



A Lecture Delivered
OLNEY H. RICHMOND.

Now, I come to the second and twin discovery to that of Darwin in nineteenth century, and it settles the argument advanced by the Master as to the soul ending at death. It is *No human soul ever had a beginning*. "Beginnings" have been the stock in trade of the church and of various holy books in all past times. The "beginning" God made the heavens and the earth. In the beginning made man out of the dust of the

When this conglomeration of atoms spoke of condensed and combined to form a world, all the potencies and powers existed therein which were destined to form a new world. The human soul accurately stated that of every man so that has ever graduated from this planet, or ever will graduate from this planet, the same is true. Combinations of atoms formed molecules and these molecules, uniting, formed compounds of higher differentiations, and these compounds, again, became disorganized, and its ultimates went to form other combinations, and all the time the elemental soul kept pace with the changes, gaining more experience or so-called growth, to a higher development. This process, which is the quality of gradually becoming more intelligent, retains these experiences and becomes more individualized.

To be sure, this intelligence is veiled but this early stage, as is well known, is the stage of vibration. But the increase of vibration enables the embryonic soul to embrace a still higher vibration. This is the process of reincarnation at the death of the old organism. Thus this re-incarnation of soul goes on, step by step, through long aeons and periods of time. "From the stricken cell up to man, the life-force has been gaining intelligence by its contact

ing separated from matter any length of time, except under certain unusual conditions, until in the course of ages we should then advanced to the lower forms of humanity. We will leave them there for the present, and in a subsequent lecture take them up and follow the soul of man upward from its lower forms, step by step, even into the life beyond, and even higher, as it struggles on toward the INFINITE.

Susie M. Johnson.

This estimable lady resides now in California, at Long Beach. She writes: "There has started up in Los Angeles a little activity among Spiritualists, primarily awakened through the labor of Mr. G. N. Brooks. I have lectured for them two Sundays, telling them over until Mrs. Mattie Hull's arrival from San Diego."

Miss Johnson's lectures are most excellent, and she should be kept constantly employed by the California Spiritualists. Don't be alarmed, my good lady, at your fears for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We give all a chance to show their light. "The fittest will survive."

power to comprehend at once the meaning of the change called death.

However ripe one may be in earthly life, years and experience, and however full of spiritual life one may be, which makes each day's duty sacred, and however much one may see in all the scenes of nature and in human life the incentive to loftiest endeavor, still when the awakening comes, when the spirit is lifted out of the material, and upon the consciousness that it is indeed in the immortal realm, the wonder is almost overpowering. Still, the naturalness of it is also the gratefulness, and one passes from the earthly scene to the spiritual one without a struggle, as if from one town or country to another, prepared, no doubt, by the inner voice which belongs to each human spirit, that somewhere and sometime the spiritual life would be known by those for one does not seem to enter, after all, as a stranger into the possession of spiritual life. I cannot consider what kind of life it would be that could feel that the spiritual belongings were at all strange, and I do not know of any very solid or selfish or ambitious natures which feel.

There is sufficient imperfection in each human life to make one know that one is not yet quite ready for all that

error passes away, for one at once enters into the companionship of those who know that the life into which the spirit enters is a life of activity, earnestness and the attainment of knowledge.

The rare thing and the wonderful thing is, however, to feel one's own naturalness. By this I do not mean especially the sensations, but that one feels to be one's self so wholly that there is no particular change, and that even the convictions and feelings are so natural that they are not at all dispensed with; they do not at once disappear, but they have a most peculiar effect. One's form is affected by them: one's raiment is affected by them, and instead of being arrayed in the shining raiment which is shown to others, one is told to be prepared for the saints, one finds one's self arrayed in the shadow or light of one's own manufacture. Wherever an imperfect thought existed there is imperfection in the appearance. Where there is no brightness one seems to be arrayed in light, and the intermingling of light and shadow must vary as one's state is constantly revealed. The iridescence of one's appearance is according to the condition of the soul.

While there is no doubt that the resemblance between the spirit and the human visage is such that we have been accus-

Then there came a deep longing for the presence of the Father and more and more she longed to be with Him. She went on, to visit the paradise of souls whose lives had been great, heroic:—martyrs, heroes, saints, in whom there might have been such glory had the earth but known it she could have woven a crown of such flowers for them. It expressed this wish in thought, not in words, one appeared with countenance beaming, yet full of pity, saying: "What canst thou do or hast thou done to claim companionship of such as these? 'Tis the crown of thorns thou hast worn, and well woven in its duties, and 'tis true that thou hast upheld the right and decried the wrong."

Conscious of imperfection I made no reply, but thought: Such light as was in the heart of the Father above! Such a gift and such uplifting of those in sorrow as I possessed, that did I extend."

And the answer came benignly when no word was uttered: "Ah, thou hast done well, but such as thou namest have

Then said I: "My gifts were few and lowly. I gave them in such measure as I wert mine. I do not know if I have the best whether I would have given to thee, but I think I would a small thing to give in view of what eternity reveals, and if day by day one does one's best,

Not as one praying to be forgiven,
 Or fearful fluids the doubt within,
 Or wonders at the things we have seen
 And wonders at the glory therein,
 So not of those who sang the songs
 To give herode verse to earth.
 Not of those to whom heaven belongs,
 Who are honored in Times' birth;
 "Poets," said my companion sweet,
 Are those who sing the songs divine;
 In whose lives all the glories meet,
 They lay them out in robes of shine.
 What pleasure may crowd around
 The laurel-crowned poets of earth,
 Thou may'st not see, but song is found
 In the rare realm of heavenly worth.
 Paranaes and Olympian moan,
 As gods depart and time grows old,
 And ages hear the weary groan,
 And the longing for the great and cold,
 ("Neath the poem's thundered feet
 At bath no music from the soul."
 The sphere of poets is where thou'lt meet
 A time when one's best, love's control,"
 And the time and the hour and the wonder
 Grow and the baffled glory lighted before my
 eyes,
 And the splendor from each love lighted
 face
 made me know the poets' realm in all the
 skies.

