

# **MY FORMER LIVES**

Dr. Ellis

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*According to a note, reproduced below, at the head of the first installment of **My Former Lives**, the text was transmitted to **The Word** by an individual identified only as "B.E.G." who in turn identifies the author only as a physician named "Doctor Ellis." No further identification is given.*

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## **MY FORMER LIVES**

Note. I had a friend, a physician, a man of considerable attainments, as a student of philosophy and in scientific research, as well as in the actual practice of his profession. He was known to all as a man of a decidedly analytic trend of thought, and as singularly practical in his ideas and methods. When he passed away, after a long and useful life, many years of which had been spent in New York, where he was much loved for his goodness and admired for his wisdom, there was sent to me a package containing the manuscript of the following pages. I publish it here as an illustration, not without interest, of a peculiar phase of psychological development; for no one, even among his most intimate friends, ever suspected the matter of fact and eminently practical Doctor Ellis of being a dreamer. The most curiously interesting feature of the development referred to, is the fact that certain other pages tied up with the manuscript furnish proof that the learned Doctor really believed the incidents related by him to have been his own actual experiences in former ages.

B. E. G.

### **Part I**

LONG stretches of white snow shading softly in the distance into a dull grayish dimness that seemed to mingle with the sky reaching down to earth. Away to the south and east, rough hummocks of ice, and beyond, the blue, and far beyond, the darkening sky. Night and Silence and Darkness for half a year, and then LIGHT. At first, only one brief moment of sunshine, which later slowly lengthened itself into one long glistening day, with no darkness for rest or sleep. All through the long, monotonous sunlight time, we must work and hunt, with scarcely time for eating, and only the briefest rest and that poor at best, under the beating sunshine, to lay in stores for the darkness and cold that came when the great Sun sullenly drew away to the underworld. With what hopelessness we gazed as he gave one last little gleam of brightness, showing only a rim of light as he drew his robe of darkness over him and left us to the cold and the night. Then the Darkness, as if imploring him to come again, would throw its smile of beauty through the air and fill the heavens with a glory of tremulous colors. The Northern Lights, the bright shadows of the dead sunlight, were wondrous in their magic beauty. They covered all the snowy waste and the rough rocks and ice with such delicate tints as this old world knows nowhere else, save in the frozen Northland. Then, when even the smile of the darkness had faded, we all withdrew into our ice huts, to wait. If our stores of food were large enough, we waited until the Light came again. If it were not enough, we joined the darkness in the long sleep. It often happened that, even with food in store, the long night bore down with such dread weight that many were stilled in silence ere the

southern sky began to brighten. Sometimes the scant supply of food would fail. Then the smoke and stench of burning fat and moss would give place to the still more awful cold which turned the blood to ice.

When food and fuel were plentiful we worked slowly and patiently, shaping spearheads and knives from bone. A piece of flint was then of more value to us than are costly diamonds now to you, for with it we scraped and finished our tools and utensils. Words cannot tell the painful work and toil and patience which this required.

And so we worked and waged the long and tedious battle for life, a hard and ceaseless struggle for existence. Children must work and hunt and fish almost as soon as they could walk. Men must hunt always during the Light, and make tools during the dark time. Women must strip and dry the flesh of the game, and dress and cure the skins, and be our beasts of burden through all the long summer, that the men might hunt, and dole the moiety of food in the dreary winter, that the scanty store could be made to last until the day should come again.

Often as a child, I dreamed and pondered and wondered why the night must come, and why it must last so long, and when the sky began to brighten in the far south, how longingly I would stand and watch the brightness grow, begrudging the time I must take to eat and sleep, lest I miss the first bright gleam of sunlight which gave the pledge of life and light to come. Then when the light did come, and the sun did shine, how I poured out my childish heart to the Great Sun for coming again to our frozen world.

At one of these times of returning light, an old man—who, when the next darkness came, went out with his son and did not return—told me of an old time when the darkness never came, but when men lived in endless day with summer and sun light and plenty. “The world then was well and held its head erect and toward the sun, which always smiled upon it.” This he told me at the great feast which was held when the sun had returned, and when we all ate as much as we wanted. I drank three full skulls of oil that eating time, and felt that I should never be hungry again.

Once in the beginning of a dark time, a party of hunters, who had been to the great water, brought to our huts two strange beings, a man and a girl. None of our tribe had ever seen any one like them. The man was tall and his skin was white, and his hair brown, while long red hair almost covered his face, nearly hiding his keen blue eyes.

The girl was as tall as I, and I had then seen ten times of light. Her name was Neleh. She had long hair, that was almost as white as the great bear’s fur, and her eyes were blue like the sky when the stars are shining bright. I thought she must have come from the sun, for she was like the sunlight. The man was so great and tall and strong, and his bushy beard so red, we called him Kedric. They

had come to our coast in a great boat, all made of wood, and were almost dead from hunger and thirst and cold when our hunters found them.

Kedric had two wonderful knives, not made of bone like ours, but bright and long and very strong and sharp. A few days after they came to us the hunters found a bear near the huts, and when Kedric saw him attack one of our hunters, whose spear had broken, he rushed in and quickly killed it with one thrust of his wonderful knife. After that we made him chief of our little tribe.

After I had become a man, and had myself killed a great bear while hunting alone, Kedric praised me for my bravery and skill, and, knowing that I had long wished it, he gave me Neleh for my wife, and, with her, gave me one of his wonderful knives. Thus I became the son of the chief hunter, and, because of the knife, the next to him in rank.

There was always plenty now, both of meat and of oil, and so many seasons of happy light and of long darkness came and went, until at last Kedric became old and could no longer hunt. He had grown weak and his red beard had become white. Then the hunters came to me and said that he must die, and that I, as his son, must, according to the ancient custom, put him away.

Neleh, my wife, had told me of the strange and beautiful country from which she had come; of the tall trees, the fruits, the foods, the houses made of trees, the short days and nights, and how the old ones, even though they could not hunt, were allowed to live until the long sleep came to them. Now she pleaded that I allow old Kedric to so live. She would join me more often in the hunt, and use old Kedric's knife, and so we would together make up for his absence. I gave a willing ear to all her words, for old Kedric had brought us plenty. His knife had furnished us with food, and he had taught us how to make our ice huts warmer and better, and he had brought me my wife.

The hunters said that, when Kedric was gone, I should be chief of our tribe of five and twenty men. But I loved old Kedric, and I loved my wife Neleh, and I determined that they should not be parted until the long sleep should come for him. So I called the hunters together and told them that Kedric should still be head man of our tribe, and that I and Neleh would undertake to provide another portion than our own. My words only roused their wrath. The good which old Kedric had done us was all forgotten in the fact that he was now a burden, one to be cared for, and yet one to eat a portion. "Even the children," they said, "were required to help and to hunt, almost from the time they walked." "All must be helpers! Those who could not help must not eat! Besides, I was proposing to set aside a time honored custom, which had been handed down from father to son by most ancient tradition. Ancient customs must be observed! Ancient rites must not be violated, else there would be poor success in the hunt!" All the hunters agreed that when the sun had gone, I should take old Kedric, and the great knotted club kept by our tribe for that especial purpose, and go with him a full

journey from the huts, and return—alone. I refused, and dismissed the council. But the hunters met again in council after the time of eating, and Kedric and I were refused admission. After a long talk the chief hunter, next under me, came to where Neleh and I were fastening bone shoes to our sledge, and told me that as I had refused to comply with the customs and sacred rites of our fathers, Kedric and Neleh and I should travel alone. This I knew meant banishment.

It was yet a long time before the light would come, but we were told that we must go at once. The stores of dried meat and frozen blubber were divided, and three portions were set apart for us, and we were forbidden to remain longer in the great hut.

The wooden boat in which Kedric and little Neleh had drifted to our coast, had been carefully preserved. It belonged to me, as Kedric's son, the husband of his daughter. I knew that we had no choice, for the hunters were determined, and I had won their bitter hatred by refusing to obey the ancient custom of destroying the aged. Three eating times from then we must go. I packed our store of food, our bone needles and sinew thread, and our skins, into the boat with the one priceless oar, which had been saved until now. Old Kedric was now unable to walk, save a short distance, so I made a place for him in the boat, which Neleh and I were to drag over the snow to the open water. I knew it was many long journeys distant, but we would travel to meet the coming Light.

During the long darkness, which followed the Light in which I had made Neleh my wife, she and I had, with infinite labor and pains, fixed bone runners to the bottom of the boat, so that it could be dragged over the snow without wearing away the wood. These runners were made by lashing together upon the bottom, short pieces of bone split from the larger leg bones of the bear and the musk oxen. These bones had been my portion from many successful hunts, which I had won by using the knife old Kedric had given me. It required many pieces of large bones to make the runners, and as such bones were used to make the runners for all the sledges, and also to be fashioned into spear heads and knives, the bones suitable for such purposes were very valuable, and the old boat so equipped made its owner the richest man in the tribe.

And so we set forth over the trackless waste of arctic snow. Old Kedric stowed away in the boat which Neleh and I dragged by heavy thongs of hide, passed over our shoulders and fastened to the prow of the boat. 'Twas a heavy load and it taxed our strength to the utmost. I need not tell of the many long journeys and the weariness that so often overcame us, and how the stock of food grew less and less, until poor Neleh and I dragged that heavy load for five long journeys, eating nothing, that old Kedric might have a scanty portion, until at last when the Light began faintly to come, we caught a white grouse, one whose color was just beginning to turn to a mottled gray. By this sign we knew that soon there would be light and plenty of food.

And so we came to the open water. After catching many water-fowl, and laying in a small store, we began a journey along the coast, working our way slowly by means of the one oar. In this way, after many, many journeys, we came to a place where there were tall trees and much game, such as I had never seen. There were berries on the smaller trees, which we found good to eat, they being very pleasing to the taste. The heat was very oppressive to both Neleh and me, but old Kedric grew stronger and seemed to grow young again in the sun light and warmth. He made a bow, and arrows, tipped the arrows with bone, and taught me how to use them. I learned to use them so well that we were never in want of meat, and laid by a plentiful store. The cold and the snow came, but the long darkness did not come, for we had come so far to meet the Light that it never wholly left us. All through that winter time, there was sunrise and sunset and we had much wood and fire, and were content. When the snow had gone and the warm days had come again, old Kedric urged us to journey on toward the place of the rising sun, hoping that thus he might find again his home and friends. I was not unwilling, for of what use was it to save him from the fate of the aged, only to have him lonely and longing as his life failed him? So I loaded the boat from our abundant stores and we set off upon the water, toward the rising sun. For three days we had pleasant weather, and as I had made another oar we made fair progress. We were guided by the stars at night and by the sun by day, for we lost sight of the land on the second day. Then a strong south wind arose and we had great labor to keep our boat headed toward the rising sun.

For three days more we were drifted by the wind, vainly trying to hold our course. On the seventh day the wind fell and toward night we sighted the land dimly in the distant east. But the wind rose again, and not until the ninth day, and after much buffeting by the sea, and the loss of all our stores, and even of our boat, and barely escaping with our lives, did we succeed in landing on the rocky coast of Greenland. We were reduced to the last extremity of exhaustion and hunger before we got safely to land and found wood, and after much labor, made fire and cooked meat from a seal which I had caught. Then we journeyed to the southward. After the tenth day we came to a place which old Kedric recognized as the place where he and Nelleh and his comrades had camped, before they started on that last hunt for walrus, which had ended in the disaster that had brought them to our shores so many years before. He thought that another week's journey would bring us to the village which had been his home. In truth he was right, but when, after five more days of journeying, we came to the place, we found only the ruins of the houses, and a few bones and skulls, whose broken appearance showed their owners to have met death by violence. Indeed, many things showed that all who had lived in that village had been either killed or carried off by a marauding party.

Poor old Kedric was overcome with bitter disappointment and grief, from which he never rallied. Soon after, the long sleep came to him. My Nelleh, child of the sun, broken by her many and long hardships, and much suffering, went also to rest, leaving me alone.

I piled a cairn of rocks above the spot where I had laid, side by side, the bodies of my true friends. And then, unwilling to quit the place, I waited for my time of sleep to come. There had been but little of joy, and naught of hope, in my life, and now for three long dreary winters I waited in the lone silence. I had grown old and weak and weary, and only one thought brought any comfort into my loneliness—I had been faithful in devotion to my true friends.

One night, in the season when the sun was coming back, I lay in the darkness listening to the wind bearing the storm over the rocks, and I heard the voice of old Kedric calling to me: "Come, my son!" and my Nelleh's, saying: "We are waiting!" And as I heard them I sank into sleep.



## Part II

I WAS very fond of horses. To me those docile creatures with their great, deep, intelligent eyes were not only things to use, but were real friends to be trusted and loved. So I was nothing loth to care for them, but the rather I enjoyed rubbing them down and feeding them and making them ready for my master to ride, and doing all those things for them which others thought themselves too great to do. The horses never grew angry and struck me, nor let me go hungry and without a bed. When my master in his drunken anger kicked me out of his tent because he had stumbled over his saddle, which was in its proper place, I went to where Chinchu was tied to the great wagon and curling up by her warm flank I slept soundly until morning.

I did not spend a happy childhood among the Mongols of Tartary. My earliest remembrance of them was of holding the bridle for a great bearded and rough voiced soldier, while he gave orders for the loading of his fine draperies and wearing apparel, and his women—all his booty from a robber raid into the beautiful mountain country where I was born. I, too, was a part of that booty, but being a boy and fond of horses, I might escape being a slave by becoming a soldier—a butcher.

Now we were moving to new pasture lands, and my master and his men were off on another robber raid against their neighbors.

My fondness for horses led me always to seek that part of the camp where they were kept. In this way I became familiar with all their needs and care, as well as their own habits and dispositions. It soon became known that I could handle and control even the restless and fiery ones that soldiers in their ignorance called "vicious." After I had tamed the black stallion "Tambril," the leader of the wild herd, Genghis Khan himself sent and commanded my presence at the big tent. As he had also ordered that Tambril be brought at the same time, I rode him straight up to the tent and dismounted only when we had come to the very door. The great fierce Genghis Khan would have been angry and severe with any one guilty of such presumption, but when he saw me riding Tambril, he was so astonished that he forgot to be angry. From that day he put me in charge of his own horses, and that was how I first met and knew and loved my Chinchu. What a beautiful creature was Chinchu! She carried me many leagues and shared storm and sunshine, march and camp, and even food with me. She was always faithful, always devoted, always ready. She was more than servant: she was comrade.

We had crossed wide billowy expanses of prairie and had come to the woodland and the river. Here were fertile cultivated fields, with flowers and fruits and grain for Chinchu.

Here were villages, and a few marches farther, on the other side of the great plain, nearer the mountains, was the great city, and Mohammed's Army. There was to be a great battle, and, as Tambril had become the battle horse of the great Genghis Khan, I had become a soldier and was to ride Chinchu into battle and so gain a share in the spoils when the Moslems were defeated.

The great battle was fought on the open plain. All day long we fought until, as the sun went down, Mohammed's Army drew slowly away toward the city and at night retired within its walls, leaving us victors of the field. My first care was Chinchu. I examined her closely, jealously searching for the slightest scratch or hurt. I marvelled that I found none. She had borne me with a glad rush in the first charge, and had used the intelligence of a trained soldier in turning this way and that as need arose, to give me the least advantage over my opponent. I let the bridle fall and fought with both hands for she needed no guiding. As I fought so desperately she seemed to know and understand that I was thinking of the spoils and the riches I should win and of the gay caparison and rich trappings I would deck her with, and the grain and the salt for her. She had come through the fight all unhurt. I watered her and fed her and rubbed her until her brown hair was clean and smooth, and then, together, we laid on an old tent flap and slept.

The next day the siege of the city began and was pressed on for three weeks until the town was taken, all but the citadel itself. The defeated soldiers were marched outside of the ruined walls and slaughtered. The women and children were sent back to the camp to become slaves and servants just as I had been twelve years before. The town was given over to the soldiers for pillage, and much rich booty was taken. There were large stores of robes and cloth rugs, of bridles and saddles studded with gold, fine and delicate fabrics for ladies, with rings and jewels and dainty foot gear, for these Mohammedan ladies were very sumptuous in their adornment, and their apparel and trinkets would be very pleasing to our Mongol women folk.

The citadel remained untaken and Genghis Khan offered a talent of gold and half the booty found therein to him who would first find an entrance. For another week the siege was kept up night and day, until only the brave governor of the town and his wife and twenty soldiers were left, and still we had found no way of entering the citadel. The governor's wife fought as bravely and as fiercely as did he, and, as but one narrow causeway permitted any approach to the high wall, the few held us at bay. One day in riding Chinchu around the base of the great rock on which the citadel was builded, at a certain point she refused to pass a peculiar rock lying near the pathway which, on dismounting and examining, I found had been rolled down upon and nearly concealed a crevice in the rocky hill. A luckless soldier had been caught and crushed between the rock and the wall of the crevice and held there. He was long dead and the putrid odor had stopped Chinchu. I, with the assistance of two soldiers who followed me, rolled away the stone, and finding that we had opened a secret passage way, we

entered and climbed a long series of stone steps into the very heart of the citadel where the governor was making his stubborn defense. He was hurling stones down upon our soldiers, his wife and a few soldiers breaking and bringing the rocks to him. We drew our curved swords and forced them over the walls into the very arms of the Mongol host. And so I won the talent of gold and half the store concealed in the citadel, whatever it might be. It was a prince's ransom. Gold and jewels and silver and silks and precious oils and perfumes, which had all been gathered here as in a final place of safety.

After all the booty had been gathered, Genghis Khan ordered me to transport his share and mine, back to the great camp on the Tartar Plain. For this I had a guard of a hundred men well armed and mounted on fleet horses. The priceless jewels I kept on my own person. I rode Chinchu. The beasts were heavily laden and so we traveled slowly. When we were fifteen days journey from the city, I dismissed the guards, sending them back to the army, and continued with the treasure accompanied only by the slaves who led the camels bearing our precious freight. As I journeyed I said to myself "Why not turn to the southward and sell all this to the merchants, and so escape with riches and return to the mountains where I was born, and whence I have been cruelly dragged by the hordes of this same Genghis Khan. The bones of my parents were whitening there and as the Mongols have abandoned the land as not worth the holding, I should be safe from their vengeance." This I determined to do.

Genghis Khan, occupied with the war, would not for months know that I had proved faithless, and if he should, there were numerous bands of robbers on the wide prairies and how could he know but that I had fallen a victim to some of them?

In a year I had disposed of all of the goods, and had received for them gold and jewels, and with two trusty slaves I started for the shores of the Sea of Aral. Our route led us across the great highlands and prairies between the city of Bokhara and the great home camp of Genghis Khan.

I traveled as rapidly as possible but was impeded by the supplies necessary to so long a journey over so wild a country. I had also to carefully avoid all camps, lest I be apprehended by some of the Tributaries of the Great Mongol chief.

Early one morning I came suddenly upon a small party of horsemen, one of whom rode a black stallion of enormous size. On seeing us they made a sign of parley, but I dared not meet them, for I knew the black horse was Tambril and the rider no less than Genghis Khan himself on a hunting trip as he was returning from the war. The main body of his army must be within a few leagues. Chinchu was fleet and my only chance for safety lay in flight, and my only hope in her swiftness and endurance. I ordered the slaves to approach the chief and his party, hoping thus to divert them from me while I dashed away from them. But the chief had recognized Chinchu and her rider and gave chase. Chinchu, nimble

of foot and quick of eye and firm of muscle, quickly widened the distance between us and the black stallion with his big rider.

All would have gone well but as I turned to look at the pursuer, a long silken scarf into which I had sewn some of the largest gems, to keep for myself, fell, and becoming entangled about Chinch'a's feet, threw her violently, breaking her foreleg, and so leaving me at the mercy of the great swinging scimitar which the next moment crashed through me, cutting off all hope of escape and preventing my restoring to Genghis Khan what my avarice had stolen from his greed.

And so Chinch'a and I were not parted even in death.

## Part III

WHAT a beauty there is in the heather clad hills and the bonnie blue lakes of Scotland! What a land to live for!! What a land to die for!! Could you have seen it and known it as I saw it and knew it six centuries ago, you would not marvel that men fought to the death, sacrificing wife and children and home and life that Scotland's sons might live in Scotland's hills. There was that in the blue of the sky reflected in the blue of the hills and in the lakes set among them like stars peeping through the clouds from the sky that in fused freedom and action and love of country with every breath of Highland air. Breathing this air, ranging through these hills, loving fenland and moorland and towering heights, we swore that Carricks Earl should sit on David's throne and Scotland's son should wear her Crown. And so on crag and hill the beacon lights were burned. The Clans were gathered and the long war begun. For many years it was border warfare, rough and nagging and cruel but not deadly. We gathering experience, testing the mettle of our enemies and training our own nerves and muscles. There was some bloodshed and much trouble, but we were slowly and surely making ourselves able to prove our right to be free and to control our own affairs. When the real test came we were not found wanting either in courage or might.

It was a happy life that I lived as a boy in the Highlands, not high enough by birth and station to be bound and dwarfed by conventions and restraints of courtly breeding, nor yet low enough to be dwarfed and bound by the worse restraints of poverty. A barefoot boy in Summer time free to hunt out Nature's wonders in the beautiful hills and yet with tasks heavy and responsible enough to develop strength of body and confidence of spirit which later stood me well in many a hard-fought fray. I was of the Douglas Clan, and in my veins flowed the same blood that warmed the heart of that Black Douglas who later took our Bruce's heart to Palestine.

While yet a lad I had a cheery, winsome playmate in the blue-eyed Eileen who came from the Lowlands seeking safety in Scotland's hills, bereft of father, brother, and home by Scotland's foes. When her blue eyes looked into mine as she told of the awful night of horror and death, when cruel treachery left her fatherless, I was troubled with a strange wistfulness and a longing desire to recall to clear remembrance a dim picture of blue eyes and snow and ice. And when the tale was told, my dark eyes burned black with a fixed resolve to mete out equal woe in turn for hers.

When the beacons were lighted I was scarce three-and-twenty years of age, short of stature, but strong, calm of poise and quick of eye and hand. My Lowland bride had loved my Highland home and me, and she it was who brought my sword and bade me leave my shield. So it was that love of my wife and love of my country burned in my heart bright and warm and strong, and when my zeal grew fierce and too rash, the picture of those blue eyes and my Highland home calmed

my temper and made my hand more sure.

My life was spent in the camp, and the fierce foray and its music was the clank of the battle-axe and sword. 'Twas strange that through all those years of strife my life was spared like one whom God had chosen. I had grown gray in war. Leaders had come and had fallen. We had been beaten on many a hard-fought field. Wallace with whom I had fought for years, betrayed by basest treachery of ignoble foes, had been butchered as a felon and his severed head gaped at by a howling London mob. We had not yet despaired and we would not yield.

Now Carrick's Earl himself would lead us on to one final effort, one last battle for Scotland and our homes. Forty years of battle, with peace at times which lasted only long enough to heal the wounds and gather up supplies and arms to begin the fight anew, had made me skillful, reliant, determined, and if not brave at least unfearful. My chief was slain, so now I must lead our men.

The battle was on early in the morning, and our forces were outnumbered nearly three to one, and yet we fought until the day was old. In the afternoon came a rider from Carrick charging me to hold my position on the hill at the extreme left of the battle at all hazard, while he should make a feint to draw the English from their line, and then, falling upon their flank, cut them to pieces with his heavy horse.

We were a hundred men holding the hill when the order came. The foot soldiers were drawn away from our right and at once the enemy charged. They could not climb the hills behind to left or right, but must carry this one point which we held. This carried, the Highland forces would be helpless before their overpowering numbers. As merrily as if at a wassailout my men flung themselves into the fierce combat. Three times we sent the enemy back broken and beaten. As we breathed a space after the third onset had rolled back beneath our claymore's gleeful swing. I looked about and but ten were left to hold the hill. Ninety were cut down, a fresh cohort, the flower of Edward's Cavalry, formed for the charge. We closed up our ranks. Our Prince had ordered "Hold the hill!" and a Scot can die, but not desert a trust. Then came the crash of steel. They broke our rank. I was left the last—alone—to hold the hill against a score of English Knights who mauled each other in their greed to slay the gray-haired Scot.

The day was ending. Bleeding from wounds, beset on every side, my axe pole broken, fighting with no hope save to delay one moment longer the onward rush of the enemy,— my ear caught from my *front* OUR battle cry: "The Bruce and Victory." I knew the day was won.

We had held the hill. My King had won and Scotland's hills were free. Even as I heard that first shout of triumph, Pembroke's axe crashed through my helmet, and for me the battle and the dream of life were ended.

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Why should I thus have peered into the past of one whose living present is full of greater opportunities than all the past afforded? Why should I thus write down the memories of my lives of the past? Because that past made possible the opportunities of the present.

In Arctic snows 'neath grudging skies, the "Good Law" gave room to learn Devotion and sweet patience.

On Tartar plains that same "Good Law" doled out with even hand the wages of my avarice.

In Highland wars through combat fierce and by the last and hopeless stand at Bannockburn, the same "Good Law" bequeathed to future lives the beginnings of Courage, Loyalty, Greedlessness, Bravery.

Patience, Devotion, Courage. When, through these and all the lives I did and yet may live, I shall have fully won them, I shall have become a MAN indeed.

## Part IV

THOU hast power and riches and glory! The Gods have honored thee. Thou hast attained unto the high wisdom of the third step, but thou art mortal. In a moment, in the closing of an eye, shall thy power pass from the earth. Who, then, art thou, that thou shouldst set at nought the 'Counsellors of Wisdom' and seek to turn thy people from the ancient truth? Hear the word of the God! "Thou shalt go forth to conquer, and shalt get of the thing which thy heart seeks, but thou shalt die ere it comes into thine hand. Thou shalt return and reign in riches and glory, but thou shalt go down even as the Great Sun sinks into the boundless water. The Law which thou mockest shall grind thee to dust even as the Women grind the golden maize."

This was the message which the saintly Zakalta bade me give boldly to the Inca, Melaktla, when he sought a god-speed from the temple for his war in the northland. I gave it. In his wrath, with impious hand, he gave my body, consecrated though it was to priestly service, as a feast to the condors in the high desert beyond Cuzco.

As I now look back over the fleeting changes of a hundred lives on earth, I note that in many of them, some beautiful scene in nature is the central point from which radiates the light of memory. Sometimes it is a towering mountain height whose everlasting snow shines white in the sunlight; sometimes a rugged gorge dark and awesome, or again a wide expanse of snowy wastes, or even it may be, the homely daily toil of humble service, in which I lived close to nature, but in each case the one point stands clear, and if there my soul waits in silence, soon comes the light which illumines all the life, and memory is an open page.

On the western slope of the Andes there is such a place which with closed eyes, in silence, I see. Then my soul reads me the story.

Sometimes from the towering height of the mighty mountain I have caught a glimpse of the shimmering light so unlike the sky or cloud that I knew it to be the face of the great ocean throwing back the sunshine. At such times I have stood and watched through the lucent air the lessening figures of the runners as they dwindled into specks against the western sky where it meets the plain beyond the little hills. On the top of a round hill in the last line was a relay point where was a shelter house and a girder whose duty it was to furnish the runners with their leaves for chewing as they ran, to tighten their body-bands, and to tie the knots in their fringed belts, which should tell the speed with which they ran and the condition of their burdens. These knots also told the condition of the runners themselves, as the Guardian was not careless of the welfare of those born to the service. Reports were also from time to time required from the runners themselves in addition to the tie records, whose meaning they knew not, for, since Khielotal became guardian of men and keeper of the treasure, no runner



had learned the tie record. That learning was allowed only to the girders, senders, and preservers. This was so arranged that the reports of the workers could be taken by the receiver and those in charge and compared with the ties, and so the truth be learned.

As a priest of the second order, ministering only to the official class, I had been fully instructed in the manner of keeping the tie records, and all the receipts of fruits, grains, and herbs, and gold, and silver, for the storehouses of the God, were under my charge. My ancestors had lived in the north country and when the armies of the Inca had conquered our people, the survivors were all brought to the middle land and placed in the great hills of the lesser mountains. Captains of hundreds, who were of the families of the nobles, were placed over and taught our people to till the soil and to build the store rooms; others were taught to keep the records, to perform the rites of thanksgiving, and to wait upon and receive instructions from the God as given to us by the royal priests of whom the Inca's elder brother was chief, he having been chosen for that office by a special sign of favor from the golden God before the translation of his father, who was then the royal priest and king.

Thus it had come to pass that I was born into the priestly order, my grandfather having been placed as a "learner of wisdom" when as a boy he had been brought from the north. I had early gained a knowledge of the law of remembering and had been able to read in my cloud-body, the story of my life in the frozen snow-land of a far away country where experience had taught me patience and devotion until now, partly from the knowledge that I did not again need or wish for the dreariness of that life, and partly from gratitude for the patient love and helpfulness which had then wakened my heart to hope, I took up my life on the western slope of the mighty hills, with a glad thankfulness that I was to be allowed to help this people who were such children in life.

From the saintly Zakalta I had received daily instructions for a full year, in the short history of these children of the western hills. I had learned how one had come from a far land, sent by his brothers of the great Lodge to train this child-like race to grow into manhood, that souls who sought wisdom might come again and learn; and how, unable to reveal himself to their babe-like minds by any other means, he had shown them the sun, as the great God, and his fair skin and flowing hair, already whitened with years, had led them to believe that he, and the wife who shared his mission, had journeyed to them from the sun. I also learned how he had taught them to plant the seeds and care for the plants, and gather the golden grains of maize and store them against the time of need; and he had made it so that the part in life which he assigned to each one, in order that the needs of all should be supplied, should pass along from parents to children, and thus a whole life-time of service should make unnecessary a return to that same service in another life. I had been shown, by record and legend, how one that had lived a life as a burden-bearer had returned as a runner, and how the runner had come again and lived as a guardian, and that the guardian had

later lived the life of a priest, and that the priest who had already lived through all the grades and could now remember them in his soul, had come as Inca to guide the whole people and give them his wisdom as they could receive it.

Though it was not the duty of my order to care for the bodies of those released from their class by death, yet I must know how the bodies were prepared, and so was taught all the mysteries of preserving the heavy body so that the cloud body should not fade away before the "Live One" should return to claim it. From the first we had known that each man is, ever and always, a living being, and that it is only the heavy body that wears out and becomes useless. All in the whole land knew this and were taught how to live through each life time so that they might reach a happier state after the heavy body was wearied.

After my year's instruction by Zakalta had been finished, I was sent out with an older priest to be taught all the lesser duties that would be mine to perform. This continued for three years, when I returned to the High City to receive the secret teaching to which I had pledged myself during the first year. Another year I spent within the temple, learning the meanings of all the symbols and of the few rites and ceremonies which Melaktla allowed to be performed for the people. I say the few rites and ceremonies, for this Inca had changed the ancient customs, and the purpose and the manner of the change brought about the great woe which befell the Children of the Sun.

It was during that last year, in the sacred cavern on the mountain side overlooking the High City, that I was taught the secret steps along the hidden way, faithfully taking which I would find the Holy One whose outward sign is the glorious Sun. I learned the four paths of self-denial, and the three steps of attainment. I was taught to avoid anger, avarice, deceit, and belief, in order that I might develop in myself action, patience and love. All these things having been taught me, I was sent into the wilderness beyond the great lake. There in the solitude, undisturbed by sight of human form, in the silence unbroken by human voice, I prepared my body, my mind, and my heart, to receive the great Light of the Holy One, that I might ever after shed that Light upon the path of those who should seek the Way. I lived upon the eggs of birds, the roots and leaves of herbs, the seeds of wild grasses, the berries from the bushes, and the roots of trees and plants. Twice during the time the sun came so near to me that in his daily journey from his rising to his setting, he for some days passed directly over my head. Then I climbed to the lofty top of the highest peak and in the great silence, with the earth beneath me and the holy fire above me, I cried unto the Spirit of Love that he light his undying flame in the holy place of my heart.

As the saintly Zakalta had promised so it came to pass. In the brightness of the noon-day, on the mount beyond the clouds, with all the abysmal depths and towering heights of earth beneath my feet, I received the benediction of the Most High, and the word of power was given me. Then was revealed to me the glory of that light which, through all the ages of my later lives, has burned undimmed in

my inmost heart. No spoken word can tell the holy calm of the mighty power with which the majesty of that Presence filled me. No symbol can shadow it forth. Those who have received it will know. Those who seek it will find.

In that hour of illumination it was revealed to me that, be it dim or bright, a ray of that holy light shines in every human heart, and that henceforth I should strive for nought save to awaken each man to his own light.

I returned to Zakalta who hailed me as "Brother of the Light," and "Priest of the Golden God." In the daily duties of my priestly office I had a care that the third of the grain and gold should be justly measured and held in store for the uses of the God, for I knew that use would be the nourishment of the priests and of the people themselves when the hour of need should come. But in all the years of my priesthood it was my greatest care that each who came to me for consolation or advice or converse, or even for the transaction of necessary business, should take away with him some word or thought or token which should bring ever to his mind the thought that the great glorious Sun, symbol of the Golden God, was also a symbol of the Holy Light within his own heart.

But it came to pass that we fell upon troublous times and in the end the great woe came to all the children of the Sun. It was because in the secret place of his own heart Melaktla, the royal priest, and the Guardian of the great treasure, hid himself from the light in his own heart. He built as it were a mound of selfishness in his own mind and skulked behind it. As the days and the seasons had passed there had been gathered a great store of all things, but more especially of that gold which is the special token among men of the great God who gives the everlasting life. It was an evil day indeed when Melaktla, through the selfish desire of his own mind, conceived the purpose of using the great treasure of gold for gaining power over the people which, as his priestly wisdom revealed to him, lived and grew mighty in far away lands. As the purpose took form in his mind his wisdom grew less, but his cunning increased, so that he planned craftily and bent the priests and the nobles to his wish. At first the priests opposed his changes in the rites which, though small in themselves, made the wiser ones among the elders fear for the future of our sacred learning. We had long known, those of the first and second orders of the priesthood, that after a series of well accomplished lives among these children, we should, when worthy, gain life in a northern land, nearer the head of our mother earth, and among a people wiser and greater than our selves. For this we both hoped and strove. This was our daily wish when with face to the east we greeted the rising symbol of the God. Upon this hope the crafty Melaktla built his plan. Cautiously and insinuatingly he sowed the seed of a selfish desire, intending when the plant was grown to pass it off as a field of divine hopes. He thought to harvest by his own hand, and not by the hand of the good law, the fruition of effort here and now; and gold was to be the mighty means of his accomplishment. When his plan had so far progressed that the priests must of need know, and so give sanction to his acts, Zakalta and I, his chosen successor, set ourselves firmly against it. We planted ourselves upon

the ancient rites and divine wisdom in which, as one of the priestly order, Melaktla shared. Our opposition to his plan availed nothing, so far as changing his determination, and at the last we were obliged to demand, by the right of the soul, the intervention of the lower gods.

That a great change in the rites of worship was soon to be made we knew, as did all the priests and nobles. Melaktla himself had been shown this when, at the time of the zenith sun, he, with Zakalta and I, had gone into the mountain to the clear pool to inquire the will of the God, and to read his answer as written by the beams of the full moon on the surface of the placid water. That answer had been plainly and clearly written, "the orders shall pass away and all my children shall choose, each for him self."

Zakalta's vision was unclouded by any selfish desire and he saw clearly the symbol showing how the change was to be wrought. I myself read it. Each one who wished was to be taught the craft or calling of another order, and be allowed to enter it after five summers spent as a learner, but in so doing he abandoned all right to remain in, or ever to re-enter, his former order. Then it was promised, "after all is accomplished, the Children of the Sun shall journey over the wide world in peace and carry wisdom to all who dwell on the earth."

But Melaktla had clouded his vision by his selfish wish, and he declared that, as royal priest, he should own all the golden treasure. With it he would conquer all peoples by gold and arms, and would himself carry wisdom through the world.

And so ambition seized him, and stubborn selfishness ruled his heart. He refused to allow one to pass from the order in which he had been born, into another, except through death and re-birth. He possessed himself of all the golden treasure, both that of the God and of the Inca. He placed himself squarely against the will of the God and forbade the progress of the soul in life.

And so it befell that, in our extremity and in behalf of the souls of our Children of the Sun, we demanded of the lower gods that they enforce the law, and the white avenger came. As I was directed to foretell, so it came to pass, and though he slew me, yet my word was true.

In the height of his arrogance and selfish ambition the spirit was called from his body, and in battle he yielded his life to the hand of a chief of the North People whom he sought to subjugate.

His selfish ambition had overleaped itself, and the just law stopped his further effort. But he had broken the priesthood into factions. One part followed his delusion of selfishness, while a few still held to the ancient truth. He had so craftily changed the laws and rites that centuries of effort on the part of the true initiates failed to restore the ancient truths in the hearts of men, and four hundred years after his first reign, when he came again as the Inca Ata-Hual-Pwa

he sacrificed himself, the priests, and the nation, to the rapacious avarice of the Spaniards.

Thus did the Good Law fulfill itself and selfishness paid its debt to truth.

And yet our holy teaching proved itself righteous and true, for the initiates, the true Children of the Sun, lived again on earth in other lands and taught the Sacred Way to those who sought it. Zakalta lives now a prophet still, and I who write, have again worked with him even in this life. Melaktla, chastened by sorrow, now serves the Good Law patiently. Still a royal soul, he has learned the great lesson of unselfishness and helps his fellows.

So is it ever under the Good Law. The mistakes and sorrows of life do, in the end, lead to better living.

## Part V

"O Great and Bountiful Giver  
 Our Father!  
 Oh Source of the joy of our living  
 And Bearer of hope on thy bosom  
 Broad swelling,  
 To Thee shall our grateful songs ever  
 Be given.  
 When Sirius rises o'er Keme  
 At even,  
 Then Hope, like thy broad current swelling  
 Makes fruitful our lives, as thy waters  
 Make harvests.  
 To Thee shall our grateful songs ever  
 Be given."

This was the chant intoned by the priests on the temple steps overlooking the rising Nile at the time of the autumnal equinox.

Along the toilsome road of the soul's journey are many dwelling places; they are the milestones that mark the progress of the Heaven Born on his way to attainment. In each life he dwells in the home of his past, and lays the foundation for the mansion of his future. For the most part he thinks not of his past, and builds not for the lives to follow, but acts in the present, for the present; yet through all this seeming littleness of life, there runs ever the impulse of the Self, guiding the evolving soul, and even though he be not aware, the Self impels. Happy is he, who "having risen from among the dead," is aware, and "having ears to hear," hears the spirit—the Self. Such an one reaps the harvest of experience, and garners the ripened grain of effort. Wisdom is a light on his path and a guide to his footsteps.

To me in these later days of this nineteenth century of this era, has come the hard bought but blessed privilege of looking back over the winding way of many many centuries, and of rebuilding a shadowy replica of my homes of former days. I do not recall the time that I did not have impressions and reminiscences, and catch glimpses fleeting and imperfect, but none the less real, of experiences and scenes of former lives. But now I can see them, and know them, and live them over at will. I do not mean by this, that I can build up in detail all the little incidents and experiences of a life, for that would be a tedious and profitless task, and withal a waste of time, for of what avail are details? In each living day one extracts the essence of his experiences of the preceding day, and so is better equipped for the work in hand.

He would be delayed in the accomplishment of important matters if he should spend his time in going over the details of the day before, but he gains time in

assimilating the total of the experiences. So it is that we build up our lives. From the essentials of the past we lay, in the present, the foundations of the future, even while we complete the superstructure of the Now. Then, again, if I am today laying out my garden and planting the seed therein, I do not bring into active use my knowledge of carpentry, nor of book-keeping, nor of Greek roots, and poetry, but rather of plants and their cultivation. So I may live a life whose purpose is the developing of some particular trait of character, or the overcoming of some obstacle to my soul's progress, and not bring into active personal consciousness the memory of a much more important life of the past.

Perhaps I should have said, a life of more prominent activity, rather than to have said a more important life, for I can see that in several instances, a life of seeming obscurity, in which I appeared to have forgotten my past, was one in which I got a firm hold of my personal nature and laid such a foundation of self control as made a succeeding life of prominence, remarkably successful in its accomplishments, and in its influence upon my fellow men. In the dreary life of northern wastes, as an Esquimau hunter, I learned a practical loyalty to friendship, and devotion to duty, which, centuries later, enabled me to transform the language of a great people and to shake a great religious structure to its very foundations.

The life, some features of which I am about to relate, was one which, measured by the ordinary standards of human estimation, was a failure; yet the very failure deepened my determination and broadened my patience and led, at last, to such achievement as comes but thrice in all the journey.

I was born on the banks of the Nile in a small but beautiful palace adjoining the great house of my grandmother, the Princess Nephtha. My mother was a princess and great niece of the Pharaoh. My father was a learned scribe, the honored custodian of the papyrus rolls, and transcriber of the Holy Rituals, which were wrought in the stone walls of the secret inner chamber of the great temple, where none but high initiates and devoted neophytes might enter.

To be born a prince was a right which I gained by former service. Because of my royal blood, my mother's gift to me, I was consecrated to the priestly office, and so was opened up to me the opportunity of fitting myself to partake in the holy wisdom of the mysteries of the Soul. I realized the importance of the great opportunity and applied myself earnestly and with enthusiasm to the learning of the sacred language and the mastery of the Ritual as far as it was given me.

I passed the trials of endurance and learning, and became a priest of the outer court, and, at thirty years of age, was put in charge of the neophytes and younger priests in the rites of the temple services. After my appointment to this important position, I passed through the ceremony of consecration, which in reality was the initiation that marked the beginning of my probation, preparatory to my admission in the "Order of the Great Square." Little did I realize the woe

that lay in store for me, the awful woe of failure. It was well that I did not foresee that my weakness was sending forward to meet me in the full time of the law, for had I foreseen it, my discouragement would have thrown me into a slough of despair from which a thousand years of work would scarce have released me. As it was, I stood upon the plateau of attainment while the highway of hope stretched alluringly forward and up to the mountain height where glorious manhood stood triumphant.

Filled with the enthusiasm of knowledge and power already gained, and inspired by the hope whose flame burned so brightly in my heart, I created the chant of the priests to Father Nile, and it was intoned on temple steps at even-tide at the time of the inundation, for a thousand years. Its long life in the temple service was due to the glorious light of the Spirit which illumined my soul when I composed it. No sweeter moment have I ever known than that in which the priests of An, having marched in solemn procession to the very water's edge, in fervent and devout worship intoned my words as their votive praise to the Bountiful Giver. It was at once praise and benediction, realization and hope, exhortation and worship, knowledge and faith. The English rendering but faintly reflects the fulness and depth of the Kemic Mantram. In token of its acceptance by the Gods, the first chanting at the beginning of the inundation was followed by the richest fruitage known in a hundred years.

Under such propitious tokens, I began my probation of seven years. For almost five years, I toiled and labored in the temple services and for my fellow men, and in that toil and labor gained mastery of myself and stored my mind with knowledge of the mysteries of the Soul and Life. But I strove to make my heart the servant of my mind rather than to make my mind the minister of my heart.

In the third year Heliadra came to me—the beautiful Heliadra in whose form was the swift grace of the gazelle and the sinuous strength of the serpent. Her eyes of darkest blue shone now like the soft light of the crescent moon, and anon like the lucent radiance of the Eastern Star. Bright was her mind and her knowledge great, a very marvel of womanhood! Tender and kind of heart, modest in bearing and clothed with the indescribable dignity which is a noble woman's chiefest grace, and with the gentleness of conscious power. She too was a learner in the temple by right of royal birth—the meed of former service.

For two years I gave her daily instruction in the mysteries as far as they were then taught to the women of her age, and she proved a most capable, intelligent and progressive student. In one more year she was to enter upon a three years' probation for the highest degree of her sex, after which she would wait until in her next incarnation as a royal prince, she would also take the solemn obligation of the Order of the Great Square. Her father was the overlord of the maintenance of the building and repairs of the great temple of An, completing and perfecting the work which had been already under way for six generations. A skilled workman to whom he had entrusted the final placing of a stone, the



coloring of which had taken fully fifty years to complete, by a mischance let it fall sixty feet to the temple floor where Nemnor stood waiting for its final emplacement that he might test the light effect of the coloring when it was securely fixed. It struck him, killing him instantly though not crushing his body. By the time of the next waning of the moon, for it was then that such things befell, over-anxious to join the shade of Nemnor, his wife crossed over the dark river, leaving Heliadra bereft of all save an infant brother scarce two years of age. Should Heliadra pursue her plan and enter her final novitiate, the infant Chandra would be left to the care of the Government, be raised and educated by the priests, not for the priesthood but for the lowly office of preparer of inscription strips for the embalmer's use, a humble service, but free from the defilement of handling the dead. His father had intended that he should become a scribe in the government service and Heliadra knew of this. Her memories of her father and her mother impelled her to care for the boy, and rear and educate him for the position in life which the father had intended him to fill. To do this for the boy she must abandon her work in the school of the mysteries and renounce her rights of novitiate.

We had planned that after she should have completed her probation and received her Isian degree, and when I should have been confirmed in the Order of the Great Square, we two should be married—for then there would be neither ritual nor legal obstacles. Now her great love for her mother and her mother's son, the little Chadra, together with her respect for the memory of her father, inclined her heart toward the choice of caring for the little one, whose lot seemed dreary indeed unless she became his guardian mother. By the ritual of Isis she could not be guardian mother and priestess. One must be abandoned, and she chose the filial duty of the guardianship. I could not wed Heliadra before my initiation and after I should have received the sign of the Great Square I could wed none but a priestess of Isis. In those ancient days this was the law.

My heart not being positive to my head my discrimination was not clear and I wavered in decision. Repressed rather than controlled, the emotions of my heart sprang up in sudden power and overwhelmed me. The alluring duty to the nobly unselfish Heliadra drew me mightily until it seemed the real duty and appeared to me to demand my adherence. The high priestess of Isis had awarded Heliadra praise for unselfishness, in abandoning her right of novitiate for the humble duty of mother guardian to her infant brother. Why should not I be equally unselfish: forego my own advancement and discharge my obligated duty to Heliadra as my heart inclined? I renounced the rights of my priesthood, married Heliadra, and became tutor to the two princely sons of the Pharaoh.

This was four thousand years before the present era. In those days, under the ancient ritual, each neophyte was given absolute freedom of choice at each step of his chosen way, therefore none interposed objections to my course either by deed or word.

It was in the fifth year of my preparation that I resigned my priestly office and in two years from that time the high priest, Amentor, came to me and showed me that it was decreed from his birth that the boy Chadra should complete the term of his life in that year. He died, and his body was placed beside that of his mother. Then I saw how the sacrifice of Heliadra had been praiseworthy because she would have been allowed, in two short years, at Chadra's death, to return to her temple duties and resume her novitiate. I had deceived myself. I had allowed my emotions to blur the eyes of my mind, and to dull my discrimination, and, for the sake of a less worthy duty, I had lost the opportunity toward which I had striven for many toilsome lives. From Amentor I learned that my death would restore to Heliadra her rights as a temple student.

Ashamed of my weakness, so clearly proven by my blunder, my mind still further dulled by regret, I again fell a prey to my emotions and urged by what seemed a motive of unselfish love for Heliadra, I flung myself into the bosom of Father Nile and so freed her from all bonds, and opened for her the temple doors. Father Nile received my body which, unpurified, soon perished, and without passport I came before Anubis (Charon) who refused me passage across the dark river, and our Lord Osiris bade me back towards earth to await a refused body ere I could incarnate.

Then it was that Despair, linking an arm in mine, walked my shade along the banks of that dark water for three and thirty years until Heliadra, who had crossed beyond, recrossed on her Way to earth, and, seeing my woe, refused her incarnation and allowed me to return that I might again enter upon the Way. She refused a body that I might incarnate! Do you in these later days of merchandise and hurried living know how great her love was that she should do this thing for me? It meant that she having recrossed from the land of light, and refusing to incarnate, must wait on this side of the dark river and walk in the realm of unbodied shades, companionless and in darkness, until the body which she had refused should have served the purpose of him that used it, and until the user should return and by due merit pass the portal and take her in Anubis's (Charon's) boat, with due ferriage, to the shores of light. Should he fail she must still wander until he should come even unto the third time and then she, freed by the fulfilment of the law, might by merit of patience and sacrifice, return. Thus for all the time or times she renounced her own right and opportunity and waited in outer darkness.

Have you known such love; such forgetfulness of self; such devotion to the cause of another? Such was the love and selflessness of that noble soul, and, as is ever so in forgetfulness of self, her deed bore fruit.

I incarnated as the third son of Pharaoh and was, from my birth, devoted to the priesthood by the will of my royal mother, and by decree of Pharaoh consecrated me at my seventh birthday and sent to the temple for instruction. There I remained until my twenty-first birth-day when Amentor the high-priest, himself

in the one hundred and thirty-third year of his life, laid his aged hands upon me in holy benediction, and sent me on the desert pilgrimage which if successfully accomplished served instead of the seven years' probation.

It would be of no avail to tell of the physical distress and mental woe which I endured for the forty-nine days of my exile, and how I subsisted upon what my two hands might gain for me from the desert wastes, and how emaciated, wan and near to death in the last days of my trial, it was given me to know all that had happened since my birth as a shade upon my death in the Nile, to see and know the wanderings of the unbodied Heliadra and her woe of dark loneliness, and her patient and almost happy resignation to the fate she had so willingly chosen. At last the time was ripe, my endurance and steadfastness proven in spite of an inviting cool and fruitful oasis just discovered to be near at hand, and the call from the far away temple reached me upon the beam of the rising sun. Then, moment by moment, hour by hour, day by day, I toiled beneath blazing sun over blazing sands, and beneath midnight sky over darkening way nine weary days and nights without food or drink until I fell exhausted upon the temple steps as the priests intoned my chant of praise at eventide. Kindly hands raised my wasted body and bore it into the temple before the altar of Apis and gave me to drink freely of the sweet Nile water which carried life to my thirsting tissues. After bathing and anointing my body they gave me goats' milk and lentils and left me in that sacred chamber of preparation to rest and meditation.

I had arrived at the temple at the beginning of the ceremony of the equinox and for three months I purified my mind and thoughts by meditation and communion, enthroning my heart as sovereign of my mind. Twelve times, at the completion of each period of seven days, I was conducted to the subterranean ceremonial chamber, unto the august Amentor, still mighty though weighted by years, and in silence received such wordless instruction as he alone could give. The walls of the secret chamber formed an ovoid and they converged over head forming a spherical ellipsoid as though it were the half of a great egg shell. Amentor wore a luminous robe of white and carried a wand surmounted by a scarabaeus formed of such a combination of metals that it emitted a soft effulgent light. Amentor, standing in the centre of a perfect circle inscribed on the floor of the chamber, drew a cross in the air with the scarabaeus wand and I immediately saw a cross in soft colors clearly outlined upon the ovoid ceiling. This symbol, the cross, gradually faded into other successive symbols beautifully explanatory of the descent of spirit into matter and the general outline of the evolution of the soul.

On the second evening of instruction in the sacred chamber he explained to me in like manner the twelfth sign of the zodiac, now known as Aries, and the cosmic truth of which it is the symbol, reserving Taurus, which was then considered by the Kemic priesthood as the first sign, for the third instruction. In the same way he proceeded until I had been fully instructed in the ten signs of the zodiac and in the mystery of the two secret signs at that time unknown to any save the

initiated members of the Order of the Great Square and the obligated candidates. This series of instructions was completed on the day preceding the hour of the northern solstice, and on the same day I was taken on the royal funeral barge with Amentor and eleven priests of the Order and conveyed on the Nile to the landing, whence we marched in solemn procession to the pyramid of Khufu, before which we made obeisance and then entered the chamber of the sphinx where in silence I came into possession of the 'word of power,' which at high twelve on the day of the solstice opened for me the portal of Khufu.

Amentor and two initiates accompanied me to the inner door of the 'kings' corridor.' We four here intoned the 'word of power' which opened the door and alone I entered upon my solitary journey, seeing no embodied soul until rising of the sun on the third day thereafter. I groped my way in darkness seeking the light, but finding it not, until after placing my body at rest in the great stone sarcophagus, and freeing myself from its imprisonment, I found myself to be the light which lighteth every soul and attained unto that supernal wisdom which form and word hath not yet expressed. We live in form and convey our thoughts by speech and therefore that which I, the soul, experienced while the body lay quiet and empty in the great sarcophagus is like that of which St. Paul says "by the law unutterable," and I cannot write it down.

I had just finished the task which I had set myself, and which completed this degree of initiation, and, reentering my body, retraced my way to the door where I left Amentor and the two priests, when the sun reached high twelve of the third day from my entrance into the pyramid.

For the present my tasks were accomplished and seven years of study and preparation were allowed me before entering upon the duties of the exalted office of high priest of the temple of An, as successor to Amentor whose long service would then be completed. It was also revealed to me that by the passing of the Pharaoh my father, and my two elder brothers, I should be called to the dual office of priest and king. With the proffer of the great honor necessarily came my soul's right of choice and through Amentor I made request of Our Lord Osiris that I be allowed to quit my body for three days and attend Heliadra across the dark river to the shores of light, that she might incarnate as Pharaoh's son, which was her right. If my prayers were granted I should never be king of ancient Keme: but this I could do, I could at once make return in full to Heliadra for her sacrifice so willingly made for me. Our Lord Osiris heard my prayer and Amentor bade me go. At high twelve I approached Khufu's portal alone, and by the word of power I entered, and placing my body again in the great stone sarcophagus I, the soul, journeyed to find Heliadra. I found her wandering lonely but not disconsolate, satisfied in having given me the great opportunity.

To Anubis (Charon) I gave the password, and together we entered the Judgment Hall of Osiris. It is not permitted to relate what there occurred, but Heliadra was received and I was sent back to earth.

As I returned to my body and arose from its resting-place I was greeted by Amentor and the eleven priests of the sacred rites, and by them conducted to the great cubical chamber beneath the foundation of Khufu's mighty pile . . . . When we made our exit, by way of the holy chamber of the Sphinx, I had been endowed with all the august rights and glorious privileges of the Order of the Great Square, having been absolved from my seven years' probation by reason of renouncing the kingly power that I might help one who sought the same initiation. As witness of my full membership in that ancient lodge, I carry in all later incarnations and to this day, upon the index mount of my left hand, the Triple Square of the Order. Heliadra incarnated as a twin son of Pharaoh. As "Helandre" he was in due time initiated into the Order of the Great Square while the twin brother became the Pharaoh.

## Part VI

### The Merchant of Carthage

In the old days, when the generals of the city conquered an enemy, the prisoners were brought to the capitol or to the chief cities of the provinces, despoiled, shorn and covered with coarsest fabric, and sent to the galleys, the mines and the builders' yards, as slaves. Their former rank and wealth could secure no lessening of disgrace or of suffering. The utmost of work, all that the lash and torture could extort, was forced from those whom the fortunes of war had brought to the hopelessness from which laggard death refused release. Men of noble blood and fearless courage grovelled under the yoke like beasts of burden, with the barest necessities doled grudgingly for food, and the bare ground as a couch for aching limbs. Women whose lives had been free from toil were scantily fed and as cruelly driven to mortar beds and drudgery, with dirt and filth for tired bodies, and men, made brutes by slavery, for companions in woe. Bleeding wounds and blistered hands and festering sores, were the daily experience of women who had been fond wives and proud mothers of warriors and chieftains—unless their beauty of face and form brought upon them a more enticing but a bitterer curse. These were the things which prisoners expected in the years when the queenly city was building her warehouses and palaces, and covering the blue sea with her ships of commerce and of war. As her power grew and her wealth increased, new cities and provinces were brought under her sway, new luxuries were discovered, new dissipations invented, and new pleasures devised for the gratification of the insatiable greed for excitement, which hundreds of years of war and trade had nursed and fed. The sturdy race of warriors and merchants had begotten a throng of rich idlers who lived only for pleasure. Slaves were no longer required for arduous labor and productive toil only, but found an easier fate in ministering to a greed for luxury and pleasure no less insatiate than the former greed for power and gain. Carthage, like Phoenecia and Babylon, like Rome and Alexandria in later centuries, ceased to grow in power when she became luxurious and the capitol of pleasure. She fell, not so much before the might of Roman arms, as before the insidious and stealthy march of her own army of idle luxury.

The plant of luxury was in lusty growth, but had not yet come to fruition, when, at my eighteenth year, I came into the control of the property and revenues set apart for me by that Hasdrubal, whom his enemies could not slay and yet who died by violence. I was his natural son, and my loving mother had died broken hearted by the cruel neglect of the great general whose own hand meted out to himself the justice which his own perfidy had incurred. Self slain, he died, tortured by the memory of a love and devotion he had won with promised honor, and scorned for lust of power and wealth. Though he never acknowledged my sonship, yet Hasdrubal provided for the proper education of Adabaran, and so

equipped him for a life of usefulness.

I was twenty when Hasdrubal died, and then I found that the property, which I had supposed to be mine, had remained his own, and that by the law of Carthage his vast wealth, together with the smaller stores and business which I had held, reverted to the city because he had never acknowledged me, and so had left no legal heir.

Fully realizing the necessities of my condition, stripped of luxuries to which I had been accustomed, I set to work to make a fortune for myself. The scarlet robe and white tunic and gold embroidered sandals were thrown aside, and I became a dealer in pomegranates, grapes, and figs. With all my energy I devoted every hour of time and every item of strength to the care and increase of my business. I soon bought a ship and brought my merchandise from nearby places and carried goods from the city in turn. I made wealth the one god of my life, as I supposed, and in singleness of devotion paid homage and devout worship to my deity. Nor did I lack in sacrifice to that same god, for I offered my time, my effort, my thought and affection, my all, upon the altar, and by force of devotion gained favor. I gained wealth and that deference which is given to those who have gold and wine.

In the early days of my struggle I met a Greek merchant named Aristo, and had some dealings with him. He had a daughter but two years younger than myself, who by her calm and gentle manner, won my confidence, and by her beauty of character and simple purity as fully won my admiration and respect. Once, when a hostile Numidian tribe had attacked and utterly destroyed a caravan richly laden with merchandise for my stores, and in which I had hazarded all the gain of years, she had come to me with such encouragement and hopefulness as to inspire me with new determination, and had also persuaded her father to lend me two galleys with which I might take merchandise to Syracuse. To the devotion and love of Elana I owed a new opportunity and a renewed ambition. When I had returned to Aristo all that I owed him with a bonus for its use, and had laid a sure foundation for a fortune, I offered him a talent of gold if he would consent that I should marry Elana. It was agreed that if she should consent, I should take her after two years had passed.

Aristo dealt in gold and silver ornaments for women's wear, and had a large trade among the idle rich of Carthage, who spent great sums for such trinkets with which to adorn their persons. Now there had been brought to Carthage from Numidia, as a hostage of war, an Ethiopian princess, by name Ayoya. She was of that ravishing beauty which inflames the heart of a man with a consuming desire of love which cannot be quenched, and which will be satisfied only by possession. Through her dusky skin there shone the tinge of blood of richest red, giving her ebon cheeks the softest hue of garnet, while teeth of pearl adorned a smile to lure a god from sky and throne.

Her eyes were of that dark soft brown whose depths are never sounded but by love that brooks no restraint, or else by hate which kills and revels in the joy of slaying. She was of winning mood, and of temper as sunny as skies of Ethiopia when the dew drops sparkle in myriad hues to welcome the god of light. Her hair of deepest black was as fine as a spider's web, and hung like a silken mantle in flowing ripples to her ankles, the pride of her friends and the envy of all women. She was intelligent, generous and full of buoyant hope and laughter and song, though tears lay just behind the long lashes which curtained the glowing depths of her lustrous eyes. This creature of wonderful beauty, this woman of charm and grace, the daughter of a proud and powerful ruler, was the slave, the chattel—not of a proud and victorious general, nor even of a brave soldier—but of a sordid camp follower, into whose hands the fortunes of war had thrown her. She was displayed in the market for sale and the idle sons of wealth, with their empty heads and full pockets sated their leering eyes with her radiant beauty, while her haughty look of proud womanhood driven to bay, sent many a would-be purchaser away muttering mingled curses and blessings to cover the confusion lighted by the fire of her eyes in the smouldering embers of his manhood.

I had been to my ships at the merchants' dock, and was returning to the house of Aristo, when in passing near the naval harbor I saw her. Her eyes met mine, and I stood bound by the spell, charmed beyond the power to move or even to look elsewhere. The fire in them blazed fiercely no longer, but burned with an appeal for pity that was almost love.

A Jew from Tyre, hoping to again barter her, had already offered a purchase price of ten talents (almost twenty thousand dollars) and was rubbing his palms in satisfaction, as no other bids were heard. The appeal of those wonderous eyes burned through every barrier to my very soul and surged up to my brain in a very frenzy of desire. I bid against the Jew again and again, until, for thirty talents, more than fifty thousand dollars, I led her away. Thus Ayoya became my princess, but ere a day had passed I had become her slave. The spell of her eyes, the sensuous charm of her smile, the liquid melody of her voice, and withal the gratitude of her heart that grew and blossomed and bore the delicious fruit of love, made me the willing servant of her smallest wish. I freed her by marriage, and as her husband, sent an embassy with gifts and greetings to the far away kingdom in Numidia, where her father still ruled, unconquered by the Carthaginian arms. In a few months my messengers returned with a dower of gems and gold and gifts that repaid me tenfold the ransom that I had paid.

Ayoya advised me to become a merchant in gold and jewels, and by her sagacity more than by my wisdom, I succeeded beyond my utmost hope. I bought here and there, and had my agents at every entrance to Carthage, whether by land or sea, and soon drove every competitor out of business, or hired them to do my business. Aristo, disheartened by my success, which devoured his business, sailed for Syracuse and thence to New Carthage, whence he travelled to Saguntum and was slain by the Romans. The gentle Elana, abandoned and all but



forgotten, still lived with her aged mother in a little villa of Carthage, overlooking the sea. I had no time for memory or regret: I was too busy amassing gold and preparing for pleasure, for Ayoya and Adabaran became the leaders of luxury and gaiety.

And so the years passed by as fleeting pleasures fly, and life was like a merry drinking song, a revelry and rout of joy and wine. I exchanged my vast interests for gold and all the luxuries that gold could buy, and together my princess and I received all the adulation which her beauty and our magnificence brought fawning to our feet. Trouble? We knew it not. Sorrow did not exist, for we never heard the word nor felt the pang; and yet satisfaction and contentment were as alien to our lives as were trouble and sorrow, for every gratification bred a score of new desires. Want feasted upon our largess but grew and fattened in our hearts, for the want which the soul feels grew apace with our devotion to pleasure. The soul wants while the body lives, and the soul lives ever. Hidden behind the drapings of luxury, smothered by the intoxicating aroma of pleasure, yet in a chance moment of quiet, in our secret hearts, we knew that our souls still lived.

Once a summons came to me, a messenger bearing a signet ring upon which was engraved a triple square, "Elana, the daughter of Aristo, would speak with me." With a strange feeling of recognition I took the ring, and with a tremor of foreboding, I found myself unable to refuse obedience to the command. Something within me seemed awakening from sleep, something which had been long slumbering under the lull of the intoxicating fumes of pleasure. I liked it not, for as I gazed upon the talisman of the triple square, which I held in the palm of my left hand, with a great rush of certainty there flowed into my mind the conviction that all the fabric of my life was crumbling and tottering, and this ring and the summons from Elana were to be to me the forerunners of disaster, which would be the more bitter because merited. My heart was shaken with dread, and yet I dared not linger. I must go and go quickly. Elana received me in the court of her villa by the side of the fountain, whose tinkling waters had timed the rhythmic cadence of her voice in years gone by, when her love was my joy; and, had I but known it, my hope; for had I yielded to its sweet and pure persuasion, I should have made my life useful rather than pleasant.

Her hair had become white, as though age had frozen her blood, and her face showed the chastening lines of suffering, but a gleam of fixed determination in her blue eyes made them look like the steel of a Damascus blade.

"Thou art come, Adabaran," she greeted. "It is well, for thou hast but little time until thou shalt have but one solace, and that will be the words of the ancient brother who first wore this ring, 'And this, too, shall pass,' but that will bring poor comfort to thee. Thou hast made gold and the power of wealth thy god, and soon thou shalt have neither, for he who shall despoil thee is even now at the gates of the city."

“Elana,” I answered, “if thou hast commanded me here but to prate of evil, why didst thou send? If thy words are false I care not; and if the evil comes, I flee not.”

“Because, Adabaran, I would awaken thee to thyself, that when thy desolation comes thou mayest extract from its very bitterness the lesson which will save for thee something from the wreck of thy hopes.”

Even then I was so stupefied by my long devotion to pleasure that I supposed that she referred only to a possible salvage of a part of my fortune, from the loss which she prophesied. Still gazing into my eyes with that unyielding look of glittering steel, she said:

“Awake, Archontes.”

I started, for at those words I saw a landscape spread before me, a desert stretching away to the horizon, while just before me grew in the air the face of the Sphinx, and behind it the outlines of a great pyramid.

“It is Khufu!” I cried. “Alas, my wasted life!” The words were forced from me half unconsciously, nor did I realize their import. Months later, when as a slave in the galleys, with nothing but the oar and the lash to engross me, my mind busied itself with these words and their astounding effect on me, and slowly reached back through twenty centuries until reminiscence dimly outlined an experience of my soul, when I lived as the priest Archontes, all memory of whom had been hidden from Adabaran by his reckless devotion to pleasure and luxury.

As I stood before Elana, the tumult in me quelled by the vision which her words had evoked, I raised my eyes again to hers and saw in them a quieter light, as though a greater power, that needed no effort on her part, was now speaking through her voice and searching me with her eyes. She arose, and, standing before me, in voice that thrall'd my senses, said: “This a brother bids me say to thee: ‘Archontes, the life of Adabaran is not wasted. In the Great Plan naught is wasted, but all is used; even thy frivolous and foolish life, in which thou hast so madly pursued pleasure and sense, has cemented a friendship between thy soul and the soul of Ayoya which, when the baser consequences of thy foolish lives shall have been dissolved by work and aspiration, shall lead her in a future life to provide asylum and help for thee, at a time when thou hast need, and when the work thou are then endeavoring shall have need of thee.

“Thou hast now a time of choosing. Remain here in Carthage and lose all thy possessions, and by years of slavery and toil and by death, chasten thyself and know thy soul, and so prepare for the next life with its great opportunities, or else flee Carthage with enough to save thee from toil, and in another life pay the debt of wasted opportunity which thou owest for this life. Go, and on thy soul

choose wisely.'"

I made not answer, but slowly withdrew, ever looking into her quiet eyes, until I passed the portal of the court, and the falling curtain hid her from my view. I turned, and as slowly passed out into the sunlight along the quay, by and beyond the naval harbor where the merchant ships were anchored, and I noted many war galleys and triremes, with signs of great excitement and preparation, and on past the harbor, where, through the street of the cloth merchants, and over a little hill to a temple of Isis which I had often seen, but never entered. Now I went in, and passing the altar to the left entered the chamber of meditation. None challenged my right, and none disturbed nor bade me go, and there I bowed in deep introspection until the sun was gone and the symbol of Isis arose out of the blue sea. I went to my home and then told Ayoya all that I had experienced during that strangely eventful day. To my wonder and amazement she told me that she had, while reclining in her own rest room, seen and heard as in a dream all that I had now related to her up to the moment that I entered the sanctuary of the temple of Isis, and that she knew my resolve, and that she, too, would remain in Carthage and meet any fate, which our life of wanton pleasure had stored up for her. I knew that she spoke truly, for I had not yet indicated the choice I would make.

We had already arranged a great feast for the morrow, to which we had bidden three score of the wealthiest and greatest of the citizens of Carthage. They came, and from the tenth hour of that day until the rosy dawning of the next, we held a very carnival of pleasure and feasting and dancing and mirth.

During all the years of my early struggles, my final success, and my retirement to the luxurious pleasures of idleness, I had given no thought to the city nor its welfare. I paid the imposts upon my business for the improvement of the city and the support of the army, and gave these matters no further consideration. I knew, in a general way, of the ancient feud with Rome, and that she was a menace to our prosperity on sea and land, but of patriotism I knew not nor cared. Now the Romans came in their virile strength, and Carthage, worm-eaten by luxury and weakened by pleasure, crumbled before them. My possessions, together with those of all my associates and comrades in revelry, were fairly swallowed up by the Roman army. Ayoya herself was carried to Rome to grace the triumph of our conqueror, while I was locked to the bench of a Roman trireme, a slave of the galleys. My robes of fine linen gave place for my bare skin, and the perfumed baths of my days of ease were replaced by the brine of the sea, poured into the stripes of the lash. And so I began the fulfillment of the law which the soul lays upon itself. For three wretched years I survived the lash and oar, but I found *myself* and knew my soul, and so endured for the sake of the life to come, in which I should again journey upon the higher way. When I heard that Ayoya was dead I mourned not, for I knew that she, too, had worked out the meed of folly, and that trivial pleasures would never again enthrall her soul.

Broken beyond repair, my body no longer responsive to curses nor blows, and so utterly useless to my cruel taskmasters, I was put ashore at Syracuse to die, while my chains and oar were forced upon another poor wretch whom war had degraded to slavery. The iron bands about my ankles, which were chained to the floor of the galley bench where I had toiled and slept for those weary years, were loosed from my bent legs to be forced upon the strong and healthy limbs of my unfortunate successor. The belt of iron around my waist had been bolted there and could not be removed.

My poor body, so long bent on the bench, could not be straightened, and so I was carried ashore and thrown aside to die among the rubbish of the shipyard, with its prowling dogs and rats. As I lay there, praying that death might urge his sluggard steps toward me, Elana came and did not pass me by. She poured oil into my festering wounds, made a rug of her mantle and had my misshapen body placed upon it, while she pillowed my head, and looking into my soul with her quiet eyes bade me die in peace, since I had paid the debt of my folly. And so I passed out of the sorrow which had proved itself to be the dregs of the cup of revelry, and my soul freed itself forever from the lust for gold and pleasure.

## Part VII

### A Puritan Exile

IN February 8th, 1658, on a farm on the outskirts of the village of Salem in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, there was born to Jonathan Ellis and his wife Prudence, a son who, being the first born of his parents, was named for his Father Jonathan Ellis 2nd. The elder Jonathan was a Minister, who, by reason of an accident which had seriously impaired his voice, had been compelled to abandon his calling and had devoted his time to farming and to study and research into theological and metaphysical subjects for which he had a strong liking. For this special line of study he was particularly well equipped by his early training, his natural fondness for study, and, what was far more important in those early Colonial days, having gathered by inheritance, purchase, and gift, a valuable library of the works of noted theologians and philosophers, which he preserved with jealous care, and with the contents of every one of which he was familiar by careful study. His wife Prudence was also a scholar of no mean attainments being proficient in Latin and French, the latter of which she had learned from a French Huguenot a refugee to the new world who had settled in Salem. From such a parentage I, for I was young Jonathan, drew from the very breasts that nourished my infant life, as well as from the example and precept of my honored father, a love for learning which compelled me to devote my whole life to study save only the time which necessity required me to devote to labor. Of the schools I knew nothing, for the same gentle mother who taught my infant feet to walk also guided my childish mind into the paths of knowledge. Her work of love in teaching me was wisely aided and directed by my father's unfailing good judgment; nor did he neglect the training of my mind and body in the practical affairs of life, a very necessary part of my education, because our very existence depended upon our ability to work industriously and intelligently. I soon learned the important lesson which my father's wisdom and our circumstances impressed upon my mind, that the degree of intelligence which I employed in my work on the farm and in all my daily toil would measure unerringly the amount of time which I could devote to study and to gaining an acquaintance with the great minds whose thoughts and work had helped in the uplifting of humanity. "Your time for study depends upon the intelligence with which you work," said my father.

At an early age, when I was but seven years old, I had gained a full understanding of the wisdom of this precept, which ever after ruled my life. At eighty I looked back over a life, uneventful in the judgment of the worldly wise, but filled with work and crowned with knowledge, and I thankfully assigned to the wisdom of that precept all that my efforts had gained. I could remember some whom I had known, whose opportunities were as good as mine at the start, and whom I had outlived and outgrown in all that makes life worth the living,

who had worn out their bodies in toil and died before they had reached a real maturity, because they had failed to take into account *intelligence* in casting up their estimate of life. Because they left out that one important item, intelligence, life had for them sunk into a mere struggle for existence. I have said I saw this at eighty; but only as a retrospect did I see it more clearly than at eight.

At the age of twelve I devised and adopted a plan of regulating my daily life which met the approval of my parents, and which I ever after followed; by it I devoted eight hours to my daily toil, eight hours to the study of books or of nature, and eight hours to rest and sleep. By this plan I kept in good health, saved time and accomplished so much both in work and learning that my neighbors and acquaintances, and even passing strangers marvelled that I prospered so well and knew so much. Yet how simple was the secret and how appropriate to all times and all conditions if mankind as a whole would but adopt it.

Three day's journey into the wilderness to the north and west of Salem was the lodge of Pahwahnekah, an Indian, quite unlike all other Indians known to the Colonists in that, to the dignity of manner frequently met in some of the chiefs and warriors, he added a calm intelligence of countenance which marked him as different in breeding and experience from any of the tribes with whom he held friendly relations, but toward all of whom he held a reserve which prevented intimacy and commanded respect. He was, in fact, regarded by the Indians with reverence as a sage to whom the Great Spirit had given the special boon of long life.

At the time of my birth he claimed to remember well the happenings of a hundred summers and as many winters. When my father first came to Salem he had met Pahwahnekah, and the two immediately began a friendship and an exchange of visits which lasted until my father's death. For many years, at the new moon on or last before the first of October, Pahwahnekah would arrive at our house and remain as a guest until the moon had reached the first quarter, when my father and he would go into the forest together, but with no companions, returning exactly on the fourteenth day after their departure. Pahwahnekah invariably left at the rising of the sun on the morrow of their return. My father would shut himself in his study for several days and busy himself in writing and comparing what he had written with his accounts of previous visits and with many of his books. For weeks after my mother and he would talk of nothing else but subjects that grew out of the visits to the wise old Indian, for wise he was even in spiritual things. As I grew older I too was admitted into the conversations and took a deep interest in the accounts which my father gave of the sayings of his Indian friend. Though he was friendly with all the white people whom he met, yet Pahwahnekah held the same reserve toward them that he did toward the Indians, and my father was his one intimate friend. And so their comradeship ran along for many years unbroken and serene.

Often when illness seized upon some of our neighbors my mother would be called to minister to them and would treat them with infusions of herbs and roots which Pahwahnekah had told her when to gather and how to prepare. The mild remedies were so effective in relieving suffering and restoring health that all had the utmost confidence in her skill, and frequent were the prayers for blessings on her for the unfailing kindness and unselfish devotion with which she used it. Always to questions as to where she learned about the remedies she answered "from the old Indian Pahwahnekah," and so they knew that he was wise and kind.

But skill in the use of simples was not all that the wise old Indian taught to my father and mother, and in time to me also, for he had knowledge of many things beyond the body and its ailments; in fact, such things were of little importance compared to much that he made known to us. He told us many things of the life beyond death and how those who had left the body still lived, and could be known and heard, and even seen, if one would by fasting and solitary prayer and vigil, properly prepare the body and mind. Of these things we never spoke to our neighbors and friends, for Pahwahnekah had wisely made us swear by the God of the white man and the Great Spirit of the Indian, "which," he said, "are one and the same," to never make mention of them to any but ourselves and him. This pledge we sacredly kept. He taught how in deep sleep, when body and mind were quiet, the soul of man could rise to the borders of the land beyond this everyday life, and there commune with the souls whose bodies were dead. Thus we learned to set no great store upon the body or its cares and pleasures, but to live in and for the things of the soul. And so it came to pass that from this unlettered barbarian we learned that which revealed to us in greater fulness the beauty and wisdom of the teachings of the Master whom we loved and revered, and of whom, when we had spoken much and often to Pahwahnekah, he said, "he also is our brother."

(Several succeeding pages of the MSS. are omitted, as they are devoted to the life story of Pahwahnekah rather than to that of Ellis. [B. E. G.]

In the fall of 1691, when the fiery crimson glory of the sumachs and the gum trees was mellowed by the golden yellow of the maples, and the hills loomed mistily through the haze of the Indian summer, when the glad joyous life of the forest was making ready to retire into the heart of nature, and there await in silence the awakening touch of the spring time, my dear mother besought the Giver of all good that she might lay aside the burden of the body and pass through the gate of death into that land where the soul is free. In peace and almost with joy she left us, her last breath faintly voicing a benediction on us, her loved and loving comrades. The days seemed longer without her cheering smile and quiet steady hopefulness, and most of all we missed her genuine reverent piety, so free from cant and formality. For long she had not gone to Sabbath day meeting, preferring to spend the hours which many devoted to public worship in the quiet of the woods alone with nature and God, or at home in secret meditation and prayer. Those who thought that worship consisted in the

observance of outward form had sometimes urged her not to neglect the Sabbath service, but with a gentle smile and with reverent speech she was wont to answer that she could commune with God in spirit, alone, but not in the company of others.

We, my father and I, did not mourn her loss, for we did not feel that we had lost her, but rather felt that as soon as her soul had become familiar with its new surroundings we should be in nightly communication with her. Pahwahnekah with my father and I followed those who bore her body to the grave on the hill by the great elm tree where she had so often watched the sunset. Because we shed no tears and made no outward signs of grief our neighbors looked strangely at us and inquiringly at each other. I did not even note this at the time, but later I remembered it. Pahwahnekah, after the body had been lowered, cast into the grave a handful of earth and a bit of deerskin leather on which was drawn a circle about a cross. My father, with bared head and face uplifted, thanked the good God "for life, and for death which opened the door to a larger life, and for that constant comradeship of soul which death could not prevent." On the morrow Pahwahnekah was gone again to the forest. Two weeks later my father and I, leaving our home in charge of one whom we trusted, went into the solitude of the wilderness and lodged with him for a fortnight. We fasted for three days, nothing passing our lips but the cool spring water, and then on the top of a hill near a great spreading tree we three sat waiting and watching all through the night until the first gray of the dawn darkened the blue of the night sky, and then I saw and heard and knew those things which made me ever after sure that the mind of man can perceive and know beyond the limits of the body. Was it that She came to us, or did we go to her? I did not know. This I did know: that I lost all sense of the hill, the great tree, the shining stars and the blue sky, for all my senses seemed converged in the vision that stood before me, the dear old mother with the smile that had sweetened my childhood joys and calmed its fears, and brightened the hopes of my manhood, but now lightened by a beauty and glory that thrilled my soul. I cannot say that I heard her voice, for the knowledge with which its sweet tones possessed me was something more perfect than hearing, and the meaning and understanding of what came from her to me was something more than words could convey. I realized as never before the realness of the soul and the unendingness of its existence, and that it is the vehicle of the spirit, just as the Christ of blessed memory was the expression of God and so the Saviour of the whole human race.

My first realization of the plain old earth was when the morning sun sent its first beams over the trees that crowned the hills to the east. Pahwahnekah and my father were already gone, and I stood for a time looking out over the hills and the valleys brightened into beauty by the rosy morning sunlight, and pondering upon the greatness of the soul, which though living on earth yet is not bound to earth, and I determined that, if search could find it, the wisdom which knows the meaning of all things should be mine. I resolved that I would devote every moment of my life and every power of my mind to the search for that knowledge



which would reveal to me all of soul and of life and the secret of God, and that I might live to attain it I should learn to prolong my life, even as Pahwahnekah had prolonged his. I went down the hill to the lodge of Pahwahnekah and found my father already prepared for the journey home, and soon we started; but not until I had told the ancient sage my firm resolve and prayed him to impart to me his wisdom. "Not yet," said he, "for first you must find the key to wisdom within yourself." And so he dismissed us while he stood in the door of his lodge, erect, silent, and with closed eyes.

My father and I returned to our home, I to apply myself to preparing for the coming winter, he to carefully write out all that had occurred to us while with our Indian friend, who had so fully proved himself our teacher. He then set himself to the task of arranging and writing out all the notes which he had preserved, which spoke of the soul and death and the life beyond death. And so the winter wore away, each engrossed with his own work and both too busy to note that our neighbors had none of them visited us since our return from the forest. One evening in March, when the first wind from the South had blown warm as if bringing the Springtime to gladden the hearts of the sleeping trees, our minister came, bringing with him another solemn and smileless minister from Boston. We sat in the living room before a bright fire in the great fireplace and extended to them with generous friendliness all the hospitality which our quiet home afforded. They seemed ill at ease and not inclined to conversation, until at last he that was a stranger to us said, addressing my father: "We have come on behalf of this God-fearing community to require that you give due explanation why you have forsaken the house of God and the saving ordinances of the Church, and have consorted with a heathen to your own evil report and the reproach of the Church; and also to require that you foreswear all association with the Indian Pahwahnekah, and do from now on attend regularly upon the ordained means of grace; and also to make public confession of your sin in these things before mentioned, and in having allowed a heathen rite to be performed at the grave where your Christian wife was buried."

My father was at first too astounded to make reply, but recovering his usual calm manner he answered: "I have not forsaken the path of righteousness, and in all my intercourse with Pahwahnekah I have in common with him but sought to draw near to God."

"I know of no heathen rite at the grave where I laid to rest the body of my godly wife, nor do I feel that I have need to repent, since I am at peace with all men and have faith in the abundance of God's mercy."

Then spake our minister: "It was not seemly that a heathen should cast into the grave of a godly woman, one who was a member of our congregation, a heathen symbol made in part like unto the cross of our Lord; for this and for your continual neglect of the means of grace, and your continued and apparent friendship with one whose practices show him to be a companion of evil spirits

and a servant of the Evil One, a public confession of your sin and public repentance therefore is demanded.”

Like one of old, my father made reply: “Of this I will make answer in due time and in proper manner. Until then nothing.”

After they had gone we conversed not long, but my father commended himself to the mercy of God and retired to rest. On the morrow he discovered to me that the account that he had written of the vision on the hill, when the soul of my mother had appeared to him, and concerning which he and I had never spoken, had in some entirely unaccountable manner disappeared. We were aware of that strange delusion of witchcraft which had in the last year so unsettled the minds of men, but I never supposed that any could be so wicked and so utterly foolish as to even question in any way so good and so true and kindly a man as my father. Yet now I was full of dread foreboding and urged him to go at once to Pahwahnekah and remain with him in the wilderness. He refused and declared that he would face his accusers before Cotton Mather himself. And so he did; and they charged him, that quiet student, that kind neighbor and scholarly gentleman, with being in league with the devil, and that through friendship with a heathen child of sin, as they called Pahwahnekah, he had aided in bringing upon the people the evils of obsession and bewitchment. The account of the vision, wherein he had seen my mother in the spirit, was produced as evidence of his compact with the devil, and upon the advice of Mather himself the judge passed sentence of death, and that gentle friend of his fellows, who never did any one an evil and wished no one harm, was hung as though he were a murderer.

I had been bound and locked in the town jail before they began the farce which they called a trial. In the middle of the night which followed his murder, I, not knowing what had been done, was awakened by Pahwahnekah, who had bound and gagged the jailor, and who bade me rise quietly and go with him. I asked: “What of my father?” and the old Indian said: “They have freed him! Let us hasten to the lodge and meet him.”

All the remainder of that night and the next day and the next night we travelled without stopping except for water, and with no food, arriving at the lodge while it was yet night. The dull embers of a fire were still burning in the lodge, and Pahwahnekah threw a handful of powdered leaves upon them, whose burning threw out a pungent and pleasing odor and filled the lodge with a thin blue smoke. He seated me upon a block of wood, throwing a robe of dressed furs over me covering me entirely, and then chanted a sentence many times in a strange language of which I knew nothing, but which had a rhythmic cadence which quieted and calmed me. Then he was silent for a time, at last lifting the robe from me and bidding me see and speak to my father. I looked! And there, outlined distinctly though dimly, I saw my father standing and heard him speak. He told me all that had happened; how he had destroyed all his manuscripts after his discovery of his loss of the one describing the vision, and how he had

been sentenced to death and executed as a criminal. He forbid my return to my home, but urged me to accompany Pahwahnekah to the west and south and to devote my life to the search for the wisdom of the soul, even as I had vowed to do. He seemed to read every thought of my mind and answered every objection which I would have made and adjured me by my love for him and by my mother's memory to follow his suggestion. I gave my promise, and the vision faded, and I slept through all that day and the following night, awaking as the sun was touching the tree tops with the golden light of morning, thoroughly rested and refreshed, and with a clear and distinct memory of all that had occurred. I was therefore not surprised to find that Pahwahnekah had sorted out and arranged all the necessary things for a journey. We required but little save our knives and bows and arrows (for we were to journey too far from white men to have use for guns), and a sort of kit made of a tanned deer skin in which Pahwahnekah had some curious symbols, some cut in stone and some burned or stained on leather. We made our breakfast of meat and nuts, and having everything in readiness, we started to the westward, after Pahwahnekah had set fire to all his other belongings, which he had piled up in the middle of the lodge. The old Indian led the way, and never once looked back after he had set his face away from the lodge.

It was then that I began my wanderings in the wilderness which lasted for fifty years, during all of which I saw no white man and during many years of which I was alone with Nature and Nature's God. For in the vast solitudes of the forest, on the billowy expanse of the boundless prairies, and alike in the winding valleys between the towering mountain peaks or on their mighty heights overlooking the crumpled bosom of the earth, the unformed Presence of the Former of all things seemed ever my companion, and was ever the end of my thought the object of my search.

For twenty-one years Pahwahnekah and I were never separated, but were constant companions, eating together, drinking together, and at night sleeping foot toward foot on opposite sides of our camp fire; I with my head toward the north star, he with his toward the south. On the march I always followed in his footsteps just as my mind followed his in our studies, for we were ever students, faithful, earnest and reverent, of that great book of Nature which is the book of God. Together we watched the circling planets and constellations ever changing with the seasons as our little earth swept on through space. These changes in the heavens Pahwahnekah had watched through the recurring seasons for a hundred years, to the time that I was born, and he knew the legends of his fathers who dwelt in the mountains of the far southwest, and from his ponderings on both he said that the motions of the sun and stars and moon and the earth, were the outward signs of their life, just as the growing of the plant was motion and showed its life. So said he: "All that is, lives. One life is in all and it is the same life that is in you, my brother, and in me. That life is not God, but that which knows it is God." Then I answered him: "God is the spirit of wisdom." He stretched his tall form to its utmost height, spreading his long arms straight out

like the arms of a cross and turned his face full to the noonday sun, and then bowed himself to the earth in meditation—but he answered me not a word.

We studied the growing plants and watched the swelling buds and bursting flowers and ripening fruits, and sought the secret of their living. We watched the tiny insects and learned their homes and the manner of their living. We made friends of the wild birds and sought to find how the patient mother bird wooed the life that lay hidden in the mottled shell out into the living, feeling, happy world. We followed up the current of the broad river until it dwindled to a tiny stream, to trace its life to its source, to find it gushing from the earth, springing from the bosom of its mother. We found, in truth, that every living thing draws its life through some other living thing, the higher ever receiving from the lower, but that in all, and everywhere, there must be water if there be life. The finer and more perfect the life the more certainly and constantly is water required. "And so," said Pahwahnekah, "water is the sign of the soul, as in all living things there is water, so in all knowing things there is soul."

Then, thought I, the soul is the spirit of knowing.

By a like reasoning from our observation of the forms in Nature, all of which in wonderful variety and apparent unlikeness, were permeated in greater or less degree by the force which we call life. We understood that the real, actual being and force itself is not perceived by our senses, but that we, through the senses, know only the results of the force which is real, the body through which its acts being changeable and impermanent and in that sense unreal. On the other hand, we each recognized in ourself an unchanging observer of events, flowing past us in the running river of time. "Therefore," said I, "the real man is the spirit which changes not, but observes change." Then said Pahwahnekah: "Now, my brother, thou hast found the true key which will unlock the secret of God."

Then he took me to a strange land in a place where a great river cut through the mountain, and where men dwelt in houses cut into the high cliffs overhanging the river. To the men who dwelt there Pahwahnekah showed the strange symbols which he had so carefully guarded for all that long journey, and they greeted him as a brother long separated from them. In due time the old men gathered together, and after long fasting and many other ceremonies of preparation I was informed of the meanings of the symbols as they understood them, and taught many things about the life and that which lives in and uses the body. I was instructed that one could best study that which corresponded to the symbol which belonged to the time when he was born, and, therefore, I, having been born under the symbol of water, could best study and understand the soul. This I understood to mean the intellect, the reasoning power which uses the mind.

Pahwahnekah also told me that I should return to the place of my birth, and that two hundred years from the time that we had set out on our journey I should be living among the white people, whose numbers would cover all the land over

which he and I had travelled.

I remained three years in that strange land with Pahwahnekah and his people, and learned their customs and legends and the secret teachings of their wise men as I have elsewhere written them down. Then Pahwahnekah told me that I must alone make the great journey back to the place of my birth, that my body might be buried near to those of my mother and my father.

Of the journey I can relate nothing; of my return I cannot speak, but well do I know that at the age of eighty-five I was in Salem, and like a lone tree standing in a great field whence the forest has been cleared that the land might be cultivated, so I stood surrounded by a race to whose thoughts I was foreign and to whose customs and manners I was alien, and with whom I had but little in common, save that I was a man and lived, as they were men and lived. And then I knew that the soul is more than mind, and that knowledge is useless save to him who has the wisdom to use it, and that the only wise use of knowledge is in helping one's fellow men, and that to help men one must be with them and of them. Then I saw that the soul is not alone "the spirit of knowing," it is the spirit of Brotherhood. I was in the great solitude of a wilderness of men and was gladly willing to lay down the burden of life, for, after much meditation and prayer, I knew that as the sun comes again after the night, and as the flowers blossom again after the death of the winter, and

"As when one layeth  
His worn-out robes away,  
And, taking new ones, sayeth,  
'These will I wear to-day!'  
So putteth by the spirit  
Lightly its garb of flesh,  
And passeth to inherit  
A residence afresh."

Even thus should I fulfill the prophecy of Pahwahnekah, and live in two hundred years. And so, resolving that when I should again live upon earth I would dwell among men and be a helper and a brother to them, I was gathered unto my fathers.

## **Part VIII**

### **Conclusions**

EVER since I was a child, I have been intensely interested in the study of myself. Let it, however, be plainly understood that I am not to be considered as being at all interested or engrossed in the study of my personality. In that I have but little concern, and, in fact, at fifty years of age, I find that I might have accomplished some of my self-appointed tasks more easily and more quickly if I had given a little more attention to smoothing out some of the inequalities, or rather the unevenness, of my personal self. I am not, however, in the attitude of one who regrets, for I have learned that regret is not only useless in itself, but that it serves no end but to delay one's development. Regret never leads forward, nor does it even in the smallest degree, aid in attainment. On the other hand, my studies into my own lives and my observation of, and my acquaintance with, the lives of others, convinces me that if one is in earnest and is really striving to reach a better expression of himself, the soul will, without his engrossing his attention with the effort, slowly but certainly mould his mind and body to its purpose. The mind in the body is the personality, for the two in their mutual inter-relation are the instrument which the soul uses for its evolution, by means of experience, and for the expression of that evolution in every-day affairs, and in its relations to other souls in like condition, that is, dwelling, as we all are in this life, in physical bodies.

My convictions as to the soul and as to the purpose of life, are not mere beliefs at which I have arrived hastily, nor are they the conclusions forced upon my mind by the logical arguments of some skillful reasoner, but they are the essence of the accumulated experiences of this and many other lives, in which I have ever been the same experiencer, though dwelling in different bodies and in environments differing widely as to time and place. It is thus that the soul provides for itself the opportunities for those varied experiences which broaden and deepen and eventually complete the range of its expression.

When the soul shall have made itself a perfect instrument for the complete expression of the Self, that is to say, of the Consciousness, it shall have merged itself into that Consciousness, and thus have attained to that degree of evolution so tersely expressed by the Master when he said: "I and my Father are one."

To put the whole matter briefly and clearly, the purpose of life is the evolution of the soul.

If one will withdraw his attention from the body and its needs and pleasures, and fix it upon the soul, he will find himself, as the soul, to be the repository of all memory, or, to speak more correctly, to be the actual record of the enduring

element of all the experiences derived from all its lives which began with the beginning of time. The spirit is the center of consciousness, the individual, and the soul is the "only begotten son" of that Father, and, taken as a whole, all its lives on earth are but the steps by which it ever approaches to a perfect similitude of that Father. Each life, even though it appears otherwise, if viewed by itself, will, when considered in connection with the other lives of the soul, be found to be a necessary step in the long path that inevitably leads to the fulfillment of that divine injunction, spoken to souls only: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

From my early childhood, I have continually fixed the desire of my mind and the longing of my heart upon myself as a soul, and therefore upon the purpose of life and its possibilities, and so there came to me in due time, as it will come to all who faithfully seek to know the soul, the ability to recall my former lives on earth just as I ordinarily recall my former years in this life. My search was not for a memory of my former lives, but for a true knowledge and understanding of the soul, and as I acquired soul knowledge, I found the record of my past, just as when one acquires mental knowledge he finds himself recalling past experiences which are recorded in his mind.

I have written down the history of a number of my lives on earth, choosing those which marked the various stages of my progress toward the attainment of the goal, rather than those which won the approval of my fellows, for the voice of the people is not always the voice of God, and men do not always measure the deeds and accomplishments of life by the measure of the soul.

I believe, that as all human beings spring from the one source, and through the same experiences and the same strivings ultimately reach the same goal, the story of the experiences and struggles and attainments, and even of the seeming failures of one, will help and encourage all who are earnestly seeking the one great good. Because I believe this, and because I sincerely desire to help others, even as I have so often been helped in the long past, I have arranged that these records shall pass into the hands of one who will know when and to whom they may be given that they may give such encouragement and help.

I am fully convinced, both by reason and philosophical inquiry, and by scientific investigation, as well as by my own individual experiences, that the essential man, the thinker, is immortal in the fullest and truest sense of the word; his existence not only succeeding but preceding the present state in the physical body which he uses at any given period. Pre-existence is as logical, as rational and as necessary a corollary of immortality as is existence after death. The real identity of the individual lies not in the body, nor the life, nor the mind, but in the conscious I Am I which is the one fixed certainty which survives all the ephemeral and persisting changes of mind and matter. That it is which changes not, but notes and observes changes, and by those changes and its observation of them, constantly perfects the instrument by which it expresses itself upon the

plane of manifestation, which is the world. Matter is only the vehicle of consciousness, and the body, with all its complicated and delicate mechanism of bone, sinew, muscle and nerve, is but matter refined and organized to such a degree, that those subtle forces which are the expression of consciousness play through it and upon it, and it responds by moving. The moving of the body or its finely adjusted organs is not thought, nor emotion which is a qualification of thought, but is merely an imperfect expression of thought. Back of all is the Thinker which impresses the soul which is the mover. The Thinker is the eternal one, the changeless observer, expressing itself through the soul, which in turn expresses itself through the mind, which uses the body as the vehicle of its expression. Why halt at a half truth? The spirit, that is to say, the center of consciousness, which is the individual, is, through the ages, evolving a soul, and "the only becoming Son of God" is ever evolving a mind, which is perfecting the evolution of a body, in order that there may be an instrument through which the spirit may express itself.

The form of matter is unstable and constantly changing, but the soul, the "Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world," not only survives the daily dying of the body, but its final dissolution, and is the persisting vehicle through which the spirit continues to express itself even when the soul has again clothed itself with another body, like as the mind continues to express the soul, though every molecule of the body had been often exchanged for another molecule.

The man we know is that of the soul which expresses itself through the mind and body, that is, the personal man. That personal man may come to know himself, that is, he may know himself as the soul, and in so doing he may learn all his past and so guide his footsteps by the light of wisdom.

Let no one suppose that the evolution of a soul through the lives it lives on earth is a straight line of procedure by which, with mathematical certainty of time and directness, the goal is attained. Nature does not work in straight lines, and, as time is merely a substitute within the cosmic equation, there is neither occasion nor cause for haste.

The story of the lives of any soul, if arranged in the order in which they were lived, would appear to be a curious medley of experiences, and some of the contrasts of personal traits and of life experiences and environment would be most striking and almost incredible should one lose sight of the great fact that perfection is symmetrical, and therefore the necessity that the soul, which is attaining unto perfection, must even up in following or at least in later lives, the irregularities of any one life even though it may have been one of great attainment or of fruitful effort. A long series of lives devoted to the accomplishment of a certain purpose may result, as did the life of Archontes, the Egyptian priest, in the attainment of the great object of the long effort, and it must not be overlooked that the singleness of purpose with which one devotes himself so effectively, permits, if it does not cause, a neglect of or inattention to



development of other characteristics which are also necessary to a symmetrical evolution; therefore, though there were other lives between, I have chosen to relate the life of Adabaran next after that of Archontes. It is as if all further progress on the lines of exalted aspiration must await the thorough weeding out of the lust for worldly power, and that material wealth which ever lends itself so easily to the attainment and expression of worldly power.

Each life of a soul should be studied not only as a result of former living, and as the effort of the soul to arrive at a sort of equilibrium of development, but also as preparing the way for a future attainment, even as Adabaran and Ayoyo, through devotion to money making and to the alluring sweets of pleasure, and finally in mutual woe, cemented a friendship which in the early dawn of the day after the darkness of the middle ages, became a bond of devotion to each other and to the real work which the one undertook and the other enabled him to perform, which was the beginning of great changes and really marked an epoch in the history of the race. That story I shall not yet give to the world, for the bitterness and envy which my stubborn insistence awoke in the minds of men, not only sleeps not, but does not even slumber, and to tell the tale anew would be to stir up afresh the hot flames of hate, and to no purpose. The day for reformers to be sent, for opinions' sake, to the stake, the axe or the hangman's noose, is past, and let us hope that the larger life of modern times may prohibit its return. Men are still cruel because still uncivilized, but as knowledge grows their cruelty will be transferred from the physical plane to the mental plane, and later be eliminated from human experience. The present age is being compelled by the very stubbornness of gross materialism to study life and the universe from the standpoint of the soul. It has ever been the experience of mankind that when the great delusion of separateness, of selfishness, which thrives only where material welfare is placed foremost among things to be desired, seems to have become the paramount power in the lives of men, there come those whose spiritual vision is clear and who by the mighty power of righteousness guide the energies of men into the broader ways of brotherhood. At such a time came Jesus the Christ, the last of the great messengers and the worthy predecessor of that One who will soon bring the same gospel to a larger world.

He indeed spoke directly to a little world, but the Roman legions built the highways along which his disciples have carried his gospel to the ends of the earth. In these later days, the very powers that make for selfishness have "prepared the way of the Lord and made straight the paths," so that he who now comes will speak, not to a few in Judea, but to a listening world. The steamship, the railroad, the electric cars, the telegraph, and the telephone, now devoted to the service of business and to the enhancing of bodily comforts and pleasures, are vehicles ready prepared for the transmission of His message to the uttermost parts of the earth and to all them that live therein.

In this life I have met many in whom, as I looked into their eyes, there stirred a memory of other lives when we together sought the wisdom of the soul or stood

shoulder to shoulder in the conflict where principles and freedom were at stake. Not always has reminiscence blossomed into recollection, yet some times it has, and though they may not have known me, yet I have known them and sometimes a steady look into the eyes has brought vividly before me the picture of a life with all its hopes, its strivings, its disappointments and its attainments. Sometimes it has been a comrade of ancient days, long separated by varying experiences, sometimes one whose life was closely linked with mine not far back on the road, and this perhaps only by stress of sorrow and suffering through which a real help was given and received. I have met one or two of mutual memory, whose life and mine were not in touch, and yet whose work prepared the way for work I was to undertake by right of choice and fitness. One such lived in Judea in the time of Jesus and saw him once, and the memory has never failed him. I came a little late, and might have met both in my childhood had not the good law provided otherwise, and I saw neither, until after the message of the Master had found an answering voice in my heart.

Men who have learned the soul are in earnest. What they do is done with might and purpose. They are the men who, whether right or wrong, work with power, and lead their fellows. They win warm friends and arouse bitter antagonists. Life ends before great questions are settled, and problems and difficulties present opportunities for overcoming.

As a matter personal, hate and love draw with equal power, and bind the actor and the object so strongly and surely to each other, that nothing short of perfect fulfillment will release either. Men of like purpose and devotion to similar ideals and methods associate themselves, and so when great questions come, groups of men array themselves on either side and psychic, mental and physical contests are waged. In later times other aspects of the same questions as well as new questions come up and the men and the occasion meet again, and in new personalities which are the new weapons of the soul, the conflict is renewed. So groups of men reincarnate and "history repeats itself."

When men shall have studied the soul sufficiently for each to know his own past, then can they guide their conduct by experience, and so consciously intelligently and wisely direct the development of the race as a whole, because each consciously and wisely directs his own evolution.

A search for wisdom outside of one's self is vain. In the fields beyond himself one may glean information and acquire knowledge, but he who would attain unto wisdom, must search within, for wisdom is of the soul.

These revealings of "My Former Lives" are not without human interest, for, so universal is the underlying principle of brotherhood, that it is probably true to say of my experiences, that some have known all of them and that all have known some of them, and it may therefore come to pass that my relation of them may help some seeker to become really aware of himself and his past, and if so then

my labor has not been in vain, for then he may guide his life by wisdom.

There is no teacher like experience, and the experiences of the ages are summed up in each human soul, and are there ever ready for the reading.

**The End**