selfish desire. Another's wants might claim their attention and stick a pin of trust about their hedgerow of willingness, which ever hangs an idle figure of show, to be made use of in casting off our froth of

wonder at another person's non-ability to take care of number one, which, to a selfish person's mind, seems to be the acme of God's whole—the one warbling note cast out from the keystone of God's *one love*. The selfishness that rides along the crested waves of Time is strange and wonderful to a soul after having taken on its wardrobe of immortality, for we then, to a great extent, lose sight of the physical basis of deal, and are brought in direct contact with the higher elements that surround our orbit of growth. We learn more of the fullness of content by coming out to God's broad and sunny platform of united handiwork. That whatever I have to give, take ye therefrom, is the pæan of God's sounding message to the world. And we in spirit life, to accumulate the starry gems that fall from the Lord's supper house or table-land, must glean for the well being of all—must open our fields to the Ruths and Naomis that are found in all the social walks of life, and who are strugglers to maintain the principles of right and well doing in the world of materiality, as well as in the world of Spirituality. God has raised up this world land of Judea for a prize emblem or figure-head to mount the rostrum of planetary evolution of

fame, and its board must and will be swept clear of the binding spirit that drives a hitching post for another where they would not be willing to stop themselves.

The inequality of position, and the body show of worldly maintenance is, after all, but the instruments on which the interior principles or attributes play their tunes of merit or demerit, and to a person where much is given, much will be required; as in Hamlet, the Ghost will ever be ready to make its appearance, and claim for itself the shadow of something real. How strangely we are formed! How intricately fashioned for the great world of use! If a thread breaks in our machinery-house of external proportion, we feel the sensitive jar throughout the whole fabric of motion; and so when our interior screws are loose we have a rickety sensation of being all wrong, and somebody else must be at fault; for one little mistake on our part, that meant everything so clever and nice, would not, of course, make so great a break. The screw that needs attending to must be in some other body's work-house of deal. And thus we try to reason ourselves away from any attempt at reconstruction, and the breaks, of course, accu-

mulate, and before we are fully aware of the fact, we are seemingly past repair. But, as Theodore Parker, or some other illustrious mind has said, God holds aloft the signal gun to awaken us from dark despair and push us away from our Sedan chair of ease, and unfold within us the right purposes for active measures of copartnerships in this world of typehood for eternity. The shores of the better land ever mingle in our schedule of defense that we hold out to pacify conscience and make clear the breastwork presented to the world. We, from the standpoint of cosmopolite citizenship, wear our clothing with reference to the sun and tide. If we see the flumes open leading to the smokestack of earth, we reach for the garment best suiting the occasion, for we well know that the scent-hound of distrust is ever ready to tear and lacerate the throat of Truth. Therefore the road leading from the heart-shaped fountain of Paradise was first traversed, as earth is well aware, by the non-sensitive ones that could beat a retreat when the door of incredulity was shut in the face of a Spirit messenger. Earth is asking to-day why the olden leaders on Time's footstool do not return with the first threads of their second advent to

pierce the needle eye of earth, that her perceptive faculties may be made strong by a warranty deed from the headquarters of the Spiritual glory of movement. Truth ever reaches us through the lesser channels of our understanding. The streams that water and irrigate the earth are only the lesser influences to tell us of the great body-head of ocean grandeur that sends out her rippling waves to fathom and supply the hungry needs of material forces. The sunbeam is but a ray from the rounded-out majesty of the crimson ball that gives to the earth her lights and shades of worth. And still we accept the Sun as a demonstrative fact, when it is only the outstretched arms of the great planetary fire that we discover with the mind or eye focus of sight. We also accept the Ocean as a veritable truth, when we only see her surface show and feel her ripples of power in the outside world. And so, because the body-head of God's Spiritual realms do not usher the new Jerusalem from head to foot, instead of feet first—as Truth is ever borne to the platform of worldly vision and credulity—the world feels the abuse of God's using small means to first make known the fact of Spirit communion, when the larger powers seem more

dignified, more capable of giving food or knowledge to the aristocratic mind of earth. A rosy tinted sunset prognosticates a twenty-four hours of pleasant successive time, and so everything that is necessary for us to know is foreshadowed to us by some sign hung on the external camera of our comprehension. And thus we are left for every age to cut its own wisdom teeth; and we, with the sharp points of our ripened understanding, may help to pierce the cobwebs hung in the sky that the *old lady* tried so hard to reach with her broom.

CHAPTER V.

THERE is no one point in my life's history that seems so fraught with interest, so woven together with substantial evidences of reformatory activity to outpurpose the changes my soul felt, as the era that took me from my outward pent-house and inner temple of reconstruction. The scales where-with I weighed my deeds of error hung evenly balanced, for I had suffered and grown strong in the purpose and power to manifest myself a man amongst men; to live my own individuality; and if God purposed for me growth under the bonds of creedism, I was willing to accept whatever channel God and earthly reason—I now know the terms to be synonymous—had formed for me to walk in and make a display of my then truthful light to others. The darksome billows of trouble were rolling under my feet and seemingly forever away from me, for I ever wore my nightcap of duty to strengthen the daylight of Time's experiences. What came to me

through intuitive perception, I called the voice of God speaking in direct harmony with my inclination of obedience. I now know it was the God-given power of angel brotherhood speaking to my inner sanctuary of repose, and asking me to pick aloft for grains to feed my hungry soul. And the unseen power or powers are ever watching to pour oil into the wasting-out lamps of earthly lighting. My steed of merit was ever tied with the cord of youthful error; and although I had walked away from that past, the public mind ever tied for me a knot that I could never slip without a hurt to some part of my being. This spirit of unforgiveness has done more harm in the world than the crimes or pettifogging spirit of thievery, for which the world must jump accounts when the great day of settlement rides to the brink of individual note-paying of this world's life account. Socrates, the world-wide fameist, possessed philosophical merit of sufficient strength and import of bearing to sway and even master the popular mind of his day of grace on earth. Socrates was skilled in the art of fishing for public notice and favor. He even tied his council packages with the blue ribbon of peace, emblematical of the

structured body that he wished formed around his temple of rule. And Socrates left his unfurled banner in the bygone world, where the breezes of love have fluttered it before each successive generation, until Socrates, from his world of Spiritual glory, ever finds himself in the front ranks of Time's illustrious and honored men. When Forsythe, the English Baronet, played his figure card to secure his titled honors, he sprung a trap that caught him in its rebound of clashing merit, and he went down to the bottom round of his consequential grandeur with his top-knot displaced by the Cromwellian power of government.

Stringency has ever been followed by the running stream of more liberal views until the present time, when the world seems to be chasing the gauntlet for a wide extension of the silvery coating that makes palatable the pill of peace. Emerson, the English poet, was a somnambulist, walking in the very face of danger, with his feet and hands tied with the rope of double security; for the angels pinioned his flight, that when the world grew bitter and hard to please, the arrows of Truth flew faster and firmer, and settled in the rankling wounds of the world's financial difficul-

ties. Emerson fought with the poignard of peace, and doubled his influence by every turn that has been made by the rumbling wheel of progress. How cozy and nice one can be tucked away in the arm-chair of ease, with no thought of the outside world of care and strife—with no awakened sensation that they have a work to do—that their fingers are needed to fashion and form some article of use for somebody, or some place on the course ship of Time. Idleness begets slothfulness, and slothfulness is a bugbear around the altars of pride.

Sampson was accounted a very strong man, and yet Delilah, with her coaxing and subtle ways, found his key of strength and applied her battery for a renovation, whereby Sampson might deduce wisdom, and learn that all strength is not of an outward character, or all wisdom a surface show.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ruling King of the Ishmaelitic force of government was King Solomon—wise, no doubt, for his day of wisdom; but he was a debauchee on a grander scale than earth has since cared to follow, if, indeed, we except modern Mormonism, which is the blue-dragon that has reached out his fangs from the old templed witchery of Solomon's power of monarchial reign. The Brigham Young of to-day has no power outside his weakling crew of licentious body-servants, and the armistice that he is there forming in those Salt Lake valleys will one day shake off the miasma or fetish that has crept in from the olden wisdom of Bible teachings. The Bible can in no way stand the pressure of coming events, for God lights up every pathway of reform and advancement by a brighter torch picked from the tree of Purity. The Bible will lose caste as a saving fund for humanity's sinful robe in accordance with in-

tellectual capacity for improvement. The Bible was a dropped star when mind was groveling in darkness. It came when needed, and will be sustained as long as the God ability of human intellect requires succor from that branching stream put forth from the great fountain of overflowing waters. God is a merciful God. Pouring out His favors to the just and the unjust, His rays of mercy reach all hearts. The stubble fields are made available in the due course of the sweeping love arm of growth that brings everything under the harrow of culture. When God's mandate says come, and conditional circumstances that God twines around all law, says go, we can no more help growth than can the corn that bursts its little socket or germ-bed under the favorable condition of sun and moisture; for the corn will grow under favorable atmospheric pressure and by-play of planetary movement, and man's growth and culture from the stream of wisdom depends on the irrigated soil and pruning hooks of merciful deal cast about each other.

When God lights the torch of advancement, mind is on the rack to find out what change of clothing God has purposed for the world; and if the shadings of truth and error

blend and form a compact to be a united force until mind unhitches from the rack of uncertainty and glories in its garment of entire truth and pleasure of wearing, then has mind found its rightful dress, and God has worked through law to fashion its fitness. There is no study so complicated as God, for in the fact and truth of my Spiritual gleanings there is no study but God—no mind but the one God mind, whose branching sprays are picked by the world tree of use, and hung in each and every temple bearing the dust mark of God's pointed finger of material view. Therefore, God is the one study—the one mind from which to choose and fashion a little world mind of our own that we can fasten to advantage and glorification to the one mind force of the ruling Deity. God's monuments of power on earth are all stamped with a clipped wing, else God might have been superseded by some specialty of human wisdom that is ever claiming a ride of superior merit in God's boat of acknowledged partiality. When will the world see and make known the fact that we are all drifters, all sinkers, and all swimmers; that we are born, that we are bled, and suffering is the sure result of being born and bled, and purification is the payment for the sin of suffering?

Galileo pinned his faith on the starry firmament, and all the exhortation from Divinity's call-house of show was from the open mouth-piece of firmamental grandeur. God, to Galileo's mind, rode in the overarching heavens, and pinned His mantle of glory with the stars he was trying to fathom. Astronomers of all ages and of all degrees of knowledge have supposed that in searching the planetary world or worlds that they were coming nearer the great *hocus pocus* of first cause, when God is no nearer other worlds than the world of earth; and for a systematic hunting-ground, where a great variety of game is to be captured, earth holds the stellar key that will unlock more scientific law force than any other planet yet discovered or discoverable by the intelligent mind of man. The worlds in space are co-operatic with our earth planet, and move as much at the call of earth as earth gives from her body-house for the satisfaction of elementary hunger. There is no stinginess in the laws that govern the system-house of worlds. It is give and take, from center to circumference of God's body-head of worlds hung on His arm of love, that is swayed by no power but Truth, and shaken by no force but the hopeful heart of humanity.

God is a traveler at large, running the blockade with the licensed privilege of a guest at home who dares to intrude, because intrusion is the sticking-pin of council claim. God is our Father, Mother, friend and protector—our law of activity and circumnavigation—the one budding promise that actuates our all of life. God is our celestial guide, and our mundane hero that is ever beckoning us to the highest standard that can be reached by our system-house of motionary law. God is ever drawing us to the platform of accountability—ever saying, search well your hearts, and let purity storm the castle and become the routing foe to the oppressive works of sin. We are God's fledging birds, sent out from the mother side of God's coop-house of consanguinity, and we pick the star of individuality from the Christly tree of beneficent reign, and wear it in accordance with our will sweep of strength to conquer the difficulties that beset our pathway.

A murmuring spirit of discontent shows its greivous bugbear marks in all our raiment of outside show, and in the winding paraphernalia that goes to form our Spiritual robement for the wear and tear of eternity. Christ fought against sin—fought the animal

with the Spiritual—the bad with the hedgehammer of good—and Christ was a conqueror over the enemy at large every day of his life. His merciful spirit has ever been His charm of power; and Christ will ever do for a saving fund; and the world at large can always find in His wide and extensive field of loving attributes some spray of redemption that could be gathered to grace the pathway of salvation. Christ is the old school doctor, as the world's saying is, whose medicines will ever grace and heal the heart and soul wounds of the home circles of civilization; and the homeopathic doses have made pure and strong the decoction syrup that will equalize, and, therefore, harmonize the free will spirit that has started and grown under the purest treatment that the world has ever recognized. Christ bears the flaming sword that is to cut down and destroy evil; and Christ also bears the white banner of peace. And the inscription letters read: "Let Good be the hatchet, and Evil or Sin the head laid on the block of sacrifice." The deluge that will swallow up and make available Christ's living principles of worth instead of His dead gore, which has well nigh served its purpose, will be the deluge of brotherly and sisterly unity, the heart

and hand purpose of united effort to sway the body-head of humanity to the high tide waters of soul purification. For soul is the mounting man, and Spirit the indwelling saviour guarding the way over the rough crags of progressive life.

Spirit fashions its own redeemer. One person's point mark of ascension would be no guiding star for another to follow along life's thorny road of trouble. Each person must pick their own pathway over and through the hills and dales of life, and the pruning and grading must be done with our own fingers of care, lest our earth posters fail in the purpose for which they were formed. God or conscience can never judge us from another's standpoint of accumulated wisdom or glory, because God or conscience, to the educated mind of wisdom, places no confidence in creed; and if we were to judge or be judged by another's standard of growth, we should be creedists, and that is a mountebank structure we are trying to get loose from and saunter away on our own props of responsibility. God saves the world by the care and protection of the organic institutions of manhood and womanhood thrown around each other, and the more selfish the spirit that actuates individuality,

the less of salvation on the high tenor key can reach individual movement. God fashions to keep, and never tires of His structures formed, but learns from experience that perfection is not of an earthly nature; but the growing largeness of God's heart expands and perfects everything in its own right time. We cannot get away from God, because He is our treasure-house where all is invested. If we ascend the mountain top, God is there, with his help arm of strength to sustain us in our high altitude of flight and noble daring. God is also with us in the valley depths of our crumbling natures, and breasts all the circumstances that makes us a sinking cargo on board the freight-ships of Time. Therefore, we are never without our God; but we often fail to hear His voice of counsel and advice, and failing to hear, we lose our interest in the spirit that protects the right and suffers the wrong. God is our shipment stall, where the good, bad and indifferent articles of our interior wardrobe are brought for examination, and whatever is worthy for further use, God tries to succor, and by the use of the spirit of renovation the world is moved to independent footing.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is no power so great and potent as love. It keeps time with our every want, and leads us no farther than we are able to go. Love is in duty bound to take care of us, because love fashioned our outfit and stamped us with the Divinity mark, that in straying from the fold of Christian duty and brotherly and sisterly unity, the mark would hold good for our return, when love had tried all fields and have been torn by the briars and brambles that infest the uncultured patch-grounds that mortals fain must travel; for a hidden treasure is oftentimes found in a soul that has wandered through the quagmire and low-down valley depths that make up the variety of earth life. A mind that has only gleaned from the rosy and slipper-footed side of mundane story-telling can have no prize tale in his or her catalogue of gifts for the world's reading; because hair-breadth escapes and squalid misery must

some time enter into the fate of a hero or heroine, to make a tale of fiction pass current in a world that turns the cold shoulder on a prototype enactment in real life. The world has ever dealt more leniently and feelingly with crime dressed fashionably, and sorrow with its long vail of crape; for poverty, mixed with crime or wrong doing, presents no claim of merit. It stands a sentinel of pity—and that, with some, is but contempt—at the doorway of individual mercy, asking for fellowship, for counsel and advice, and for the love arm of protection to strengthen the weakness that could not refuse the tempter's call. Love is better as an active agent in our hours of soul and body hunger than reason, if reason is to lay aside the sheeny mantle of love; for reason is a cold moralizer, while love is ever dressed for army service, and will stand a picket on duty to warn us of the approaching foe. Love never tires—never is afraid of getting sick from over-exertion, for it is fed and kept warm and free by the Father and Mother hand outstretched from the fountain heart of Deity. Oh! God, we thank Thee for the stream that never fails, and for its portrayed manifestations in all the varied details of life. And we thank

Thee, thou great and Holy Spirit, for the mind gift to comprehend the glory of Thy Christly reign, and for the advantage ground-gained over the errors of past theology; for Thou, oh! Father, art the freeborn mind function that comprehends, sustains and elevates the lesser mind of man and woman partakement. Love is God's weapon of salvation—the rod that ever points to the right side of humanity, digging its way through the rough and uneven by-lodgments of error, out to the sunny and more prosperous educational font of being. The word love, in its sounding articulation, has the cooing thrill that flashes through every part of sensational life; and love, in its expressed force, leads us to forget everything but the mountain weight of ecstasy that overbalances and sweeps away all selfish desire in the human heart.

And, again, true love never flatters; it buoys us up with the hope to become worthy of the tenderness surrounding the self-sacrificing spirit that stakes all for the good and well being of another. God has staked all for the uprising of the soul element portrayed in the symbolic figure show of Christ, for Christ is but the representation of all goodness classically illustrated in the form or figure of man-

hood. And, again, God has staked all* in humanity; for in all the variety and vastness of creation's grandest outlay, man has life from the component department of the surging whole. God is mysterious and strange in His might and forms of expressed love; and I doubt if the all-glowing first cause understood the use of any tool in the vocabulary of science but what was tipped with the star-shimmer point of love; and the welding band of God escapement must first be elongated by the hero or heroine who can bring the white heat strength of love to fashion the belt or circle badge thrown around the world kingdom of social intercourse and ingrafting of new fibers to the body-head of progress.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE is the awakening gun from the battle-field of error, and it will be heard and recognized as a booming prelude to the soft-toned guitar strains that ever breathe co-operative harmony and peace through the law of concordance. No lady's bower is complete without the low-toned witchery of the silver-mouthed guitar; and is it not because that instrument, above all others, lingers mostly around the table-land of love, and fills the soul with its dropping cadences that seem like the fluted outgushes from the songster birds of Paradise? Love has many tones, and none have reached the full warble that shows the power invested in whole notes. Agassiz, the hero of chemistry, ever lit his search ground with the fire that was to warm and bless others. No pent-up Spirit can labor successfully; for if we give out to others, there will be an equivalent return; and although it may not always come before the outward sense of sight, our

harmonizer within acknowledges the free-born gift for the redemption of soul selfishness.

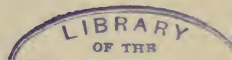
In finding my way back to earth I am caught in ten thousand different channels of lively existent labor, and each and every department of outwrought systematic work is filled with the essence or spirit of cultured love; for love needs tuning and shaping to fit each advance stage of man's interior development. Love to-day is in the swaddling cloth of inefficiency comparatively speaking; for how many souls of earthly lineage would take the poor mendicant from the street, to ride with them in their carriage of ease; and how many are there in earth's staple fund-house of aristocracy that send a wafting thought into the by-ways and alleys that are filled with the unfortunate ones of earth's forgetfulness; and, again, are there many who would carry out to the suffering poor the loaded trays that grace the side-board of their elegant dining halls? Cultured love is never found where wealth is ashamed of the poor face of poverty. And I thank God that the blasting sentiment is confined to the details of body dressment. Love is an Anglo-Saxon word, used to express harmony in sentiment or feeling, and will dig where no other power shows even the face of

concern. It is God wise to build up the love nature, for by so doing we can better commune with the all-wise Jehovah of first cause, first principle, and first love. We can find no better teacher for the expansion of our love nature than the Father and Mother God, whose every step is an advance love movement to foster some poor weakling caught in the meshes of despair.

I well remember one scene in my journey from earth which has ever borne with me its lasting impression. I had been on a mission of mercy to try and evangelize and prune out the weeds that ignorance was weaving about a small colony situated on the Isle of Patmos. Its district locality is the intervening hedge running between two city sites of eminence and wealth, situated in the constellation or glimmering foothold of Andromeda. Now the isle or island hedge-sight of Patmos is only remarkable in one point of view; its name has its significance in the breastwork of friendship thrown up for protective force around a band who at the time of my sojourn there were striving to see the light from God's co-operative workhouse, whereby they could be made stronger and better, and more worthy as props to stand the

wear and tear of protective guardianship.

The incident I here relate was of a nature and quality that touched my whole love nature, and gave me a keen, sharp sense of never before having known the meaning of the term love as expressed in living deeds. I had journeyed far and long, and sought an inland shelter for rest and quiet, and it would seem that my outfit of angel vision wafted me to this habitation for the precise lesson that I received. The dwelling wherein I found lodgment and care was an octagonal shape, built on the plan of God's eternal whole, and the rough corners of eight angledness were the standing proof that the hewer of reform was needed to make the circle ideal a rounded-out structure of harmonious worth. In this battlement of brotherly and sisterly co-partnership there appeared a man wearing the radiance of every Christly attribute that had been sprouted in the fiery furnace of adversity. I asked the man, Varies, what seemed to be the need in that district of straightened means and dormant powers of comprehension. The man seemed troubled for a moment, when there darted across his countenance the sunbeam ray of hope, and he, stooping, took from amidst the assembled group a



tiny bright-eyed child and sat him down, and taking the boy the while upon his knee. Now this wee pet child had learned to love this man. The aroma of Varies' nature had filled the child with strength and trust, and, therefore, when Varies said, "Ino"—signifying innocence—"Ino, where is God?" the child looked up and startled wonder crept through every lineament of sweetest beauty. And again said Varies: "Ino, where, who and what is God?" The child sprang down and stood erect before his questioner, and with lisping sweetness said: "Why, papa Varies, I thought you was God." "Well, now," said Varies, "Ino, why did you suppose me to be God?" "Because," said the child, "you mean, and do, and live so much for everybody." "Well, then," said Varies, "Ino, here has come a man a long way, and has sought shelter with us. And he, too, wants a work to do here; but since I am your God and do everything for everybody, there can be nothing for him to do here, can there?" The child seemed puzzled, and there shot across his face of trust a gleam of doubt, and looking up at me with simple wonder said: "Maybe you, too, are God, for you want something to do for somebody; and I will take hold of my big papa's

hand and lead you round until you find something to do, for I guess my papa Varies needs cme help, for I heard him say that this place must have an educational board of sound directors; and maybe you will fix that up for good big papa, who has so much care. If I was bigger and knew what them words meant, I would go and do what he said." Now Ino, the child innocence, taught me the full and true meaning of the Father's uttered words: "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments."

CHAPTER IX.

I MIGHT cite other incidents of interesting merit that happened while duty kept me on the Isle of Patmos, but my time with this work is limited, and I must touch on my experience in different localities of Spirit life.

If circumstances should permit, which at present seems doubtful, I would like to give a broader and more prolix account of my extended journey up to its present terminus of gain; but should I never again on the course of Time show proof of my individuality through the pen, I hope to come in rapport with the public mind of earth through the outgush of a John Bunyan prayer. My medium is being bathed in the waters of development, and when I shall reach my hand across the stygian waters to lead her to the platform of public duty, my voice shall be heard saying "come forth to prayer." Christ spoke of His second coming; and he also said, "If I go from you, I shall draw all

hearts unto me." Now, Christ, wearing the stamp and outfit of humanity, chose us; and by us, I mean the whole race of human life, to be His followers; and we being the sheep, with the admixture of goatism, must follow back on the shepherd's track according to our ability of endurance and gift at tracing the bee-line march of Christly justice of deal. "For I will in no way cast you off, if ye are found keeping my commandments, even from the least unto the greatest." Therefore, being prototypes of Christ, we are His by force of law, and can never unwind ourselves from His presence. God gave us life through the natural function of growth, and placed Christ's lever of strength in approximate range with our development of understanding. Christ was born full-fledged. His holy spirit lifted him from one stage of development to another, and gain in love power sat on every throne of advanced life. When mind can comprehend Christ, we shall be as Gods, knowing good from evil; but until that time arrives, let us work every oar for knowledge, remembering, if we get into deep water, where the whirlpools play lavish work with our strength of detective force, it will be pleasanter to there sink if the breakers come too heavy,

than to swamp in a mud-puddle with the cord of ignorance tied about our feet, and hitched to the post of creedal oppression. The world is filled with the systematic work of priestly show, which would not cloud the face of Nature so much if the banners of human poverty did not wave from so many pent-places of despair, showing that creeds flourish the better and still cling to the old Pharisaic outshow of pride. God built the world from the depths of his wisdom—from the holy ground of first principle. God stepped to the world, and has ever worked through the financiering pulpit of ministerial duty. And when God claims the world, or its staple fund of spiritual and animal life—for the animal is the staging built round the spiritual, and belongs just as essentially to first cause as the spiritual—and when God claims the one, He also reaches for the embodiment of earthly substance, that no part may slip through His fingers of skillful use. When Nature sings her great harmonica of advanced tuneship, God will have another world facing the sunny side of Spiritual development. The classics have never yet been taught as Hudibras, the Greek templar of fame, portrayed the significance of studied arrangement, and

who shall say: "But Hudibras was taught direct from God." As system was God's first law, the Greek writer seems to have imbibed God's first order of things to a very great extent. All, or nearly all, of the old apostles laid claim to direct inspirational focus of truth. The one or two exceptions seem muddled in their views, and quote from the chip-basket of another prelate of power. I cannot see why, "I, John, saw," should be any more believed or appreciated at the present time than the seeings of Andrew Jackson Davis; for I believe both men stand high for truth and veracity in their own shoes of timely wear. This spirit of unbelief only in the outstanding dishes of Bible seasoning is ludicrous and worthy of a dress parade show, in order to find the tack or nail that clinches the mantle or spirit of non-belief thrown around the mediums of modern Spiritualism.

CHAPTER X.

IT would seem from the Bible version of God that he gloried in mystery—that he must keep himself hid in order to exercise more power around the confused mind of man; and the ancients scarce ever thought of God only as a huge masterpiece of man-like skill of construction and womanly attributes of tenderness and changeableness. God's disposition, if we take ancient mythology as proof positive, is altogether moody and hard to please. And our being on the plank of salvation would not indicate a safe ride, because the billows of God's discontent, which are ever surging, would surely upset our monopoly on the freight or passenger car running from the God depot of will to the city set on the hill of aristocratic grandeur. I have now been in the Spirit world long enough to determine whether I shall ever meet God only in the fragments of his great designing power, or whether I shall come *en rapport* with a poverty God, with manlike abilities and proportionate growth

in the great hemisphere of use. The more I contemplate God, and the more I see the manifestations of the great mind force of Deity, the more I am led to wonder that finite creatures could ever have located or personified the active agency or agencies that lifted all worlds from the crater of incompetent design, to the broad and glowing light of revelation's pathway of wisdom. Oh! God, I thank Thee for Thy winding staircase of principles; for the hidden treasures laid in the center or inland vestibule of the voluminous book of natural affinities or natural fixtures, from the shotgun of causative methodical precision of the mindality inborn, to the God movement in space.

We may say that God's ways are past finding out. But God's ways are the fixed laws that scientific research is bringing to the understanding of reason's sway of advancement. God grant that no part of his glorified honors remain under the cover of ignorance; and may the larger God come at length to be understood by the lesser minds traveling in the wake of the infinity ship of first mind, first motion, and first radicalism, to establish system and order from the propensity of God's thinking brain of natural powers and natural

expression of symbolized meaning in a world where mind picks the first fruits, and gives for the partakement of all other minds, whether in the garden of Eden, or in the world garden of want. The one is but the symbol or opening bud in the flower garden of the other. There is no such thing as getting out of the whirlpool of God's use. We all fill and fit the niche marked out by the angling of cause and effect. There is purpose in every shooting star—in every blade of grass that sends its shimmer of green out into the mingling-house of matter to gladden the heart of Nature, and also gladden the natural animal function of want. There is purpose and forethought in the budding and opening rose; in the poetic movement of every flower; for they all symbol and portray the life of man. God's laws are the fixed purposes that will ever endure; and man is but a graft on the God-tree of law, and each and every graft must bear its own flavored fruit into the keeping-house of the Father's love and mercy.

God is prone to let us be our own saviours, lest we perish from disuse, or become but a handle to the mug that contains the life forces that lifts us from our bended knees of prayer out as a standing guard, with hearts up-

lifted and hands outstretched, saying: "Abi, Father, give me a work to do; give me the spirit of help, that I may not rust or become touched by the mildew that ever fastens itself around the cornered hedgerows of shallow growth." When mind becomes the staple article to be used for the uplifting of all the nations in all the worlds, then may we hope for a seedtime and harvest worthy of the spirit of repentance.

Bacchus, the God of Wine, was a potentate of mythic power; but the ancient weakling intellect held carnivals in honor of the God power of Bacchus. The human mind is ever prone to worship power, and the mythic Gods but served the reality for which they stood a substitute. And it is to-day as of old. The mythic God stands the power of worship, while the true essence of the truer God remains under the fettered yoke of ignorance. There is no power so great as God's power, because every expression of the varying countenance of love is a show-mark of integrity of purpose, indicating strength of will and strength of character to maintain the first principles placed in the keep-house of Nature. God is worthy to be shown in all the parts of His grandeur and loveliness

that the hand of detailed order has made sufficient for every call of want, and for every outburst of enthusiastic wonder from the mind forces of man. God has dropped an undertone bar for the uplifting and outreaving of all the mystic calls that contain the law lever to work through darkness out to the broad light of reasonable forethought and understanding. Let us all worship the great Father and Mother Spirit that dwelleth in and about the whole round of created worlds, and of which we all form a part, and live from the same principles that moves all animated Nature. Then can we become consistent worshippers, and the Father's Throne will be the study ground where all the harmony of principles will be developed, understood and applied in working out the diagnosis of the Father's will. May we all hope the day not far distant when mind can pick from the sure Tree of Knowledge, and the fibrous offshoots of sprouting worth, be the retentive fund kept in every person's security-house of brain monopoly of prizeship.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Alexander the Great rode his steed of power, the world, through wisdom, was in pomp and show; that the Alexandrian forces of skill and power were God obtained and God ordained; that God's specialty along the breastworks of Time was to enforce the human intellect to a basis of exterior ramification of showy filibustering movement. It would seem that the world is growing wise in its dotage; that the external symbols of decay are assuming their true value, and the mind craves dressment, for the bygone poverty of apparel can in no way suit the present need of fitful wearing.

Mark Antony, the hero of Grecian fables, was slain by the power and coquetry of a false woman's falser charms; and the Mark Antony's of to-day are being brought to the feast, and thence to the sacrifice, by the power they are trying to rear in idleness and shame, but which will soon be pierced by

the asp of degradation and welter in the gore of its own shamefacedness. The Cleopatra of stubborn facts must soon rear a head that the nationality of America's undercrust of social negative abuse will strike for the higher wages on a platform where mind can see the sham figures that are dragging the soul down through the mirage of Time, and the anxious-seat that will claim the attention, when the passover of this life reaches us, will be the non-preparation or education for which we are fitted to meet the new experiences that crowd to every part of our being. The world has harnessed itself, or has been harnessed, for a great work, by the two laws of cause and effect, which, in simple terms, signifies harmony and discord; and the world can in no way throw off the responsibility imposed by these two warring elements that ever work together for the good of a grand whole. I would that all men and all women could realize the monarchy of spirit over matter—the feast of fat things prepared for the soul that lives in accordance with the highest laws that move and actuate the selfhood or individuality of the human perceptive faculties. The rosy lights that spread themselves around the lives of the pure in spirit are filled with

the halo of Godliness, and no monotonous weight clogs the life activities of a true worker.

I have now been in the Spirit world nearly two hundred years, and my soul is still craving the light of more knowledge—still asking for food to ripen in my brain-work of thought—still seeking the mercy-seat and the lover's throne, with my cloak of care ever drawn around me, that its folds may serve at all times to give warmth and protection to some lone Spirit watcher caught on the tower of forced ambition. The Spirit world offers no inducement to a life of ease. No folded hands are allowed to extend their taper fingers of show, for idlers are ever caught in the coil that will tighten around their own hemisphere of use. We in Spirit life aim to be found at the Lord's supper table, to show our willingness to eat, drink and be merry around a board spread and feast prepared by One who ever works on the principle of succoring all that need the bread of life-giving sustenance. It is reported in ancient history, or ancient historical fables, that Jacob, a good man of Eastern antiquity of birth, and, as report goes, stood grandfather around the immaculate conception of Christ, reared a lad-

der whereon he hoped to reach the precincts of glory. Can we, at the present day, respect the intellect that would rear an outward symbol, and thereby expect to reach the God-head of Power? Would not some Insane Asylum offer us a sly retreat for our muddled brain that was trying the same hinge of ascent that our predecessor Jacob tried? I wonder at the inconsistency of the human mind that can still drink a beverage of satisfaction from an old gourd that has been the rounds, and drifted through the slime and weakling filth of every spurious synagogue that has reared its head of show since Adam became the first man and Eve the first woman on temptation's line of march.

The Church filter from sin is laying its last wires across the ignorance of man. The time has been when the church offered us a high seat in the church militant of heaven, but the church to-day is the stumbling block that hits our heels along the road of progress, for it no longer awakens thought. It has stewed its last stew, and the fragments that are left worth preservation, could be served on a tea-service and satisfy the needs of the whole world. The bread and butter fishers must lay their lines in a sea where the big fish have a few seed-

lings to sprout for the needs of coming generations; for I have always noticed that the spirit of monopoly never flourishes when the undercrust is left out of the pie of service. Whosoever lacks the moral courage to come out from a nest when every shell has been picked, and the twittering cry is food, more food, must mean to strangle the hatching process, and cling to the old nest that offers life, if the old hen of ignorance will but step aside and give the new-pledged birdlings a chance to sing their delight, that setting is over and hatching begun. I think mankind might take a lesson from the feathered songsters of the air, or the feathered prelates that move around the homes of earthly comfort, for one nest only satisfies for the brood in process. There must be new material to fashion the birth-place of every successive generation of crowing greatness. And who shall say that hope may not enter the crown of instinct, that something better than the last may be reared on the new grounds and new material that is searched out with many a sly look of puzzling wonder. I would recommend the study of henology to the fat old deacon sitting around the mouthpieces of creedal forms and ceremonies that constitute the present style of

church worship. I have wandered far and long, have drifted through the underbrush and quagmires of all shades of social life, and I have never yet found the church steeple that would dive for the poor outcasts treading the rugged shores of life. When the Church meets my view, that is dressed for a campaign around all the grades of life, independant of color, sex, moral or physical stain, independant of the dimes and cents of pocket show, or the dress parade of fluted flummery that fills the streets and clogs the church ailes with the body figures of sin. I say, when the Church can fling its free banner around all these stools of pentecostal reign, without the formality of subscribing to the Church catalogue of forms, then has the Church met my view that will work out the world's salvation through the open door of extended heart and hand service. John Bunyan to-day is not the fettered man that left the earth tied by the apron strings of another person's will. Even the Presbytery never haunts my awakened conscience, for the back-door of the nineteenth century will offer escapement to all the regrets cast on the Creedal score of deal.

CHAPTER XII.

I WILL commence this chapter with my experience around the equator or hemisphere of Nador, a State plot that borders closely about the antiquated flagree or structure of Mars. Nador is situated on the direct line that leads from one intellectual epoch to another. It might be termed the study-room of equatorial designing. My experience at that place is filled with the loftiest visions of beauty; and the hightoned moral and intellectual element that pervades the atmosphere of Nador is worthy of being shown to earth as a standard by which earth could rear a pinnacle that would do honor to and bless her shores with the halo of ripened Godliness. There is much prominence attached to the local bearing of Nador. I there met some of the greatest minds that have ever traveled earth. I was drawn there by the congressional hand of fellowship. The Dean or Archbishop which presided at the council board of government, duty found the world

of Nador broader than the Church of Nador; and he found as he had ascended the scales of progress, that the halls of congressional dealings and bickerings was the doorway through which we pass to the true church. The functional bearing of the church will ever take its cue from the Legislative council-rooms of policy and worth. Let our first work be to broaden, equalize and harmonize the principles which are the fundamentals on the sleepers, so to speak, on which the great building or superstructure of humanity is resting, and we want no caving in of the sound material from its close alliance with the rotten timbers which have hitherto kept the national honor in a shaky condition and liable to come under the hammer of sale; for the aristocracy, or upper crust, in trying to get so far away from the neighborhood of the undercrust—which they are willing to use, and must have—that in spreading this plaster to cover them up only as body-workers, the rich and those in power, have well nigh overturned the high-seasoned dish flavored with the spirit of selfishness and pride—A curse around the nationality of honored George Washington's standard-bearing of right.

When I met George Washington around the checkered plains of Nador, he had added many prize jewels to his constitution that now flourishes before the world bereft of the true spirit that sent it out a glowing power, when Washington had achieved the victory and won the loving title of Father to his Country, George Washington to-day is the ingrafted principle that fills all the ranks of America's fields of growth; and he has laid many a corner-stone to be the pointing emblem along his line of ascent and growing wisdom of power. What attachment of claim Nador has on the brain-work of the hero that battled for and upheld the Star Spangled Banner, whose insignia fires the heart and brain with the noblest impulses that grace the sideboard of the human character is this George Washington is working out the eyre or fallstaff of party-spirit and color; is working it on to a basis where even-handed justice will mix the shadings to the bringing forth of the true and lasting color of worth. Fidelity to principles must yet be the clinch-hook of saving grace, and no world that has a surface show of individuality wrought out from the mind well of God can flourish, unless principle, the scientific arrow, is shot

from the motive house to pierce every effort of labor. The world of earth is broadening all her channels. The spirit of freedom is shaking the dry bones of old theology's carcass of nominal power and the shaded eyes are laying aside the goggles that have so long magnified the priestly power of saving worth. Aristotle wielded the pen for the upshaking of all the baser passions, and he sunk his own ship's crew with the daring shams that served as body servants around a life of inner pollution. How many Aristotles flourish the outward scheming of the inner devil and how many are flourishing the hell dragon in the face of the would-be virtuous, but who are weak as vessels tossed on the billows of angry winds? These time-servers, with the wisp of virtue bound around the bundle of contamination which is propelled through the marts of city life by the Satanic power of will, are the spots that deface the otherwise beautiful camera of angel life and the white cross of purity, can never hang an emblematical sign before the world vision until the stubble-fields have been harrowed by the hand of virtuous design.

CHAPTER XIII.

I KNOW of nothing so conducive to happiness as living with the sunlight of God's truths shining into our souls. The hardships, tricks and wailing blunders assume a new significance, and reach around and about us with almost a hallowed import. God, in the light of infinite wisdom, and in the truth of infinite purpose, has selected our pathway through the fiery furnace of all shades of life, that character may be obtained by a plunge in the whirlpool that floats all kinds of drifting waiflings caught on the line of God-reflected march. Mind has the jasper hue of variety, and the deep shades blend in harmony with the lighter waves of thought, making one grand monument of variegated coloring that the floods and undersweeps of Time's fitful flashings can only prostrate for a season; for there is ever a washing current that restores all the breakers have taken away. Mind is the God storehouse where we drop gems and pebbles, and Time, the great

sifting machine that separates the gem crystals of worth from the dross of impure motive. There is nothing so frustrating to the growth of soul on the harmonious key of well doing as tampering with vices—as letting thought go out in the channel of unhallowed and unsanctioned freedom of reign. Vice is the giving up of our highest endeavors to be governed by the external forces of unbridled want.

The so-called Free Love movement, was a step taken to secure selfish indulgence and a promiscuous mode of co-habitation under the sanction of Spirit direction and advice. There is a law that sanctions the affinity of souls and the affinity of outward living that, were it understood and applied in the selection of companionship and the uniting of two opposite forces for the object of carrying on a work of beauty and harmony, the world would drift away from all its sink-holes of vices, and become the Garden of Eden, with no serpent to tempt the footsteps of woman, and no willing Adams to be beguiled into a life of insane satisfaction.

The social question is the *hocus pocus* of the nineteenth century, the bugbear that floats around our endeavors at a righteous presen-

tation of outward living. What to-day harmonizes in interior principles, disagrees with the outward law of force; for the stamp mark that society puts on individual effort at reconstruction, is non-respectability, a forcing outside the pale of recognized decency. The world has many a hook and crook to adjust with the hand of justice before the laws of man can bind together with truth and veracity the souls of men and women. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder, has never been understood or applied to the Spiritual part of our natures. Man and woman live in the fields of growth, and experience is the teacher at large, to whom we pay tribute every moment of our lives.

I can only experience to-day the things of to-day. I can go back in the past with memory. I can reach out to the future with hope and the wishful spirit of prayer; but the present is mine to live, to feel, to see, to smell, to hear and taste with every sense of God-given life and with every sense of God-given power awakened. To live the highest life I can with my present knowledge gained from the bitter and sweet tree of experience. Life is a hazard in the great stream of pressing events, and the die once cast, we are the

current swimmers that flash or flow according to the outstrikes we make to breast the waves of public animosity and the public fetish of belief. When Webster fired the gun of double dealing, he clipped his own wings of power, and was a flash in the pan, that, secures nothing, and is a waste of materials used. Webster had the foresight to see that America was traveling away from her toils, and he put in a hitching proviso where the germs of freedom would become entangled, and be obliged to wait the culminating filter of the pure and good principles that flowed through the heart and brain of Abraham Lincoln. The gulf stream that divides those two men will admit the spirit of penance and prayer, and Daniel Webster may yet drink of the true spirit of freedom and join hands with the martyr who died to secure and hold fast America's badge of honor. Abraham Lincoln on earth was a tower of goodness—a fortress of strength that a nation felt secure in leaning against, and now, when earth misses the magnetic ring of his solidity and firmness, the chambers of the air are made bright and glowing with his noble presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND now let me take my readers into the fairy scenery of Bethnomer, situated on Arcadian River Coast that belongs to Jupiter's fund-house of glory. Jupiter is a glowing satalite of power, and all the townships that comprise its mastered greatness are aglow with the combination spirit to maintain its embodiment of God-given principles. My raiment in this etherealized and yet solidified atmosphere is a gossamer substance, capable of admitting all the rays of congeniality and repelling all things not desirable to my wishes. My coat of mail is ever ready with its protective forces, and consequently the word fail was never placed in the vocabulary of speech used in the planetary world of Jupiter. Death's cross bones never enter our fields of living beauty. Having once obtained purification through all the grades of dutiful action, we live in the harmony of never-ending happiness; live for the care and ultimate good of others, knowing

that our day-star will ever be bright, having sparkled up through the fiery furnace of trials and tribulations, the sifting processes that separates the true kernels of worth from the chaff of disobedience.

My home in the fairy lands of Jupiter is a tenement outstretch of tessellated grandeur of design, but simplified in all its parts of cunning device and workmanship by the hand of love, that tones down all power to the simplicity of our wants and understanding. I have my divan seats of ease, my couches that invite me to slumber and repose; but never, while earth or any other world hung out on the God motion of law, presents to my haven of security the haggard faces of want, or travel to my doorway of reception for admittance and rest, can I burrow down on cushions of ease and fold my hands in the security of my purpose to serve God with my whole soul, mind, might and strength. I always expect to be a laborer, because in my proneness to serve God, I have put on my armor of steel, defiant to breast every current of opposition, and dig my way through all the pools of evangelical discord that keeps the world in the element of drifting purpose. My journeyings since I left earth have led

through many a wild wood and tangled briar, and death ever stared me in the face as long as sin abounded over good, and my two natures warred with each other. The world drifts according to force of habit, for habit is the every day garment that is always handy and ready to use; and so we go on, sticking to the old in preference to the new, because habit has grown to be virtue, and we must discard all new commers to our haven of repose. There is an old adage that is worthy of being enrolled on the tablets of memory and brought often to the mind's eye, to be applied to our daily course of conduct. In this way it appeals to my memory:

In charity lane there lived a man
Famed for his habits old,
Which were these: to never break bread
With any new comer,
Until he had satisfied every old runner
That appealed to his pockets of gold.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN I left the Seventh Sphere my Lord and Saviour said: "John Bunyan, go thou unto all worlds and preach the gospel rays of truth; go and gather the wheat from the tares; go backwards and glean in all the fields where thou hast traveled burdened with a pack that became lighter at each advancing step of progress." And now, when all burdens or seeming weights of care sit on my perch of hallowed gain, I can travel with the light and happiness of the feathered songsters that fill the worlds of space. So, having built my home by fair Bethnomer's sunny-glades, I can take my wand of travel and pierce the wants of any sphere or out-grandeured world sprung from the trap of God's command. My carpet-bag for journeying is ever ready, ever packed for want's service, and quickly opened at charity's call. For God, says: he that hath not charity is a sink of nonservice, with no good in, him to be used for a shuttlecock in beating away error.

When Thomas Paine wrote his *Age of Reason*; the world called him infidel—called him the black sheep in the world's great flock of puny intellects, that dare not investigate the profound reasoning of one man's brain forces; and so Thomas Paine was accursed—was tarred and feathered in many a man's soul, and rode on the rail of public hatred for daring to think the thoughts that were God placed and God propelled. Thomas Paine in his bright sphere of advancement, holds God in reverential awe, because in God he finds his basis and his ultimatum over all ascending glory. God, to the mind of Thomas Paine to-day is the great standard bearer of Truth; the shield over all good, and the monster spirit to hunt and demolish error. Thomas Paine will yet find freedom on earth, and find this *Age of Reason* floating more to the public channel of acceptance. God is over and around all well springs of thought, and is moving to the understanding of all bright hued intellect of this growing century in wisdom and knowledge.

Speed on earth is only determined by the fleet wheel of Time, but the velocity of Spirit movement outstrips Time's Code of law, and is the moving processes that creates Time for

the lumbering car of materiality. The formation of individuality, whether it be in humanity's specific designing, or in all the other grades of character and kind that makes up the world we live in, first starts on the Spiritual basis. The germ of life is first bathed in the ether dew of Spirituality. It is God's breath of love that creates and begets formation, but it is the breath of love breathed through natural formative principles. There is no power of love so great as to grow an apple on a peach tree unless the essences or juices of the two trees blend in compact and harmony of purpose. God has no power outside His principles of financiering merit. God could never create another world were it not in the compact of his first design. Were not the germ principles left for reproduction, the mind of man could soon fathom the hiding place of God. God must forever keep in the advance of man—must ever have a spiral font for watering and purifying the chambers of the soul. Whosoever dips deepest in God's well of knowledge, comes the nearest to comprehending the great love source of all life; and he or she that has the penchant for sticking to one badge of gain, will find no newness or variety around their

sweep of influence. I have ever had the pruning hook attached to every sprouting germ along my road of advancement until purification sits on my apex of glory. My songs now are ever songs of praise, for God speaks to me through every sense of my Spiritual being, saying: "I have brought you up from the valley gorge; I have placed you in the sunny clime of Bethnomer, search ye; now, for the right staff of duty, and whichever way I point your staff, go thou in the course of God direction, for I will be into you a tower strength, and I will build you up in all parts for a symbol of great use, for I, the Lord God, work by means to the accomplishment of all good." There is nothing so wise as wisdom; for wisdom is to acknowledge the truths we meet, regardless of the pinchback metal that is ever found beside the true jewels of sparkling worth.

The spheres through which I have traveled have each and all been as real to every sense of life, as was the sphere of earth's embodiment. Every stage of being has an outgrowth or sphere awaiting the march of Spirit, and we can only advance in the orbit mind creating, for mind ever takes care of its body of support. My earth pilgrimage

was my first sphere of actuality—the freight-house from whence I was stored for the great voyage of Time and Eternity. On earth I learned the process of growth, and my exit from earth only stamped me with the seal of never-ending life. I passed from my earth body by the same power of law that fills the world of matter yearly with new types of beauty, sprung from the old shell of decay. I stood above the earth, and yet I was of the earth; earthy, for I still enjoyed and partook of things that satisfied my earthly portions, I ate and drank with my friends as of old. but my food was the essence, while theirs was the substance. And so with regard to earths labors and duties; I still found that my desires went out for the amelioration and purification of the world I had left through the strength and love of Divine purpose. I labored on earth for years after earth missed my tangible presence. Many a spray of liberality have I given to the church temples of dogmatic wisdom; and who shall say to-day, that the church has not received its liberal punch-stick at the hands of Angel exploration. God gave me the wisdom to never ingraft a principle or a shoot of Divine worth, until the grounds or soil wherein I labored were capable of repro-

duction, and also capable of germinating from the true seeds of knowledge. Wisdom is the holly branch of hope for the world's regeneration—the purling stream that will purify and irrigate the soul-garden of man's immortal life. The world that benefits us most, is the world we live in—the world of to-day that we grasp with the hand of fellowship and call our own. We cannot work in the to-morrow of our being. It is only the needle of to-day's threading that stitches the garments of future wear. Each and every day to me has been a day of soul life—a beverage drank on the shores of Time, by a man walker in the eternal fields of gain. The ruby tints of life are the gilded stagings of youthful climbing, and experience the boy that dims the gilded staircase, making our ascent a toilsome journey. Death is but a bar, let down whereby we can step to greener fields, and partake of the fruits of celestial life. The boon of peace ever follows rightful doing, and my walking-stick or cane of help, has always been cut from the tree of liberal sprouting, and God grant that no interlopers bar my road of onward progress and repletion.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARTH holds a spell around me that eternity's bright and flowing waters can never efface or destroy its hallowed import; and ever while I journey, earth will hold the back ground scenery to John Bunyan's pictured web of life. I can take long backward strides with memory, and fish from the whirlpool of my beating life; many a jewel that suffering has polished and made bright, for the adorning of my spiritual crown. And I would say to all who are led through the fiery furnace of job like tribulations, that they should be glad and prone to thankfulness, that the sifting machine for their soul's purification was placed beside the stream of earth life. Job's sufferings were illustrative of the virtue of patience, of forbearance, of meeting the difficulties besetting life's pathway, with a cheerful and benign spirit, feeling that the Father's hand of love will make smooth the rugged path of rightful doing. We are all more or less prone to find fault and murmur

at the winding ways of our fated ship of motion, little dreaming that God, the helmsman, is ever steering our motionary element, toward the ultimate and final good; whosoever expects or exacts most, will ever find a hedge-row to climb before the prizes which seemed of right, their own are worthy of acceptance, or being worn with honor to themselves.

God lights a feeble torch on earth,
Where howling winds and discord range,
And if that one bright ray expand,
Amidst the world of gloaming pain,
Who shall account his vigils lost,
If swallowed by the power of gain.

The world is filled with the drifting shadows of manhood and of womanhood. The power to be idle is more apparent than the power to be useful. The dogma of fashion is laying waste the principle house from which we build a character, and from which we ingraft our waving branch of life. The destiny of man is a continual rotating movement—a wheel within a wheel that turns on its self-ability of motion. God is the whole solar magnate, and man the fiscal atom or atoms that dives the deepest in all the well springs of Divine truth. There will ever be a fountain head to gleam from, a God to worship,

and a soul to save. And a world to drop from the great crater of universal strength, and the Jehova, or Ali Father that rules the spirit of all time, and sits the crested breast-work over all the shores of eternal gain, is the philanthropic and eager spirit of harmonial love—the positive and negative forces that act in unison of compact for the glory of life's reproduction and the surmounting of God's chariot wheel of power. There is no basis for truth but God, the inlaid principle that flourishes the magnetic under-current from which starts every germ or bud that helps to make the world we live in to-day, henceforth and forever; for the world of to-day is also the world of to-morrow; a vision expansion, a life lease that is continually drawing back pay for an investment or indemnity in the lottery of to-morrow's keeping. Christ was never so much felt or recognized as at this present time of world travel, and the glory of the newer reign will eclipse and destroy his past mythic power.

Christ has ever ruled by force of circumstances; has picked His way on foot and on horseback to secure a permanency in the national honor and duty, and to-day His chariot wheels are being heard, and the voice thereof

awakes a symphony in all the national heart of power. I have never yet met Christ face to face, as an individuality bearing the outwrought stamps of manhood or womanhood, and I must confess that my opinion or belief is this; had there been any one outspoken, standard bearer, representing all the virtues, and none of the evils that now flourish in all human hearts, that specialty of wisdom, goodness and power would never have taken the shape of man. I would rather have dressed Christ in womanly apparel, since woman has ever borne a broader stamp of virtue, and is now likely to evangelize and purify the world streams of life. Christ will become a boarder pattern of manhood as Time cuts the strings tied around the huge bundle of ignorant assumptive power, and woman must ever carry the scissors to clip away the loose threads that hang around the nation's web of glory.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARTEMAS WARD, in driving his fun-team is disseminating the spirit of human kindness, and building himself a temple of lasting merit. For Truths uttered in the spirit of love and kindness, will reach all hearts better if propelled from the merry side of human nature. I could have wished that Artemas Ward had flourished in every generation, and his spicy gems have graced every path of culture and growing garden of principles. All writers carry an influential ability that is lasting or nonprized as it touches the want stream of human effort of attainment, and all writers dose the public mind according to their spiritual insight of the publicneed. The literature that has ever stood the test of timely wear and and durability of motion is the literature that has awakened the spirit of freedom, the fluttering bird that opens the door of Paradise that our eager footsteps may enter therein, to wander in the princely fields of everlasting verdure. There is no time set

for war. It ever follows on the trail of wrong, motive powers of activity, and the peace baby comes up for a hug, when the Decatur of war has spent its furious gun-charge of wrath and destruction. The pillars of the mighty church are falling to pieces, and the obsolete demi-god of rule, is sinking to the bottomless pit of despair; for science is likely to establish the flat-boat wherein all can ride and secure a free ticket to the land of all soulities. The next cargo that will enter the port of common interest, will be a body service of downright facts, and the public supervisors will find help from common masses of great benefit in their hour of need.

Theoclytas, the Grecian monarch, made fame the God star of His life, and ambition was the towering hero, ever beckoning Him to mount the rostrum of public favor; and he dipped and delved, and at last secured a nation's grimace and the birthright gift to people the dark regions with His body props of show. There is but one power to sway the world, one lasting promise for life's aggrandizement, and that power is love, and the promise is the soul's evacuation of all selfish aims in life. Oh, God! Thy day of splendor is far in advance of mind to-day; but we hope

that all channels are becoming free whereby Thy glorious reign and all living and loving power may surge to the brink of one common understanding. Mankind has ever allowed God the right and privilege to make use of the term justice, and seeming to fearlest God should make a mistake and pick up the level of love through His great kindness of heart in dealing with His earth children. But thanks be to the true purposes of life, and to the everlasting first cause, that justice and love are placed beyond the power of personality's twistings or turnings. Love and justice are Siamese in nature, and their working power will ever be felt through the world's of detailed order. Love is a fickle boy, and in the traces alone would kick at every difficulty barring the road to frenzied delight. Justice moderates the boy's activity, that no first principles may be destroyed and God suffer through the inharmony of Siamese compact. My will today is as self-existent, as much embodied purpose, as when earth claimed my skill of outward motion. I am working out my God ability of labor, am nestling by the stream of never-ending happiness. I am awake to every bugle cry of woe, and the fields that claim me most are situated in the third hemisphere

of glory. There I find patches of culture that are pregnant and deep-toned with the golden fruit gathered from the tree of suffering. Man wanders according to the length of chain given him, and according to his fixedness of desire to go through any work he may undertake. Every person should have a standard ground of labor to secure a prizeship in the great lottery-house of God. We are all prone to be dissemblers—prone to lean on another's staff of encouragement, letting our own props of natural ability, become weak from disuse. It seems to be easier for some people to work in a channel or groove made for them, than to set their own stakes or lay out their own ground work of operation. Now I would say to such people, and use a homely expression to convey the truth of the remark, that if you turn your own groundstone, to make sharp your instruments of labor, there will be a polish and evenness which cannot be obtained to your character, if a helping hand is ever ready to turn your wheels of motionary activity. The fellowship with that which best reaches the affinity of our intuitive reasoning or wishing, because wishing first sounds the alarm to reason. If I wish for a God, the wish appeals to reason to find one, and rea-

son starts out instanter to gratify the power of appeal. Reason dips deeper than wishing; but the power to wish is reason's stimulator to action. Reason had just as soon search for a Devil as for a God—just as soon look for mice as mountains. The desire, will, or wish, ever propels the search of man's hero of accountability. Lycurgus was an ancient explorer after Truth, and he lit the torch that made brighter the pathway of the next successive generation. He had a desire for knowledge based on facts, and reason, hearing the voice of desire, stood emperor around the fields of garnered keepsakes, and struggle to behold some token of Truth that would make weak the towering temple of superstition, and so one man's reasoning faculties makes a basis ground on which another mind may rear a structure of great skill and beauty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANCIENT Greece had many competitors on the road to fame. Many minds coped together beside the mythic stream of superficial knowledge. The Grecian and Hellenic authors wove their web of cunning sophistry and art, and applied it to the mind want of ignorance and efficient power. The days of Herculaneum and Pompeii were days of deep-toned struggles, and crime run rampant march where spiritual light was based on God's implacable wrath and devastating power of control. I have ever noticed that the eras that have held God in fear and brimstone reverance, have always carried a cudgel to make power impressive and, to imitate the Father's style of deal. Hearts that are leniently disposed in God's attributes of finished worth are merciful to the world in which they live—are more ready to let love point the way in finding a remedy for evil. The birch and ferule have long since lost their charm and smarting physical pain never

yet caused a love flow to the heart. Demosthenes has a name in history that glows with courage, and the spirit of those olden heroes is still being felt around the patriotic heart of America's brightest stars. Gems are rarely found in the smooth and undulating waves of prosperous lifehood. We need a pinch from the hand of care and a hug from poverty's fountain of affection, before we are strengthened for a combat in a world, where the physical man jars gratingly against the spiritual man of finer perceptive faculties. The rubs we get from mother Earth quell our exuberant spirit and make us more tractable and reliable in the great harness of onward life. We are never so much at fault, as when complaining of our destined road of travel, never so at variance with the God monitor within, as when dissatisfied with present gain. Our cup is never full until it runs at the brim, and no amount of stirring can cause a second overflow that will be like unto the first. As fresh grievances and troubles reach us, we take a higher staging that we may more daringly breast a fresher difficulty. God or conscience is prone to let us reap in our own harvest field, and if we sow tares, we cannot, of course, expect the pure kernels of nour-

ishment, God feeds us from the dish or spoon that we can best appreciate, and if the golden bowl and spoon be presented, we cannot receive it with due respect and wisdom unless we have amicably outgrown our silver condition of life. We, in our human nature, are vast and incomprehensible. We are a well-spring of sufficient import and reliability of compact, that we harmonize throughout the grandeur of the one eternal whole. We are children to-day; to-morrow finds us old in experience, and each successive day adds a loop of wisdom to our brow of God capacity of movement. If we found God in the start of life, our wheel of motion would soon cease and a fog of utter darkness would shut around us and earth become a pigment field of the smallest possible account. God has dwelt in the heavens and in the earth all the days of Shem, Ham and Japheth, which signifies all the days of love, light and knowledge, and which also signifies the ambulance team in which God carries souls to Heaven.

Pocahontas, the Indian maiden, of historical keepsake, was brave and true. Love to her was sacrifice—was self-immolation, and there is no truth in love unless we give from the full fountain of our being and ask no re-

turn of the gem star sent from the ark of safety. There is no selfishness in love, no wish to bind the brow of another with any thorn rose taken from the coronet of your own heart struggles. We would have every thorn removed from the path of those we love. We would ever spread their bread of life with honey dew taken from the soul of our best living. Oh, God, that princely ray charm is gilded with the true essence of Thy whole soul work. Marriage by the earthly law, is thought by Earth's children the highest type of love intercourse; but there is a love in the spheres of immortal life, where complete blending of two or more souls makes a figure show of love power, that earth can never attain to, until perfect liberty has individualized all minds to act in concert from the highest stand-point of Spiritual light. There will be many a wreck on the sand shores of Time, before truth around the marriage altar can embrace the free social intercourse and fellowship necessary for the entwining of the earthly and Spiritual wrath of love. Marriage, in its true significance of purposed power, is God's great vehicle of use; the mill in which the Gods grind slowly the pure and impure motive powers of individuality; a har-

nessed compact between man and woman to amalgamate and form a character of living principles that eternity can claim from the hand of Time. God's power is in activity in His sledge-hammer use of all the segregate and aggregate parcels or particles that are only brought together by the force law in Nature, resulting from God's force law of love.

God, the full-fledged spirit power, can never at a present glance accumulate and scatter all wisdom to the understanding of His children. It must be growth and development of soul that brings the great arc of God's power to the recognition of the gradual unfoldment of mind capacity. The development or unfolding of God's mysterious workshop, causes the mind to wonder at its past illiberal and fanatic teachings and believings, and the farther we get in knowledge the more ignorant we seemingly appear. I used to think in childhood, and, in fact, maturer years found me of something of the same opinion, that God was a being of disposition, liberal to those whom he desired to love, and to those in disfavor, He would show the tricky side of His nature. I am thankful that years have brought me away from so pent a God, and that every cycle of Time's movement gives God more ex-



pansion force and more symetry and beauty in expression. The days of wonder will never cease, because the law of ignorance is as much a fixed law, as the law of wisdom; and to those under the law of ignorance, God is a great mystery that can never be understood, because the purposes to have His power kept from the knowledge of man.

CHAPTER XIX.

I WILL now take my readers along the Fifth shore of Progress, reaching back with memory to recount a tale of interest that may be of service to the world of reading minds. The fifth stage of experience to me, at times, fills me with sore regret. I desired to become a lawyer; to understand justice in its broadest sense; to understand all the hooks and crooks of policy, and to understand why the Devil enters the lawyer's field of labor, with so much skill and right of bearing. I sought to know these things to become a sifting machine on the legal course track of Time. After I had deliberately weighed all the difficulties, and surmounted them, as I thought, I betook myself to one of the most classical lawyers that Summerside afforded. He was old in experience, having gone through with all the grades of dissecting; knew just where to commence his work every time, and where to leave off; if the bladder pouch of the law victim was averse

to another squeeze from the fingers of avaricious law hunters. I stated my desire to this man of powerful intellect: told him that in no way did I wish to give up the clergy; but I thought my work would be broader if I could have a taste of the pie, whose filling was injustice, seasoned by the money-God, whoever has a seat in the court-rooms of legalized policy. This man, whose whole time and life had been given to his work, understood, of course, that I must be very ignorant of the work I was about to enter into. And he said to me: "I fear, my friend, you have not counted the cost, not thought how much of suffering you will entail upon yourself, and how much unpleasantness of feeling will always be about you if you mix up religion with these knotty law questions, which seem as widely apart as the northern and southern poles of the equator." "But," said I to my friend, "how is religion to benefit us if not taken into the business walks of life; how serve us if not laid as a corner-stone beside our every act?" This man of massive brow, full of strength and will, said to me: "What you say appears true and right; but is not talk handier than practice, and is it not more fashionable and easier of control?" I was somewhat shocked at the

lack of the true balance-wheel in the man's character, and I thought to myself, I shall never imbibe those ideas. I have come here to this man to learn; therefore, I must learn his way, but shun the contagion of error while I walk through its pools to become as a beacon-star guiding manhood away from the sand bars that impede the spirit's growth. I soon learned that my work was broader than I had anticipated; that it is not so easy to be in daily contact and in daily communication with the evil sides of life and not receive some portion of the moral effluvia that besmears the soul life of a wrong-doer. Well, I labored in the law business until I grew weary of the hashing and bickering. The lies told without compunction of spirit, and the lies told with the quiver attachment of a secret quiltiness, showing a mind ill at ease, with sin resting beside its daily course of labor, I thought, as I had wandered so far away from earth, had passed through so many changes and arrived at the Fifth Seat of Progress, that the legal profession must have attained some eminence in purity of expression and in its purposes to deal honestly and candidly by all men. And as women had then uttered no complaint, it must have been taken for grant-

ed that they were fully satisfied with all the law arrangements, and only man was the sufferer through the intrigue and falsity of deal that interlaces the whole government of law enforced authority. I shall thank God or the holy spirit of right when no law enactment or law enforcement be necessary, but the one voice speaking from soul to soul, saying: "Bury ye the hatchet, for I am greater than the law of men; I am principle; the voice of God speaking from the hilltops of mount Sinai, that the whole world or worlds hearing the sound of wisdom may be guided into the right channel of duty."

To say that law can not prosper with me, or I did not succumb to its teachings of error, would, of course, make me non-serviceable in and about sunnyside. I found that I was very much hampered, because so few found religion pleasant in business affairs; and I had no way then of reaching back to earth with my gleanings, for no passage had been made of sufficient width that I could traverse with any benefit to myself or hope of recognition by the world I had left. I have since thought that in doing a broad evangelical work, that persistency was a necessary qualification, and we have no right to shrink from a duty, for

God's whole plan of universal workmanship is based on love and duty, and can we, the children of the great love principle, fail to do as the all spirit of right is ever admonishing us to do.

The fifth degree of advancement has many a rainbow hue of merit. It is peopled with some of the greatest minds that have ever lived, that desire repose and tranquility of soul. I there met many of the ancient philosophers who had chosen their retirement bowers in the rosy atmosphere of Sunnyside. I found that the principle study with those olden fanciests was the right and proper use of the true key of power—a branch of study that would be well for Earth to examine. The majority of the inhabitants of Sunnyside live in groups, or a classified number join interests and labor for the establishment of standard elements to help God's plan of glory safe and sound beyond cavil or daring of skill to demolish. Freedom has a broad license in and about Sunnyside. No fingers of discontent meddle in its baptismal font that carries the liquid foam of peace. Thomas Carlyle said to me: "Bunyan, is not life here a glorious crown of enjoyment; a mid-summer's day of brilliancy and power, whose

hazy atmosphere fills the soul with soft repose. I would forever linger around this bath of peace, forever swell the praises of Sunnyside, and forever reach to Earth, from this, my present corner of enjoyment." I could not prosper as a lawyer. I could not subscribe to so much network to get at a truth that was plain until it was covered up. Law in the spheres of spiritual growth is not contaminated by any influx of sordid motives; but the layer or basis has so long been charged with the electric currents shot from the fingers of old moneybags that time is required to furnish the proper material for amalgamation. What comes to us intuitively should be listened to and heeded as a voice speaking to our conscience monitor of strength. If we would so educate ourselves we might always hold converse with our speaking guide within, and not call on the outside world, that can in no way judge for us, simply because our experiences are not for others to meddle with, and we have no right to accept another person's favor or disfavor when sitting in judgment over our acts. It is this dependency on other people's criticisms that waylays us in our growth as individualities, and makes us pauper in the distinguishment of good and evil.

St. Paul has said that "evil be to him that evil thinks." In that case, who has a right to think for another; who a right to say, do ye so and so, for this way serves me, and of course you can be guided by the same voice that I can. Now this giving up our own anchor or monitor of safety, and trying to be served from another's stand-point of operation is what kills our influence and makes us dependent, on the life currents of another person's resources. Life is always aggressive; a power within its own linkings of meritorious attachment. And if we abide by another's standard poise of accumulation, we have sunk our own life-boat into the Dead Sea from which no independent traveler ever returns. Therefore, it is well for us to subscribe to individuality, well for us to think and abide by the thought, and that by and through God ordination of holy means and ways, we are called as a specialty to gather for our own lamp burning, and if we can assist another advantageously to themselves, we are performing a double service, and building a platform of strength and encouragement for many a weary soul to traverse at will. Life is neither a holiday or a season of penance, but chippings from both sides of its

shaded curtain grace the measure of its
march.

CHAPTER XX.

ETERNAL life signifies an eternity of individuality ; a linking to the wheel of God purpose ; a master masonship with the full degrees in attendance. I would ask now from my seventh degree of glory, why life is so tampered with, why thistles grow where roses should bloom perpetual, why sorrow shades the brow, when hope should be the cherub boy to face all the shades of discontent ; and marvel at nothing so much as a gloom crested brow of a grumbler. We often plant thorns, expecting to reap a harvest of flowers. God, the Father Creator, the soul principle and living germ in all natural outbreak, has not always pressed the couch of ease. For, over angry billows and rough, stupendous ways has God climbed by force of will ; and we are only the lesser gods, who will ever revolve around the King orbit of all power. We are the fractional part, or parts of the one soul system, that is portrayed in the tiny shell ; and in everything,

both great and small. Do we feel God's system, love, mercy, and of tried goodness? That should leave no doubt in our minds of the ultimate success of good over evil. Who-soever strives to obtain wisdom will ever find God ready and willing to turn the leaves for their reading.

God moves in a mysterious way His wisdom to proclaim ; and we are the mind recipients that go even handed with God, and should proclaim our knowledge and truth as we receive it. I do not mean, with a loud voice, and braggadocia air of one having much learning, and brain to display it, but in a quiet and unobstrusive manner that carries a conviction of its reliability to us. We are all sowers and reapers ; and we should be mindful of the seed we plant, lest our gatherings be unprofitable and easy of destruction. God is the Father side of life, the structured plan to our upright figure-head, the marshaling of material river streams of action to be laid by the mother side of wisdom, which is the open bud of negative condition. God is positive, the Father stream that waters the tree of knowledge standing in his garden of reproduction. Adam and Eve are a fair illustration of God and wisdom, the father

and mother side of all actual demonstrative being. God pulls the wire and wisdom, the intuitive heedist jogs evenly along, and a branching system is acted upon, when first principles have gained full control. There is no complication in the God nature of workmanship, the understanding compact, no illicit beverage is ever drunk by the love pool of wisdom ; no freak of discontent mars the surface of the marriage vow made at the altar of God, matter and wisdom spirit or the God principle of all holy interior law. If man and woman should glean a lesson from nature's compact of affinity, there would be no tearing assunder of the marriage bonds, binding the souls of men and women. Marriage by law is marriage by proxy, and if the streams of outward compact and the inner sources of reliability mingle and harmonize to a perfect adaptability, then is a proxy marriage one of truth binding principles, of lasting virtue and peace ; but if, on the other hand, marriage is stripped of its fibres of soul congeniality, and is worn as a mantle of outside show, a body protection against the public voice that shows no charity for things not understood, then is the proxy voice in the in the marriage contract, the devils howl of

hatred against truth and virtue, around the altar of man and woman compact of hallowed purity and peace. True marriage is the death-blow to all social inharmony of spirit, and corruption of action. Love, pure and true to the natural instinct of magnetic forces, is the God side of human nature, working out its glory of achievement, no third voice is needed in the binding ceremony between man and woman unless they are marrying for the world of public opinion ; and then, perhaps, a form is necessary to insure respectability. Marriage is a term signifying assent between two parties, to be a law of love and consequent happiness unto each other ; therefore, if we touch the rights of the case, what third party has a right to say, I pronounce you man and wife in the name of any power, but the love power of unity? The law of man that makes men and women husbands and wives is a necessity to those not united by the firm and lasting cord of silvery love, that makes home a paradise of earthly nestling. The law of outside marriage never hurts when the interior ceremony has already been performed ; therefore, I would say to those who require the ritual of church sanctity, to make the love noose better understood

by the world, by all means procure that stem of satisfaction ; it can do no harm, but the harm lies with those who grasp the law for some selfish bodily advancement in life, and, thereby, live a curse, and also entail a curse upon others. I would like to give the definition of true marriage in a little budget of allegory.

Suppose we take for instance a shoemaker and his wife, who are generally supposed to be amicably disposed towards each other, and the man finds that some secret spring in his wife's character has never been touched, in their enrapport condition. The man being ignorant of the laws that govern the interior make up of individuality, supposes that with a new pair of shoes that his wife will unburden all the secret avenues to her soul and he can walk freely therein. Now, the shoes may be received with gratitude, but the gulf broadens, and no amount of shoeing or clothing, on external principle, can make plain the secret of non-understanding. The shoes seem a rough plaster to heal a delicate wound, and we see no truth in the mingling of shoe leather and sentiment. True marriage is intuitive understanding. Many wives there are who are shoemakers around their hus-

band's field of sentiment, and come no nearer to the inner temple of their true lives than the foot to the head. A leather wife to a sensitive husband or a leather husband to a sensitive wife are like the mingling of thistles and roses. The rose is continually receiving pricks, while the thistle stands paramount in its thistlehood. The Greek slave was a wonderful statuesque of art, and in its dead letter of service to the world may be likened to the dead figures of speech in the marriage vows between men and women. Oh ! ye of little faith, when you need anything but God's holy word, spoken from the mouth of natural affinity, to make two souls a law of love unto each other. There is no death to truthful love ; no covering that can conceal its care and protection. We always know when we are loved ; there is that still, small voice that speaks in its silvery monotone, and our awakened heart catches the chime of sympathy, and never more are we alone, for, another heart beats responsive to our own. Love is a great tattler, for it is continually talking with its varied tongue of mischief ; and the wide world is awake to receive its merry tones of comfort and of peace.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE world of spirit has ever favored me with its service of love and protection; if we will to do right the whole arm of rightful law envelopes our missioned soul of duty. There is no feeling in the spirit world of progressed minds, what another will say, if we do thus, and so we act from the equilibrium of common sense to move from our own stand-point of observation, and if mistakes are made, we have that levy of experience and a chance of broadening our knowledge on some other expedient of movement. There is no superfluous measures adopted to guide us through the channels of spiritual growth, all circulating forces of mind educated ability act from the standard hub of principle. I do not mean that instantaneous change is wrought in our sentiments and opinions, as soon as we drop the earth curtain and plant our feet on spirit soil, but all preparation that we have made in the direction of upright, moral and intellectual improvement and culture, is

a well-planned fundament on which to rest our weary soul. The basis of life is action, therefore no death can occur, it is an evolution of life continually, a broadening of principle, an influx of divine fervor, that our inheritance, and the inheritance of all the natural orbits of individuality may be worthy of the great mind or will force of Deity. God never tampers with the children of men, no life is hung out for a show, there is a background principle to every current movement of God enforced law. I live to-day John Bunyan. I retain a memory of my gradual unfoldment, until now, of course there are incidental circumstances connected with my past life, that I might not now be able to recall, but the great woof of my existence is a plain and real fact. I have no reason to suppose that God will ever drop me out of my orbit of life. I expect to some day mingle in the machinery house of world constructing, but it will be when my mind can comprehend the idea of first motion or the principles that unite all the points of natural law. It may seem strange to the people of world life that I can have so much assurance as to suppose that I am to some day mingle my forces with the great heart purpose of Deity, but it is, nevertheless, a

fixed fact in the spiral point of spiritual law radiates that individuality to the focus of God power, there is no other way of meeting with reason the issue of mind unfoldment. God's cause is a prosperous one, and the united effort of mind power, keeps the structured system safe in hands of Deific principle. The world is based on love and will, one cannot exist without the other, they are the opposite forces that wear the wedding ring of compact. Marriage is not confined to man and woman, the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air, but the spirit of unity and reproduction, or the spirit of love and marriage is the natural friction press, where God makes matter to form worlds and worlds, to form systems of worlds that stretch into the infinitude of space. It is loves various moods that stamps the differences in objective life. Will takes love in all her varied costumes of appearance, and the petting process or the mingling of hydrogen with the electrogen, causes the affinity from which is produced the shadings and shapings of all life. Love is ever true to her compact with will, if will is weak. Love is necessarily prone to easiness and the production from two indolent sources of action is weak and vacilliating. You can only coax love with will.

The power may be softened to the gilded cooing of a warbler bird, and still be all-sufficient in its power and strength to sop up the cozy nrestler, love. What but the one vast mind of a holy harmonions God, or the holy harmony of first principles could so mind everything to the two focuses of inlaid gem work, that their blending could produce or outstamp the great variety field of God planning. None but God can do God's work. The mind of man can imitate and deduce from God's system the way of instituting compact between the things of God production, and that power in man to imitate God, shows that when the basis points of God acting are fully understood, man will join hands with his creator, even though the travel to the summit of God speculative theory. Is it not worthy the effort of man and woman, to build to the temple of Godly spirit of understanding. I am drifting about earth, that earth may know that there is a united effort on the part of angel wisdom to show the life outside of time, or to show the life of time stretches to the eternal shores of godly building and perfecting. The noose of love is ever slipped about my heart, and I can work in all legitimate fields that need the spicy gems of spirit

communion. The beverage of peace and love that is being given to the nineteenth century should brace all receptive hearts, and make the earth life, roseate and bright with the spirit of duties well performed. We, in spirit life, use the media assigned to us in the way best suiting our purposes of acting for the enlightenment of humanity. It is no easy work on the part of a progressed spirit to labor physiologically with a mind that is scarcely in corresponding order, and I would say that it is no pleasant labor for a medium to be drafted of strength and individuality necessary to subject themselves to a receptive condition. Therefore, few are chosen compared to the great mass of people that roam the world to day, and that few are working in the clear and lucid light of revelation, and who shall say are not chosen as were the prophets of old to carry the substance of things sought for to the heart and soul of needful humanity, Andrew Jackson Davis is a Christ by right of spiritual gifts. His nature's divine relation is a holy bible to the century of its date, and he alone can tell whether life has been all bright, though he has been enrapport with the father's home of glory. Cora L. V. Tappan the spiritual law-

giver of the present age is a gush of womanly power and love toned by God's scriphic band of angel voices that make glad her path of duty, and buoy up the otherwise troubled heart of womanly love and mercy, and so I might cite many others who are working to establish truth and bring the two worlds to approximate condition of love lit harmony. Before another century shall roll its car progress along the track course of time, spirit communion will be the only branch of communion on earth. Spirit will speak to spirit. Mind will commune with mind, and then shall earth become in truth the spirit world.

CHAPTER XXII.

MY mind has been long made up to work spiritually, wherever and whenever I do work to dig through the soil of outside monopoly, and fit the spiritual tree for the garden of Eden—and I hope the serpent of evil-doing, may be kept away from man's Paradise of happiness, by the closed and bolted door of justice. The reigns of government have too long been in the hands of the worldly spirit of monopoly, all crushing powers need toning down by the peck hammer of love that there may be no outcast tributaries to flourish the spirit of misery and discontent. The world of human nature bears its high cultured patches of mind elevation, and its waste corners, that afford no beauty or strength around the fields of intellectual culture and advancement. Therefore there is a broad duty on the part of intellectuality, to furnish sources of restoration to the weakened functions of mind being. The wild Indian is susceptible of improvement,

susceptible to the winning power of love and kindness, their warwhoops may become softened and the tones of peircing strength and power, bear less hatred to the organs of feeling and sound. The world will always need the evangelical spirit of love to be thrown around some lone hunter for mercy and purification. We, in spirit life, work more for the general whole, than earth has any idea of; we search out the places where seed will sprout to fill the general granery of human knowledge. He or she who thinks the spirit life is one of inaction, will find how wide was their mistake, and how much the Spirit can find to do when not possessing the body house of clay. The world is filled with the dry bones of body service, when the right spirit prevails on earth there will be one broad community system, and its groupings will be types of the family altars of love in spirit realms. I see a disposition creeping around the heart and brain of some noble minds of earth, to start out and see what can be done towards harmonizing a plan to act on, and in case the movement be a success, and meet with the spirit of acquiescence.

It wants energetic movers and planners; men and women who are willing to go outside

of self and labor for poverty and for crime, who are willing to give up their portion to make brighter and happier the condition of another. Suppose that through our gifts for the general good we become better acquainted with the spirit of self-sacrifice, is not that a beautiful gem to be set in our crown of spiritual elevation ?

There must be founders to this new system of branching life, and a starting point once gained, it may become a broad and inductive school of general lifehood. When a change in the social affairs of a community, or a nationality of interests is to be dealt with; we in spirit life harmonize to the best of our ability, and shape our course of action for the general welfare of the systemed whole. Life is a beverage that is not easily drunk, and we take so many other lives to our fountain of accumulation, that it can hardly be said with truth, that we live our own lives; we adhere to some and mingle our shades of thought together, and with others we may never have a wish in common, and so our lives go on, on and forever, if I may be allowed the expression of forever. Time is the baby-patch of experience; we learn to creep—to walk—to say our A B C—our catechism, and

if spared here long enough and receive the right direction, we coin some gems that are worthy of being transplanted to a more softened atmosphere of friendly feeling and intercourse.

I well remember one scene which may be well here to recall. I had occasion at one time of my angelhood of experience, and after I had passed my third realm of growth, to make a visit backwards, and my travels took me to the first platform of spirit steppings; an old gentleman said to me. "Why, sir, this new gush of life seems more real than the past, and it seems as I look back, I must have lived in shadow and the sunshine is just breaking through; but, I regret," said he, "that I trifled so much with the principles that govern life, and only took what time could easily destroy, and therefore I am weak on the basal shore of spirit life;" said he, "they tell me here there is a law of communication with earth, but I know not even the first rudiments whereby I can touch a single cord of vibration;" for, said he, "the church bound every faculty of thought that I possessed, and I now see that the church doors will not open for my reception; and I must now try the broad church of soul enlightenment, and find a God that never existed in

the church of time." And so I left my friend, knowing that he will surely find the God he seeks. The time has been when I would have visited earth, and rapped for admittance on doors that were forever closed against me; but I never believed in frightening people to a subject that were better gained through study and a care to find the truth, but other spirits have thought differently and would be recognized though fear, pride or indifference stood at the portals of common sense. And so all phases of spirit power and ability that we now see have found their way to Earth. But the future holds its own council, else I might predict or make the assertion that there are many things that will soon be available to the children of time, that must open the hearts and minds of seekers and non-seekers after spiritual props of comfort to garnish the bread and butter side of life. I have no faith in a language that is only a mouth utterance of sound, there must be the true ring of soul motive to make it worthy the stringing of words to convey ideas from one mind to another. Language is the essence or the aroma that feeds the soul of individuality and can never be perfected until man is perfected in God. I could have

given this work in a different wording or metre of language, but the medium through which I labor would have worked to great disadvantage and earth has not grown to the comprehension of the language in the seventh sphere, therefore, it is best to feed people with the spoon that will, in some way fit the mouth. I expect soon to be able to give lessons in the flower language as it is called, nothing exceeds the beauty of its utterance, or the drifting melody that fills the soul of the giver and receiver of sounds that are as sweetly scented as the air from off a garden patch of heliotrope. I have never yet seen the perfection of flowers, never yet caught the height of their fragrant diffusion. I have seen the roses in my travels that were resplendant with beauty and meaning. The rose in the spirit world according to its shadings is a typical illustration of the progressive character of men and women. A bouquet of purely white roses implies to the receiver, you have drifted through adversity, have shaken hands with poverty, and have breasted the white waves of scorn, all in duty to truth and God the conscience monitor to your unselfish life. Therefore, thou art pure as these white lipped messages

of love are pure, and Christ is waiting in the reception room of peace and fellowship. Go thou in and receive the bath of redemption. A bouquet of red roses, says you have dashed my hopes; although your gildings were fine I see that pride was the body guard that ever surrounded your life, and I fear to link my fate with yours, lest in adverse hours you trample your fate in the dust. With regard to the growing or cultivation of flowers in the spirit world much has been said and also in regard to vegetation of any kind and character. The query has been, is it real, is it tangible to sense, and do we eat and drink and find ways and means to support all of our life principles as when earth claimed the rotundity of our physical presence? Vegetation in the Spirit world, is produced or I might say is an inherent principle that is thrown out from the system of earth and is perfected as man is perfected, and that is by being cultured. All labor in spirit life is systematized or thrown on to a base of even and progressive balance wheels of motion. To ask if we eat is to ask if we live, since life cannot be sustained without a gift from its fountain of resources. We partake of refreshments as earth's children do, and in

very like the same manner, only we have progressive forms to observe, and food that has become etherealized as we have become more ethereal. All species in the vegetable kingdom and all the floral kingdom is here awake to a brilliant and useful growth. Flowers have been picked by spirits as a gift to an earth friend, and in making the journey to earth the flowers would take on the earth condition, by coming en rappo with the natural germinal world. But the substance that is so deduced is very fleeting, and hence the real flowers that are ofttimes given seem like haunting shadows of the imagination. Desdemona has immortalized the rose by giving it the significance of lasting virtues and attaching to it honor and principle. Flowers are nature's boon of poesy. The speaking satellites that crown the face of earth with sublimity and lasting beauty. Flowers have a harmonizing influence over the fitful and flashy natures of men, women and children. They seem to say be calm as I am calm, and take your beauty therefrom. There is a lesson in every flower, a proverb in every blade of grass. They all tell us that life is and ever will be, that changes come, decay takes place, and we are in the lifeboat of progressive earnings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIFE is a school, and experience the lawful teacher. We only gain one lesson well, and with advantage to one soul-elevation, when experience lifts the curtain to earth's varied scenery. One course track may be sufficient to some, whose natures are pent up and narrowed down to the force-bent of one idea, but such natures are rare in this time of world-growth and elongated principles of working merit. God no more says, if he ever did say it, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; for the mandate now is, Strive to perfect yourselves in all the branches of education that I hold before thee, for I am the living God, grown from the branching tree of experience, and I would have all lesser Gods travel in the footsteps of the Creator; that Heaven may present a breast-plate of starry minds that will accord in one harmonious strain of outgrowth. The world is afloat to-day, and minds are the sea-gulls that flutter around the great banquet of knowledge, spread for the generalissimo of all man-

kind, and the covered dishes are only awaiting the keenness of appetite to remove. God is supernal, and we also have a life lease of perpetual growth, and hence prosperity. Death never finds us idle, although our physical hands be tied, our spirit fingers untie the knotty cords that bound us, and we go free to another platform of honest labor. There are few people in the world to-day that will realize or comprehend my present existence, so long has earth looked upon me as having passed beyond any remembrance of past lifehood; but some will reach to me a heart and mind of belief, and to such, John Bunyan is still an individual keepsake of godly power and purpose; still willing to strive for truth; still willing to give for the glory and upbuilding of man. Not very long since, I had a vision, which I will here relate, as it seems appropriate in this opening valve of Backward Glimpses. I had been entertaining some of my most classical friends, one leisure day. We were all buoyant and happy, feeling at ease with conscience, and for the sake of diversion and instruction we were asking each other knotty and intricate questions. General Wool of Revolutionary antiquity, said to me, Bunyan, tell me God's

object and purpose in human life. I sat a moment in deep thought. I made no attempt to answer, knowing well that the silence would lift me out of all difficulty. Suddenly there arose before me two angels. They had progressed far beyond me, and had come back with the golden shimmer of godly heritage. One bore a lamb, the other was fondling the shaggy mane of a ferocious lion. Now, said I, comes my answer. I dared not move, lest the pictured words would vanish. There was a hand laid upon my head, and a voice whispered in my ear, "Tell General Wool, that God's object in human life, is love, and my lion would in no way devour my neighbor's lamb; for power united with love is God's own weapon of deal." My angel visitants vanished, and I said to General Wool, "We have been entertaining angels unawares"; and now I comprehend the blending powers of Deity, and comprehend God's object and aim in the constitution of man, that love may be three-fold: first, embryotic condition; second, wisdom of understanding; and third and last, union of forces, by the hand of Divine benediction; and the compact thus united forms principle, which is God. We may call God selfish, with truth, for the

background of the assertion for everything is taken to his great heart of comfort; nothing is left unprotected, although we may sometimes think that Satan has won the advantage in some localities and with some people. Still there is a treasured corner in every field of living principle, and in every human heart, where the dragon of evil can never find an entrance, for that is God's parlor where every thing choice has been laid away, and is only opened when the good messenger raps for admittance. My present condition of external bearing, could not become tangible to the earthly condition of external sight. We are in every degree of life suited to the atmosphere surrounding us. I am *en rapport* with my medium, consequently I am in her atmosphere, but only tangible to her mentality, or spiritual sense of sight. I never go alone to earth; the atmosphere is filled with circles of intelligences, going and coming, and like unto the pilgrimage to Mecca, where each soul is striving to carry or bring tithes mete for repentance.

To say that we walk, in spirit life, would be a misnomer, since our feet only serve in the propelling motion that wafts our body to the tune of our will. All motion is depend-

ent on will. The motion of the waving grass, and the undulating play of the forest trees, are whispered to prove the almost imperceptible will of atmospheric pressure. We float, we dance, we play, we always possess the buoyancy of youth, because spirit is elasticity; the floating aroma that pins its star of truth in all the worlds of ether blue. My robes of protection are simple and unpretending: To earth they would seem gossamer-like and shadowy, but to my spiritual condition and locality, perfectly tangible, and true to service. We manufacture fabrics for all wearing purposes. Ideality has here, room to expand, and nothing can exceed in beauty the design and finish of some articles of spirit apparel. I have seen here a web of cloth drawn out to yards and yards of such fine and glowing texture, that the eye could never weary in admiration of its beauty. The sunset dye of the deepening reddish hue is here a favorite color for a mantle of protection, and its significance is strength, and glory of achievement. I often visit earth in my sunset gown of dashing brightness; it seems to buoy me up in fervor, to act from a standpoint of brilliant motive power. I think the shading of our robes affect our

lives more than we think for; bright colors are truly essential to some people; they lend a keenness and charm to life. We should ever robe ourselves to suit our own ideality, for in pleasing ourselves we are in a better condition to please others. If a brilliant costume suit our physical development of manhood or womanhood, and suit our fancy fires of display, let us please our fancy when no harm can come to the physical by so doing. Sombre shades are apt to be in keeping with sombre dispositions. We always fraternize or harmonize the outward condition of robe-ment with the interior shapings of mind. Goethe found somewhere in study or travel, I suppose the terms are synonymous and agree in object, found that colors shape our destiny. That may seem strange, but the strangeness lies in our noncomprehension of chemical effluvia, steering our ship's crew of action. Has it ever been definitely understood why sailors dress almost uniformly in blue? Because in any other color harmony would be incomplete. The blue arch of heaven, the rolling sea that presents its blue flecked face give to the mariner a sense of oneness with heaven and sea. God's glory lies in the chief art of blending to perfect-

ness. Color is as essential to God as man, and man as God. It has never yet been determined the analysis of color, its formative principles, and how deduced from the world of natural keep-sakes, to enter into all the life-work of man. The best artists that the world has ever recognized, and adopted as standard models of power and influence, have been the workers who have best blended colors, and found the exact line of mingling merit; and in that one idea lies all the expression and beauty in pictured scenery, and in the facial illustrations of individual characters. I often visit the picture rooms and galleries of art on earth, and in more advanced localities of human effort and workmanship, and I find art fast progressing to nature; find that human effort is fast approaching to godly effort; and so in all the branches of mind gleanings. Progress is the watchword calling to duty. God's angel world is alive to the sounding term that bids all things follow in the godly wake of growth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRIENDSHIP implies interest in another's welfare, and a willingness to make a sacrifice for that person's good. Sacrifice, is the border land of love. I may talk love by the hour, and look love in the face smirkingly and shyly, but if I have never given of the gifts I have most treasured—then love has never opened the door of my heart; never left its rich cadences of musical suffocation along my soul-land of reciprocity. Love carries us away from self, to breast the difficulties besetting the pathway of the loved one. The eagle builds its nest in the mountain eyrie, that no harm may come to its family nest of young, and no prey that the mother eagle can secure, is held too sacred for her devouring love for her offspring.

The eagles power to love is grand,
Is bold in flight, is deep in skill,
And naught can break its will of strife
To well prolong its loved one's life.
Or stop the current of its power
Where love is guardian of the hour.

God's love strokes of deep laid power and skill. The children of time can but little realize, but when the great Arcana of natural law is unfolded, then may we understand something of our God of love; something of the first principles that bespoke the God-Head of past and even present mythological keepsakes. The grandeur of Godly conception will ever be in advance of the mindality of man; there will always be a spiral point called God, and man will be the satellites of moving cosmopolitan power and will of daring. I always expect to be John Bunyan, because I have always been John Bunyan since God's forces shaped my individuality, and that is to remain, for there is principle underlying every part and parcel of my structure. The principles that formed me could not form another like me; and why! because the conditions under which I was constituted an individual power of consequent manhood, would never be the same again, and hence the variety in physiognomy and character in the same household of children. I never expect to be God, never expect to be Christ even, but shall expand to whatever God's call of natural abilities leads me out to. Old Homer was claimed by many cities of power, and Christ's birth place has been



under the lash of disputation ; simply because he was Christ carrying the key to all the virtues, therefore many places would liked to have claimed His birth and consequent growth, but there is no law-place or time to chain growth unless we chain God, the propelling engineer, working the great lever of universal law. Theodore Parker has stated that man travels to God, in the direct line of natural research, and is expanded to the mind, formative principles of God; that is sound reasoning for the great hero of liberal thought and as Theodore Parker ever reasoned from cause to effect, we may with truth expect he will find the end of his chain, if end there be, and if its staple ring be enclosed in God's great caldron of circular beneficent purpose, then will Theodore Parker become a lesser God, to work out the established principles of the greater. Oh, man! why doubt of your ultimate success over death ; why doubt that the destroying angel is one of mercy, and that God's face of love is the silver lining that beams through every clouded atmosphere of life. I thank God for this great boon of happiness I now enjoy, and for the promised continuance which I witness in the flower garden, and ivy covered rocks of standard prin-

inciple, that meet me at every turn my wondering footsteps lead the way. I am no longer a pilgrim burdened with a load of disappointments and sorrows, trying to reach the celestial city of God's love and mercy, but I am stranded on the shore of Faith, Hope and Charity, and am a pilgrim traveling at the call of these three angel monitions of powerful appeal. God never finds me idle, there is always something for John Bunyan to do, always some corner in which to rear a school for the protection and elevation of the human mind divine. There is here no St. Peter's or St. Paul's church, no church of the Trinity, or Grace Church of sanctified towering monopoly, but here the Church is freedom, and God the minister at large, that drops a text from the waving mind of deocratic adjunct of symbolic representation. God's flower garden is nature's field, and art can never cause a life, beat to a single flower or a stem of wavin green, that makes landscape views of regal beauty; but God is as glorious in art as in nature, for both art and nature are soul monarchs of the principles on which their work is based. The locality which I now inhabit, is literally filled, so to speak, with gems of art; the sculptor has here, seemingly perfected

his art of white capped grandeur, and here are representations of manhood and womanhood, that seem to be asking for the breath of life, to start away from the dread silence surrounding them. There is soon to be dropped to earth another branch of educational knowledge, and its diffusive system must expel ignorance, and make broad base over the theocratic principles of past generations. The idiosyncracies that have found attachment to religion, or would be religion, have been of man making and fixing. God has never said, "pay to any minister of the gospel \$10,000 a year for preaching". Christ Jesus God would sooner say, if he could make a verbal communication, give to the poor in your midst, \$10,000 a year, and thereby practice Christ Jesus; and again is it God's command that the face of earth is here and there dotted with costly churches, that reach their spiral points heavenward, while the face of earth is here and there dotted with traveling vagabonds and outcasts, that reach no spiral point heavenward; and why? because frail human nature has had no standard beams of support. The church can boast of its plentiful means to make a show and foster the pride of man in dead symbols, but where

is the friendship, love, and pride that can give to the newly outstamps of Godly principle, that flood the cities of the world to-day, without a grimace of discontent and a wish that God's poor, were more genteel and less beggarly. God never says, "let your sabbath day service, be the dry husks and dead pottage gathered from the olden rookery of ancient theology," and labeled, "Holy Bible," because God to-day, does not fashion mind to be as receptive from that olden book of fables, as from the newer source springs of interest and truth, and labeled, "God's progressive Era." The church has spent its fury of truth, the road leading backwards is becoming bridged up, and a newer passage gained by the solvient light of reason, is carrying the nineteenth century away from the bottomless pit of despair, away from God's holy wrath, and away from the devil's field of glory. The new Jerusalem is lying all about us. We do not have to change our condition, our locality or our creed, to find the work that fits us for happiness, and fits us for God. The work is here, is everywhere, that shall make us efficient apostles to grace the pages of modern theology. Let forms and ceremonies be the background scenery, and deeds make the pic-

ture of lasting virtue, to be hung before the world of want. My backward course of study has been what fate brought in my way; I have never turned the crank to my own movements, I do not mean by that, I am not an individual capable of will forces of activity, but I mean this; that there is ever a higher arm of law, guiding our life-beats of purpose. We are inside the wheel of locomotive evolution, and turn or move as God's purpose attaches to our need. Fate is a stern boy, that often presents a smiling exterior to coy us into the channel best adapted to the individualization of character.

Some minds need the rough and trouble of life to make a foothold whereon to rest our accountability. Self-reliance is a staff that every person should carry, and some gain it through the fiery furnace of a troubled career in life, while others may always travel the rosy walks, and be lulled to forgetfulness beside the silver stream of content, and still manifest a self poise of power and strength, to battle, if occasion requires, with the adverse minds that sweep along the course of life's battle ground. Every person should have a pride of character to maintain, a self-reliant spirit to meet the difficulties and dis-

appointments that will ever surround the purposed work of man. The prevailing spirit to-day, in the world of earth, is inefficiency—a dropping to a seat of ease and the desire to lay the burdens of life into the arms or on to the back of a more prosperous power. Some there are who would shuffle off all responsibility, and drop into the indolent chair of repose, and fold their hands over life's burdens with the self complacency of a perfect humbug, and I would say to such, that the day of reckoning is surely awaiting them; for, every talent sprouted must grow; and if there are any that think that with the cessation of earth, life ceases responsibility, let them waylay the error at once; for, it is a mighty mistake, and one that will do untold mischief. The harbinger of health and peace is in this new dispensation, and we may look for a waking up of all the dormant faculties, and look for more self-reliant spirits to enter the portals of spirit life. George Washington told me, not long since, that life had only seemingly commenced with him; for, said he, "So much of my time passed in the unconscious atmosphere of disability, I could not see God's pledge mark of the future handling of events. I could only do my duty

as it stepped before me ;” to be sure, said he, “ I laid a fundament every day in regard to the future, hoping and trusting that my platform was solid ground ; but the knowledge direct that I was sure of life and its active details of interest forever on was withheld from me, until I had passed the rubicon of selfish desire ;” and now, said he, I am living, I am blessed with a staple fund of beautiful prospects, and life presents the sheeny hue of a broad and glowing purpose.” I wonder if the Church to-day could recognize any beauty in the life of Thomas Paine, and what was it, and is it now, that made and makes the man so unpopular. It was, and is, ignorance, for Thomas Paine never did a mean act in his life ; he was ever true to the honest convictions of his reason ; he laid before the world the whys and wherefores of his not believing the Bible to be a verbal command from God ; and Thomas Paine was as true in his reasoning as he could be in that age of advancement. People to-day can look in his age of reason without the galvanic shock of horror that used to be felt in the fingers and toes of the would be religious world. Thomas Paine, in the lighthouse of spiritual advancement, sees the sheaves of truth in the Bible

array of witchery and enthusiasm, that caught the inspiration it could best digest, and hold before the world in the symbolical assumption of Godly merit.

Truth will stand ; whether found in the Bible, the Koran, or the fabled story of "Jack the Giant Killer;" for truth is the pure grain called for the harrowed ground of the next generation.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT seems by somehook and crook of Godly purpose or manly purpose, that the world is becoming topsy turvy. People are drifting to the shores of a reasonable light ; and the olden hue of anarchy and oppression over the thinking part of man's nature, is becoming more shaded with the bright colors of lasting virtue.

A person to-day can say, I do not believe thus, and so, without being termed a spy, sent out from the Courts of Deviltry. I honor the person, who, after a careful scrutiny and investigation of a subject, can come out with true manly or womanly courage, as the case may be, and say, "I do not believe thus and so ; or, I do believe, because my reason approves or disapproves ; and I cannot help my opinion formed." We may look in that person's soul for honor, and integrity of motive. Charles Lamb possessed great versatility of thought ; and when a truth was made manifest to him, he acknowledged its power

over his soul. Why do people shrink from the acknowledgement of truth? Why bind the unction of error around the heart purposes of life, and create stormy seas where it might be fair sailing. I know of no sorrow so great as a continual dodging of truth; a desire to slip the noose of accountability; and in order to do that, people many times will make themselves out to be nobodies; with the thought perfectly unfledged and in the pin feather of discontent; because, in failing to acknowledge truth we fail to grow rightfully, and are completely muddled over our bone of error. There is a right way and a wrong way in life, and both are perfectly tangible to reason, when reason is allowed a seat at our hearth stone of honest deal. He who abides by a wrong, reaps wrong culture; and where thistles are imbedded, the sweet anemone or shaded faced pink cannot grow in luxuriant freedom. Therefore, Oh, man and woman, sow the seeds that will sprout virtues and the harvest will be peace. The children of life's Abbey are growing in power, and the base condition of that power will be the free unity of heart and mind, to grapple with the spirit of progress that is in all the atmosphere about us; and from every tone sent out from the great organ of God's love.

The age of mystery is breaking to the comprehensive spirit of man, and no dismal bird of prey will croak around the pool of infidelity. Christ's second coming is drawing all to the rightful stream of salvation, and there need never be any more Jonah's in the whale's belly of ignorance; for man has learned that one generation plants the animalcule or molecular particles on which the next stage of life rears successful tabernacles of strength. The ministry, by force of outside agreement, is dropping its spirit of control, and the free thinkers are giving out an element that buoys up the soul; and life is felt to be a power within itself. God has a work for every heart beat of individuality; and the frail ones of earth often do a service for God and humanity, that a stronger power could not accomplish. It takes the weak ever to confound the wise, and that is so from a force of natural law, for weakness is negative condition, and positive force controls and subjects the springs that can convey intelligence. The law that governs the minutia of elementary activity, is the force law of preponderating particles of superior strength. The mother governs the child, because superior weight and measure and superior will func-

tions, create the subjective spirit in the child. Is it not God's immensity that fills us with awe and solemnity, more than it is God's love. There is a spirit in humanity that respects and caters to strength, when weakness might pass along unheeded, or excite the heart to pity, or it might be a contemptuous feeling would pass the portals of our judgment. We are born to sorrow, and the pleasures are thrown in to fill up the measure of experience and discontent. We are never so happy as when we think we might be, because imagination is ever exaggerative, always borrowing, but never giving back the full amount. Life is a school of rehearsal; and the play is only perfected when the drop curtain is lifted to our advantage on the shores of the immortal life. Pearls have great significance in the spirit world; they are the embossment to a pure and holy life. We can only call around us the emblems that correspond or affinitize with our social and religious natures. Peace never attracts turmoil, the two elements conflict; and a free passage is sought by one or both of the opposing parties. There must be a modicum of congeniality that attracts any two forces of superior or inferior strength. There must

be a mingling of the magnetic currents to produce an equilibrium in the affectional caskets of power. We are never so strong as when drawn to the right element of magnetic attraction ; because then we have met our equilibrium, and our weakened forces have gained strength, and also imparted the vitalizing movement in the opposite condition of life. Truth is ever stronger than fiction, and when the harmonial law is fully and perfectly developed and understood there will be no impurity attached to the mingling of the sexes. We are coming out to the light where we must give heed to our needs, where we must endeavor to grow scientifically, and therein grow truthfully. No person can know the needs or requirements of another person, and, moreover they never can know ; for every person has an especial house to keep, and it is well understood that no two buildings of time's pleasure of destruction are swept and garnished alike, or with the same implements of use, therefore, we may infer that each individual casket must find its own means of growth and purification.

Hamlin the great organ builder, associated everything with sound ; nothing so beautiful to him as music, and he seemed to think that

if a person had not music in their soul, they were almost devoid of interest, and the whole world seem to have taken Hamlin's platform, and pass condemnation on the private and public lives of each other ; that spirit is all wrong, and grows from the noncomprehension of the natural laws that control our driftings to each other. We are in God's orbit of love, and we must all partake of the quantity and quality, that is the best adapted to our mental and physical structures of reception.

“Whom the God's love die young,” is a quotation or translation from the old Hebrewic canticles of mythological keepsakes ; but I should say in these later days, that whom the God's love and propel out to do a service for the world at large, are misunderstood and sorely afflicted, and beset by doubts, from the same public they are giving their life energies to make happier ; all persons have the right to a legitimate pursuit of happiness ; but all persons are not allowed its pursuance in the most harmonious channel, and are often circumvented by powers or circumstances beyond their control. What might have been we have no business to meddle with, because there is no shadow of hope resting around that ideal fountain of little worth we must call

our benefits, from the works before us, and trudge along with our packs empty or filled, as we have been diligent in our dutious search.

Christian's pack or burden has been strapped to the back and felt around the heart of many a monarch soul, traveling the stubborn road of life ; and God's mansion house of love seems afar off, but there is ever some point to be gained, some halting place where we stop and count the cost of our journey, and try and realize what we have gained from what we have expended. It is oftentimes well and consistent with reason, to count the cost before we make a purchase in the moral, intellectual or physical field of action, and then again some people meet with better results by stepping out to meet what may come, trusting in the good genie of fate to make smooth the unattempted future even in thought. What I most wish to impress upon the minds of all thinking people, is the necessity of instituting a self-governing or regulating spiral rule of action. Let us take the platform that we are ascending, monocules capable of great expansion and growth, capable of joining hands with God, and mingling our forces of accumulation in the great centripetal foci of world building. God is

mundane as well as spiritual, and as we are prototypes of the first seedling fruit, it is not assumption but a pleasurable fact, that we verge towards and mingle in the vestibule of Godly greatness. My Backward Glimpses have called up many a reminiscence of the past, and the items I thought would best suit and be of advantage to the world, I have gathered together in book form, and I send it forth, hoping the refrain will be glad tidings of great joy, and hoping that earth will receive me, although I come dressed in the freedom suit that somewhat conflicts with my past darkened garb of earthly apparel.

God grant this era of world knowledge may have a fundament of truth whereon to rest the growth of individuality, and whereon to stand firm when the dashing waves of priestly power shall seek the door-way of spirit communion. My friends of earthly relationship, I would that I could reach you, I would that I could speak to you in a verbal language, asking you to come higher, that God's temple is filled with true and loving friends, only waiting for the signal that shall say, I am wanted. Then, Oh, friends, will your homes and all the walks of life be strengthened, and thereby purified by the knowledge that God

has raised us up to become a help to Himself, has clothed us with every attribute of Godly wearing, and has stamped us that we may be ever recognized as the sheep straying to the fold of Christly love and merit. So therefore, oh world, be diligent in search, and be true to the honest convictions that surge through your soul lives, and thus may we meet the smiling face of God, the herald whole ; a blessing to the world and a gift of peace and fellowship, while we all journey towards the height of spiritual unfoldment.

I will give a short poem handed to me by Elizabeth Browning, and is a gem in the great setting house of truth.

THE WORLD'S NEED.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A fountain plays beside my door,
And dreamland forest, stretched beyond,
Which makes my home an Eden bower,
Filled with perfume from many a flower;
And here I live and call for time,
The sprays of truth from lands divine.

Here am I seated, this bright morn,
With flowing raiment, book in hand,
And asking my bright muse to guide
My wandering thoughts to timely tide,
And open wide my wisdom cell,
That I may labor long and well.

I asked my muse what earth most needs,
And sat me still, to await reply,
Well knowing that my angel friend,
Would brightest council to me lend;
And give me what at present time,
The world would to degree incline.

Her needs are many, said my friend,
And we are gleaners gone before,
Now let us drop our staple wheat,
That is so glorious and sweet,
Beside the shriveled grain of earth,
And thus commence a better birth.

The world is filled with talents fine,
And wisdom sits beside her springs;
But love the cupid archer sly,
Has evee waited, bye and bye,
To do the things that's now required,
For, strange to say the creeds seem tired.

Tired of chasing errors old,
And see no growth from efforts made,
No minds expanding hearts made pure,
Their stream of knowledge is secure,
And Christ the sufferer still at large,
Is keeping thought and sins in charge.

Oh! world, a woman weak I am,
A traveler on the sunny side,
But well I know you need more love,
More Noah's arks and friendly doves;
To rest the weary tired soul,
And carry hope to hearts grown cold.

What can I give, to bless and save,
Since woman's worth is scarcely proved,
And little heeded in the strife,
Of principle with erring life;
But well I know another need,
Is woman's power with man's to lead?

Another force to counterplay,
And balance even justice' scales,
Which have too long weighed to the full,
The power that could the money pull;
And also tax to pay a debt,
What justice fails to represent.

You have a need, Oh world, to live,
Upon a moral, high-toned plane,
A need to sprout and grow the seed,
That will to virtue truly lead;
And join the male and female hand,
In loving purpose, noby planned.

Since Adam could not live alone,
Or Eve consent to idle be,
God surely had some broad design
In seeking thus to man entwine;
A love of home with active measures,
To consummate his highest measures.

Man truly needs a sovereign balm,
In form of virtue, peace, and hope,
That life may claim its rightful due,
And not be cheated by a few,
Whose monied power God ne'er defends,
But constant seeks the rightful ends.

Why should we seek to crush a part
Of brothers, sisters to us given,
To make earth life a social field,
Where hearts may oft to duty yield
And never seek to murder love,
The Peace-king from the Courts above.

Earth little heeds her starry flag,
The banner that for freedom speaks,
For woman is the voiceless bird
That Congress never yet has heard,
And does not now intend to give
The right to independence live.

Oh! God we scorn this fettered yoke
That is so galling and so base,
That hearts of womanhood must feel
The wrong that's done in manly deal,
And ask why so the mother's heart
Should feel so long the bitter smart.

Why sisters should be left to grope
Along a path with darkness laid,
And see no friendship in earth's laws,
No interest in their working cause,
No friendly voice of mercy given
When they with virtue long have striven.

Great God! we need amendments true,
We need and must obtain the right
To work in union side by side
With man in cause of country's pride,
And to secure by freedom's letter,
The spirit which will prove much better.

We need a dog on error's track,
A huntsman clad to breast the tide,
Whose armor will reflect a will
To say old wrongs henceforth be still;
Henceforth let virtue lead the way,
Let justice be the God of day.

Let man and woman, God's own power,
Join heart and hand for equal rights,
Nor seek to blast each others name
For love or power of worldly fame;
For our true errand is to give
A rightful purpose while we live.

We spirit soldiers passing on,
Do often step to earthly homes
And feel the wrongs in social ties,
Feel friendship oft her name belies,
And love, the king and queen of hearts
Is sadly changed in all its parts.

God grant that rightful powers may sway
The nation in her present need,
And all the gathered force of mind
Work for the good of all combined,
And then can God, the heroed king,
See all things verging to his ring.

I ask of earth this smallest boon
To search above for rays of light,
Nor bind the soul to worldly gain,
The moth that doth corrupt the brain,
When motives sordid and apart,
From God's own field the common mart.

Fair world you need the flower divine,
The blossom that shall never fade,
Sweeter by far than anemone
Dipped in the nectardew of home,
And set apart for favored guest,
And bitter sweet for all the rest.

This flower is love, whose sheeny light
Would beautify a desert wild,
And cause the human heart to speak
To erring ones, both kind and sweet
That true repentance may be gained
And all hearts by one God reclaimed.

There is no Heaven apart from love,
No God that roams Elysian fields,
Unless the smile that lights his face
Is meant for every time and place,
And meant at last to reach false deal,
And to all sin in law repeal.

We know that progress mounts the stage
Of active life's dramatic scenes,
And what has been can ne'er return
To burn its incense on our urn,
For, we have nothing set apart
To favor working in the dark.

More light we crave—more light we ask—
For reason never more can sleep
Beside the active stream of life
When progress is the God of strife,
Whose chariot wheels crush mythic art,
The darksome badge 'round God's true heart.

The world needs Christ in golden sheen,
A spirit bright with deeds of love,
Enrapport with each human heart,
And in all general terms take part,
That go to make the world of earth
Fit traveler for celestial birth.

Christ has, too long, stood idly by
With suction forces wrongly laid,
His blood has served to soul enthral,
And cover mind with darkness' pall;
But, in this nineteenth century bland,
Christ must appear with spirit hand.

Earth needs God's arc of wisdom true,
To beautify and bless her shores ;
Needs moral strength and courage brave,
To chase all despots to their grave ;
And ne'er give heed to slavery's call,
Whose voice no music can recall.

Earth, truly, needs her spirit springs
Made ready for the contest bold ;
For, spirit mind and voice, at last
Will blow on earth one long, loud blast ;
And its refrain, so long and sweet
Will, nevermore, find mind asleep.

One other need has earth to-day
To carry on her work of love,
Joint stock in principle and hearts all strong,
To multiply no public wrong,
And seek to make the public poor
A gift from God, to us secure.

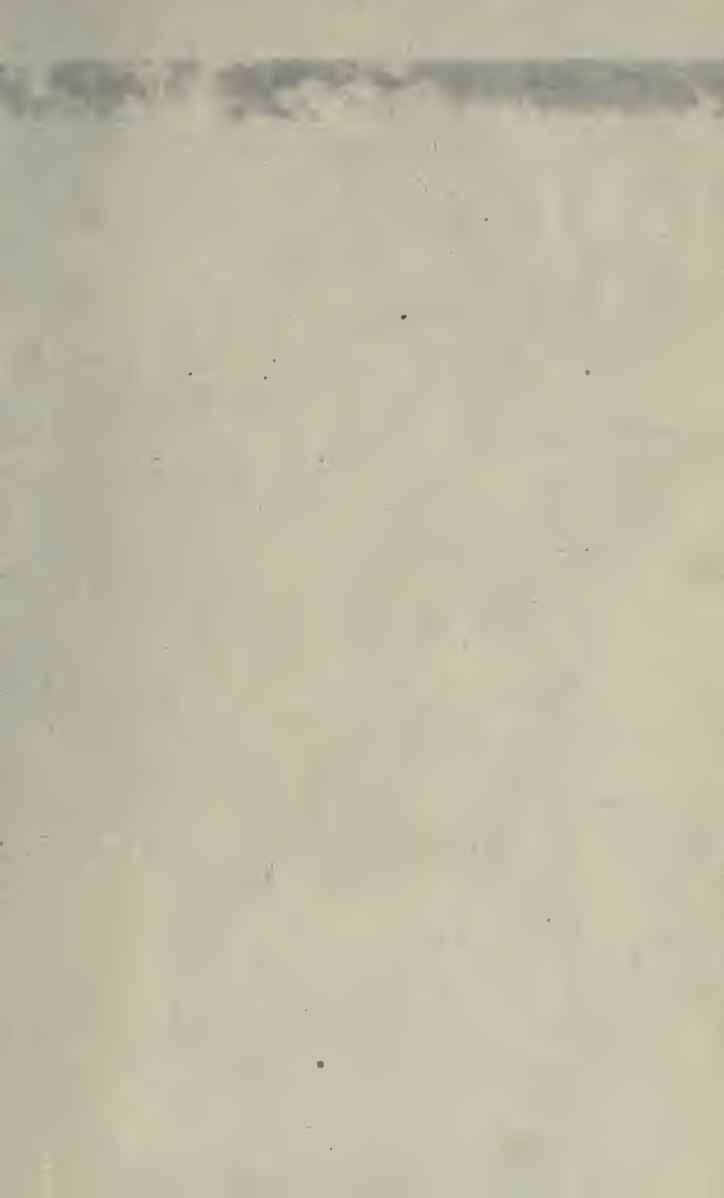
Let not our souls all selfish be ;
For, naught of chattels can we take
But deeds of love, and kindness given
Can never from our souls be riven ;
But will in Heaven find ample scope
And crown our brow with Christly hope.

One need has earth, I'd quite forgotten,
To make her ring forever heard.
It is the power to trace and feel
The needs of others, when they kneel
With sorrowing hearts and anguished face
Unto God's table land of grace,

And ask of mortal man to give
The smallest pittance e'en to live.
It may be Mercy, Pardon, Gold
That's asked, by penitence made bold ;
What'er it be, if love's extended,
Our peace with God is well defended.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.





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