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PAINÉ'S
AGE OF THOUGHT

OR,

RIPPLES UPON LIFE'S SEA.

AS GIVEN BY

THOMAS PAINE,

Through the Mediumship of

MISS SARAH A. RAMSDELL.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PRINTED BY A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY.

1872.



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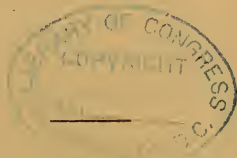
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I hereby Dedicate

A work I shall make interesting and worthy of promulgation:

TO MARSHALL CURTIS.

Feeling assured that it will reach the public mind, and also please a man who is ever pleased with truth, and who ever meets justice with the outspread hand of friendship.

Let the true God of Love and Fellowship rest with the world, while Thomas Paine digs for gems to drop from his spirit home, and thus let me preface my work that the world may know I still bear duty to earth, still am enabled to find ways and means of touching the thought sources of humanity, and thereby helping to build a temple of truth that shall withstand the picking hand of time. I shall speak now in rhythmic verse, and forever after may hold my peace.

THOMAS PAINE.

To MARSHAL CURTIS,

By Order of Compact in the seventh degree of Literature vs. Light.

W. W. W. 10/28/03.
E. C. Dec 6/11



PREFACE.

THOMAS PAINE TO MR. ANDERSON:—*Dear Sir*: Having looked around earth for an Artist to portray my physiognomy from a spiritual standpoint, I can find none I can come in harmony with so well as yourself. I can come *en rapport* with you, and will do so if you will name the time, the day, and the hour, you can devote to me. I am giving a small poem to the world, dedicated to MARSHAL CURTIS, a friend in the cause of progress; and as a pleasure to him, and a test to the world, I would like my spirit face to show in its opening pages. I will impress you correctly with one, a negative, to be photographed from, if you feel like complying with my request.

Yours, in the holy trinity of Faith, Hope and Love,

THOMAS PAINE.

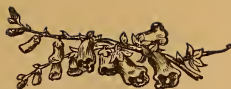
Historic pages, sombre shades, I'll mingle in my compact, and give as freely as though I'd always gathered from the sunny side of life. My muse has been long waiting, long pondering, and often giving me a pinch of discontent that sent me leaping backwards to gather up the scattered pages that contained my work of years. The torch I most wish lighted, is the torch of truth; that

its light may reflect the God-traits throughout the whole length and breadth of human weal and woe. My "Age of Reason," gave to the world a shock which it has scarcely now recovered from, but I have always noticed that a second charge does more effectual work, because fortifications have been erected whereby we can brace ourselves and hold honest compact with the world. Food, to be well digested, needs to be well masticated; and the food that keeps the mind-hopper in repair, evenly toned and firmly balanced, is the food gathered from the wide-spread field of research. I bear to the world of earth to-day no reproach, because my "Age of Reason" could not light beside the river-stream of thoughtful exploration. I have gained in my journey skyward, or heavenward, a broad and beautiful leaf, which I have named Charity, and I keep it as a mantle of peace to spread over all earthly deformity.

Nothing stirs my heart now for the land of my birth, but love pure and purpose full. And while I strive with the weakened organism of thought, lent to me by the great and good soul of Theodore Parker, and acquiesced in by the lady chosen to do the work, I need not despair, for truth has ever dug its way through the mirage ground of difficulty.

[Given by THOMAS PAINE, through the trance condition of SARAH A. RAMSDALL, in the year of our Lord, 1871].





PAINE'S AGE OF THOUGHT.

Strange visions float around my brain,
And mingle in my cup of gain;
For earth has once more raised a doubting head,
That grows more palsied in the fangs of dread;
And I must ride my cherub steed of truth,
Along her wayward, current stream, deep swollen since my youth

Now, let us take for instance, Adam's holy race,
The first we have on record since the world showed honest face;
And witness how the beverage of all life has been drank,
From out the narrow pool, styled in Bible, Adam's tank.

I fain would dress our olden Adam up,
Leave naught in the background but his wond'rous great coat;
Whose suction sleeves are loosing caste,
Since progress cuts garments ahead of the past.

Mankind, I think, at the present rate of speed,
 Will soon loose the hitching-post of Adamic creed,
 That will stand as a land-shark pointing the way
 To the Devil's field of glory when ignorance ruled the day.

The shammiest sham in the mighty world to-day,
 Is sticking to an error that is passing through decay,
 And trying to build a temple on the scraggy points of sin,
 That Helvetus in his glory could never hope to win.

The pagan world of mystery, whose strife marks show no power,
 Where hast thou gone, where dost thou rest, if truth dwelt in thy
 bower?

Come forth, thou gay old songster bird,
 And give a chant to God's new word.

Give, while you have a voice to speak,
 Unto this world no longer weak,
 But struggling with its crest of pride,
 To welcome to its angel side
 The holly branch of truth and love,
 Sent fluttering forth like Noah's dove.

The olden Bards of Grecian lore,
 Far-famed for witchcraft, laid in store;
 Why did ye delve, why seek to give
 Food to the mind, and power to live?
 Why build your castles high in state,
 If death stood hero at the gate.

Ye heavenly God, why hide Thy face,

Why mingle in so long a chase?
If Thou art personal, why not give
The wond'rous way in which you live;
If thou be Christ, with Father none,
Who gave thee birth-right as a son?

Who gave thee power to ride at ease,
To some give pain and others please?
If Thou art tangible in Thy make,
Some power to fashion lent Thee shape;
And high above Thy lordly head,
The truth mark of Thy being sped.

Thy shoulders must be broad, indeed,
To well sustain such wrangling creed
As travel through the world with pride,
Intent to keep on Thy right side,
And well secure a private seat,
Where none but creedists ever meet.

Some features in Thy wond'rous face,
We have not power to truthful trace;
For in Thy broad and fluttering flight,
You dim at once our keenest sight;
Leaving us here with little means
Forever, just behind the scenes.

I cannot now deduce one fact,
To mingle in my broad compact,
That Thou art separate and apart

From this vast world with human heart;
And I no chain could ever find,
If cut, would loose Thee from the public mind.

We call Thee Father; call Thee love,
And call Thee power that dwells above;
But never have we named Thee right,
Since Thou art everything in might.
The tiny flower, the pearly shell,
The highest heaven, the deepest hell,

All claim Thee, Father God, to be
The truth mark of this living sea
Of upturned spiral points that prove
Thou art forever on the move.
A restive spirit, ill at ease,
Since Thou found human hearts to please.

The Israelites of Bible hue,
Were numbered once a mighty crew;
Who found Thee in Thy power full fledged,
And to the laws of Satan pledged,
To work in unison like twins agreed,
To flourish each a staple seed.

This good and evil seemeth well,
It speaks of Heaven and speaks of Hell;
Two warring states of equal size,
Intent to scratch each others eyes;

And wear the badge of honest merit,
That each most clearly do inherit.

No lawyer on the course of time,
Can well adjust this porcupine,
 And make the quills of good and evil,
 String evenly with separate needle;
Therefore, we must deduce this fact,
That these fair twins are bone of one back.

If God were feeling ill at ease,
For fear the world He could not please,
 I think some sign would rear a head,
 That God with glory ne'er had wed,
But firm the compact seems to stand,
And all admit the world well planned.

Job had his trials, so do we,
But what was good for Job does not with me agree;
 And for a pattern cut to patience prove,
 Job surely filled the smallest groove;
For who does not at present time,
Bear many things not quite divine.

We count our troubles twice a day,
Nor give our pleasures chance to lay,
 For fear the hen of discontent,
 May deem our time but poorly spent,
If we don't fuss and fidget round,
And oft declare the world not sound.

God spake to Moses, and the chime
Was counted by the world sublime;
 But is God's voice no longer heard,
 Since Moses broke the golden word;
Have we no messages of love,
From God the token house above.

His chariot wheels bear muffled sounds,
As He in vastness takes His rounds;
 And finite minds are puzzled quite
 To understand the smallest mite
Of His great atom house of work,
Where mind has never found a shirk.

Who takes the word of God to-day
In any but the natural way,
 In oceans wild, and quiet moods,
 In sylvan streams and fair wild woods,
In simplest things, in grandest art,
God's love-toned voice sinks to the heart.

My "Age of Reason," left with time,
Is filled with flaws, and filled with slime,
 For in the spirit which I gave,
 Was neither power to mend or save;
And since that time I've learned to give
With loving kindness while I live.

God's voice of love, how oft betrayed,
How deeply heard, and wide portrayed,

How vast its notes of thrilling power,
 Then sweetly tuned to lady's bower;
 And in each change we clearly trace,
 The music in God's love-lit face.

We cannot love our God too much,
 We can but hate our devil as such,
 For one is goodness well declared,
 The other right, if well repaired
 And kept within the bounds of reason,
 The standing guard against all treason.

We glorify a spurious power,
 Since God is with us every hour;
 But we in service once a week,
 Do only dare His name to speak;
 And some declare a Sunday God
 To be as bad as birchen rod.

'Tis strange how education makes
 Such wondrous wide and dark mistakes;
 And how Time's scythe is cutting deep
 Into the sluggish pools of sleep,
 And bringing forth to reason's light
 The torch to light the darkest night.

We give our brains too much of ease,
 Or think perhaps to others please,
 By sticking to their role of fame,
 And thus escaping any blame;

For coming out with new ideas
Is oftentimes planting thorns and tears.

The world is seeming more at ease,
Since prayer is not on bended knees;
 But, in a life of active duty,
 The world sees prayer in all its beauty,
And would do well each day to live,
That deeds would be the prayer to give.

Were Christ to step from glory down,
The world would deem his quaker gown
 Of such enormous length and merit
 To be too tame to now inherit,
Since preaching Christ is doing well
And putting up the bars to hell.

Why meddle with his spirit wise,
Since truth can wear such broad disguise,
 And save us much of time and trouble,
 To make disguise at all times double,
And thus make league with error strong,
To satisfy the public wrong.

What witchcraft in the world to-day?
It seems like devil work and play,
 And church folks think 'tis wondrous strange,
 That spirits have so wide a range;
And, in the face of honest people,
Are pulling at the church and steeple.

A will-o'wisp to frighten fools,
Or dandy jack supplied with tools,
That none could ever find were left,
Or ever hear of any theft;
But still it must be Satan's crew,
Putting the world in such a stew.

I do not see why spirits wise,
Don't seek to open people's eyes,
And let the truth, if truth it be,
Come out so plain that all can see;
For, if its worthy being found,
Why not in freedom pass it round.

The wisdom of the wisest men
Has been transposed by cunning pen,
But who can make this medley tell
Its object, aim or place to dwell,
Or who commissioned such a band
To show their tricks throughout the land.

The priesthood think its evil work,
And at each other wink and smirk;
And wonder if their purse will feel
The crushing power of Satan's heel;
And ask themselves in serious meter,
If this same power helped John and Peter.

Or, if the witch of Endor saw
The spirit Samuel without flaw,

Surely, the self same things enacted
As were in scripture days transacted;
But human nature ever weak,
Says God has now no need to speak.

Since all things proper, nice and wise,
God gave to earth in strange disguise;
And finite creatures should not cater,
To plainer words, though some years later;
Or in God's book of nature read,
For there's no advocate for creed.

A wise old hen one morning fine,
Said to herself: "go out and dine,
And if your neighbor's food seems healthy,
It will, of course, make you more wealthy,
And give your stomach active tone,
Which has of late dyspeptic grown.

"This picking always in one place,
May show the world an honest face;
But then by crossing the bee-line,
I've found some food that I call fine,
And suited to my present need,
Then wherefore have I guilt to plead."

Thus reasons many an honest man,
Who thinks to step outside his clan,
And gain a drop of freedom's knowledge,
Not found in books or creedal college,

But in old nature's umpire wide,
A book unreal with honest pride.

God's law of wisdom is quite plain,
But ignorance ties us with a chain,
 And superstition travels free,
 And doth with ignorance well agree;
So these two powers for lack of sense,
Keep mortals oft astride the fence.

If sin could take a patent out,
And goodness play the wily scout,
 Who would object if purse thrown in
 An agency in league with sin;
And who not think that goodness sly,
Was peering from a wicked eye?

There is a power in play of gold,
That makes the world appear quite bold;
 And turns the stream of common sense,
 Into the channel of pretense;
And bridges up each stream with art,
For nature acts the common part.

And classify we must mankind,
To common folks give common kind;
 And let them feel that wealth is free
 To recognize no working bee;
We do admit that labor's grand,
When well performed by poor man's hand.

But, since Dame Fortune has shown favor,
And set up caste devoid of labor,
 Why wealth must hold the reins to guide,
 The poorer class along time's tide;
And also dig a gulf so deep,
That charity falls fast asleep.

God counts His jewels one by one,
From rise of morn till set of sun,
 And on the poor man's brow oft finds
 A diadem for spirit climes,
And far exceeding golden merit
Which never did Christ's blood inherit.

The Jews, a nation ill at ease,
Sought power and pomp, God's will to please,
 And in Christ's meek and loving ways
 They had no voice of thanks or praise;
And to this day, their true Messiah
Must well present an arm of fire.

The Jews are now a weakling band,
With camp-fires set throughout the land,
 And waiting for some Heavenly sign
 To set o'er favored Palestine;
To guide them safe within the fold
Of Paradise, well filled with gold.

A stumbling block the Jews have been
Along time's coast of honest men;

No mercy have they shown in trade,
No kindness run their heart's blockade,
But firmly fixed in ancient laws,
They ask no Devil, without his claws.

What nation can deny Christ's power,
And flourish long a love-lit flower,
Whose bright-hued lip and fragrance pure,
Sweetens life's cup, and we endure
Unto the end of mortal chain,
Then seek with Christ, Love's broad domain.

Christ may be mythic in His form,
Since mythical, He was Earth born,
And since we are left to guess at half,
Christ might have had no earthly path;
But in symbolic name 'twere best
To throw out goodness as a test.

The attributes that Christ possessed,
Are certainly the very best,
And must have been a need to Earth,
To show mankind their Heavenly birth;
And also show that virtue's ring,
Should be our high-toned monarch King.

Christ's full appeal has ne'er been made,
Because the soul is still afraid,
And must not take too large a drink
Of sweetest beverage in time's brink,

For doubt must have a nest in life,
To hatch out enmity and strife.

Christ's mission never can be done,—
He stands the central moral sun,
 Around which mortals do revolve,
 And make so many false resolves,
That could Christ speak in verbal tone,
'T would be, "Old Earth, I'm still alone,

"Still am I walking by the sea,
Of far-famed ancient Galilee,
 Still pointing to my Father's Throne,
 That none of Earth be there disowned."
For Heaven is not Heaven, if God be there
And not give each a welcome chair.

God gives to each and every one,
A lengthened chain from causes sprung,
 And link by link we do obtain
 The knowledge of our godly chain,
And where so e're we wandering go,
The links will tell how much we know.

Oh ! World, you little heed the truth
God's well-spring, but to Earth in youth,
 And dare not open wide its mouth,
 Since too much showering, leads to drouth,
And God, for fear the World would fail,
Has offered truth with error trailed.

It seems from Ancient history rare,
That God was freaky in His Chair,
 And had His hopes, and fears, like men,
 And more in Heaven, His diadem ;
For somewhere in that book so wise,
God's Crown was mottled as the Skies.

I know the minds of Earth to-day,
Cannot be fed on ancient hay,
 That has been dried, and filtered through,
 By every dogma creed and crew,
That tied up to that ancient fiddle,
That played all tunes and guessed all riddles.

How strange it is, that error's sway,
Has gained in bondage day by day,
 Until the foul old tank, at last
 Is casting forth its Jonah blast,
And freeing wide its lungs of guilt,
That told how freely blood was spilt.

Our Saviour stood the test full well,
In serving Heaven and clearing Hell,
 And on that rack of torture true,
 The Church have laid their sinful crew,
And washed their hands from every sin,
By dipping Christ in glory in.

Christ's princely gifts never have been reached,
His blood has been the infernal breach,

And His pure spirit free from guile,
Could not in sympathy deign a smile
With all old foggy forms and fears,
Therefore, he shed progressive tears.

Christ never laid his burdens off ;
They were pinned upon him like the moth
That eateth off the fuz of show ;
Leaving first principles firm below,
That stand so well the test of time
And to our judgment well incline.

Earth wears her staple fund of wealth,
Be Christ in sickness or in health ;
Be Christ in poverty, in rags and dirt,
Wealth rides along with conscious smirk,
And does not care to bothered be,
By Christ in principle, a living tree.

The glory of the world to day
Is sunning like fresh morning hay ;
And in its dream so rich and rare,
The Devil sits in stately chair,
And parries with his strength of old,
In subterfuge made bright with gold.

The book of books is labeled through,
With blackmarks 'gainst the human crew,
Of crimes of horror, deep and bold,
Enacted in the times of old ;

And claiming God the power of guide,
Around the world's cold-blooded pride.

According to old ancient laws,
God's Priesthood wore the Devil's claws,
 And firmly held the power of State,
 By close communion—gold as bait—
And for each bit of bread and wine,
Another soul with Christ could dine.

How flimsy was that placard show,
In Heaven where naught but deeds can go,
 And whoe'er steps beside the gate,
 Must show their passport else must wait
Until some good old geni rare,
Transforms bad faces into fair.

For truth to say the human face
Is perfect index of its race;
 If stormy wild the inland show,
 The face tells plainly it is so.
If sweet cake be the bottom land,
The face will show a sweet cake band.

Progressive stairs are being built,
Where mankind can see their guilt,
 And see how ignorance is the chain,
 That ties our souls to worldly gain,
And makes this mammon field of earth
A burial ground for seeds of worth.

Oh, man! why will ye strive and delve,
To bury talents e'en to twelve?
For God with wisdom gives with care,
But we say time we cannot spare;
We have our mark to make in life,
And gold pleads monarch of the strife.

Therefore, we tamper, toil and wait,
Until death swings the golden gate,
And we are ushered in at last
To see distinct the mistaken past,
That boldly cries, Oh! traitor man,
Why did you not the future scan?

Why did you not give heed to love?
Why did you fail to coop the dove
That has been fluttering since the Ark
For foot rest, when the world grew dark;
But so unstable were all homes,
The dove's bright song was turned to moans.

Man cannot keep the face of earth,
It ever points to spiral birth,
And takes a port in heaven's high cell,
Where naught but purity can dwell;
And naught but love's bright wreath can bind
The heavenly with the human kind.

I once held vigils on earth's soil,
In times of war and wild turmoil,

And sought to do my best with truth,
 But found old age still clung to youth,
 And that the name of THOMAS PAINE,
 Would be a curse 'till freedom's reign.

My "Age of Reason"—common sense—
 I never wrote astride the fence,
 But firmly with my soul in light,
 I stepped into the darkest night,
 And bowed my head and heart to God,
 Then firmly walked beneath the rod.

I faced the martyr's ranks on earth,
 I suffered, but God saw the birth
 Of freedom in my cup of gain,
 For which I bless all earthly stain;
 And would, for principles of truth and right,
 Face hatred, with her tongue of might.

Earth dare not at this present time,
 Put clog-wheels on God's truth divine;
 For Christ's own mediumistic power,
 Its vigils keep in many a bower;
 And many a home on earth to-day,
 Has been made happy through Christ's sway;

And many a worn and weary heart
 Has borne like Christ the troubled part;
 Have been denied and called a Jew,
 By friendship trigged like Peter's crew,
 Who do not wait for cock to crow,
 But at all times their venom blow.

How much the world preach Christ the brave,
And turn away with faces grave
 From some poor beggar on the street,
 Who has no home or friends to greet,
No voice of love speaks to his ear,
My brother beggar, come thou here.

For are we not a twin-like part
In beggary, around God's heart;
 And if God ceased to give to me,
 I surely could not give to thee;
And if misfortune met your life,
You've had, poor friend, enough of strife.

Regeneration, God's bright star,
Has ever been from man too far;
 But now it seems some new-made voice,
 Rings out: Progression is our choice;
The olden track of dogmas blind,
Fail now to satisfy the mind.

The spirit world has grown so deft,
So wise and far removed from theft,
 That I do think the Bible world,
 Could find an ark with Noah sold;
And every beast and creeping thing
Be likened to the voice of sin.

The power of mind first takes its cue
From out the old, and thence the new,

And learns to drink at reason's call,
 From out God's streams both great and small,
 That offer up their crystal drops,
 Supported oft by error's props.

The juggernaut-man's mighty wrong
 Had place on earth in times long gone;
 So truths and errors fill the scale
 Of jaws as wide as Jonah's whale,
 That after gobbling up the man,
 Found lame at once the digestive plan.

Mankind have swallowed errors free,
 No force-work in God's plan we see;
 And if man takes his cue from God,
 He need not swallow grain and pod;
 But let old Nature guide the way—
 He'll sift his grain from day to day.

A spell creeps round me as I write,
 I seem to live in God's free light;
 I seem to have grown from earth apart,
 And still I keep my human heart;
 And, if I mount to God's broad stand,
 My feet must touch earth's bottom land.

It is a mistaken thought with men,
 That death can change our diadem;
 The only change that comes to man
 Is through progression's wisest plan;

As drop by drop the ocean's swell,
Rings out its growth in joyous knell.

I never miss again a friend
Because I can to climate bend,
 And open every door with ease,
 In every house just where I please;
But I keep still my manhood's pride,
And never enter where denied.

Earth turned her shoulders cold to me,
Because I could not wisdom see,
 In Balaam's ass, a donkey rare,
 Found in that book of fabled prayer,
That could man live in all its parts,
"I would make him master son of arts.

I thank my God, I bless the name,
Of Father, that can be the same
 Though ill betide, though troubles come,
 I do not have to face the son,
And gain by intercession bland
A friendly grip from God's own hand.

The world its rara-avis takes
From every craft that bears mistakes;
 And each new hobby rode on earth,
 Brings more to view the miraculous birth;
And should Christ loose this mystic ring,
The world would save itself from sin.

A chance it ever had at will,
But priestcraft offered up the pill
That made all mental effort vain
Since Christ would wear a lengthened chain,
And, by believing He was God's son,
The immaculate robe was bravely won.

The mind may wear a fossil hue,
Become old fogy, dyed in blue;
And stick to penance, prayer and fasting,
And never change in moral casting;
For, in obeyance to God's law,
The outside man detects the flaw.

I have a bit of counsel rare,
I'll offer, back-couched, in a prayer;
It comes in this wise: Oh! my God,
Let me bow humbly 'neath thy rod,
Nor let me bow my soul to forms,
They never answer through life's storms;

They only serve to catch the eye
Of this gay world in passing by,
That scarcely stops to count the cost
Of time and money vainly lost;
Of churches gilded, spires that preach
A lesson in their upward reach.

Oh, God! give me of wisdom's cup,
Give me the heart to with all sup,

And never let the crest of pride
Be master, servant or a guide,
For I would have those three old guests
Join hands in friendship round my crest.

It will not do to keep aloof
From fields that wear a sinful woof,
For in admixture we behold
The various types in nature's mould;
And Shem and Japheth of Noah's line,
Have done brave work on the course of time.

The Master Mason that guides the world's craft,
Will never be acknowledged in the glory of His path;
For mind must have a mystery, a hobby-horse to ride,
To cater to the fashion and suit the world's high tide;
That rather find a God fixed high in estate,
Who would to golden honors be ever wide awake.

Now, let me change my tactics, and beat about the bush,
And see if heaven has served all right, that gave its door
a push;
Let's see if creedal synagogues bear weight against
the wall,
Or, if God, in His judgment role, pays heed to creed
at all.

I early learned to bear in mind
That God was righteously inclined,
And not to forms would bend or cater,
In nature's book or commentator;

For God is wisdom ne'er denied,
 That claims all things with honest pride,
 And claims the heart and soul of man
 To help prolong his wond'rous plan.

His arm of power, its lights and shades,
 His forests grand and valley glades;
 His hoar old mountains grand with age,
 Show upward reach from nature's page;
 And show that strife can never win
 A single soul away from sin.

I've met in heaven my bretheren all,
 From honest John to freddy Paul;
 From Baptist Deacon Quaker Throng,
 I've joined in unity of song;
 And never found my faith grow less,
 That God would unity fail to bless.

Creed has a mystic ring, I know,
 And ties up mind just so and so;
 And every Deacon of his Throng,
 Says: Mine's the tune, come right along;
 And if your purse will bear a ring,
 Why! my broad church is just the thing.

But since I bade adieu to time,
 I have studied creed in all its prime;
 And I find that every bill of fare
 Is offered from a moneyed chair;

And since God takes no stock in gold,
The creedal world is fairly sold.

God says to Deacon so-and-so,
Did you sow grain you knew would grow, ?
Or was your earth-life strewn with forms, ?
Mere patch-work in a world of storms,
Where deeds are needed to insure
A creed that ever will endure.

I find the words wrote on the wall
Are: Come, ye sinners; come ye all,
And take what justice has in store—
You can take that and nothing more,
For God has fixed a law of right,
And we are tied beyond our might.

I once held converse with a Jew,
He said, My friend, how fares it with you ?
For, according to report, the Devil was your guide,
But I find you here in heaven with the glory of the
tide;

I am almost prone to think that God's a little slack,
Since all find an entrance with a sin-loaded back.

The veriest slave in the world to-day,
Is a man or woman with a public neigh;
Whose thoughts are bound and opinions blest,
By many a call from the public nest,
That says, Don't think 'till I say when,
We'll measure you then with our public men.

There is many a Judas on the course of time,
 That crucify truth, not deeming it divine;
 And more than twelve Apostles have been counted
 in a row,
 That let them tell the story would straight to glory go;
 So I think it not best to take the outside man,
 As nothing but the truth of God's wise and varied plan.

Secession 'mongst the women, the cry has come at last,
 For freedom is a mocking-bird while there's a fetter cast;
 Let victory be the watch-word, no other serves the day,
 While freedom rears a mighty head and stands a stag
 at bay;

Let's pull its high old crest of pride,
 For standing guard 'round truth denied.

The moral of my simple verse
 Is: Never pull the public purse;
 But have one ready of your own,
 Then all false coin at once disown;
 And never worship spurious power,
 But seek God's face in every flower;
 In every tiny shell and bird,
 Find God expressed in living word.
 And, if you wish to find a creed,
 Attach yourself to worldly need;
 You'll have no calls for tithes or rent,
 But find your money justly lent
 Unto the Lord, who seeks to find
 A Godly man with human mind;
 But has, I think, hung up his fiddle,
 And just pronounced mankind a riddle.

I now propose to speak of growth; of the spiritual overcoming or mastering the material. When the spirit becomes highly rarified, it then assumes the perfectness of flight, and is more elastic than air, and more compact and solidified than when attached to the earth molecules of protection. I can now wing my flight as freely as a bird, but I must have my own conditions—no one's else will serve me. In the first place, I must have a desire, unless I am ordered out on duty without desire being consulted. Again, I must have my barouche of harmony, my magnetic conditions of strength, a feeling that my presence is desired, not an unbelief or doubt in regard to my capacity to again appear on earth. Spirit becomes sensitive after laying off its earth habiliment, that is, sensitive to the harshness of earth atmosphere, and sensitive to the bickerings and jar of earthly deformities of unbelief. I propose to first speak of my own experience in the spiritual atmosphere of life-hood, because I give this small token of truth with a feeling of hope that it may speak to the heart and soul of the unbelieving, and wing its way to the platform of justice.

I wish to state here and now, that I am infidel to all knowledge of a personal God, only the one outwrought in every specific form of nature. Man is but the one form or expression of God; the highest intellectual type that matter will ever assume. Man will ever progress to deeper shadings and loftier gleanings of knowledge until the principle of mind, accumulation, become typical and joint heir with the Christ in-dwelling spirit of love and harmony. Nature has ever been trying to blend and equalize; has ever been trying her keys of harmony; and the outwrought music expressed in all of nature's face, has shown that more dulcet strains have been the effect of repeated effort. The height of development is harmony, a diffusion of ideas, without being met by the spirit of opposition, saying: you can go no farther, for the counteracting spirit that stirs up thought is accounted the devil's platform of labor. To-day, the devil is a positive element; God's left wing of power; the essential grandfather that takes care of earth's tottering children that they may

not sink to the bottom land of nonentity. When harmony is established between good and evil, evil takes the negative platform; and good, or goodness, is the predominating result of a term of schooling in all the branches of godly forethought and purpose, to make man a self-reliant and responsible agent, sent out after repeated change to do the work of world-building, becoming like unto Gods, knowing the exact path of mercy, and the full and complete law of love. Every person is a fixture under their own destiny-star; there are the linkings of fate that we cannot break away from; we form attachments that seem strange to us, that one part of our nature may revolt at and wish to break away from, but the law of fate holds us to our destiny-star, and we are moulded by the potter's hand that understands our every need, and has placed the tree of knowledge where every soul may glean, regardless of the flaming sword that turns every way to circumvent the spirit of progress. Growth is a harness that ever fits us; when it becomes old-fashioned, stale and profitless, it drops away, and we are fortified in our new compressment of liberal take on. There are no impulsive strides in nature; no quickening of the great heart pulse that beats in unison with the law of scientific control. Science is our master mason for all past, present and future building; science is ever demonstrative, saying: I come with the proof-sheet of my endeavors; read me with the eye of reason, and hearken with the ear of understanding.

Spirit is rarified matter, the outgrowth of first principle to sustain itself by its own powers of refinement. Since I first stepped outside of my garment of earth, I have been living more in the injective sense, more in harmony with my ideal conception of things. For instance, and to illustrate, let me say: When living a man of earth I seemed to be gleaning for physical promulgation, when, in reality and truth, as I now understand it, my gleanings of the material only served the material basis that I was living with as a protector, until fortified for another and higher condition. Earth seems to me now like a planet or township in which I had an experience and growth that fortified my soul for its

present contingency of flight. When living in our earth bodies, the beauties we see, and the melody we take to the soul, the first cause and principle, and the thought that goes out to solve the whys and wherefores of our existence and ultimate destiny, are our levers of truth and strength that time can only cultivate and expand, but never destroy; it is the true man looking out from the shadowy covering of time. The rose once seen will ever leave its impress on the gleaning powers of man's camera of active motion; so there will ever be a rose in the spirit of man, ever a blade of grass, a songster bird, a towering tree. Man's spirit, or the spirit man, reflects on its page of gain the spirit of everything outspoken in material counterpart. The rose, or the blade of grass, or I might say man in his earth-warp of movement, is but the scientific phenomena of the interior germ, that is as indestructible as God, for it is God's base work; and as Cowper says: "God's star of hope that never sets."

The passional world is the one we live in for the promulgation of specific life, and therefore the passional world is the objective world—the outside casket that contains the pearl of great price. It has ever been a query on earth how the spirit form masters its locomotive powers since air seems like a slippery foundation, and not safe bottom land on which to tread the courts of heaven. If I say now to my readers that magnetism is the fundamental ground on which rests spirit power, I shall probably be cited an idiot, if believed in at all; but I can wait until belief comes, and my theory will keep, for what is fixed in science, belief or unbelief does not disturb. And I say here and now, that magnetism is basic ground on which we mount to Pleiad heights. Some people, more than others, recognize magnetic condition, and are elated or depressed according to the mingling of the magnetic currents of control. Water breaks the chain of magnetic fluids, and hence there are no forces to keep persons from being drowned, as water is lighter and more porous than solid substance. If vessels or ships could be made of India rubber, the danger of sinkage would be obviated; and it is my private opinion, publicly given out, that Noah's craft must have been manufactured

from *gum shellac* or some other glutinous substance that could withstand the expansion process, and also float at ease, as Noah must have been very little skilled in the art of navigation. I think it requires a great stretch of credulity to believe that fabulous ship story; but surface show needs no search of reason, and is the *prima donna* that weak minds grasp and hold fast to. Reason is our ark of safety, the channel in which runs the true and the spurious seed that God has sown together, that mind may work out its own salvation with fear and trembling, lest it be found wanting in the sprays to garnish it for the upper courts of wisdom.

King Solomon was accounted a very wise man, but his wisdom is in the tombs of the past, and we cannot see his starry crown of ancient glory; but if my wanderings lead me to King Solomon's spiritual temple, I shall see that his wisdom of earth was as dross compared to the jewels set in his temple of spiritual worth. Some of those olden heroes of Bible antiquity glow with a true martial spirit, and many a warrior to-day might glean some knowledge of strategy and courage by perusing the pages of God's warlike book that should be kept as a token of God's infancy and man's foolishness.

Magnetism is very little understood on earth, like all other interior forces that do not meet the outside eye; we are bound by the silvery cord of magnetic influence; we are not only bound to each other, but we are bound to God as well, and bound to certain localities that holds the magnet from which we cannot escape until it is counter-crossed by a stronger magnetic control. We may say we are creatures of circumstance, but magnetism is the controlling power over circumstance. The circumstance of my leaving earth was the magnetic chain being pulled by more hands from a spiritual standpoint than from the earthly, and, hence, matter had to succumb to spirit. If the magnetic currents of earth could be kept active, disease would have less sway; but it should be remembered, that the magnetizer, or those coming in contact with the sick or enfeebled, should be harmonious in spirit and in external attentions of kindness and affection. The ground work

or basic seat of the spirit atmosphere is just as much a material support to our spiritual feet, as earth is a support to earth feet. I stand by the side of a medium I wish to control; I stand on the solid masonry of magnetic base work; the powers of my brain are not forced upon my medium, but mingle and at length overpower the negative and sensitive-prepared brain of a chosen worker. As we ascend the scale of progress the magnetic fluids assume a finer consistency, and we change to suit God's magnetic claim of upward movement. I can return to every point of my life where I had an experience, as I said before, if magnetic conditions are favorable to my journey. I can only advance in the future as I understand the laws of science, and as I am drawn by the power of magnetic control. We have as many suits in spirit life as we require; every garment is suited to the atmosphere in which we have a work to do, or a desire to visit.

The truth of every material expression in the natural world, is here in detailed order; and we, on entering on our soul life, and, hence, on our real life, catch something of God's wonderful working spirit; and we, of open perceptive faculties, feel a great desire to help God, and hasten the hour of the soul's redemption from the bondage of ignorance, and the bondage of assumption, that professes to know every pivot on which turn the mills of the Gods that grind out the truths for the distilling hand of science to pass round for man's recognition and reception.

I had a desire to give my spiritual physiognomy to the world. I could find no artist at present developed that I could enthrall and hold to the work, but the Andersons, of New York celebrity. Their mediumistic worth, in the direction of spirit penciling, is truly wonderful; and should earth do the fair thing by them, by giving to them congenial atmosphere, affectional conditions of strength and support, their work would develop in many striking points of spirit power. Spirit never wears the look of age, but possesses the rounded-out fullness of youthful bearing. Artistry, in the way of individual characteristics, is very skillfully performed in spirit life; deeds almost show in the lineal painting or pencilling of a spirit face. It will be many years, I think, be-

fore another artist on the same line of skill of the Anderson compact, will be developed for earth use; and unless earth throws out its magnetic conditions of strength and affection, the man and woman over whom God and the angel world have had special charge, will drift away and be caught in the spirit arms that are ever extended around them. I would that earth could realize the broad and silvery compact of love and harmony, the fervor of devotion to maintain and spread the gospel of truth and righteousness that pervades the courts of the celestial city. God is ever recognized as the base worker and designer, the ultimatum over all growth, the finale as well as the beginning; but it is a God of principle, a sterling worker with the sciences, that are a part and parcel of the God-created whole. I am nothing more or less than scientific workmanship; so much carbon-electric fluid and oxygen that play on the machinery that is composed of electro-nitrogen, and the vesicular currents that materialize active fluids; each and every individual, and all animated life, throw off more or less constituents that go to form the atmosphere that keep active all the life-given powers of man, animal, vegetable and fossil existences, that are only governed, upheld and sustained through the law of cause, effect. All substance is porous; the wonder of spirits being seen in rooms where all doors and windows are closed, can be explained and made reasonable by the fact of substance being porous, admits the electric fluid that spirits materialize with earth bodies are renewed and kept in repair by the chemical changes of atmospheric fluids; it is the spirit that casts off or takes on, and of course can redeem its primeval qualities of matter, when there is a design in so doing. Spirit must ever have a machine-house to labor in, and as fast as it discards the old, it takes on the new, and glories in the change that leads into the courts of the incorruptible.

The time has come when man must know himself; his being, formed from the dust of the earth, is not wholly satisfactory; he must see the former's hand, the tools worked with, and the design to be accomplished in the upright structures of individual personalities, with brain powers forever reaching beyond the face of time.

God is manifold in his undertakings, but it is in no way consistent with reason to suppose that woman was formed from a rib taken from the side of man, for man in his original makeness had nothing to spare; and I hardly think God would rob a structure that needed all its forces of financiering ability. That same tale told now by any medium in the land would not be believed or tolerated for an instant, but, being found in a book where all is God's word, though not *en rapport* with reason, it is read, winked at, and believed by many, who have not shed their pin-feathers of righteous credulity. There is one thing to my certain knowledge that God has never done: if he has made women of men's ribs, talked face to face with Moses, and rode in a chariot of fire to the utter disregard of being burned, and to the great amazement of earth's common people, one thing remains undone, and, I think, unthought of by God, and that is the building of an Orthodox Heaven. I have searched high and low, and never have found the sanctum or fold where God has cooped the self-righteous of earth. This may be unpleasing news, but it will only be believed by those whose hope drops below self-esteem.

Great God, we treasure truth divine,
 And lift our souls to catch the light;
 Oh, give the knowledge that can find
 Thee in the hour of darkest night.

Give us a rainbow from Thy clouds,
 A blessing from Thy wells of gain;
 A heart to feel when cries grow loud
 Upon the earthly shores of pain;
 Give treasures, but, Oh! let them be
 The gems of truth, great God, of Thee!

I first thought to give this book in rhythmic verse, and nothing more, but God says change if it be for the best, and we have plenty of evidence of God's changeful mind in his daring book of witchcraft and wonder, and in the high-toned book of nature.

God is ever with me, and the Devil never, unless God wills it. I am ever ready to rest my faith on God's promises, which are daguerreotyped on my manhood's principle ground-work of deal. If God promises me justice from the outside world, justice must be inherent in me; if He promises me love, love must be a part of my nature. We shall never find God's promises to fail, if we cultivate a spirit in harmony with God's spirit, and say to the devil, God has made no spare room in my dwelling house for you, therefore hunt for an entrance to some other portal that has failed to put up the bars of honest endeavor. God grant that the time may soon arrive when the devil may be understood as an outstanding post on which to hang our deeds of error; and may God also grant that the mantle of Christ's blood, found in sacerdotal history, may be hung on the devil flag-staff of honor, and then can mankind see another pathway leading out through the channel of brotherly and sisterly unity, and that pathway will be strewn with the bright blossoming efforts to save every sinner by giving to him or her a drink from the fountain of love and sweetly expressed hope.

Christ is on earth to-day, saying, "Come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden," for the world is not yet prepared to lay aside its great-coat of selfishness that fits so warm and snugly around the shoulders of moneyed monopoly. I think Christ must be disgusted with the false play made with His blood at the bread broken, with gloved fingers, and wine sipped with sanctimonious foolishness, typical of joint heirship with him in glory; never is a soul joint heir with Christ around the Father's table land of welcome until it breaks bread and gives wine, if need be, to the hungry and weakened ones of earth when self is forgotten, then Christ stands before us radiant in the vestment of self-abnegation. The world could not do without Christ; He has ever been its moral and social teacher; its star of promise, and its hope fulfilled; and no other eulogy would the world ever need but to live, Christ and Him crucified.

My sermon is nearly ended, and I have given it from the Mount of Transfiguration. I have spoken freely as of old, but to-day wears

the golden canopy of a more rightful understanding, and I may be recognized as one of God's elect, from my having a base-work or design on which I am grafting the principles which will bear fruits mete for the kingdom of the resurrected. Christ has for centuries been earth's hobby-horse, ridden with the reins of illicit understanding; but now, when humanity require something more than the dry bones of historical theology, Christ's second coming will be flower-capped and heralded by the many tones of spirit power. Christ is the medium to-day through which God pours light to the world; and the prediction is from many a bright mind that within fifty years the world will receive Christ in a medium developed for time's use.

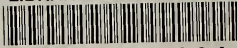
Earth hath its time for growth,
 As water in its flow;
 Seeks deepening wells and oceans grand,
 God's mind of greatness to expand;
 And Christ, God's mediumistic flower,
 Must shed sweet peace in every bower.

And then shall truth be mightier than the sword, for it shall cut away all false show of religious power, and angels can come and go without being stigmatized as ghosts, but will be welcomed and received by hearts ever singing God's praise. Let us work while we wait, work for the growth of our souls, and for the glory of Christ's reign; and then shall we be found with our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to go or ready to stay, ready to receive and ready to give, ready to stand a guard on duty, since we have truth cooped by our side, singing the glad song of never-ending joy.

THE END.



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