

*Chapter 21*

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## The Angel of Morning

SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS SOLVED—ENVIRONED IN AN  
ATMOSPHERE OF FIRE-MIST—THE POTENTIAL  
TOUCH OF FORCE—METRON.

**T**he sun of Hindostan compels a reversal of many of the social customs which obtain in Europe, prominent amongst which is that of turning night into day, an arrangement which the higher classes of European society establish on the basis of inclination, but which in India becomes the law of necessity, provided we would maintain the activities of life without the contingency of melting out before the duties of the day are fully achieved.

Graham and myself had parted after an eleven o'clock p.m. dinner, and high-noon coffee at twelve. Towards the sweet hour of dawning, when both of us had retired to the spacious halls which in Europe we are accustomed to call "bedrooms," but which in this tropical land simply signify the place of sleep, or the scene of the day's long siesta, after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, I sat speculating on the singular influence which my friend's talismanic package had exerted over me; on the wonderful calm of the holy moonlight, lighting up the sacred Ganges, which washed the descending flight of steps that led from the terrace outside my chamber to the river's brink; on the silver-tipped minarets, domes, towers, and metallic ornaments of temples, pagodas, palaces, and fanes that everywhere sparkled with mild and softened lustre in the pale moonlight; on the mystery of the beyond; the life, the death, the everlasting progress, perhaps the everlasting sleep, of the power by which I speculated! Everything assumed a new idea beneath the transfiguring light of the soft and holy queen of heaven; every idea took a personal shape beneath the influence of the same tranquilizing power.

Suddenly I felt that a new presence was near me. In the vast and spacious apartment which I occupied, the moonlight, the only lamp I permitted that night, failed to penetrate the farthest point or deepest recesses; it only cast its radiant halo on a circle of which I was myself the center as I lay on a divan placed between the open glass doors which led out on the terrace overhanging the river. I knew a fresh presence was in my apartment, though no sound of footfall broke the stillness and no shadow as yet streamed over the polished floor, yet it came on, threaded its way amongst the groups of statuary scattered through the place, lingered near the tubs of orange-trees and other tropical shrubs and plants that formed arcades on every side, and now approached me, penetrated the circle of moonlight in which I lay, passed noiselessly around the divan, and standing between me and the pillars which supported the veranda without, disclosed to me the shrouded form and cowed head of the Byga of Elton, Chundra ud Deen.

"My father comes at last," I said, rising to receive him. "He is indeed welcome."

The Byga, for the first time during the many occasions that we had met, extended his hand to me. He had never before touched me; nay, he had evidently avoided such contact, nor did I wonder at it, for now I took his hand in mine it was as cold as death, and sent a chill through every fibre of my frame.

"My son has become my brother!" said the Byga, in his sweet, low voice and Tamul accent. "He is now an adept like Chundra. What can Ud Deen tell him more than he knows?"

"Much, much!" I exclaimed passionately, and forgetting, in my desire to become a pupil again, all the self-possession and immobile reserve which belonged to my character as a fellow-adept. Let it be understood that I did not marvel at this man's unexpected presence, nor venture to comment on it.

During my attendance at the sessions of the Ellora Brotherhood, I knew Chundra ud Deen was one of the adepts. I believe he was an occupant of the seventh throne only. I knew he came and went like a spirit. I had visited him in his mountain home, but never could realize with external sense how I reached or left that giddy height. I had never seen his face or touched him until that night; never understood who or what he was, save as one who came between me and the light, when, where, and how he would—no more.

"What would you ask, Louis?" he said; and O heaven! how the sound of that name, grown unfamiliar in my ears, thrilled on my heart, pronounced by that stranger!

It was forbidden to the neophytes, though not to the adepts of the Ellora Brotherhood, to converse with each other on the teachings they received. From this prohibition both Chundra and myself were exempt; hence, I knew I was at liberty to press upon him many of the Spiritualistic problems that now disturbed me. Had I not understood how perfectly the power of transmitting thought could be practiced amongst us, I should have been startled to find every question I designed to put anticipated and dealt with, even where it was not fully met by my associate, ere I had framed it into speech. In the mental contest between us I placed myself in the negative relation to my respondent, hence for the time being he read and mastered me. We could have reversed this position, but we could not both maintain the same attitude towards each other.

As my questionings on this occasion refer to what I have since learned to be common problems amongst Spiritists, and he who answered me did so upon sufficient authority, I will here transcribe such portions of the dialogue that ensued as may be of general interest to the reader. I inquired why the spirits who appeared to me, or at times manifested proofs of their identity with my deceased friends, could not give me more philosophy, higher intelligence, and above all, a more perfect description of their lives in spiritual existence.

Chundra replied as follows: "You are constantly impressed with a morbid anxiety to relieve that class of mendicants whom you imagine to be suffering from hunger, you are often warned that the objects of your solicitude are unworthy; but the thought that any human being may be suffering from hunger, transports you into fanatical acts of alms-giving. Is it not so?"

My readers must pardon me for recording the above remarks, which referred to a specialty of mine, induced, as I well know, by my vivid recollection of the agony which hun-

ger inflicted upon me in early life, rendering me painfully sensitive on the subject, and ready to commit any act of extravagance rather than endure the sight of any human being wanting food.

He continued: "Now, what would you say if on earth, as in spirit-life, you found that every time you had bestowed alms on a necessitous fellow-creature, a flower had spontaneously blossomed in your garden"

"I should require to understand the connection between my act and the flower," I replied.

"You are a successful soldier," he continued, "and the men under your command have been efficient on the battle-field. Suppose I were to tell you that for every drop of blood you have shed, or caused to be shed, one of those blossoms engendered by your charity would fade and wither away?" I started. "Three days ago," he resumed, "you entertained a party of friends at your dinner-table. Supposing your real thoughts at the time had been known, how much would your guests have enjoyed your hospitality?"

Again I felt committed. At the time of which he spoke, I had the most intense desire to be at another place, and wished my visitors anywhere rather than at my own table.

"Last night," he went on to say, "you were present at an entertainment. How would you have felt had you seen, as you would have done in spirit-land, the beautiful lady who smiled on you so graciously, assuming to all who approached her the appearance of a deadly snake, and your royal host wearing the semblance of a ferocious tiger? Look around you! Yon forms of stone which your imagination connects with the gods of antiquity and the inspiration of prophets, magicians, and hierophants—how would you endure to gaze upon them and repose in their midst, should they suddenly present to you all the crimes, obscenities, follies, and errors committed by countless generations, in the atmosphere which has swept over those images, impressing them with every shape, thought, motive, or act with which that atmosphere was charged? These walls now adorned with works of art—how would you like to see them displaying, as they would in spirit land, every act of your life, your most secret thoughts, hidden motives, and concealed wishes? All grimly hideous or gracefully beautiful, no matter which?

Could you endure this? You were thinking a while ago of a return to Europe. Could you comprehend how you could be there by the simple impulse of your will, and that without steamboats, cars, horses, chariots, or other known means of transit? Could you understand how you might stand beneath arcades of waving trees, fragrant blossoms, and sunlit skies, yet another stand by your side and converse with you, immersed in a pelting storm, blown about by fierce winds, or surrounded by desolation, barren wastes, and darkness that could be felt?"

"You speak to me in enigmas, Chundra," I exclaimed.

"And yet I speak of the actualities in which your spirit friends live, Louis. All of which I have spoken, transpires each moment in the spirit-world and form the experiences of the spirits that visit you. Their gardens are planted by good deeds and destroyed by bad; their banquets are spread and dissipated by conditions of mental growth and moral excellence; their images, pictures, houses, cities, trees, flowers, roads, mountains, rivers, scenery—aye! all that they have or gaze upon, are not only written over and inscribed with their acts, thoughts, words, and characters, but are absolutely formed, shaped, and colored by their soul emanations. They go and come by mental power and intellectual activity only. They

build and destroy under conditions of mental and moral achievement, of which no human speech can convey an idea. You have visited their spheres, seen, heard and felt the truth of much that I now touch upon, and yet you are confused, bewildered, and incredulous at what I say. You would ask, too, Is there, then, nothing real in spiritual existence? Are all things seeming only—spirit-life but shadows? Louis, if I confuse and bewilder you in attempting to image forth some of the conditions of spirit-life, and you begin to doubt the reality of anything in a state of being far more real than your own, how do you expect your spirit friends could converse intelligibly with you, or find topics of common interest with which to converse about, except such as belong to the earth they have left?

Do you not see there is no common ground for the interchange of thought between spirits and mortals? Nothing would be comprehensible to you of their existence, whilst, except for your sake, the life they have left behind has lost all interest for them. Man knows nothing but what he has absolutely experienced, although he may believe much more than he knows through reading and hearsay, yet even then he cannot appreciate anything that he has not at some time or other had connection with, or realized through similitude or kindred knowledge. Mortals impatiently demand information concerning spiritual existence. You might as well talk to the African savage of telegraphy and electricity, or declare what the microscope and telescope reveal to the aborigines of Australasia, as to ask your spirit friends to explain to you the conditions, employments, and aspirations of the state of being to which they have attained."

"Why this new spiritual movement which is now palpitating through the world then, Chundra? this evidently systematic attempt of the spirit-world to commune with mortals, which is now spontaneously planting its standards through every land of civilization?"

"Humanity must move on," he answered. "It is ordained that the world must at length attain to a true understanding of spiritual existence, and that the fictions of vain theological beliefs shall disappear.

"Physical science has conducted the race up to the threshold where spiritual science commences. Louis, you know that in this generation is the opening of the sixth seal. There is yet another to be broken. Be in no haste. God can wait; shall not his creatures do so likewise?"

"The trance mediums of whom John Dudley writes such glowing accounts from America and England—they profess to be inspired by earth's great ones and to give accurate accounts of that spirit land, to describe which you and I find human speech so inadequate."

"They are sensitives, magnetized by spirits, and give such teachings as the world is able to receive. Fancy the most abstruse problems of Euclid reduced to the comprehension of the child who has just begun to study his multiplication table, and you have by analogy a description of the spirit land, as it comes filtered through the lips of magnetized somnambules, in phrases adapted to the comprehension of children studying earth's multiplication tables. As to the great names, so long as the world depends upon the authority of great names, great names will be in the mouths of those who are as much magnetized by their auditors as by the spirits who labor only to give such meat as their audiences require."

"But all this is deception, Chundra, and unworthy of a great religious movement."

"The world must grow, Louis, and Spiritualism is one of its means of growth. Do you inquire how your bread is made? Perhaps you would never consume another morsel if you

were fully answered. Yet you grow and are sustained by the result, let the details be what they may. This modern movement is but the chaotic reflection of the ignorance, bigotry, credulity, and materialism of the age. Still it is the first step towards breaking the seals of that apocalyptic age that is even now upon us. This step, too, is the most necessary of all that are to follow. Man will advance nearer and nearer to the spiritual realms, the elementaries will advance nearer to man; and all creation, moving upwards, hinges on the first step; this inauguration of the new and breaking up of the old order. Be patient!"

"Chundra," I said, anxious to share my thoughts with someone who could understand me, "last month I visited a village community who were tormented with a Bhuta (the Polter Gheist or ghost that throws; the haunting spirit of an evil or ill-disposed mortal). The honest people deemed the disturbances they suffered from were all caused by the spirit of an evil woman, a reputed sorceress, who had lived amongst them, but who had been set upon and murdered by Bheels under the charge of having bewitched their children. Directly after, this wretched woman's death, their own children were waylaid, beaten, and spit upon by invisible powers. Their cattle, property, and houses were injured, and their clothes torn and destroyed. Shrieks, cries, groans, and knockings filled their dwellings and drove them nearly frantic. The poor villagers had performed faithfully all the ceremonies of exorcism and propitiation which they deemed necessary, but without effect; and when I visited them, the 'Headman' of the village was in despair, and the Brahmins they had hired to perform the rites of exorcism were despatched for a still larger and more powerful band to help them. I saw the Bhuta clairvoyantly, and by suffering myself to enter the somnambulistic condition I could return with her to her spiritual captivity.

"I found her in the country of the worst and most evil-minded of the elementaries who belong to the lower conditions of earth, but she did not know any difference between them and multitudes of wicked and degraded human spirits who had been attracted there likewise. The habitations of these wretched beings were in a dark, desolate land. Their cities were formed of piles of cinders, ashes, and the wrecks of worlds. Their occupation was to fashion machinery and implements of war as models for mortals whom they were compelled to inspire with constructive or inventive ideas in this particular department of mechanical skill; but the elementaries of this sphere were all too rudimental in conception to succeed in their work. They never made anything complete; they could not achieve a single form right, and yet they felt the influence and inspiration of higher orders, who did succeed in modeling ideas into complete shape; and these poor embryos would therefore keep on trying and trying until they died, and progressed to a sphere of greater completeness and higher power. But many amongst them, in frantic haste and passion, destroyed, broke, and burned up their abortive models.

"I learned it had only been in a recent period of time that they had tried to make anything, and that in future they were, the best of them, destined to succeed inimitably. I wandered over their blighted, doleful land in many districts; found they delighted to attract human spirits, however evil, to them, because it enabled them to come into closer rapport with humanity; and though they worked mischief and rejoiced in helping human spirits to annoy and haunt mortals, they learned much in their contact with earth, and would ultimately improve. It seemed strange to me to see that the human spirits who gravitated there did not understand the difference between themselves and the elementaries, so nearly did they resemble each other.

All, alas! were stamped with the characteristics of fierce and destructive animals, and some, although strictly human, resembled the loathsome reptiles with whose passions they had sympathy. I was told that the demands of earth inspire these lower worlds with inven-

tive ideas. The rude and half-fashioned instruments they construct are man's thoughts in embryo; hence, when I saw these poor antitypes of humanity clumsily trying to draw swords through ungovernable fires, and found cannon amidst mountains of cinders piled up to the black skies, I lamented that I, amongst others, had ever used or required for use weapons of offense and missiles of war. If the demands of our bad passions stimulate these lower worlds to answer us, what a mighty responsibility rests upon us, who are to the elementaries what the realms of angelic inspiration are to us!"

"Did these wretched beings see your spirit, Louis, and how did they receive you?"

"They could not see me, but they felt my presence, and they were impelled to acts of worship although in rags and ruin, and knelt amidst their wrecked world and addressed my spirit as a god. They could not aspire to any existence higher than the soul of a pitying mortal, and my presence amongst them was both felt and signified by spirit lights. They wept as they prayed, and as I prayed myself, the Bhuta became inspired and preached to them. She uttered my thoughts, though not my words—perhaps like the world's trance mediums. I left them so, for I was recalled to the earth, but I have heard since, that the disturbances in the haunted village have ceased, and all is peace there again. Chundra, if mortals were better informed concerning the condition of these 'hells,' could they not elevate the miserable dwellers there, and thus save the race of men from their evil influence, their promptings to wrong and mischief breathed through the atmosphere, and the failures which humanity makes through abortive effort?"

The Byga silently pointed to a pair of pistols lying on a table near me, and my sword laid across a divan.

"So long as you demand those instruments of destruction," he said, in a low but impressive tone, "poorer, more necessitous, and less responsible beings will make capital out of the demands of their superiors. Louis de B \_\_\_\_\_, assure yourself the universe moves en masse. One redeemed soul in any department of being pushes creation forward everywhere, whilst one who sinks, sinks a host with him. Let those who preach, point the way by practice. Creation's road is onward, not downward. Man must sooner or later learn to recognize and acknowledge the existence of other worlds above, beneath, and around him besides his own; when he does, his knowledge will warn him that there are legions of beings who rise or fall with him. Meantime, the purification even of one human soul is triumph enough for a lifetime, for, as you say, it is in the realms of evil and mischievous elementaries that the hells of humanity are found. Elevate the one class of being, and your work will create a heart-throb throughout the whole dark realms of being."

"Chundra, you who know, tell me who is Metron?"

"A chief amongst the elementaries who correspond to the electric and magnetic forces generated in the Arctic and Antarctic circles. These regions form the brain and feet of the living earth, and sustain vast realms of elementary beings who correspond to the prevailing influence and quality of their locale. They derive their peculiarly magnetic temperaments from the regions they inhabit, and react upon those regions by filling them with the immense activity of their own magnetic natures. Metron is a prince amongst these radiant elementaries."

"Is he himself an elementary?"

"Not so; he is a spirit, a tutelary spirit, even as the Elohim of the ancient cabalists were

princes or rulers in different departments of creation. You, as a cabalist, should understand that regions, countries, nations, planets, and even the individuals who reside upon their surfaces, are under the guardianship of special tutelary spirits, of whom Metron, himself a planetary angel, is a type."

"I do understand this, and should be as poor a cabalist as my Christian brothers, did I fail to recognize the doctrine of tutelary spirits and guardian angels. The Christians might find this doctrine fully and even elaborately taught in their own Scriptures, especially in the books of Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse. I find it in the Oriental as well as the Jewish cabala, believe, and fully realize it; but that which perplexes me is the strange fantasy that possesses me of a similarity between the radiant Metron and that most beloved friend of my soul, Felix von Marx. Sometimes I have half imagined Metron might be his transfigured spirit, but again I have endeavored to banish this idea, lest it should lead me into the realms of fanaticism and hallucination."

"Resemblances in the spiritual kingdom are not those of the physical form, but mental similitudes. Every tutelary angel rules over realms of being imbued with special mental or moral qualities, as well as certain regions of space, and all great leading minds in the spirit spheres form the nucleus of circles whose harmony of thought or purpose creates a similitude of appearance. On earth the wheat and the tares are grown together, and all classes of mind, morals, and estate, are heterogeneously gathered into that vortex of life called "society," or grouped together into nationalities.

"In the spiritual kingdom, Death, the harvest-angel, separates the wheat from the tares, and ranges the specialties which mark human character on earth or conditions of progress in eternity, each in their special department of life; each is garnered up in the place and association to which he belongs. Felix von Marx, a profound student and adept in the mysteries of vital magnetism, gravitates as a spirit to those spheres of thought which are devoted to the occult in creation, but especially does he belong to the realms of force, the magnetism or life of the universe, the all pervading element whose grand reservoir and generating center upon this planet is governed by the tutelary angel, Metron.

"Speaking to you in the imperfect verbiage of human speech, Felix von Marx is one of the legionaries in those realms of elementary rife of which Metron is the prince, hence, he partakes of the similitude which pervades his sphere of being. Artists, poets, sculptors, musicians, inventors, all classes of mind whose aggregate makes up the order and harmony of creation, gravitate to special spheres on their first entrance to the realms of spiritual existence; and until they have ranged through all departments of the universe and mastered all its separate elements, you see them grouped into circles, presided over by tutelary spirits of their own order, and attracted to realms of thought where their peculiar characteristics find the grander fields of culture and expression which spirit life affords to the graduates from earth?"

"But Metron is the tutelary angel of the elementaries, not of human spirits!"

Of all minds, human, elementary, mortal or immortal, who are attracted to the kingdom in which he rules. "Look to the north when the penciled glory of the Boreal lights are flaming through the evening skies! Look to the silent finger of the magnetic compass pointing out the mariners path through the boundless wastes of ocean, yet ever faithful to the invisible polar brain of the earth, fixed in the Arctic regions! Look to the growing tree, the springing grass, the shooting flower, throbbing with the silent influence of the all-pervading spirit of life. Watch mankind's thronging millions, whirled through space with a force which would suffice to throw off from the earth's surface every particle of matter into unmeasured space,

yet gravitation suffices to attach all living forms to that surface, enabling them to move upon it without the slightest sense of insecurity. The glorious lights of the flaming Aurora, the invisible power of the magnet, and the potential fires of life and gravitation, are all but so many phases of that one mighty realm of force, generated in the brain regions of the polar North and distributed in endless lines of radiation through the system of earth and its freight of animate and inanimate kingdoms.

"Looking upon the order of being throughout which this stupendous realm of force is the life principle, you behold the kingdom of Metron and his legions of magnetic elementaries, whose station is in the North, whose sphere is the realm of force, and whose legionaries correspond to the magnetic and electric life which courses through every fibre of this planet.

"Although this class of the elementaries are still embryonic and unvitalized by an immortal spirit, in which all elementaries are lacking, they form a bright and radiant grade, of existence, with high aspirations for knowledge, goodness, and immortality.

"It is a realm of elementary existence of this character which is ministered to by Metron, himself a tutelary angel whose nature is in harmony with those he rules over, whose deepest sympathies are engaged in preparing them for their ultimate destiny as immortal beings, and who leaves the celestial regions to which he belongs to preach to and teach these subordinate races, and help them to attain to his own purified condition."

"Why does the presence of spirits and my efforts to converse with them always weaken me physically," I asked, "when in intention I would spend my life in that communion?"

"Because spirits cannot renew intercourse with earth without borrowing from you the life element by which they approach you and make themselves palpable to your senses. They must rob you of physical strength ere they can reclothe their sublimated forms in material pabulum."

"Will it ever be so?"

"No. As men grow into spiritual light and knowledge, they will better understand the methods of communion. This earth is full of occult forces; trees, plants, herbs, stones, minerals, vapors, gases, and fluids are all teeming with magnetism. To comprehend these forces, draw them forth and apply them, was the art of the ancient magian, and will be the next phase of science which humanity will achieve. The living forces of the body will then be reserved, and the occult powers of nature be substituted as a means of communing with spirits. Man will take part in that communion, instead of being the mere passive instrument of beings whom he does not know or understand, and this will be the period when spiritual and physical sciences will supplement each other, instead of being, as now, arrayed against each other by the ignorance and prejudice of man.

The communion between mortals and those spheres of human spiritual existence that have as yet been able to manifest to mortals, is but a faint indication of the approaches which the earth is making towards the inauguration of a new era; a time fulfilled, a judgment passed; a dawning day of new life, new light, new heavens, and a new earth. Occult science, words which at present have but little meaning in the ears of men, must be understood, studied, and mastered ere humanity can enter the temple of spiritism, or worship in spirit and in truth that God who is a spirit."

The Byga here made a movement to go, but as he did so, he stretched out his hand to me

as before. I attempted to take it, but felt nothing, and shrank from him in confusion, exclaiming—"Have I lost my sense of touch, or what is this I would clasp?"

"As an adept in occult science you should know the difference between mortal substance and the still more potential touch, of force." So saying he grasped my hand with a power that would have imprisoned me had I been a Titan, then releasing me as suddenly, I saw the shrouded form and cowed head gradually becoming transfigured. A dimness was on my eyes; the walls, gardens, terraces, moon-lit river, and the distant city, with its glittering domes and minarets, all seemed to be whirling around me with frightful rapidity; the vast crystal vault of the heavens, with its sparkling lamps and spangled immensity, looked so close to me that it might be about to descend and crush me. In the midst of this awful chaos I experienced a sensation as if I were being lifted up in the arms of some being who was all force, and then laid tenderly on the couch from which I had risen on the Byga's entrance.

I became environed in an atmosphere of fire-mist; corruscations of radiant lights flashed around me, a mingled sentiment of oppression and ecstasy overpowered me, and yet I was able to perceive a glorious form bending over me. For an instant only I beheld the divine face of Metron gazing upon me with such love as only an angel can feel for its mortal charge; then, as the blinding rays of light which enveloped him vanished or faded out, I know not which, the form of my guardian spirit, still stationary by my side, still fixing its eyes of tenderest affection upon me, seemed to become transfigured, and I beheld plainly, distinctly, and with emotions of the most profound calmness, trust, and rest, the noble form and face of Felix von Marx. Many words passed between us, words that dispelled the mists of doubt and error from my mind, soothing my troubled spirit with a foretaste of heavenly peace ere I sank into a deep and refreshing slumber.

If my readers would know what relation this vision bore to the strange visitor whom I have named "the Byga," I am wholly unable to answer them. I never knew who or what this mystic was. I never fully understood why, in his atmosphere, spirits could come and go like images on the sensitive plate of the photographer. He himself, his nature and relation to the world of the unseen around me, have formed a part of those mysteries which the researches of a single life or a single generation cannot master. I have often listened with regret to statements purporting to emanate from the inspiration of "very high spirits," which assumed to explain all the mysteries of spiritual manifestations, and that upon the ground of material science and secularized analogies, simply ridiculous.

I have read essays of a similar character, claiming to emanate from the most exalted dwellers of the spheres, and their perusal has filled me with pain and humiliation.

In the light of such revealings, the universe of spiritual existence becomes a mere reflex of this human world, with all its human conditions, grovelling ideas, and limited if not atheistical views of Deity and the scheme of causation.

To my apprehension, the spiritual life beyond the grave bears the same relation to earth that the life of the embryo during its period of gestation bears to that of the infant immediately after its mortal birth—no more. Looking back upon the scenes of my own past life, with its various acts of spiritual intervention, I confess I can only perceive through the enclosing mists, the white hands of angels weaving the woof of human life, and feel the supporting arms of spirit guardians but half revealed. The longer I live and search, and strive to gauge the infinite and eternal with finite senses and temporal capacity, the less I find I really know, and the more stupendous appears to become the ocean of immensity over which I must sail before I can venture to offer any chart of the path I have followed to those who shall come after me.

I have written truly, faithfully of the "Ghost Land" through which I have been searching. The "Cassandras" of life are never believed in, and still they must vaticinate. Perhaps it will be so with me. Many more will scoff and sneer and disbelieve than strive as I have done to find the clue that might explain my strange experiences. Flippant egotism may either deny them altogether, or offer such silly and secular attempts at explanation as deprive spiritual life and science of all dignity, religious grace, or holiness; but to me it becomes more and more apparent every day that a bridge of occult science must span the gulf between the visible and invisible worlds ere man can venture to say he knows as he is known.