

THE SPIRITUAL WISDOM SERIES.

No. 3

Man's Here & Hereafter

Written by
FREDERICK H. HAINES,
F.C.I.B.

Those who crave for a larger illumination of the meaning of Life and Death will find herein light given by the Grace of God. The religious and the irreligious must win something herefrom if they will read, mark, and learn the wisdom herein.

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THE BOOK OF SPIRITUAL WISDOM.

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MAN'S HERE & HEREAFTER

Part 3

OF

THE BOOK OF SPIRITUAL WISDOM.

Written by

FREDERICK H. HAINES, F.C.I.B.

This book is complete in itself. It is epoch-making and of fascinating interest, supplying a spiritual philosophy in a most readable form. It unifies ancient thought and modern science. The picture of "The Hereafter" is rational and compelling. You will read this book again and again and ever find new thought therein.

SIMPKIN MARSHALL, LIMITED,
Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.4.

THE PURE THOUGHT PRESS, 173, High Street, Watford, Herts.

NOTE.—*A lengthy account of how this book was written, with very interesting particulars of the earth-life of "the good friend" Cuno, who herein speaks, is to be found in the first volume of this series, "Man's Place in Creation."*



1918. 1742
(62029)

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*"I am he that liveth, and was
dead; and, behold, I am alive
for evermore.*

*"Write the things which thou
hast seen, and the things which
are, and the things which shall
be hereafter. . . ."*

St. John the Divine.

CHAPTER I.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

MOST men let the hour of death come unforeseen, unconsidered, unwanted. The reality of Life obsesses them to a delusion that the "present" is a complete time-unit to be lived to the full as a sense creation. "Wine, women and song," "let the dance go on," "drink and be merry"; thus the glorification of the "Present" finds plenty of verbal and written illustration in the speech and literature of man. East and West the story is the same although the setting be different. Kismet, Fate, what is to be will be; ever it is a rejection of the spirit that would visualize the larger issues of life and so the cynic plays to the gallery of physical cravings. But the inevitable hour comes at length to all, it cannot be postponed, the fatal draught that ye would refuse has to be drunk at last, and then—What?

I tell ye, friends, life is no time for leisured self-indulgence, for pampered sense-realization; it is a time for growth, for spiritual accomplish-

ments that may not be achieved when the Soul is no longer incarnate. Such is the Will of the Divine Immanence that glorifies Earth-life and lifts man to "Itself," that even by the subjugation of the flesh that imperils purity the Soul may attain spiritual strength for the work of the life to come. The fight must be fought. The effort must be made. Passive surrender to the World-condition, in mad confidence that therein ye live life to its last throb, were but wasted opportunity to become true sons of God, inheritors of The Father's Kingdom.

Why, then, this foolish procrastination of opportunity? What gives rise to this opprobrium of preparation for a journey which has such momentous issues? For business, or even pleasure, ye would waste no opportunity to acquaint yourselves with every considered detail of the earth-journey to be undertaken and that were of comparatively trivial importance in the whole round of Life. The warm glow of anticipation in such mundane happenings is fostered to your greater content. Ye look forward with pleasure. The thrill of "something out of the ordinary" holds the Soul entranced. But this glorious adventure into "The Beyond" intimidates man. Ye are affrighted so that craven ye would go ignorant, blind, drunken with sensual wine to the crossing that must, *must*, be made.

Can I come to your aid and invigorate the unhealthy mentality that is responsible for this degradation of The Spirit?

Good friends, Death is a privileged transition from Darkness to Light, from futile War to creative Peace. It may be achieved in a glory of passing that were as sunrise over still waters glowing with the effulgent emanations of the heavenly mystery, peaceful, joyous, wonderful; or it may be a forced, struggling descent into a dark void from whence, after much tribulation, the Soul emerges blinded and voiceless into God's Kingdom of Celestial Day. Choose now, while ye may, good friends, the manner of your "passing"! It is all a question of being prepared.

How, say you? Purblind, ye have no vision of the glory to come, no spiritual thrill of expectancy based on the narrative of one who has made the journey. Heaven is alleged to be "a bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns." Yet do I, who made the crossing in The Fifth Century, anno Domini, speak to you in no uncertain tone. Nor am I alone in this ministry to human need. Many have come back intent on discovering to man the glorious truth concerning God's Spiritual Kingdom.

One above all others came back, The Lord Christ, and He committed to the charge of those

who witnessed His return and ascension the telling to all nations of the glad tidings. But they who saw Him were "sore afraid" and their vision was clouded with the earth mire of physical perception. They "knew Him not" in His Spirit form. They must see Him as He was, pierced and bleeding, before He was "evidential." He must needs eat and drink with them as a sign of reality; and even then there were some who doubted.

The Lord Christ was tender unto their incapacity to understand. He manifested Himself in accordance with their human desires and, lo, they knew Him! But even that miracle of the risen dead sufficeth not to inspire courage in man to understand the enigma that the Way to Everlasting Life is through the portals of Death.

The secret of your human incapacity to visualize Death as a glorious adventure is of an inherent nature. Firstly, there is this physical limitation which demands material signs of spiritual things and so cumbers revelation of "after-life" with man-made symbols of heavenly perfections. The task of interesting man in Spirit Life were onerous to the most advanced "Teacher." Man, in his state of self-adulation, cannot conceive the superimposition of faculties that eliminate the revered five-senses and the

precious mental process to which he is accustomed. The worm moves obedient to Nature through the chrysalis state to winged flight and may never understand the processes or vision the future. Similarly, on the physical plane, ye men lack ability to understand the secret processes that disrupt the carnal shroud for the liberation of the Spirit; and while enmeshed, how can ye visualize the glory of perfection which human "sense" may never perceive? Only by symbols based on the physical appearance can we pretend to unfold the mystery for your earth-bound understanding. The flight of the Spirit transcends aerial imagery, and the life hereafter is not to be limned in black and white, nor coloured in hue to which the human eye has constrained capacity to see. In your way ye speak truth when ye admit inability to realize the after-life.

But God leaves you not so impotent of understanding. There is within each Soul a secret revelation that indicates its high purpose and justifies faith. The Spirit whispers of unsensed mysteries that link your earth-life with a divine purpose which culminates not in Death but makes that inevitable end of mortal life prophetic of immortality. Ye have but to hearken to the voice within and ye know that Death is but a sleep and an awakening. An awakening!

To what? The Spirit knows and gives you goodly counsel; but ye feign indifference and come trembling to the grave. Secretly conscious of the truth ye come with averted eyes, fearing that the "Hereafter" may justify your premonitions. These long years the voice within has made insistent warning—Be prepared! live so that ye may Live!! The incorruptible may not die, why feign ye indifference? It is because of your intuitive realization of your unpreparedness to "Live" that ye supplement ignorance of Heaven with fear of Death.

Not here can I punctuate the Teachings of The Master with Spirit counsel how ye should live. That were an intrusion unbecoming to one who knows that The Master speaks direct to each of you; and if ye will not hearken unto Him, unto God, how shall ye heed my poor words? But I can enjoin men to be not afraid. Whatever be your sins He has the prerogative of Mercy and would give greeting to each who comes through the gloomy Gate of Death to the bright reality of Life Eternal.

Does the river flowing to the sea lament the purpose of its flow, or find negation in the larger tide of active being that serves to cleanse and purify a material world? Listen to its song among the impeding rocks as it carols achievement and hastens to the plains and the ocean.

Shall man, made of God in His Image, a very Spirit of Power, be insensate to the purpose of his life and go less confident to his glorious consummation of spiritual evolution? With a larger access of love and faith through this experience of mortal life the Soul must win through. There is nothing futile in God's Creation. Even thy very sins chasten thee. But the way of the transgressor is hard; it is a weary way and full of lamentation. But the pure in heart, whose aspirations have been ever towards The Light and who abominate The Darkness, they shall see their spiritual unfoldment to His ultimate purpose, and for them Death is but the Dawn of everlasting Day. What they have been is nothing to what they shall be; for each experience on Earth or in Heaven is but an apprentice-time to still greater perfection, to still more important service.

The Path of Heavenly progress is the Highway of God's Love, Infinite, never to be explored to an ultimate capacity. Absolute, Divine! will ye not tread it without fear? Courage, good friends, and in the hour of Death rejoice!!

CHAPTER II.

PRIDE IN PURGATORY.

PART I.

WHEN the Soul finds liberty from its mortal clay the conditioning heaven or hell of its immediate probation-days is a reflection of its true Self. Its surroundings, under the law of God's far-seeing justice, is a "purgatory" wherein, as in a mirror, it sees itself. Time is then but an abstraction of the mind and may be of brief or long duration, according to the felicity or misery of the disciplined Soul. In the higher altitudes of the Celestial state Time has no function to perform and does not exist. But where earth-lamentations are still manifest, and expiation of sin or error has to be made, Time is an awful reality that overshadows the whole conscious existence. Then, indeed, the imagined sense-pleasure is truly fleeting and eludes the effort of desire, while the burden of weariness and suppository pain is accumulative and persistent beyond conceivable time. That which the erring

one desires is then unattainable; and that which becomes hateful has to be endured, even though To-day knows no Yesterday of respite nor a less terrible To-morrow.

There is no other way to spiritual cleanliness than through consciousness of sin; and though those who wake from Death to the illusion of a Hell that is but the reflection of their own desires may experience momentary satisfaction, yet they are quickly disillusioned when the faculties of enjoyment are put to the test. After Death there is no joy of the senses, no satisfying the carnal appetite. The mockery of effort is maintained by the illusion of a self-conceived environment until spiritual regeneration transforms Purgatory into Paradise. Let me give you an illustration.

(NOTE.—*This narrative which seems to be a sort of allegory, offended my sense of fitness and I was inclined to resent wasting time taking down such "trivialities." But as it progressed I was impressed to accept it as truth in symbolical form which would be understood by some to whom the rest of the book might prove difficult. Undoubtedly the conditions immediately after Death are very like those preceding it.—F.H.H.).*

On Earth he was a reputable member of the community in which he dwelt, a greengrocer in a

provincial town, active in local affairs, member of a town council, a somebody in his own sight as well as in the sight of his "inferiors." A leading light and chief patron of a little chapel where the austerities of a form of religious worship deadened every joyful impulse towards God, he visualized Heaven as a sort of glorified Little Bethel where psalm-singing and woeful lamentation occupied the whole time of the assembled saints. He expected in the after-life to occupy an important "seat" near "the throne." And while yet only middle-aged, he died.

The transition from the operating-table of a hospital on Earth to the bed of a Rest House "on the other side" found him oblivious to what had happened. He deemed himself "still in the hospital"; and only the strange interpolating of spirit-ministry, purposed to secure his composure, jarred his complacent acceptance of "hospital" which his thoughts postulated as reality. He was prepared to "patronize" the sister who gave him not the customary "medicine" but gently touched him with her Spirit of Healing as she hovered around. He felt invigorated by her presence but resented her unfamiliar manner. Didn't she know him? Wasn't he on the Hospital Board? And where were the other familiar officials?

His mental questions evoked out of the very air a messenger who bent above him in sympathetic

regard—his aged mother who came as he knew her when she "passed over." His mother! The man closed his eyes incredulous of the vision. But when he looked again, yes, she was still there, but younger, more angelic, a presentment of what she had been when he was a child.

She spoke to him, addressed him by name; and with her were others he had known long since, old friends. Of course it was all a delusion. He was in the hospital, under the influence maybe of the anæsthetic which the surgeon had administered. Strange that the vision persisted! And then, gently they broke the news, tried to make him understand: he was dead! Preposterous!! He had never felt so much alive!

The truth was so unexpected, so unlike the delusion fostered during years of chapel-worship, that he repulsed all overtures to enlighten him. He created an atmosphere more in accordance with his narrow vision. He was dead! Well, that had to be admitted. But he was not prepared to forego that worship of Self which had dignified his Earth-days.

Presently he found himself the centre of other zealots who had frowned on the unconventional conditions of Heaven and were determined to "chapelize" them. They lustily sang hymns of lugubrious strain bewailing their sinful state, although—to tell the truth—none present deemed

himself less than one of the faithful already elect.

On a hill remote from the sinful horde that sought pleasure in the Earth-ways, our zealots of personal salvation founded their Chapel of Zion. Each aspired to be a deacon. Each on Earth had received the homage of brethren who esteemed outward show of piety above spiritual reality within. And the conditions created by these conflicting desires to be "first" reproduced the real atmosphere of their past life. Under such conditions they lived exclusively within the confines of their thought-world, repeating in minute detail the worries, jealousies, and routine that had endeared "chapel" to them through Earth-time. And so, without spirit aid, they might have gone on indefinitely until the burden of their self-worship crushed every religious aspiration and their end would have found them consorting with the despised sinners. But The Light came and illumined their darkness. Our greengrocer worthy fell from his pedestal of pride and knew humility. It came about in this wise.

The routine of a decorous life, in his new state, lacked something which had inspired it on Earth. He was dead. At any rate there were subtle changes in his environment, the competitive needs and body requirements had no reality beyond the shadow that fell from the past; his condition was inexplicable if he rejected the explanation offered.

He was dead. But this was not his idea of Death. It lacked the Victor's Crown and the "glory hallelujah" of a religious and good life. He wanted "himself" recognised. But there was no disguising the truth; this present condition afforded him no thrill of appreciation; all the good folk in "the flock" were too keen on lauding their own saintliness to regard his superior virtues. One gets so tired of self-worship when the audience is only one's self. And so it was with our friend. He found "chapel" deadly dull at times.

Down in the valley of mists that lay at the foot of the hill whereon these good folk consorted for "chapel-life" was a dreadful region—so it was said—where people lived the "evil life." John, for we will so call him, had no desire to explore in that direction. The stories relating thereto which adorned every preachment in their "chapel" labelled that region "unclean," a place where it defileth a man to enter. But there was another region, away beyond the hills, "The Uplands," as they were called, which attracted him whenever the life of the "chapel" became wearisome. This region was sometimes known as "The Summer Land," and was a temptation which had to be resisted. The name smacked too much of pleasure for "the good folk." "They said" that there were no chapels nor churches

there. "They said" that the ungodly walked about admiring the scenery or idling time away in lazy indolence and in worshipping the pagan god Pan. "They said" that the people of the region laughed and sang with never a lamentation nor a confession of their sinful nature. Yes, undoubtedly, to John it was a *terra incognita* which lured his interest more and more as he passed to and fro in the business of the community. And one day—or was it night?—he left the precincts of his adopted region in a mood to explore.

This question of night or day troubled him. Sometimes it was twilight, semi-darkness, but never Night as he had known it during Earth-life. Neither was it ever Day in the usual sense of the word. Although he knew it not he was on the Astral Plane and his mind tintured his conditions with perpetual gloominess. On this particular occasion there prevailed an excess of gloom attributable to his morose state of mind. He wanted—he knew not what. To escape "himself" was the unrealized need of the moment. And so he set out to explore The Uplands and, possibly, the secret of that brighter distance they termed The Summer Land.

That was his intention. But the way was unfamiliar and in his state of mind ascent was difficult, if not impossible. So, thinking he

ascended, he gravitated down the valley into the mists that shrouded earth-conditions more sensual than his own. The way was fog-bound in the obscurities of material desire. John was lost.

At length he emerged from his dream-world of subjective hallucination into the active creation of the minds of multitudinous pleasure-seekers. The gloom gave place to an artificial radiance that made pretence of Day and was all sparkle and glitter. John reacted to the brightness which almost seemed sunny. His austere countenance grimaced appreciation; although he viewed with isolated concern the busy throng that roved hither and thither in restless pursuit of unattainable pleasures.

What were they doing? His thought-question provoked an instant answer from an enthusiast at his elbow. "Football match! Ought to be re-played to-day! Postponed yesterday and before that. Hope The Imps win!"

Football!!! John was not interested in football, yet thought it wise to hide his aversion. His interlocutor, however, quickly sensed criticism and voiced agreement. "Rotten game when they do play. They never get any goals: all fouls and fights. Bores me stiff!" Saying which he hurried off in eager pursuit of illusive

pleasure and left John wondering. Not for long, however, for he found a score of other victims of habit anxious to initiate him into the vagaries of this, that, or the other "pleasure" which, however, inevitably proved chimerical.

The further John strayed into this region the more questionable became the prevailing "amusement." Here and there Vice in subdued manner reared its head and sent him hot-foot in retreat. If this is The Summer Land, he thought, the sooner he returned to his familiar Chapel the better.

"The Summer Land, seek ye?" a voice enquired. John turned towards the speaker, one who stood radiant in his own light, a Messenger of Mercy offering a helping hand. John confessed his thought. The Messenger continued: "You must ascend The Hill of Impotent Desire and pass through The Gate of Self-Abnegation, brother, ere you can reach The King's Highway which leadeth to The Summer Land." This was indeed news to John, and he plied his visitor with innumerable questions, discovering great consternation when informed of his descent into The Valley of Delusion, as the speaker named it. He commenced to understand the temptations that beset him and forthwith suspected of evil design even the radiant One before him. False prophet! But such thought was too transparent

to his angelic visitor, and was greeted compassionately. "Brother, thy way to The Chapel of Pride," he said, "is up yon ascent if thou desirest to return thither." There was a note of interrogation underlying the music of his speech which failed, however, to catch John's attention. "Return to the Chapel?" John asked himself the question. Whatever would The Folk think of him? A backslider! A Worldling! They would surely discover his sin and point the finger of scorn.

While John thus rehearsed the personal consequences of his fall from the path of chapel dignity, counting only its reactions upon Self, The Messenger turned from him and vanished with a sigh of regret.

The Chapel was, indeed, close at hand; and John laboured up the slight ascent, dour of countenance. He was only conscious of the assembled crowd who already questioned his right of approach and the danger of contamination to their godly persons.

PART II.

THE business of receiving back into the fold the lost sheep that had strayed, afforded the good

folk at the Chapel full scope for display of magnanimity that stimulated their good opinions of themselves and shamed their victim. Public penitence put John in his place; and them in theirs. Everyone present rejoiced in conscious superiority—they had never descended into Hell. They had never known temptation. They were self-elect to the oligarchy of Saints who made the moral laws that were to satisfy God and bring sinners either to heel or to Hell. You see how perfectly their attempt to chapelize Purgatory had reproduced the Earth conditions.

But John, although at first the loss of prestige was all that mattered, found his humiliation an ennobling experience and gained thereby. The realization of weakness was a spiritual unfoldment which begot further progress. He ceased to "boast" his sinful nature. Conscious of offence in the sight of God as well as man, John found in prayer a new purpose. He no longer bewailed his " manifold sins and wickedness." He besought strength to overcome temptation. And thus, alienated from the self-proud community that frequented the Chapel of Pride, John aspired to something higher.

He knew, now, the path which led down into the Valley of Delusion. His experiences there, on which we have not dilated, seared his soul;

and the landmarks were unforgettable. He was not likely to make a second descent. Experience is a strong safeguard. But, somehow, that bright light away across The Uplands, which rumour identified as "The Summer Land," fascinated him and compelled secret wonderment whenever he stood alone or sat in solitary meditation.

Someone—who was it?—had told him that to reach The Summer Land he must ascend The Hill of Impotent Desire. That suggestion prompted action. He became anxious to locate that place but was timid of enquiry. There was none whom he could ask without risking censure. The geography of the surrounding country afforded hills and valleys innumerable; but promiscuous exploration was tabooed as pernicious to the well-being of the community and attended with peril. It was considered "wise" to run no risks on unfamiliar ground. The unknown *must* be devil-ridden. Yet, secretly, John wondered and wandered.

He found himself, at length, after many excursions, climbing a new ascent. The going was hard. The road was rough and seldom trodden. He was alone yet not alone: for behind him in the darkness that had gathered o'erhead he heard footfalls and whispers, with never an echo and ever suggestive of an

inexplicable but unseen presence. He sensed danger, evil. Had he looked back—so it seemed to him—someone, *something*, would have hailed him by name. But he had an intuition not to look back, not to be addressed out of the darkness, not to succumb to fear or curiosity. He must go forward and upward if his instinct for self-preservation was to be satisfied.

Anon, on either side of him, out of the lurking shadows, ominous hands sought to detain him, hands that were shining and shapely in the half-light, with a touch like velvet, warm and caressing. Their interplay in the gloom fascinated him and he found difficulty in evading their eager hold. But an urge to resist his impulse to investigate this mystery gave him courage and strength to press ever on and upwards.

A diversion arose when he met a stranger coming downhill towards him. They met. They exchanged civilities. John was morose, taciturn; but the stranger was a full-bodied middle-aged man, gay and voluble. He declared that the road led nowhere and was but a dreary cul-de-sac that should be closed. He, personally, was bound for the gala day celebrations of The City Prosperous which lay at the foot of Mount Mammon. He invited John to join him. Why worry? It was easier going with one who knew the way. The

stranger became very familiar in his manner and anecdotal with reminiscences of past exploits that were to be beaten in the near future. John had to admit that he was interested and amused almost against his will. And only the attempt to compel a return, which the stranger made by jocularly taking his arm, awakened John to a sense of danger. Despite the other's protests John fatuously announced his intention to go on alone. Arguments ensued in which the voluble stranger ever had the best of it; and John, at length, had to break away rudely, leaving the other indignant at this lack of appreciation of a well-meant offer of friendship. But John sensed peril and fled.

Alone he trod the unknown way and knew instinctively that he must go alone. There was a purpose in his going, an inexpressible sense of accomplishment that became more and more real as he proceeded. He had to climb The Hill of Impotent Desire come what may. Derisive laughter greeted many a stumble; and the lure of strange lights sought to divert his feet from the upward path that wound through realm of peak and crag into a far-off region of brightness which held promise of The Summer Land. John yearned to be past the torture of temptation that beset him. He realised that this was the hour of trial, and that if he could win through to the journey's

end there would be a reward commensurate with the difficulties overcome.

The light improved and he could see beneath him the Valley of Illusion wreathed in mists that disclosed, here and there, vast stretches of thickly-populated country, tiered with houses. It was a city of the Underworld with a thousand pleasure-domes and palaces set in squalor of infesting ruins which might be seen, from time to time, falling in a cloud of dust. Seen from above the city was gloomy, hateful, an abode of evil. John shuddered at the thought that he once had ventured therein; and to his lips there came a prayer, not of pride but of thankfulness, that he had been rescued therefrom.

On the slopes between where he stood and The Valley of Illusion John saw isolated edifices with colonies of more pretentious buildings, each apart from the other, in manifest unfriendliness. He recognized The Chapel of Pride there and for a moment thrilled with desire to return again to the shelter of its familiar walls. But the feeling passed as he looked down on the ungainly structure from above: it resembled a squat toad, humped in the back, with two large windows in the roof that took the light and afforded the illusion of eyes. And surely the surrounding houses were its progeny? Each was gabled in facsimile of its neighbour, with similar garden-surround and

clipped hedge. He remembered that the Chapel folk were proud of this imitatory faculty which carefully copied its neighbour in morals, habits, and appearance. He realised now how artificial it all was.

The scene held John in a questioning mood. He wondered what denomination of religious or non-religious thought was responsible for the various colonies that besprinkled the higher slopes. Churches and chapels there were many. But there were others where—he sensed—religion played no part, aspiring communities enslaved of theory or materialism.

"The slopes of Purgatory have their every part occupied by the divers cranks and enslaved souls that come from your World." The words were in answer to John's unspoken thought. Turning he recognised The Messenger of Mercy who had given him direction out of The Valley of Illusion. The auric radiance of his visitor enveloped John in a warm glow of contentment which removed any sense of alarm that the unexpected voice might have provoked.

"The Slopes of Purgatory!" John accepted the statement without question. Truth has an insistence after Death that permits no doubt. All the weariness of conflict in that ascent up the height whereon they now stood vanished in the presence of his companion. John

felt himself strangely exhilarated. He felt younger, more buoyant, less pre-occupied with his sinful nature. Not that any words were exchanged between his visitor and himself beyond those recorded. Thoughts were current between them without the spoken word; and John knew that soon he must face the final test of his spiritual endurance and pass through The Gate of Self-Abnegation if he would win through to The Summer Land which was now the goal of all his efforts. And as his visitor raised a hand in blessing and farewell, John realized the utter futility of return, that his destiny lay up there where light in ever growing brightness made him welcome.

He looked around. Gone was the darkness, the twilight, the gloom that he had known without intermission this long time since Earth-life. A miracle of light such as he had never imagined or dreamed, light without shadow or dazzling ray, lit all around. It interpenetrated his very being and uplifted him so that he went his way without conscious effort up the height towards the source of this luminous flood.

John was conscious of a great change in himself. As one who climbs a mountain on Earth finds the heights and the rarefied air ever more unendurable so John realized quite the reverse in this celestial ascent and gathered power and

courage as he progressed. The strength of his early manhood returned. He grew younger in spirit as well as in appearance. The act of walking, which hitherto had been as natural to him as in his Earth-days, lapsed into effortless transit by will-power. He thought "progress" and his thoughts sufficed to create the effect. He had shed so much of the physical that already the spiritual dominated his existence. And yet, there was the final test to be made, the liberation of the Spirit from the last shred of carnal desire ere it could attain the full liberty for which it pined.

At length he came within sight of The Gate of Self-Renunciation. It stood sentry at the end of a long defile where Nature ran riot in a greenery of ferns and foliage of tropical splendour. The Gate was such in name only; but the wall of surrounding rock was unscalable and the arch of natural formation was narrow. A mountain torrent passed therethrough and its rapids made musical echoes on the cliff walls. Away through the arch the eye could see even more luxurious wealth of foliage and blossom glorious in colour beyond description.

By the side of the torrent the path he trod loitered in sinuous line that ever tempted exploration: and John grew bold for the adventure. He pressed aside the greenery and

made a road for himself which he thought would facilitate his passage towards the archway; but swiftly found the attempt frustrated despite his strong will to progress. Nature conspired to hold him back. The network of vine soon locked him in an embrace that brought him to a standstill. "Thy way, not my way" he found himself quoting involuntary, conscious of error and spirit-led to desire a return unto The Narrow Way that led less directly yet less perilously unto The Gate.

The act of returning upon his steps under compulsion caused a loss of confidence in Self which, although he knew it not, was necessary discipline to John. In the momentary realization of spiritual accomplishment which would culminate in egress from Purgatory he had thrilled with a sense of personal achievement which imperilled victory. He took unto himself the pride of conquest and instantly suffered a rebuff. Consequently it was a chastened wayfarer that struggled back from the thicket, torn and fretted by the bramble he had encountered therein, but glad enough to win back to a path although the road seemed strange and led he knew not whither.

The light that flooded the defile fell less radiant on his path. The "Gate" in the distance which he could still discern seemed farther off. John had a sense of humiliation which served to

cleanse his Soul of false pride. Truly he had been admonished. All the pages of his past life turned to his inner vision as he faced again toward his journey's end. His Earth-days with their load of Self and Pride made gloomy reading. His long stay in Purgatory, with such a tardy aspiration to rise above its condition, formed a sequel as uninspiring as its preface. The Heaven-aspiring John could find little consolation in looking back.

Presently he almost overtook a fellow-pilgrim who limped a weary way towards their common goal. John yearned for company. But, alas! John recognised in his fellow way-farer one whom on Earth John had deemed an enemy. John hesitated. He had no desire to pass such an undesirable person; and the way was narrow, with a dangerous torrent of water that came luminous but threatening down the defile at their feet.

John looked back and saw to his relief other pilgrims coming up the defile and he thought to await them. He wanted nothing to do with him who was in front. But even as his feet loitered hesitatingly, the limping lonely pilgrim slipped and fell into the turbulent waters below, helplessly struggling against the torrent which threatened to bear him away. There was none nearer than John to help. What should he do? Thank God! the cloak of Pride fell from him. "Love thine

Purpose which glorifies The Omnipotent Creator of All.

Out of the depths ye merge endued with power for progress that has no limitation but the time-factor ye men impose. Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow; these are but phantoms of human thought begotten of Fear, which fade away into the obscurity of The Never when the Light of the Spirit illumines the translated Soul. All that ye now are is but the germinating purpose of your Creator, rich in possibilities, fruitful if ye truly develop. Out of the embryo that bears the marks of its earth parentage He fashions an opportunity for every Soul to attain that state of spiritual blessedness when every throb of being is an harmonious *Gloria in excelsis*. But the attainment of that perfection comes not till long after the translation ye call Death however advanced the Soul may be in the Wisdom of Everlasting Life. The Christ Way stretches from Alpha to Omega and even then is but the beginning of an infinite prospect which ascends through the spheres into the illimitable mystery of Heaven's transcendent creation.

The Christ Way is fashioned by the Very God-head to bridge the gulf betwix mortal and immortal. It is the only way upwards albeit it has many names and guises to your human understanding. It is the Path of Renunciation,

of Self-sacrifice, of true Self-knowledge. It is self-forgetting in sublime realization of the unity of Creation and the Oneness of diversity. The Crucifixion is His symbol that ye must suffer and mortify the flesh to attain progress from Death to Life. His Teachings indicate The Way direct.

But ye of little faith, wedded to earthly desire, traverse the Earth ways and labour in futile efforts to fabricate your earthly Paradise. Ye go content with outward seeming of progress. Ye masquerade as "perfect" with the headpiece of Human Wisdom to hide the grinning ape of Self that dominates your daily carnival of folly. How can ye, who go disguised and never look up, how can ye realize the stupendous miracle of that spiritual revelation which bridges the gulf of Death wherein, blind, ye inevitably will plunge to—What?

Your conceptions of perfection which find expression in the social state of your "civilized" communities are prevision of the nascent truth which God has impressed upon the human mind in His continuous effort to facilitate the spiritual progress of man. The Spirit of Sacrifice is—on Earth—ensnared by the tax-gatherer; Charity is apparelled in legal cap-and-gown; Truth is a verbal elegance which may be adroitly modulated to your necessity; Virtue has become an artistic ideal that dispenses with the traditional fig-leaf

as non-conductive to health. So do ye men ape, in ignorance, the perfections that presently ye shall perforce understand.

Out of the Earth-conditions that now embarrass you ye will pass through Death to a period of expurgation when, in more direct ways, the Soul will be chastened until it does seek of its own volition *The Way Upwards, The Christ Way*. Time then may stand still for thee, friend, while thy folly be expurgated, while thou undoest what thou now doest, while thou forgettest what thou now takest such pride in learning. There will be no day nor night then; for a thousand years are but as a day in His Sight. But although thy awakening be tardy it will be complete at the last. And then—whither will ye go, through the wicket gate downwards? or by *The Christ Way* upwards?

Upwards!! I pray God it be so! My counsel is to that purpose. When the human eye is unsealed to the Vision Beyond the Grave, the Spirit within will yearn for a full expression of its latent faculties for progress, and will suffer anguish proportionate to the limitations ye now, so foolishly, impose. The tears of remorse will vainly fall. The cumbering load of Self will be as a stone about its neck in its aspirations upwards; and ye may wearily go seeking freedom for all eternity if your heart be closed to the

uplift of God's Gracious Will. The Prayers ye pray now will mingle with the prayers ye may pray then if ye know the meaning of prayer; and so shall the mediation of Christ win you some respite.

Many are called but few respond to the call until the waters of tribulation are above their heads; and then it is difficult indeed to interpret His commands for the salvation of the Soul. While ye live ye may choose the path and make progress in your allotted span of Earth life that were a title to the freedom of the spheres thereafter. But, alas! ye never attain that high privilege. None but The Christ ever lived so perfect to the Will of The Creator of All as to justify immediate elevation to that honorable estate. Even the most godly of all men, other than The Christ, pass through a period of expurgation, through the Waters of Healing, ere *The Way of Attainment* is made free to their feet. But to some it is but a symbol of subjection, a cross they gladly embrace, a baptism they thankfully accept; and to them the Way grows radiant with The Christ Light ere their mortal eyes are closed in Death. But to many it is a time of darkness, of anguish, of fear; and the period of their remorse has no time-limit but the duration of their self-deception.

Is there no "Atonement," ye ask? Are not

the tenets of Christianity founded on this basic truth that Christ died for all? The answer is Yes and No.

I approach a mystery of divine decree which has been the subject of much dissension among men and the peril of increasing that dissension makes me timorous of the subject. The mind of man is so imbued with dogma, or so scornful of revelation, that the effort to impart truth thereon were foredoomed to failure. And yet, for the comfort and assurance of those few who "test the spirits" we must make record of our vision of "The Atonement."

"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish," is the essential of The Master's Teaching. "Except ye shall believe on me" implies acceptance of Him as The Way. "He that endureth to the end, he shall be saved," conveys the test of Faith. The implication that Christ Jesus by His Crucifixion became the scapegoat of The World and thus relieved man of his personal responsibility for sin, is a fabrication born of pre-Christian symbolism. It is contrary to the truth, to the Word, and to Reason. "Except ye repent" involves spiritual regeneration from within that were consummated by symbolic external baptism, immersion, or laving of waters. "Except ye believe" is expressive of spiritual conversion that finds utterance, not in theological

formulæ, but in true discipleship. Faith is a persistent vision of The Truth that must of necessity be seen and can never be denied. And there are none so holy among men as can affirm that they truly "repent," "believe," and "can endure to the end." Did not even Peter deny his Lord thrice?

The error that confounds your worldly interpretations of The Master's spiritual teachings on this subject, arise from the strange insistence by men that Death closed "The Book" and all that remained was "judgment." The Roman Church, nearer the truth in this matter than your Reformed Church, teach an "hereafter" in Purgatory which, however, they elaborate to ecclesiastical advantage regardless of the truth. Paradise, Purgatory, Hell, these words are all terms symbolical of states after death wherein the Soul sojourns until it achieves "forgiveness," "mercy," "resurrection," elevation to God's heaven, until it knows its own impotency and attains "oneness with Christ." "I tell thee thou shalt not depart thence until thou hast paid the last mite." Yes, the penalty of sin must be paid by each forlorn soul in that Kingdom of Unhappy Ones. But, because of The Christ, there is a Way of Repentance therefrom which by the Path of Expurgation and the Waters of Healing leads to the Blessed Redemption where

He by His Very Presence makes the sinner whole.

Jesus Christ came not to appease the wrath of an anthropomorphic Jehovah. He came not as a Mediator, in your human sense of the word. He came and suffered that ye might be lifted up to a higher perception of your spiritual nature. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "I am the Way, the Truth and the Light." His teachings expunge self. None can attain the Higher Kingdom except by The Christ Way. His death broke down the walls of flesh that were the prison of the Spirit and established a light, the radiance of which is a lode-star to whosoever looks heavenward and would journey from Death to Life.

Even out of the depths of the nether world there is progress when the glimmer of truth is perceived; then the desire that contaminates the Spirit becomes abhorrent. The Christ Way is open to saint and sinner without discrimination once the old Adam, the Self of physical experience, is subjugated and the Soul realizes its kinship with God. Then indeed may it aspire to be at one with Him, keeping His commandments, doing His and The Father's Will always.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUMMER LAND.

WHEN the Soul, on its pilgrimage in the after-life, has expiated its earthly errors and commenced to realise its impotency, it connects affinitively with others at the same stage of progress, and thereby is helped to attain larger freedom of the Self. Unity henceforth is a recognised necessity. None go alone. The mystery of spiritual inter-activities which link the individual to the co-related sequence of God's celestial cosmos endows the Soul with divine fervour to serve. The fellowship of The Path is based on complete self-abnegation; and the spirit of sacrifice is a hand-clasp of illimitable courage which Unity offers to the doing of whatever labour of love is undertaken.

Think not that the "I will give you rest," spoken by The Master, implies cessation of labour. Did He not, even when so speaking, invite you to bear His burden? "Take my yoke upon you," He said; "learn of me." Verily, under the inspiration and courage of His fellowship ye shall

find that yoke light; but the undertaking were one that were prodigious to your present condition and never without "labour." But thereby the Soul attains "being," becomes "living." For it is an inviolable law of the heavenly cosmos that spirit knows not inertia, has never a sleeping-time semblance of Death; but ever realises existence through the continuous outpouring of "being" in works of Grace to the Glory of God.

The prevalent idea that the resort of those who rise above the delusions and snares of the nether world is a sphere of happy re-union with those who have "gone before," has but a modicum of truth in it. Ye must eliminate from your conception of that sphere the spiritually abhorrent idea of "rest." That sphere of which we speak is known as The Summer Land. But Summer precedes harvest-time and is a period of joyous activity that may not be shirked if ye would garner the golden wheat that is your earthly need. And so, in God's Heaven, the Summer Land provides golden opportunities for spiritual development that the Soul may attain fitness to participate in His Harvest of Perfection which comes later.

The many and diverse descriptions of The Summer Land which have been given through the numerous channels of communication between us, have one point of resemblance—"progress."

Whatever be the other needs of The Spirit, whether an unfoldment of perceptive faculties by beauty, nature, or revelation of the prodigious organization of Heaven itself, the objective is ever the same: a deepening of the horizon of possible progress for the Soul scrutinizing its future.

As ye may readily imagine, in a sphere purposed for such comprehensive reception as comes in the multifarious types—of all countries, races, creeds, and spiritual fitness—The Summer Land is variable in character beyond simple description. It embraces every type of perfection known to your earth-bound mentalities, each intensely more perfect and ideal than human expectation can ever conceive. Nature, no longer "red in tooth and claw," is paramount as a setting for whatsoever condition be requisite for the joyful progress of the Soul. There is never Night: yet there comes a miracle of light which transcends in mystery and splendour the diurnal phenomena of Sunrise and Sunset. There is never Winter: but there is a pageant of progress which glorifies in rainbow hues the manifest Creation, such as no circling seasons on Earth ever produced. The joy of contrast is present without the penalty of envy. God speaks through all that is visible and invisible and the glorified Soul is attentive and seeks to understand.

In The Summer Land ye may sojourn until the Spirit-companion of the Soul enjoins closer fellowship and thereby exhorts to higher aspirations. There the multitude do remain, in obedience to the law of spiritual affinity, for æons of time. The many are called but few are chosen because of an earthly heritage that limits their faculty of spiritual perception. Earth memories linger in their thoughts and hold them in thrall to a past which it were better they forgot. Despite their presence in The Summer Land their Souls are not truly assoiled, repentance is lacking a full measure of reparation, the sacrifice of Self is incomplete. Such individuals re-create themselves by Grace of God through the mediation of Christ. They justify their faith in the Living God by works to His Glory. Conscious of the Earth taint and yet enslaved thereby, they labour in the Earth-likeness to build a new Jerusalem, a city of perfection, a "paradise enow" for them. And the work they do is good in the sight of God although in manner and fashion it is "man-made."

In The Summer Land all earth-wisdom is duplicated and developed by pedants who labour according to their light and thus approach the Creator with conscious ignorance which serves them in lieu of humility. They know how little they know who aspire to knowledge in the

Spiritual Kingdoms. But theirs is a state of blessedness which comes only after much foolish conceit is expurgated by futile achievements. The tabulation of the already achieved, which is the most these learned savants can do, were but a child's house of cards in a sphere where knowledge is prescient by virtue of spiritual fitness, and ignorance were a state of unevolved nescience due to spiritual inefficiency.

But the Divine Administrator of Justice permits man to approach the goal of his pilgrimage by whatsoever path he may choose. Even in Heaven there is no restriction of choice of direction. The individual will is free. But some poor souls, and these are the most learned in Earth-wisdom, choose circuitous routes that take eternity of time for a snail's progress towards spiritual perfection. While simple faith ever goes direct and justifies the encomium bestowed by The Master.

All descriptions of The Summer Land have some substratum of fact, however bizarre they may appear to man. It is the human "clearing-house" where the types and character of aspiring souls are most varied and their spiritual needs most diverse. Consequently each community of aspirants to "Service" creates a thought-environment appropriate to its particular needs and beautifies the plane of its spiritual progress

with prayer made manifest. Under the guidance of "Higher Ones," messengers from The Temples of Light, who direct the ray of power consecrate to this or that work of grace, some phases of life in The Summer Land possess a glory and beauty which were beyond your highest conception of celestial perfection. These transcendent "abodes of holiness" are stations of communication with higher spheres where pure Spirit, liberated from all physical contamination, becomes further exalted to Christ Service.

But lower than these "abodes of holiness" there range multitudinous paradises of exultant worshippers of God wherein each community finds individual expression and literally creates its own heaven. The love of Truth, of Joy, of Beauty, Wisdom, Art, Science, even of man himself, wins through to a thought-creation purposed to praise God. Among such communities His Messengers pass in constant service of inspiration that each effort thereby be spiritualized with ever-increasing faculty of blessedness. The Christ Way is made visible to all. Each discovers a path thereto through the work undertaken, for His Messengers lay the foundations of all those wondrous works. Did not Christ indicate to you this blessed hospitality of The Creator of All which adapts the nature of His welcome to each guest: "In my

Father's House are many mansions," "I go to prepare a place for you"!

Ye think your World is a sphere of progressive activity wherein the Future ever grows more radiant with comfort and pleasant sensation. Ye foolishly adduce the unhappy state of increased leisure and more soul-enervating pleasure as evidence of progress. But in The Summer Land there are none so foolish as to misinterpret truth as do ye. Every Soul in every community is there on sufferance only, subject to a full realization of its individual responsibilities to the state in which it has being. Lazy indolence were an insufferable conceit of earth-days that would relegate the offender to a lower plane. Service, in its strictest active meaning, is continuous joy; while Achievement is a spiritual satisfaction which never enervates but ever inspires to further effort. All serve The Master. Work and Worship are synonymous in The Summer Land. Life becomes prayerful as the Soul unfolds and discovers within itself a spiritual affinity with its Creator, an affinity which bids it "take up thy cross and follow me," through a calvary maybe, but nearer O my God to Thee! who bid me come. For His Word must be obeyed: God is Very God, indeed, in The Summer Land.

CHAPTER V.

SPIRIT LIFE.

WHETHER the Soul progresses by service in The Summer Land along the path of sacrifice, doing ever to the glory of God those things ye are accustomed to do, on Earth, for self-glorification; or whether by virtue of a superior vocation it be spiritually merged in the tide of a divine purpose and becomes already at one with Christ; yet the period of initiation to the higher mysteries involves protracted stay in that sphere. The Summer Land holds all spirits captive to a Will for Perfection the standard of which were three times a thousand removed from your puny conception of what is perfect. There the attainment of the ideal becomes a quest which prospers by spiritual aspiration to the vision beyond belief. The Holy Grail of Christ's undiscovered perfections inspires a pilgrimage which were ever joyous and never ending.

It were futile to attempt an explanation of the processes of "being" that operate in this sphere of which we speak. Ye, on the Earth,

encumbered by your material conceptions and your hypothetical explanations which ye designate Science, would fail to understand the simplest, most elementary phase of spirit life. Your common incredulity of existence continuing without a physical basis, of the impossibility of your conceiving of mind without brain or of Soul without body, eliminates all hope of making you understand creative functions active on a spiritual basis. To tell you that *each Soul creates out of its own thought-fabric the reality that satisfies it*, that the external appearance which constitutes its heaven—or its hell in the lower regions—is an emergence of auric origin constrained ever to reflect the spiritual condition within—to tell you this were but to confound your intellects with suggestions beyond your comprehension. On the Earth-plane few attain consciousness of that creative faculty which is man's divine heritage, that power which overcometh all things, The Spiritual Faith that Christ Jesus sought to discover unto man for the World's salvation. Indeed so incompetent are ye to grasp His Teachings, ye deride the great gift of the Spirit as mental weakness. And yet, when liberation from earth-pangs unseals the latent capacities of the Spirit, it knows no hesitancy in utilizing this very creative faculty for its continued manifestation. Without it, the semblance of Death would

be Death indeed : when the Self knows not itself then were all finished.

But "by Faith are ye saved," even as The Master saith. From within ye build anew. Slowly the discontent of Hell, created by the very Self of the sinner, leads to spiritual modifications wherein he re-enacts himself under the guidance of those who are Missionaries. This faculty of creation may be weak and the process may be slow ; but, so long as the Spirit exerts its creative self there is progress even in the depths.

In The Summer Land every soul comes radiant with accomplishment, creating anew himself and his heaven to the glory of his Creator, The One above All. It is this divine unity of purpose which brings the astounding diversities of this sphere into one co-related whole. As on the Earth-plane the sequence of God's Will requires the service of the simple equally with that of the wise and holds them of equal worth ; so in The Summer Land there is none greater than another, although the magnitude of their respective creations be incomparable.

When the tocsin of impending physical dissolution sounds and the Body loses its control of the Spirit, even then, ere the last breath is drawn, ye must commence to exercise the spiritual faculty that links thee to a condition of being reflective of thy true Self. Angels, or evil ones,

will await thy passing ; and that which is within the Soul will contribute to the reality. They on the Earth side, who watch thee die, may wonder at "thy delusions" ; but what they cannot see thou canst then see and their "delusions" will no longer concern thee. But later, when ye truly discover yourself, the faculty of creation will assume a potency for good or ill that shall advance or retard your spiritual development, a potency fostered by the life ye live now. Hence, already on the Earth plane, man commences the work which shall occupy him more fully in the Eternal Hereafter.

The measure of your creative faculty is Faith ; not the illusive credence of the theologian, but the belief that comes of self-knowledge. Know thyself ! That is the sure foundation of all Wisdom. It embraces all the universe present in your consciousness because your universe is you in part if not in whole. The sad soul has a sad world to live in. The evil man creates an evil state. But the servant of The Lord is fortified within by impregnable confidence and builds a New Jerusalem in joyous recognition of the spiritual reality.

Thus you may understand that in the perfect cosmos we know as The Summer Land the diversity of appearance which perplexes World-vision, is entirely attributable to the varied stages

of spiritual progress of its inhabitants. There are, of course, aspirations common to all its people, the joy of Service, the innate desire to approach the Temples of Purity and secure a vision of The Christ. Therein they furnish a likeness of joy which serves as a basis for some unity of purpose. Worship in all its heavenly meanings affords a sense of association, each with each, that becomes the very "landscape" of their common "heaven." As on the Earth-plane physical necessities create for your inhabitants that substratum of all ye term "Nature," so in The Summer Land there is a universal factor recognized by all, "The Will of God," to which all pay unceasing homage. It is the very life-throb of their joyous state, the light and health of their being.

What I tell you may be less palatable to your understanding than intimate descriptions built on Earth-imagery; but to the truly aspiring soul it will convey something of the reality which were absent from the pictorial account. Visualize, if it please you, a paradise of perpetual summer where Nature jubilant in uncontaminate beauty revels in fruit and flower and flowing stream, a glorious entreaty to be frequented by those who delight in God's Handiwork. Visualise, if it please you, a new heaven where colour etherialized to indescribable intensity of hue vies with the rainbow dreams of ecstatic art, with never a cloud to

mar its transcendent luminosity, and all afflicker with the love rays of passing spirits speeding about The Master's business. Visualize, for your mind's pabulum, the landscape of an Italian painter with the suggestion of an infinite horizon, the middle distance a vista of columned temples crystalline against the rainbow sky, and all the foreground living with joyous activities of those who are truly immortals. Yet, although blessed be the uses of imagination, in such visions ye shall fall short of the reality of The Summer Land as the sparrow's flight does the soaring range of the eagle's wings.

Think not, however, that these conditions we describe lack a physical basis and that The Summer Land is a dreamland of spirit conception. True, its multifarious aspects are largely begotten of the thought-fabric of its inhabitants and, in some degree, are in a state of flux, of transition, of evanescent continuity ever emergent from the nascent spiritual idea. But not yet, in that state, is the physical totally eliminated from the soul-complex of those who "create" the conditions of their heaven. Matter, as ye know, may be attenuated to a degree invisible to your earthly vision—as in gaseous states; but although its attenuation be carried much further than that in the conditions of The Summer Land, to the Spirit's faculties it supplies substantiality equal to the needs of those still contaminate with Earth

concepts. Indeed, emergence from The Summer Land to the sphere above, may not be secured until the Test at the Altar of Divine Love proves the Soul's emancipation from Self and Matter. None but pure spirit may frequent the Higher Realm.

Thus, my friends, ye have for your vision of The Summer Land a glorified Earth condition which will bring content to those who suffer at the thoughts inspired by ecclesiastical mummers. There is no sabbatical calm there, made tedious by protracted devotion and psalm singing. There is no parade of vestments and futile ceremonial—unless these be truly spontaneous emanations from the Soul of a devout worshipper of God, then they take their place in the heavenly cosmos. Whatsoever is conceived of the Spirit to the Spirit's ennoblement finds presence in The Summer Land. But I tell ye this: greater far in the Sight of God is the humble service of him who promotes another's welfare, than the ritualistic spiritual immolation which invariably exults to a selfish purpose. "Save, Lord, or we perish!" That were less profitable to the progression of the Soul than "Master, here am I, send me!"

Elaborate descriptions of The Summer Land, however interesting to the general reader, serve no useful purpose in our present mission. Already, through various channels, attempts have been made to satisfy the human craving for

"pictures," and the result is regarded by The World of men as fantastic rather than truthful. That man in the after-life should be so human as to indulge in schools, colleges, temples, even theatres, to say nothing of "housing schemes," provokes laughter among the church zealots whose conception of Heaven is essentially Pauline and mystical. At heart mankind loves a mystery; and this present writing will enjoy a vogue because thereof. You turn instinctively to the unknown because the reality ye know is so unsatisfying. Therefore your dream of Heaven is of angels' faces, iridescent mists, an aureoled throne of glory high in a heaven of celestial blue, and somewhere near at hand your dear ones waiting patiently with you for you know not what. But never a shred of resemblance has your dream of Heaven to the work-a-day world ye live in. Yet are ye foolish enough to imagine that your transition from the physical to the spiritual plane invests you with capabilities onerous to your human state—a saintliness that ever foregoes Self, a wisdom that abdicates folly and pleasure and all the insignia of misrule which ye now so much esteem? Know ye Self so little? In such a saintly heaven, good friends, ye would suffer grievous torment and boredom. Therefore take courage from our teachings and know that God in His infinite Compassion permits each of you

full liberty to fabricate, create, manufacture, the Heaven of your innermost desire; and further, that under the compulsion of His Will ye shall hereafter reconstruct your heaven, throughout eternity, bringing it ever nearer to a fuller realization of that perfection which only He can know.

Thus you can understand that in The Summer Land there is an eternal progression in condition and appearance. None are so humble but they have their task and place; nor are conditions lacking for those whose faculties warrant heroic deeds, indefatigable service, or willing sacrifice.

There the ideal becomes the real. What you aspire to do, that you can do. What you aspire to be, that you can be. And each unfoldment within finds growth without until the individual becomes at one with himself and God through equality with the Universal, knowing himself in the every part of the created whole. This may be difficult to understand. But how can the imperfect understand the perfect when ye lack Faith which were perfection's appointed guide, God-sent, man-rejected.

The most interesting aspect of The Summer Land, however, is its social state, using that term to indicate the relation of its inhabitants one to the other. Brotherhood and sisterhood, meaning kinship under God, have a fuller realization in the

Heavenly Spheres than is possible on your plane. Love, in its most sacred inner meaning, is spiritual affinity which is inviolable. The "two" are ever "one." They become dual in being only as the positive and negative poles of a magnetic field which vitalize each other and may not subsist alone. The spiritual World knows no state, lower than divinity, more perfect than that of twin souls in spirit unison traversing the cycles of eternal progression upwards to the divine source of their ecstatic joy. But the broader meaning of Love, such as is associated with blood-relationship upon your Earth, is applicable to the feeling of regard with which each Soul in The Summer Land approaches its fellow sojourners. There is no sense of superiority to create a "class" condition. As I will presently explain there is a sense of inferiority which promotes humility; but this tends to elevate the humble and never re-acts to their detriment as in your World.

The duties and obligations of the spirit sojourner in this Kingdom of Righteousness, are ever centred, firstly upon the joy and uplifting of others, and, secondly, upon the evolution of the spiritual Self. In the perfection of God's Will which subordinates all individual desire, the Soul attains glorious liberation of Self in service directed towards the higher purpose. It knows ever the better task and its object; and knowing,

the achievement thereof becomes very Life for which it must wage continuous battle. The joy and progress of others becomes essential to its own joy and progress. The universal perfection is visualized as the consummate goal of all effort, towards which each individual and all united make conscious progression.

Yes! your mind is full of problems that not yet can we solve; for the capacity of man's understanding is Earth-bound albeit it is rapidly unfolding. But that primary thought which troubles thee, my son, we may try to elucidate.

"Male and female, created He them." Verily, the Book answers thee. In God's Kingdom, in Heaven as on Earth, above as below, there are male and female, man and woman. And touching the true mystery of sex we would say that the qualities which are in one are not in the other. Yet each under divine administration is a complement of the other. He is her strength. She is his weakness. She is the word and he is the deed. She comes fragrant with purity to him who is a-hungered for the immaculate; and to her he imparts the stress of conflict that gives her the desired proof of accomplishment.

True, there is no marriage in Heaven, in your Earth sense, no wedlock to shackle spiritual liberty. Soul mated to soul by the indissoluble ties of that affinity which foreordains eternal

union, are as the inner and outer of a vessel consecrate to divine service, one co-equal glory of purpose, spiritually resplendent, create for the holy sanctuary of The Father's Love. Verily the outer of the cup must be worthy of the inner, and the inner not less worthy than the outer. But neither can serve alone.

Such is the efficiency and completeness of the divine cosmos that in the creation of each Soul there is surely, undeniably, linked thereto that spiritual affinity which is necessary for the fruition of Divine Love. On your physical plane this dual creation may be severed both in time and space, and since the conditions of Earth existence have become tortuous under "civilisation" such severance is the common state. But on the spiritual plane the union is consummated by sympathetic attraction which lifts the lesser evolved to the higher. Until spiritual equality is attained there is separation that adds the spur of desire to the effort to unite; and the more highly evolved of the twain becomes the spirit guide of the other. Thus, apart from the social selflessness that labours to each soul's perfection, there is an ideal selflessness which promotes individual well-being by serving diligently in particular that soul-affinity necessary for its true self-realization.

You also wonder as to the continuance of the ties of consanguinity begotten on Earth. At first,

as must be perceived if ye meditate upon our revelation, the revivification of Earth-memories brings with it a likeness that necessitates the presence of all the associated joys and dependencies of Earth-days. The Soul draws to it kindred that may rejoice in its development. But those whose presence would retard progress are shut out of memory and out of the new home in The Summer Land. There Love is the key of a gate which may not be scaled and which can only be opened from within. The courtyards of the Heavenly Home are never clamorous with unwelcome guests. All who frequent that glad abode were friends, "loved ones gone before."

But the ennoblement of the Soul, by the operation of laws which there find welcome recognition, soon reconstruct the New Home. Spiritual wisdom imparted by The Teachers open the receptivity of the Spirit within so that the Soul becomes attuned to a higher conception of the needs of others as well as of its own needs. The radius of interest extends gradually until it embraces a Heaven co-equal to the phase of its spiritual aspirations; and all within that radius become related in co-equality one with another. Thus, as the unfoldment of the Soul proceeds it draws to it every thread of love spun for its joy by those around and weaves therefrom a magic robe of renewed hopes wherewith it may be

transported to Higher Spheres when the faculty of Service equals the greater aspiration.

The insufferable conceit of Earth Wisdom which mars spiritual progress on the Earth plane is entirely absent where Knowledge is always conscious ignorance. Such is the infinity of possible experience opened in The Summer Land that the Soul attaining Wisdom becomes unconscious of its attainments in the ever-increasing realization of its personal limitations.

The altitudes to be explored are glorious with possibilities but they dwarf accomplishment and promote humility. Yet in the native desire to serve the state in which they dwell, those who have attained Wisdom readily help those less confident Souls who need assistance. And due reverence is tendered unconsciously by those thus blessed, a reverence which their benefactors accept as tribute, not to themselves, but to the Fount of All Being.

Thus, you see, The Summer Land is a delectable country wherein joy aboundeth on every side. Austerity there is none. Sorrow is tearless, a grief of the Spirit that ameliorates the condition which gives it birth. Prayer is ever Service. The spectacular, in Worship as in Life, is there always subservient to the necessities of truth; and ritual and ceremony beautify but never obscure the Light

that were most glorious unadorned albeit it needs to be tempered to the sight.

All who assemble there realize the peace that passeth human understanding. In very truth their tears are wiped away. Old and young there unite in glorious perpetuity of purpose to magnify God through spiritual adoration of the Truth within which proclaims His Fatherhood. To fail the spiritual Self were to abjure all that is the Soul's heritage through The Christ. "To be" is to know God. And like unto little children the wise, the learned, those with experience and those that lack understanding, all grow simple with Faith and wander together hand-in-hand seeking the flower of wondrous beauty—the lily of Eternal Love which ever unfolds to greater beauty and may never fade. And when divinely guided they discover the object of their pilgrimage, lo! within the flower, at its very heart, there is seen a flaming cross: for He who was "The Crucified" is now Lord of The Garden of Lilies and by His symbol bids them welcome. For now they are His very own. And in His presence Truth becomes O so simple to the understanding! Love attains a vibrant intensity that may never again be misunderstood. And the desire to follow, follow Him may never again be denied, come what may. Lord of The Garden of Lilies is He; and every Soul in The Summer Land aspires to be "even

as one of these," sealed with that cross of flame and with Faith quickened into transcendent Love and Glory Eternal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SYMBOLIC TRUTH.*

WE are able to communicate something of the Heavenly Spheres wherein the mind of man is reflected; but to extend our revelation beyond The Summer Land were to enter into a phase of description built entirely upon symbolism. Already we have been compelled to use the symbolic word more frequently than ye are accustomed to in your earth-writings; the effect whereof is a loss of that definite vision which man esteems as "reality." But, although some may find understanding difficult in the absence of the concrete, yet symbolism is more truly an appeal to the spiritual understanding and will convey Truth that were never interpretable by "Reason."

Analysis of the effect of our writings upon the reader will enlighten him as to their source. For in the inspired word there is a latent power to thrill which may not be mistaken for "clever"

* This was published in "The Occult Review" under the title of "Holy Writ."

word manipulation. Without the divine afflatus the book may entertain the intellectual faculties, and much that is written panders by grossness to that which is lower than the intellect, with deplorable results. But the Spirit knows instantly the presence of The Spirit. "Like to like" may not be gainsaid. And in the inner mystery of the symbol you feel ecstatic re-union with "the unseen," the non-physical, the untranslatable mystery which encompasseth man on every side. The symbol may be incomprehensible to Reason. You may read with your eyes and not understand. But nevertheless your spiritual nature senses something esoteric, a meaning behind the symbolic word, which vibrates with spiritual truth and "you" the you of Earth and Heaven rejoice.

Symbolism is the mystical language used from the very genesis of created things to express the inner or spiritual meaning. To the vulgar, to those uncultured ones whose vision is sense-bound, the appearance is the reality, the shadow is the truth. Others, higher on the Path of Wisdom, sense mystery all around and yet lack the inner vision and understanding. They conform to whatsoever religious teaching they may have received in their earlier years and attain their Heaven hereafter blindfold and spiritually dormant. Others, sensitive to the Light but lacking The Ancient Wisdom, vainly seek with

Reason's eye to scrutinize the inscrutable and wander disconsolate on the physical plane avowed unbelievers, fools by nature. They take the plunge ye call Death in ignorance of that strange awakening when the eyes of the Spirit begin to perceive Reality. Then the symbols must be read aright. The Spirit unveiled of flesh soon discovers the gift of understanding. And woeful is the backward glance that knows its Earth-folly.

Blessed indeed is he who perceives the symbols on Earth and knows them as such even though he lack wisdom to read them aright. Some symbols carry the magic of their meaning plain to your world. Such is The Cross which inspires self-sacrifice throughout eternity. Therein you have a point of spiritual vision which has rent the physical for multitudes and afforded them joyous moments of ecstatic adoration when light from The Christ Sphere penetrated to their momentarily sensitized souls.

That is the purpose of the Symbol, to afford a point of contact between Earth and Heaven, between Spirit and Spirit. But not always is it thus used. Oft the Symbol becomes the idol, the graven image, which is worshipped, venerated, made an active principle of evil by the thought potentialities of misguided worshippers. "Thou shalt have none other God but me," is an

injunction that were less the command of "a jealous God" than a Loving Father.

Man has never realized his spiritual capacities, his creative faculty. In a moment of folly he foregoes the privilege of communion with God, foregoes the right to give and receive Love, and becomes obsessed with veneration of the method of intercourse. The symbol is then exalted, the ceremony is extolled without spiritual understanding: man becomes an idolater. This condition is more prevalent in these latter days than when the Israelites set up the golden calf. You worship the symbol on the mental plane where they did so objectively. But whether you raise an idol in the form of a graven image, or whether you create your intellectual concept, your theological creed, or your system of ethical perfection, the result is the same—you forego the highest privilege of your being, communion with God.

Blessed indeed is the iconoclast in God's sight, though inevitably he is deemed accursed among men. The destruction of the idol, be it wood or word, metal or mental, is service to man and glory to God. It is a shattering of the vehicle where-through evil finds life. Not yet do men realise that thoughts are things, and that worship is a tide of power that vitalizes the object worshipped. In all humility, I would submit that even God

Himself wins something beyond human comprehension from the worship of His faithful ones. The adoration of the Heavenly Hosts is no idle manifestation of humility. It undoubtedly uplifts those that worship, and the Spirit of Eternal Love grows richer in blessing under the stimulus. But this you should know, that the idol which is the focal centre of worship or venerating thought becomes a power for ill that grows with the multitude of its worshippers. The symbol takes to itself the power that streams towards it from its devotees. Wood or word it may be, but under the influx of such mental activity it acquires personality that feeds and grows on the adulation bestowed upon it. Moloch invested with human awe may claim any sacrifice of man. The unreal becomes reality when endowed with that life borrowed of the Spirit which impregnates every human thought. And the overthrow of the monster, the soul-destroying evil one, were an herculean task for the most resolute of iconoclasts, did not Heaven itself come to his assistance. Therefore we say, blessed indeed is he who, abetted by heavenly powers, wages war against the man-created idols that hold the multitudes in thrall.

It is only the misuse of the symbol that debases it. As a viewpoint of that which may not be perceived on the physical plane, the symbol

has a function to perform which renders it necessary to man. Therethrough you can draw nearer to God and His kingdom of Spirit. Reason may not understand this mystery. "Common-sense," built up on the crudities of the five senses, lacks spiritual discernment, and is too "vulgar" to "believe." But intuitively the Soul senses the mystery behind the symbol, and if untrammelled by sense superstition may seek to penetrate into the inner meaning, may seek closer communion with God.

All God's handiwork is "Holy Writ." His symbols are within and without. Not a leaf upon a tree, not a twig twisted by adversity, but symbolize Truth for your discernment. The very fret of the bark upon the tree-bole indicates a presence which you might well worship for very wonder. The frost upon the window-pane, the mists wreathing magic upon the moors, the lichen upon the rocks, the spore of the fungi running underground, all are symbols indeed of activities that may not be profaned by that caricature of understanding termed "Science." The stars in the heavens proclaim His Presence. Let but the Spirit exercise its inner vision and you shall see His symbols omnipresent and therethrough enter into an understanding of the Hidden Truth which shall lift your lives into a very present heaven of joyous worship.

"Things are not what they seem." The American poet only saw the material when he wrote his popular "Psalm of Life." To very many men and women "life is but an empty dream." Few make "stepping-stones of their dead selves" to attain a higher vision. Yet things are symbols, and therethrough the vision may be attained if you lack not spiritual understanding. Life itself, individually and collectively, is symbolic, a cypher which, if read aright, tells a very different story to that common-place every-day life with which you grow so weary. The common interpretation you put upon every deed and thought is just the superficial judgment of one who, controlled by the enactments of men, must needs have no vision of divine justice and truth. Verily ye know not what ye do, what ye are, or whither ye go! How then can you judge? I tell you that your perspective is false and that your boasted successes are your failures, and the trivialities that you deem such are your appointed tasks which accomplish God's miracle. Therefore turn the spiritual vision from transcendental thoughts to the comprehensible affairs of life, to the routine and commonplaces of your environment, and read therein Holy Writ which shall more closely engross your understanding than the dogma and theology of ancient days.

Strain not to garb with false philosophy the

simple symbols that abound in everyday life. The open door is indeed God's invitation to enter, and if you pause to construe it mystically the door may close against your spiritual progress. "Do what thou hast to do with all thy might." In the doing, understanding will come if your vision be uncontaminate of false glamour. The drudgery you would eschew signifies liberation in the Hereafter. The comfortable ease you crave for, indicates an unholy enslavement that may deny spiritual progress, the emancipation from which will cost the Soul anguish beyond your present conception. Poverty is a symbol of God's favour. The possession of riches is an ensnarement of the Soul, devised to test its vaunted self-sufficiency. Worldly goods negative spiritual assets. The sunray that aureoles the head of the attic worker is prophetic of future glory; and the fog that shrouds the City of Mammon is a visitation symbolic of the spiritual darkness gathering about Mammon's devotees. All that happens on Earth is portentous of the Hereafter, although none on the physical plane possess the faculty of interpreting more than a modicum of the truth. For your sanity's preservation the meaning is ever obscure.

To the worldly wise this conception of universal symbolism is "childish." This epithet, devised to express scorn, is delightful to the spirit

world. The innocent faith of a child is our symbol of holiness, and the spiritual warden of the Inner Sanctuary of the Heart of Christ. To be "childish" in thy belief is to draw nearer to God than ever Wisdom dare. Believe then this: there is a hidden truth in all that arises, within or without; that which holds the sense is but the appearance, purposed to beguile mortal man; and the secret teaching behind the appearance is a spiritual reality which can be dimly perceived if the inner sight—the eyes of the child—be opened. Think ye God creates haphazard? Is your conception of Deity so restricted by your incompetent self that ye imagine Creation pursues its majestic course by means of wanton interactivities of creatures such as ye, and less than ye? The impress of God is omnipresent. Not your interpretation of Him can limit His Being or His Will. Ye men are less than nothing. He is greater than all. And all that is expresses Him in secret cypher, the meaning of which can only be rendered completely by Masters on the plane of spirit for His Higher Purpose. You can but dimly and vaguely understand. You see in part, and can but know in part; and even so knowing must misinterpret, for to err is human.

It is this persistent impress of God's teachings in cypher that is the foundation of much of the mystic lore known unto men. Numbers, colours, the lines on the hand, the stars, have each

their interpretation which, in the absence of culture, may be the ground of charlatanism and lead to the exploitation of the credulity of the ignorant. But the pretensions of alchemy do not discredit chemistry, and the "quack doctor" is not the measure of the experienced physician. You are at the beginning of knowledge in these studies of the symbol, and the future should lead to a more dignified consideration of the data on which they are founded.

Let your prayers, then, be for understanding. The hidden truth which confronts the human sense in a thousand thousand forms, and yet remains undiscovered, were too wonderful for man in its spiritual significance. But, "seek and ye shall find." Yes, find something of the Truth where-with you can vision an ever-widening field of God's Presence, and so grow to a larger and closer communion with Him Who ever seeketh thee. There is no limitation to thy search for His Truth but thine own desire. And when, in the fullness of Time, the Alpha of His Revelation shall become manifest, when through some symbol, some appearance, you discover the God Presence and understand the first letter of His Will towards man, then shall the Spirit within become radiant with holy zeal to interpret the whole mystery of His Creation, and the Symbolic Universe shall become unto you a never-ending Book of Revelation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF TRUTH.

YOUR aspirations towards the Eternal are begotten of your spiritual heritage. Not lightly can man suppress the desire for God which wells up from the fount of his being in urgent flow towards betterment. Err as he may, sin beyond hope of forgiveness, or make pretence of scorn and unbelief, yet the inner adoration of "good," of "God," will out, will compel service. As none are free of blemish on the earth plane, so none are without good. God is omnipresent. Good may not be denied. Those whose lips express unbelief, or even the fool who hath saith in his heart "there is no God," testify to the Eternal Presence by their very lips. They serve at the altar unwittingly and unwillingly; yet they serve. The ways of the evil-doer may be a standing reproach to a whole community, an imperative call to service that will uplift the inert self-satisfied believer to a full knowledge of their impotence. And the evil-doer exultant in his aggression, boasting temporal

aggrandisement and maybe carrying all before him in his impetuous onslaught upon "good," will play havoc and yet serve God. The tempest winnows the unfit from the fit. The devastating flood brings alluvial deposits to enrich the land. And out of the welter of wrong-doing there emanates ever the consciousness of crime, of sin, and a desire for "good," for God.

The eternal conflict of good and evil is a divine administration of The Word. Folly has its part to play in the cosmos of your world. Sin is but spiritual folly and its penalty is death to the Soul. Sin, and ye kill the spiritual aspiration that bids you look up and live. Yet ever your sin may be a spiritual flagellation to promote humility. The ways of God are beyond your finite judgment and ye must abide by His Will in all things.

What know ye of good beyond that which God reveals unto you? Think ye that of yourselves ye men could ever pass judgment on the right or wrong of aught within the orbit of your lives? And when ye realize your incapacity shall ye pass judgment upon that which is without the range of your understanding? O folly, folly, thy name is man!

In the arrogance of his conscious kinship with God man enthrones Reason potentate of Heaven and Earth and thereby does homage to himself. All must conform to this intellectual demi-god or

be excommunicate the presence of—Man! The human understanding is the avowed gauge of Truth. "Thou shalt have none other god," says this self-annointed lord of the Earth in unconscious mimicry of his Creator. What I know is "me" and the unknown cannot exist: so man affirms in act and deed if not in actual phrase. And thus self-established in the chair of judgment he does impugn God as traitor to the human need—the All-loving Father whose mercy sustaineth the World is arraigned in the Court of Human Reason as malefactor, evildoer. Even as these two-thousand years since man crucified Christ, in manifest inability to understand the miracle of His Presence, so to-day, in his vaunted mental ability to measure creation, man adjudicates upon the Divine Presence and again condemns all that is beyond his puny understanding.

Love, Justice, Truth! shall these attributes of Spirit which find some expression in Man through the mediation of Heaven, shall they be subject to the limitations of human apprehension? Love—what knew men of Love until The Master came? Even now, with His example before them, what know they of Love as it finds expression in the spiritual spheres? The selfish conservation of being engendered by physical conditions, wherein the preservation of the Body were but a minor example, renders anything but a faint semblance

of the spiritual reality impossible. As the most perfect imitation of Christ lacks the sublime motive and is nought but an imitation, so Love within the range of human understanding and practice is but a mere shadowgraph of God's Love. Yet it is the embryonic spiritual faculty which man should assiduously cultivate so that hereafter he may justify his kinship with Perfect Love. Alas! the tendency of modern man is to stunt this divine out-growth of the Spirit. Self-love, Body-worship, holds him in thrall. None, no not one, can subordinate the physical craving for self-asseveration and submerge the self in conscious oneness with All-That-Is. And that is ~~the~~ essential feature of Love Divine.

Justice is another spiritual faculty which man perverts and caricatures in sublime ignorance of reality. The grotesque dogma of The Atonement which enshrouds the beautiful gift of Heavenly Perfections sent by God to man, parodies Divine Justice. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth vindicate the human touch in "Holy Writ." Thus man interprets the constant factors in the creation manifest to his five senses: the sequence of cause and effect hypnotize his intelligence and is glorified into immutable law to which even The Creator—so man assumes—must conform. Therefore your scientists reject miracles. Inevitably man looks for the underlying law. And The Law

is God's Will. So in similar slavery of human vision the theologian, seeking his reason for God's spiritual enactments, perpetrates that travesty of Divine Justice—the sacrifice of Christ upon The Cross to “redeem” sinful man from the wrath of God. “The price had to be paid.” Divine Justice, according to man, had to be satisfied. Analysed to its inception and human purpose The Atonement is a barbaric touch that impairs Christianity and limits the spiritual influence of God's presence with man. Surely never criminal found so specious a plea for indisputable crime than this that the victim was a willing sacrifice necessary to expiate even the sin that struck Him down. Surely human intellect is dissatisfied with so false a conception of The Atonement?

Divine Justice puts no limitation upon Divine Love. The Law is not to be propitiated by the sacrifice of The Law-giver. The Justice of Heaven is not blind nor mechanical but is a divine administration of perfect “Will” tempered to the minutest circumstances of the offence. The abstract conceptions which the mind of man, blunted by adversity and perversity, seeks to impose as ideal, have no reality in the Heavenly Cosmos. Even as God is Love and ye are ignorant of aught but a reflected glory thereof, so God is Justice and there is naught in your human state that is in likeness thereto *except The Life of Him*

ye call Jesus Christ. To understand my meaning is beyond you. There is an esoteric signification in every throb of The Master's Life on Earth; and there is purpose in whatsoever He did and in whatsoever He said. And the purpose and the sequence of all the hours and moments of His ministry among men conform to a Divine Justice which brought to men The Way to Life Eternal and the fellowship of Spiritual Perfection. In all consciousness of my words I tell you that The Master, Lord Christ, lived and suffered death, not to propitiate The Father, but as Blessed Exemplar of the Love of God, the Way, the Truth, the Life. He made the path easy to your feet by example. He suffered The Cross in spiritual triumph that infinite compassion might lead you to Him even as it leads Him to you. “Where I am there shalt thou be if only thou believest in me.” “If any man will serve me let him but follow me.” The law of The Christ is obedience and service. His love encompasseth man with cords that hold us in spiritual bondage and compel a daily sacrifice of self at the altar of Holy Living. We may not deny Him and live. For us He lived! For us He died! And it is justice Divine that brings us penitent to Him who desires to forgive. “Forgive them, they know not what they do.” Even so, O Christ, to-day as it was yesterday and from the very beginning!

These things we tell you are not for your admonishment but for your spiritual preparation that ye may be ready for The Master when He comes. False doctrine is prevalent to your undoing. If ye are falsely led the responsibility is not yours if there be in you that faith which justifies even error. Ye go by the light ye have; and the tangle of your ways will be unravelled in due season by divine decree. But nevertheless, ye are undone and go your journey desolate of Truth because thereof, companioned by Ignorance and maybe by Falsehood. Therefore, when Doubt prompts the query which is answered from above then give ear, attentive ear, or be condemned to wander disconsolate hereafter, in perplexity, victim of your own folly.

Of Love and Justice the World goes fully conscious of a moral ineptitude to realise its limited vision. The ideal thereof is deemed divine and beyond mortal realization. But Truth, the last of the trio under our consideration, is exalted to a status in human experience which, however much ignored by those who think not at all, is evidence of spiritual interpenetration for the stabilizing of the mind of man. Not here may we examine the basis of Truth according to human understanding; that were the subject of a philosophical disquisition which might bore the reader and were better left to the wise men of the

Earth. In the Kingdom of the Spirit we need no such learned guides for the discovery of Truth. Perfect Love and Perfect Justice beget Perfect Truth. In Heaven the searing ray of untruth, the lie, is impossible; for Truth stands self-revealed there in luminous glory to the discerning eye of Spirit as the very atmosphere of spiritual being.

But ye on Earth are enslaved of your five senses and know but little even of that microcosm ye call "me." Ye are subject to strange hallucinations, sense-distortions, in which your moral perspective is frequently inverted. Ye exult in the trivial and go a-dread of the unimportant, while Truth, a veritable angel of light, a God from Heaven, goes unseen in your very midst, unknown, unwanted. Ye look and see not; ye listen and hear not; and out of your delusions ye postulate that which ye dignify with the title "truth." There is little accord between you. The "truth" of one man is not the "truth" of another. Ye are polemical creatures and the clamour of your disputes, as each seeks to vindicate the truth of his vision, is provocative of laughter.

Light, dark, right, wrong, these are but relative terms based upon the faculties of the percipient. Hot, cold, good, evil, if ye are the measure of aught but your own capability to discriminate between either of these, the "truth"

will be a perversion of the absolute truth. Ye are finite and fickle. The Absolute is infinite and unchangeable

But behind the phantasmagoria of all human perceptions is the illuminating Spirit of divine origin which reveals to your inner self a vision of Truth even amid the chaos of your subjective world. Despite the lack of coherence in your aspect of life, regardless of the contradictions ye formulate based upon personal interpretations of universal phenomena—of truth manifest in the cosmic whole—yet ye visualize Abstract Truth as something beyond finite argument. Spirit-led ye postulate God as Truth and have no mental concept to invest the phrase with reality. But ye know God is Truth and Truth is God. The negative of Truth is untruth; and that which is not God in very truth has no existence. For all that is, is of God and subsists by virtue of its God-head. This may go beyond your comprehension; but that only bears witness to your infirmity. Truth is not a copy-book maxim. Truth is Very God and therefore incomprehensible except in part.

The presence of spiritual guidance in your thoughts upon this subject is evident from the fact that despite the chaos of contradiction begotten of your unreliable sense-world, ye do postulate an Absolute Truth. From a mathematical basis ye

formulate certitude which is beyond dispute. Figures cannot total to more than one correct sum. There is an exact science. But even this is little more than an accommodation of absolute truth to the human capacity, and is based upon factors of Time and Space which are relative manifestations within consciousness and have no reality in The Absolute. Even the simple concept of the "unit," on which the science of numbers is built, is complexed by human inability to differentiate between the parts of the whole except by artificial limitations based on "form" which is mere appearance to the human sense. Without the sense-conceived "form," without the artificial restraint of outline, without the restriction of "shape," the unit is inconceivable; the "one" would be merged in the "many." And it is for your mental health that ye have not the ability to realize "the whole" except as part, nor perceive the interdependability of the parts which establish their co-relation. But despite these inherent restrictions to your achievement of absolute truth, ye have in numbers an axiomatic basis of certitude which is the foundation of all human thought and speculation. Further, therefrom ye have deduced the awe-inspiring reality that as the unit is the basis of numerical certitude so The One is The Whole and the plurality of gods has given place to The Absolute.

Yet, notwithstanding human achievement in speculative thought, in Science, in exact knowledge, what dare ye affirm as "Truth" except the Spirit vouches for it? Science is a veritable quick-sand to engulf bold affirmation of knowledge: the hypothesis of yesterday is the fable of to-day. Earth-wisdom is the art of discarding alleged truth. Earth-wisdom is winnowed by the winds of Time from the chaff and husk of elaborate thinking; and that which remains constant is all spiritual discovery. The realities known to you are within rather than without. There is a verisimilitude about "yourself" which is absent from the categories of Science. You "know" the fundamentals of your own being beyond all question of fact. You know Life, hope, faith, love. But the dispositions of "scientific truth" must be consciously appraised by the enquiring mind and accepted with full reservation to test and re-test under permanent suspicion. Only knowledge born of the Spirit is indubitable. And because thereof ye cannot be content with earth-wisdom but must ever, as ye awaken to your needs, turn to the spiritual kingdom for understanding. Ye need God beyond all question, and must, sooner or later, realize your need. Ye are of Him and the call of the Spirit will not be denied. Never can the Spirit deny its being; and consequently never

can it deny its God no matter what pretensions Reason may affirm. As the tree falls so it lies to corruption and decay, or for fuel and utility, if for such service it be ordained. And likewise man is under the Will of God destined for the purpose of His Miracle, obedient to the need for which man exists, unable despite forwardness to thwart the Divine Intent. Even his sins may rebel against forgiveness and yet claim at the last more than human justice when the judgment is made before the Great Throne. Christ to the rescue came of such as these, compassionate above all earth-wisdom, a Divine Love all love excelling; and it is His prerogative to forgive even the least worthy. For His Service was beyond Good and Evil, beyond man's measure. The unworthy may be judged worthy under the ægis of His Benediction; and He will deny His Blessing to none who come led by the Spirit seeking the miracle of forgiveness. But the Spirit must lead. Never shall Reason, Pride, Earth-knowledge or Earth-possession, pretension of piety or parade of good works win from The Master those precious words, "Arise! Go in Peace! Thy Sins are Forgiven Thee!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

THE subject of "The Fall" is one we must deal with in our Spiritual Philosophy if we are to be encyclopædic. Man's innate reasoning faculties demand pabulum for reflection—when he can spare time from the onerous task of amusing himself. The doctrine of "The Atonement"—confounded by ecclesiastical controversy—obviously has some historical foundation or it could not have become incorporate in your religion as an essential dogma. The facts regarding "The Fall" may be obscure but the truth was so self-evident (man is spiritually superior to his physical condition), that religionists were compelled to accept any legend rather than none to account for the obvious degeneration.

Let me commence by assuring you that omniscience is not a spiritual prerogative of other than Deity; we are victims always of the capacity of our spiritual perception. And although I, Cuno, may be adjudged worthy of a larger vision than another, yet in the whole story of man's

"In the Beginning."

creation and "fall" there is wealth of detail beyond my knowledge. I record only that which my research and understanding has mastered and which I am permitted to reveal.

In the biblical legend of "The Fall" the truth is told allegorically that because man did eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and thus came to know Good and Evil, he was expelled ~~The~~ Garden of Eden and condemned to "Earth." The Garden of Eden symbolises a state of spiritual perfection within the Soul when the divine heritage of kinship with God was unblemished, when man indeed held converse with Heaven and the voice of The Lord spake with familiar accents in his ear "as he walked in the garden in the cool of the day." The geographical and chronological adornments of the legend are but literary artifices adopted by the narrators to give it verisimilitude in the sight of the people whose understanding is earth-bound. The garden was indeed a spiritual paradise—the garden of the Soul wherein the Spirit abode—and man was enjoined "to dress and keep it." But this was in the days when the Earth was virgin to man and the physical conditions less remote from the spiritual than they are to-day. It was—as you count time—long, long ago. It was centuries and epochs beyond the computation of your minds: and yet in the sight of God and Heaven it was but yesterday.

Ye may not believe me when I affront your self-conceit by affirming that your "civilization" is but the infancy of progress compared with past, forgotten, vanished civilizations. Ye cannot conceive any stage of human progress to eclipse this precious compound of earth-wisdom and body-slavery which typifies modern life. According to your version of progress, complexity indicates development: and forsooth ye are complex almost to chaos in your social relations one with another, while your days are a whirl of distractions which deny you access to your God. But in your "progress" history does but repeat itself and were your World subject to yet another catastrophic visitation what evidences of your present "glory" would survive a thousand years hence? Less than that of Rome in its pride, less than Greece in its zenith of Art, far less than Egypt and Assyria or Babylon, would be the monument of your days. Ye are machine-made and non-enduring. Your buildings may not brook the ravages of Time as do those barbaric sepulchres that tell of Eastern pomp and power. The neglect and desolation of five hundred years without human presence would bring oblivion to the greater part of your activities. And in the recurring cycles of Time, with inevitable change lurking for your correction, dare ye abide in foolish pretension of consummate achievement that has attained

permanence? The finger of God writes "Finis" to any human page when He Wills.

Not once, not twice, but again and again in the story of Earth-life there have been pages of progress which equalled your present day and yet passed into night and nothingness, serving but a temporary purpose in the Divine Plan. Strange and inscrutable mystery though it may seem, yet the path to God's Purpose is contorted by man's indifference; the ascent is broken by many a deliberate return to depths where spirituality is unknown. And yet in this succession of "falls" there is some spiritual gain which bears fruit in the final harvest.

Your archæologists have gathered evidences of former civilizations in various parts of the World, evidences which might well put a period to your foolish presumption of physical and mental superiority to earlier races. Think ye that the head-dress influences the mentality? Think ye that shorn locks induce high thinking? Nay, there is folly in such belief! Though it be "the vogue" with women in your day and follows their aping of men, despite cropped heads the factors of sex will remain constant with all relative values. And likewise the shaving of the head or of the face may have hygienic purposes, but betwixt the mentality of the Romans, the Greeks, the Assyrians, or the ancient Hebrew and your

modern man there is tribal rather than cultured differences. If in this or that ye may be "better," yet in other parts ye are decidedly inferior. Even on the spiritual plane of your being—and that is all that really matters—the variation betwixt individuals is as great as ever; and if there are some "nearer God" there are very many still pagan in thought and deed, worshipping false gods.

Yes, the rise and fall of man is a tidal recurrence that circles your world with monuments of the past. India, Tibet, China, preceded Egypt, Assyria and Persia; even as these last did Greece and Rome. Following the course of the setting sun "civilization," as ye call it, moves ever West. The cycle turns yet again, and on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean "the new world" rears its monstrous pile where ancient people had their day in an earlier long-forgotten epoch. And the "new" is but a variant of that earlier race—men and women aspiring, some to God, many to earthly power, and none further from self than those who preceded them. Research will rediscover in every part of the World traces of pre-historic people. But your palæontologists who can hardly reconstruct the story of the unknown, Revelation might come to their aid. We of the Spiritual Kingdoms, desiring to afford them humility, might indite an account of the

Past which would enable the archæologist to focus effort upon areas where ancient life made indelible marks. We have proffered help. But there is no gain to the Spirit that way; and Unbelief is a hydra-headed monster that were best left alone.

Through all phases of human activity, even in the most remote past, there has been present some spiritual agency at work striving to rehabilitate man with lost spiritual faculties. Religion inevitably endowed Deity with power to punish man for sins of omission, even when the ethical culture that enjoins holy living was absent. The Soul recognised something higher than itself although perception was debased by vicious practices. To every wave of mankind that flooded for a time this or that area of the Earth's surface there came Messengers striving with the earth-forces, seeking to liberate man from himself. In every religious cult there has been the essentials of spiritual progress obscured though they frequently were by human frailty. Indeed, we may go further than this and allege that The Cosmic Christ has found presence in all ages and races in continuous redemption of fallen man. Mark you, we do not allege that these manifestations of the Christ Spirit were on the same plane as that highest of all manifestations which inaugurated The Christian Era. They were not. But, for those mortals who recognised

The Presence, the result was the same spiritually as in these latter days. We may also affirm that never has there been an era in human life when there was not somewhere among men that illumination which is the depositary of esoteric knowledge respecting immortal life. The Illuminati were not self-elected nor, necessarily, of the priesthood; but were God-chosen custodians of Sacred Wisdom. And ever there ran through all such lore as they possessed an inspiration towards God concomitant with real knowledge of spiritual immaturity. Always behind all such esoteric knowledge there lies a conscious want of divine help, a realisation of a fall from grace.

It is only these latter centuries of life on Earth, when man has become obsessed with earth-wisdom, that the evolutionary idea has found favour. Man has achieved a momentous victory over self in postulating the truth regarding his physical origin from the animal. This knowledge was necessary to correct his presumptive rôle as lord of the rest of the creation, and to bring home to him a fuller realization of the brute within that needed taming. Such self-knowledge is a preliminary to spiritual progress and indicates divine intention and intervention. The present age is complex with these marks of divine favour and world apathy to our intervention. But our faith in God's Will strengthens our effort and we

come hopeful to your aid. That ye realize ye are of the apes physically, that your earth-bodies are of little more account than those of the beasts ye kill, is an advance in world-thought which augurs progress in higher things. It is an advance that means more to man than he can at present realize.

Always, in the past, man claimed descent from "the gods"; he was the off-spring of immortals. Mythology weaves a halo of romance and divinity into the legendary accounts of human origin, whether the myth be sponsored by civilized or uncivilized man, by ancient Greek, Asiatic prophet, or wild jungle-folk of equatorial Africa. In every clime, wherever the religious observance rose to the dignity of traditional record, pre-eminence was given to this legend of divine origin. This fact is the more remarkable because in many of the wild tribes where this conception is fast rooted there is little spiritual consciousness to justify such a presumption. But the myth—if it be such—is world-wide and can hardly be ascribed to vanity or pride of physical being. No! It is founded on truth, on a past glory which existed before "The Fall," on tradition which had to be kept alive, at all costs, for man's ennoblement.

When and where man existed in that sublime state of intimacy with Heaven, it were idle speculation to discuss. The changing con-

figuration of the Earth's surface by submergence and upheaval has transformed the ancient land areas into ocean beds, raised islands into ranges of mountains, created new continents and a new world in which all the old landmarks have disappeared. Consequently the geographical localisation of "The Garden of Eden" were difficult even were it deemed desirable or profitable. Enough if we record that it existed on what were the higher plateaux of the Northern hemisphere.

When? The question may be asked but who can compute correctly the centuries when epochs were as a day and a night, a sequence that had no discernible beginning and is still without end. Time is human weakness. The measure thereof is a physical capacity rather than an astronomical mensuration. Physical exhaustion may measure the hours as years; and sleep may eliminate half a life-time. The life of a fly may be brevity itself compared with the life of a man: but what is the life-time of a man in eternity? Truly "Time" is chimerical observation by one who dreams and deems the fantasy real. Even exactitude based on astronomical days and nights has variation: a million years may discover a longer day and night as the Earth loses velocity; and the presence of man upon your planet goes back more than a

million years. So what can it profit you to say when the first man trod your Earth?

Verily. I would record nought but the Truth, so must I say that prior to the coming of "man" as the elect of God there emerged "physical man" from the brute creation whose seed multiplied and gained some ascendancy upon the physical plane through brute cunning which evolved by the natural operation of God's universal decree. In your biblical records there is confusion of thought resultant of the knowledge of this fact and the failure to account for it. "So God created man in His Own image, male and female created he them," and gave them dominion over everything that moveth upon the Earth. Later it is recorded of "Adam" that God breathed into him the breath of Life and man became "a living soul." The likeness of God was in both creations, but "the breath of life" was given only to the last. The anterior creation lacked something which was bestowed upon Adam. So the tradition runs: Let us try to clear up this confusion of thought.

The anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity which prevailed at the time the Mosaic records were made, introduced the fallacy that the physical body was "in the likeness of God." But "The Spirit," the breath of life, is the only "likeness"—which were better described as

"affinity" or "love relationship"—between God and man. There is nought *like* The Everlasting One, the Creator of All. But ye men need no corrections in this matter: anthropomorphism is eliminated from the higher thought respecting Deity. Man stands abased in his own sight as, by nature, too close to the animal kingdom to pretend "likeness" on physical lines; and the crude ideas involved in the theological assumption of a "resurrection" of the mortal body has given place to the loftier vision of an immortal spiritual entity. The term "body" has become jargon which irritates and never illuminates the spiritually-minded man. This is all to the good and is the first fruits of the evolutionary hypothesis that really benefits mankind.

Before seeking to unravel the mystery of "Adam," the man in the likeness of God, we must deal with his predecessor who lacked "the breath of life." This aspect of human creation involves a readjustment of your current ideas respecting the earlier stages of life upon your World. The simian ancestor of man propounded by anthropologists is as mythical as the biblical Adam and Eve. Identification of "descent" or "ascent" by means of isolated skulls may afford scientists relaxation from more important studies and undoubtedly keep newspaper reporters

chattering, but these diversions prove nothing. At the most they are but the idle speculations which keep the mind open to new truth by affording breadth of thought and an antidote to church dogma. Science alleges that man ascends from the ape. Theology affirms that man descends from God. The two schools wage war with each other and neither are victorious because both base their statements upon a misinterpretation of truth. We tell you that the anthropoid ape and modern man are both lineal *descendents* of a common ancestor if you limit the enquiry to physical being. But on the spiritual plane of being there is no relationship: the ape is not yet evolved to that apex of conscious existence when Spirit becomes manifest.

We emphasize the statement that both man and ape are *descendents* of a common ancestor because, even on the physical plane "descent" rather than "ascent" were the better term to describe what has occurred. Man, as a physical being, has degenerated considerably, and the ape more so, from their common prototype. You, with your superficial view of cosmic processes, have little idea of those creatures of a pre-mythological past. Even the alleged azoic rocks were life-active in their day although geologists lack vision of the fact. The fossil remains discovered in the tertiary formations afford but a

vague history of the past. Giants once trod the Earth. Monster saurians, of which ye have clear evidence, reared their huge bulks in the swamp-lands of the carboniferous period. Gigantic vegetation vied with colossal animal life for supremacy on the habitable parts of the Earth's surface. Prodigious, frightful indeed, by your present standard of creation was the aspect of nature. And yet there was a cyclopean splendour withal that lacked the pettiness and triviality of your present man-dominated conditions of life. The brute, heaving its huge bulk, claimed its meed by right of birth and was strenuous in its life-effort. Every muscle in its massive form rippled to action that necessitated fitness, and atrophy was unknown. And the man of that period was a veritable giant and his breed was herculean: a monstrous hairy emergence from the womb of Nature, fit to cope with and control the brute creation of his day. But although the symmetry of his proportions, nursed by the exigencies of his conditions, afforded him grace and strength beyond your wildest imaginings; yet, a creature of Earth, he received not the blessing of spiritual birth. He remained lord of the brute kingdom, partaking with them of the Soul-life that knows not itself and yet progresses upwards through a multiplicity of re-incarnations of soul-force towards the right of spiritual birth.

As the ages passed in convulsion and turmoil, which were the birth-pangs of progress, life adapted itself to the new conditions which slowly obtained as modifications of temperature and the enveloping strata of air followed the active volcanic period of Earth's earlier days. The era of giants passed; although there were survivals for many a thousand years in various parts of the World and these became legendary.

A less prodigious race of man succeeded the giants, hairy, animalish, of the jungle breed, yet with a mental cunning that won supremacy over other animals. They were strong, vigorous, earth-born. They were in stature twice that of normal man of your day. They bred amazingly and over-ran the temperate zone. But, except to found numerous races as they became distributed in all inhabitable lands, their part in the story of man's evolution on the physical plane has become quite obscured. Man in all his variations has descended from this aboriginal race. Nay, more! even the anthropoid apes may claim descent therefrom. Physically, none can compare with these early people whose activities over-ran the Earth, whose cunning and nature-craft won easy living wherever they went. The arts of life evolved by them were simple and purposed on utilitarian lines. They were migratory by instinct. But they paid the penalty of such

restlessness and became subdivided into non-communicating communities as the centuries passed. Sea and impenetrable forest-land isolated colonies until variation and adaptation to climatic and other conditions gave characteristics so divergent as to destroy the trace of relationship. And therefrom all the varied tribes and races throughout the World came into being.

Yes! the time-factor, as ye call it, which is another name for God's Will, played an important part in that story. "A million years" is a phrase that conveniently placates the enquiring mind, so we will leave it at that. But Time is naught but man-measurement and has no existence in Very Truth. His Will ordained these things from the beginning unto now, and the inter-relations establish continuity which affords change in appearance only. The lines of life weave precious raiment for the Spirit which He gives.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FALL OF MAN.

HUMAN Life has ebbed and flowed in racial tides that have swept round the World again and again, even as it does now. Races, like the Atlanteans, whose downfall came by flood and submergence and is the origin of the traditional "deluge," reached a stage of development which in many particulars was far in front of that of your era. Their comparative proximity to historical time affords many of the legends of pagan days. Greek mythology borrows much therefrom. The Hebrews, from an Egyptian source, adopted the legends of Atlantean demi-gods and life-origins to their religious needs. Adam and Noah and The Flood are from this source and have no relation to the Jews as a special revelation. The title "Chosen People" used by the Jews comes in this present life-wave through the Hebrew parentage of The Master, Jesus Christ. There have been other chosen people who, as did the Hebrews, betrayed their trust and fell from grace. Oh great was the might of the Atlanteans!

Prodigious their cities and empire of which the fabled island beyond the Pillars of Hercules were but a fraction that survived the earlier judgment of God. Great were they in their own sight; and their knowledge exalted them to Earth-power which assumed divinity. They deemed themselves elect. They were vainglorious of their wisdom and aspired to a heaven of temporal power where Self was Very God and the knowledge of Good and Evil placed no restraint upon them. But in the hour of evil conjuration, when the dark ones from the under-world rose to the spell of "devil-worship" and orgies of magic and sin, the Waters of the Deep overwhelmed them and their cities and sorcerers were blotted out of God's Sight so that not a vestige of their day remains.

Were they gifted with "the breath of Life"? Verily so! Else were their end of less import and the Judgment would not have come upon them. Their Earth-wisdom alienated them from the Divine Wisdom; and so they perished as other races have perished in the struggle betwixt Self in man and the God within and without that which is The Selfless Unity of Perfect Love.

Far before the Atlanteans, for there were three cycles of human life that circled Earth in pre-Atlantean days, man received "the Breath of Life" and became a living Soul. The miracle, of which that in the Garden of Eden is the traditional

record, took place during the existence of that first race that succeeded The Giants, of which we have spoken. Remember how close those parents of mankind were to nature. Newly emerged from the matrix of Special Creation, although evolved from earth-form and endowed with precocity of jungle-lore, they had a virginity of receptivity, a faculty of understanding the presence of God, which is never found now except in the newborn babe. The sensitiveness of the savage—as ye moderns style the child of Nature—is a survival of God-given "instinct" with which these first men were more fully endowed. They "scented" danger, they had a "presentiment" of impending ill, "knew" direction as does the homing pigeon, could "smell" water afar off. Although not yet inheritors of "Eternal Life" they were overshadowed by spirit influence which fostered the Divine Plan to exalt man. They were predestined to immortal birth.

Was there one "Adam"? Was there a single elect pair—male and female—from whose seed mankind sprung? Tradition has it so; but the truth thereon is veiled and unknown. The Creator of All Life has His Secrets which are beyond human understanding. The formulæ of ecclesiastical religion may need an Adam and Eve for its syllogistic perfection, the argument for inherited sin needs a primordial sinner, but

the premises of the argument are assumed as truth and may not be proven nor denied.

But the facts revealed to the larger knowledge of Spirit Life would indicate the general "giving" of "the breath of Life" as individual men attained worthiness. Not an isolated pair in an Eden, but in all parts of the Created World man evolved under divine guidance towards that perfection of God's Plan whereby ye received "the breath of Life." As he became "worthy" man became "a living Soul."

When the vital spark of heavenly flame descended upon man his conscious reasoning "self" found birth. Uncontaminate of sin and endowed with receptivity of spirit-influence, truly, such men "walked and talked with God." It was the age of Innocence. It was the age of Faith. Man knew his Creator and was not afraid.

With the quickening of the Soul to conscious realization of its affinity with God there came psychic gifts that exalted man from the physical to the spiritual plane. He was indeed lifted up to fellowship with the angels and had privileges of spirit intercourse that, since then, none ever enjoyed except The Master. Man, under divine blessing, was the destined link between Earth and Heaven. The fruition of creation was thus manifest. The Living Soul of man was the apex of a pyramid which stood memorial of God's Will,

its base in the chaos of primordial things, its summit in Heaven.

In those idyllic days there was a perfection of attainment in creation which spiritualized the Earth and all therein so that peace and goodwill were established as in The Father's Kingdom. The lion and the lamb did lie down together; and man loved all creatures and was beloved. Wherever man attained the blessed consummation of realised affinity with his Creator there was peace and concord. Adam, if we may so call him, knew the purpose of Life, and with spiritual vision read the pages of the book of Nature that God had written for his guidance. He needed no interpreter. His Soul was quick with understanding and athrob with sympathy. The Love of God which passeth human understanding flooded the channels of life; and man, sentient thereto beyond power of rejection, was head of a brotherhood which knew kinship with all.

Well may your ancient mythologies people the Earth with demi-gods in those Eden days. Classical mythology is but a symbolical record of that golden age when perfection in physical and spiritual being accomplished the fore-ordained divinity which is man's birthright. Men of God walked the Earth and The Presence was ever with them. But such is the mysterious dispensation of God's Will which surely works for universal

good, even when attainment already advertised the golden age of spiritual perfection man suffered Downfall and was banished the Heaven he had already conquered.

Who can explain The Fall? Believe us, not once and for all time did man lose his Eden. The idea of "the fall," or loss of spiritual perfection, is recurrent in all subsequent waves of human life that link the primordial race with modern man. As each epoch of human attainment reached its zenith there came "downfall" which devastated progress and swiftly submerged all human activities as preparatory for a successive race. Ye are The Fifth Race; and by all signs and portents history is repeating itself; but there will be a difference in outlook for the future inasmuch as spiritual hosts are labouring under The Master for the advent of an era of Peace. This means the inauguration of Christ's Kingdom on Earth. But, first there will be "a judgment," a retribution, a period of catastrophic overwhelming of The Evil One both on the physical and the spiritual planes. The Sands of Divine Patience are running low. Man's audacity has betrayed itself. Divine Love, once again, has to endure the gibes and sneers of those who "know not what they do"; but the issue, this time, is already flaming in the Heavens where the chariots of The Avengers speed to their work. The purification

of man by water, by blood, by torment, and ever and ever by Downfall is again impending. The wail of an overwhelmed multitude already affrights the dwellers in darkness betwixt Heaven and Earth. But there is the shadow of a great cross athwart your teeming World, although ye see it not; and its presence is the sign manual of a Living Christ who comes to save those who know Him in truth within, albeit their lips fail to confess His Name. For the Mercy of The Lord endureth forever and is a brimming cup that runneth over to the need of parched lips. But the proud and the lordly wise He chasteneth in due season with a whip of scorpions. Get ye to your knees, ye men of the World, ye wise women and clever ones, ere the tocsin of your Downfall sounds! Pray to the Living God for the redemption of your souls by an access of Christ within who this long since ye have denied entry! He alone can save!!

CHAPTER X.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

WE must now consider the subject of man's Fall from a new standpoint. In the Mosaic myth, recorded in your Bible, the serpent tempted the woman who in turn tempted the man to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge which had been forbidden them. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." From the eating of the fruit of this forbidden tree man, so it is alleged, acquired a knowledge of good and evil. And because these mythological parents of mankind, by their disobedience acquired wisdom, it is alleged that their Creator said "Lo, man is become as one of us, to know good and evil" and grew afraid "lest man put forth his hand and take of the Tree of Life and eat and live forever."

None surely is so foolish as to read this biblical story except as an allegory. There is a fairy-tale element about it which has the charm of simplicity and satisfies the child-mind. It is Truth recorded by the weaver of legends for the satisfaction of those who rejoice in the elementary stages of

human understanding. As a piece of literary craft it is second to none in interest to mankind; and when you are able to interpret its inner meaning you discover amazing truth. Let us seek an interpretation.

To man in his present state the idea that knowledge of good and evil is embarrassment rather than otherwise, seems preposterous. Liberty of action, free-will, choice betwixt alternatives, seems to you to be an attainment of which man may well be proud and that the absence of this faculty would indicate inferiority. But are you sure of this last assumption? Can the holy one love evil? The saint sin deliberately? The Master, deny His children? Or to take the reverse: can sin profit the Soul? The sinner redeem himself? Can hate sponsor the well-being of that it would destroy? Then wherein is this liberty of action that justifies pride? In the one case there is cause for rejoicing that such perfection has been attained as to render the alternative conduct impossible; and in the other the imperfection is innate and affords evidence of equal absence of liberty and choice, and must be regretted.

If virtue that may not fall denotes progress, equally true is it that sin exultant is development: the first is upward, the second is downward. You may call the second retrogression, if you will, but

it is "culture" albeit of faculties that alienate man from God. Therein you have the very purpose of your human liberty of choice—self-determination! The faculties for development lie latent in each man; and the direction taken, upwards or downwards, is his responsibility. Ye cannot serve two masters. The Spirit within would soar to Heaven did you abnegate the tyranny of the physical; and the Body will drag you to its physical "hell" if you surrender your spiritual birthright. Planetary existence is a period of ordeal during which the foundations of individual being are proven worthy or unworthy of election to His, The Master's, service. The "physical" triumphant ensures total rejection; for of such are those who cultivate sensual and physical appetites in total disregard of the well-being of their fellowmen. The commoner type of alternating worship of physical and spiritual life, in which, alas! the former usually preponderates, is but a few degrees removed from the "rejected of Heaven." Their Earth-life is profitless and in the Hereafter they must find spiritual culture or suffer continuous torment of conscious failure. The Spirit will give them no rest. One way or the other, upwards or downwards, man must progress on Earth and in the Hereafter. Happy indeed is he who has availed himself of all the opportunities of that probationary period ye call "life" to

determine his election to service in the Spiritual Realms without physical hindrance. Alas! many are called but few are chosen. Earth-wisdom shackles many an aspiring spirit; and there is much to unlearn before the Light of Truth can illuminate their path upwards to the Temples of Holiness.

To know good is to know God and few from the Earth-sphere attain that felicity of being which in its ecstatic realization of the immanence of God becomes totally oblivious of Evil. Love thine enemy as thyself is a teaching pregnant with this higher wisdom. Love that is perfect and unconquerable by hate; Virtue that endures temptation in joyous unconsciousness thereof; Good that has forgotten the existence of Evil: verily, these conditions denote a state of godliness which were altogether superior to your boasted earth-condition of free-will supremacy. The knowledge of good and evil is degradation of the Spirit within rather than otherwise. And so we see that it were a loving kindness that forbade innocence "to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge," as the Bible quaintly puts the origin of man's Fall.

Innocency! Ye men of the Earth deride the term. Yet, except as little children "ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." The Master told you the Truth; but ye comprehend it not. Ye

amass Earth-wisdom with unceasing diligence until your knowledge of Evil preponderates over your knowledge of Good and ye are enslaved of the "physical." Can ye not realise that forgetfulness may be a virtue? That the path once trodden needs no further exploration? That to look back is foolish when an infinite future calls for thine whole endeavour? What others have done concerns thee less than what thou, with thy spiritual equipment, doest on this present living adventure that is particularly thine own. Let thy native intuition counsel thee. The glamour of friendly advice may turn thee from the path that is indicated by innocence of evil. Think not to do wrong and thou shalt surely do the right. The sin is in the rejection of Good and wilful forgetfulness thereof. Right-doing is miraculously insistent if ye know not evil. Knowledge is the beginning of wrong-doing. Innocence is an ecstatic state of holy ignorance of sin. And the ripe fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is perverted desire for physical satisfaction at the expense of the Spirit.

Wherein, you ask, lay the wrong-doing in this "natural" desire to which the parents of mankind succumbed? Let us first examine the "sin" in detail. Think not that the offence was disobedience as theologians would have men believe. Do not fall so far short of truth as to

conceive God as an offended tyrant whose hardness of heart condemned mankind to the prison of pain and suffering of earth-frailty because Adam disobeyed His arbitrary command. Such a conception of a God of Love were foolish. And yet "of man's first disobedience and its fruits" theologians have elaborated a doleful creed which has served their ends in a thousand thousand discourses. Founded on such a conception of God no wonder the ecclesiastical edifice of man's Fall and Redemption topples to destruction. That it has survived thus long is no compliment to man's reputed intelligence. *It is not true!* It is a parody of Truth and offensive in the sight of the Spiritual Kingdoms. The punishment of "The Fall" is the natural sequence of an act which is symbolically described as "eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge." And ye men still eat thereof and still suffer. And because ye are committed to this folly without signs of repentance, or even realization of what ye do, your race is already condemned to extinction even as were your fore-runners. Temporal power and learning will fail you. Only Christ can save!

"Thou shalt have none other God but me," were a commandment which, uttered in love, has been disobeyed ever and with deliberation. Self stands deified in your world. Your legal enactments consecrate "property" and "person"

regardless of another's need. Your religious observances are the embodiment of physical wants rather than spiritual needs. Personal salvation is conceived in the light of avoiding physical suffering, of escaping the pains and torments of "the damned." The individual is enthroned by Reason as Very God of himself to whom he must pay unceasing homage. The homilies of Christian endeavour are considered verbal elegancies rather than truth-speaking. "Love thine enemy" is deemed sabbatical day-dreaming. To give "all thou hast to the poor" were certifiable lunacy which thy "Christian" relatives would speedily report to the authorities. "Love one another" is restricted by universal practice to the family and domestic life—and none too prevalent there where Self is concerned. Verily, ye are idolaters unaware! And this, all this, arises because ye do eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge: Ye are Worldly Wise.

Innocence is bliss: it is folly to be wise when knowledge perverts. The state of man in "Eden," as ye term his "golden age," was a state of innocence. He was not ignorant. He had spiritual wisdom. It may be said that he was ignorant of evil and that the relative phase of being which ye designate comparatively as "good" was accepted by him as the Will of God, with instinctive desire. As the ecstatic lark

sings in the empyrean for very rapture and scatters melody to a heedless world that all unconsciously were made glad thereby, so man in his perfect state lived and loved in spiritual accord with the rest of creation and was a continuous blessing to all by his very presence. The stamp of God's purpose was on creation. Whatsoever He made "it was good." Man was innocent and Earth was Paradise.

Into that Paradise came the serpent of Earth-wisdom, tempting, alluring. The delight of the senses was fostered by imagination and pandered to by increased facilities for sensuous indulgence that came with knowledge. The Physical being became importunate with desire and outlawed the spiritual. Curiosity, the feminine in man, mastered the Soul; and the pursuit of knowledge and ever more knowledge that served bodily needs became a fixed idea, a frenzy of the intellect, which completely subdued all spirituality and degraded the Soul to Body-slavery.

Earth-wisdom, tempered to service on the physical plane and subordinate always to spiritual guidance, were surely profitable to man. Spiritual efficiency requires bodily fitness. But, step by step, as worldly knowledge progressed, luxury, licentiousness, lusts of the flesh, became paramount. Self as expressed in Body needs,

imaginary or real, was enthroned on the shrine of Reason. Wealth, worldly possessions, temporal power, these cravings but preceded that last stage of folly which brought destruction to each successive race on Earth—when man denied God and aspired by science and “the black arts” to live forever, a self-acclaimed mortal.

The Atlanteans attained knowledge on the physical plane which embraced much to which ye have not yet attained, although in some matters ye have progressed further. Your methods of travel and means of transport, although revolutionary in the last decade, are yet in their infancy compared with the methods that were in vogue at the hey-day of the Atlantean civilization. Ye speed up your sense life by machinery. The clamour of engines, the roar of motors, the whirl of wheels and propellers, make your days hideous with pretence of progress. But that lost race attained supremacy over space by mental and physical means that co-operated—the mind controlled the mechanical means of travel direct, and all the restraint and lost power that is present in “noise” was absent in their days. Ye are barbarians in your ruthless neglect of mental repose. But, even as they were, ye are a-hungered for luxury, self-glorification and temporal power.

Interneine war keeps your World under restraint so long as Knowledge is confined to

physical pursuits. Man pays the price of his folly in flesh and blood, in loss of sense-appreciation, in spiritual apathy. The carnage of the battle field grows with chemical knowledge. The glut of luxury begets ennui and satiation. The 'ologies of Science trample Theology until Religion becomes nought but an ethical appendage to statesmanship purposed to subdue man to party control. Materialism is its own master. But in the story of past races we read of progress on physical lines which, even as there are signs in your times, developed unto a realization of psychic powers with wanton misuse thereof. Necromancy, black magic, conjurations of evil forces for amusement of the furtherance of selfish ends, are the natural corollaries of an initiation to psychic force through Science without the purifying influence of religious understanding. The psychic field, which is of the nature and being of The Soul, has faculties for development of evil as well as of good; and woe-betide the race that cultivates psychic science without spiritual understanding. For inevitably, the desire for immortality will come with the larger knowledge of forces within the individual, forces that yield increased facilities of self-realization. Man will aspire “to take of the Tree of Life, and eat, and live forever.” Then shall the end be sudden and without mercy. For the gift of God is Eternal

Life through Him who is The Way to an understanding born of The Spirit. Love will bring Wisdom beyond all book-lore or laboratory research. The affinity of Spirit to Spirit compels truth-seeking. But the Truth is ever a revelation that comes God-given to those who know Him whom they seek. Therefore, know thyself, O man! and the higher wisdom will follow.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION.

WHEN the Spirit within attains control human life finds a spiritual completeness that destroys the physical illusion of Self. Not by material gains of wealth or earthly possessions, not by conservation of all that is "you" in the worldly sense, not by pursuit of fame, applause, honour, or so-called glory, shall ye attain "Life"; but by forgetfulness of all these things—even by Death. "Unless a man die he shall not live again." And do not men put such value on their counterfeit conception of Life that without these earthly achievements of Self it were better they were dead? Even so! Therefore, truly moribund, they cling to the mummy-wrappings of their present state and have no real conception of Light, Love, Life.

The Way of Christ is from your present artificiality to the Real, from Death to Life. Service, which is the only path, brings forgetfulness of Self. The loss of worldly possessions is freedom from shackles that maim

and canker the Soul. Indifference to applause or criticism affords liberty of action that brings content. And if, thus released to the Service of God, ye think that He will not supply those needs of the Body which are physical reality to you, then is your faith chimerical, a meaningless glamour of the mind with which ye are deluded.

O deluded ones of the Earth! Shall ye continue to mouth pretence of Faith? Where is there a semblance of The Master's teaching in your Christian advocacy? Words ye have many, and your pious exhortations are a wail of self-condemnation: but the Path of Sacrifice is desolate of disciples. There is none to follow Him. And the Spirit goes traversing the wilderness of callous hearts without hope of welcome.

Blessed indeed is he who yearns for deliverance from the prison of Self, even though his desire be but a cry for help. Unto him comes One who can set free. But, alas! the prisoner loves the chains that fetter him to earth and though they be struck from him in ministry of mercy his lamentations betray him. None, no not one, rejoices at the loss of wealth. None can forego things of the flesh or deny indulgence of Self. None understand "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven," "but woe unto ye that are rich." Ye all have superfluity of

worldly goods, even the "poor"; for none are so a-hungered that love may be denied its share, and if ye share it not the superfluity shall indict you as earthbound. How can man attain fellowship with Christ and still be slave of the mortal body? Give!! give all that thou hast! Give to the last farthing, the last crust, thy coat, thy very earthly self ye call Life! and so giving ye shall enter into a fuller realization of the Love of God and wanting nought shall be endowed with all.

Ye deem these teachings but the impracticable dream of an idealist and cannot, for very fear of ridicule, commit yourselves to adopt them. Generations of forbears have imbued man with false ideas of the sanctity of Self and so he goes adread of ridicule. But in the hour of physical dissolution, when the long cherished Body is abandoned because it can no longer serve the purpose ye deem all important, i.e., function for sense-impressions, then it becomes possible for "you" to realise Truth without the distortion of Self. True, very many who come unprepared are condemned by Earth-memories to tread the desolate Valley of Illusion for timeless eternity in search of the way of self-abnegation. The burden they bear cheats them of every joy and creates a fantasy of desire that knows no attainment or hope of satisfaction. And to them Truth unfolds

with fearful deliberation that seems to postulate Never! But even to such as these there comes revelation which gives understanding. Even they at long last realise the spiritual truth that the corruptible is of the Earth earthy and that the Spirit is of God, immortal and above the temptation of illusion.

Then, when the Truth is realised, Self abnegates the empire of being which it has usurped through the periods of life on Earth and the Spirit reigns supreme. Revivified by intimacy with its higher purpose, the Soul attains a new conception of the Will to live: service in its holiest of all meanings—self-sacrifice as the eternal unfoldment of the God-likeness.

Ever the quickened Soul struggles towards the Light, even on Earth; but there is on Earth such willing submission to physical temptation fostered by your "culture" that the lure of sense-gratification triumphs. The child is content with simplicity and is chary of adventuring on unknown paths. Youth unsophisticated may afford blasé age amusement by its hesitancy to "take the plunge." Yet even age will find moments when the innocence that is lost were more desirable than all the illusive joys of realized Evil. That is the outstanding penalty of Sin—ye do ultimately, sooner or later, substantiate on the physical basis of Life the ever-suspected

truth that ye are the victims of illusion. "Be sure your sin will find you out" were better rendered from the prevision aspect, for ye never "sin" unaware. The Soul *knows* when it does wrong, though it pretend otherwise. And when the penalty for wrong-doing becomes due, the lips may protest, but the heart never. The illusion was not as to the nature of the act, but the consequences. Ye reap as ye sow and ye are not permitted to sow in ignorance. "The still small voice" of conscience may be ignored but it cannot be altogether silenced. Reason may persuade and Desire entice you, yet despite all earthly counsels ye have the Truth within for spiritual guidance through the dark abyss of natural and man-created Sin.

Let the Light within illumine your path as ye walk through the darkness. Heed not the *ignis fatuus* that is but the phosphorescent glow of your physical desire, an emanation of your bodily Self, or ye are lost. The Body considers no future. Sufficient for the day gratifies it; and it lives wholly in the Present. To-morrow it dies: and to the Spirit the Body yields never. But it behoves man to walk warily where the way is ever difficult; for, when the Body is no more, then the Soul stands on the brink of Life Eternal with Hope or Despair, companion-at-arms whom ye now on Earth elect for your future joy or sorrow.

If ye will but arise to your present opportunity and take counsel within then would there be such an unfoldment of spiritual gifts, consequent upon your adoption of His Way of Living, as to illuminate your path with joy of divine purpose and desire of constant service. The love-light that streams from within will heal all sorrow, alleviate all pain, afford all strength to endure, and inspire courage to face the future whatsoever it may bring. You yourself can tread a Calvary, can crucify the flesh, be a Christ-sacrifice for the spiritual regeneration of your fallen brother, if ye truly interpret His Message and permit The Spirit to speak.

"Follow me"! Lord, they understand Thee not! In their human folly they exalt evil, obfuscate good with Self, and glorify the transient creation of their own minds. They profess to love Thee, but they keep not Thy commandments. Of treasure on Earth they have great store and for it will run all risks; but of treasure in Heaven they take but little heed and make no sacrifice. None follow Thee, Lord, in these days; for the courage of discipleship has passed from man and he is too exalted for the service of humility. "Forgive them Father, they know not what they do!" Even so, Lord Christ! Thou knowest human frailty and can accomplish the miracle of salvation from Self. Into Thy hands, O Lord,

we commend ourselves humbly suppliant for forgiveness, we who serve so unlike Thee in faith, we who dare to doubt the issue of Thy Plan to redeem mankind.

The benison of The Lord Jesus Christ be upon you, O Man! and for those who will participate therein there is unspeakable Love, Joy, Peace!

Rest in the Lord!!

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