

**THE LOGOS OF THE
NEW DISPENSATION
OF TIME**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649638697

The Logos of the New Dispensation of Time by Sara Thacker

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SARA THACKER

**THE LOGOS OF THE
NEW DISPENSATION
OF TIME**



to you
Sincerely,
Sara Harkness

THE
LOGOS

OF THE

New Dispensation of Time.

BY
SARA THACKER.
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EXTRACTS.

A TREATMENT.

ZODIACAL SIGNS.

SACRAMENTO:
D. JOHNSTON & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.
1899.

THE WORD.

In point of evolution, "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it. "MATT. XIX--12.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of river, there was the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him.

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

REV. xxii—1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

TO READERS.

BELOVED: I thus open to you glimpses of my life that you may be encouraged to push boldly forward in your searchings after truth, and try to realize the Divine possibilities of your own soul. They are for this life and world, and not entirely for the life beyond this earth.

These deep and holy experiences are as much a reality to me as bread and butter, clothing and sensation are to you. They are more than meat or raiment and feeling, for they include the nature of every thought that may enter into the mind of man. They are real and true to me for they are all that I am—the consciousness of my body, of my mind, of my soul-spirit.

My hope is that they may inspire you to put forth strong and continued efforts for soul growth that you too may attain to self knowledge and the peace that surpasseth understanding.—THE AUTHOR

SOME EXPERIENCES.

I wish to say that I was born in California, therefore a native daughter. But I have not always lived here. After an absence of eighteen years I returned and made a short tour over a part of the State.

In the spring of 1890, I found myself in the picturesque little town of Santa Rosa, near the coast, in California. I stayed in the town less than a week, but during that week I made the final resolutions which were carried into effect, and which made it possible later to carry out ultimates. I had been traveling for about two years on a commercial line of business—retailing in a large way and wholesaling in a small way.

The resolutions made at Santa Rosa were to the effect that I would settle down somewhere and carry on some small business which would meet living demands, and I would in this (somewhere) quiet place earnestly, with my whole life and strength, try to solve the problem of life.

I had been a school teacher for many years. I had gotten my education by the sweat of my brow and mostly alone. I could not afford to go to school but very little, neither could I afford to hire a teacher to help me, so I studied alone for years. In my early youth my reading was done by the light of pine knots burning in an open fireplace. Later, when I went out to work for wages, I studied at night in my own room after

the day's work was done, although I had to rise at five o'clock in the morning. After awhile I was able to teach a country school, but I still kept up my studies at night.

I had tried to help others; I had tried to live the truest and noblest life I knew, yet I was in debt, not very strong physically, was careworn and weary and altogether very miserable.

I glanced back over my life from the earliest remembrance to where I then stood. One by one I saw my cherished hopes shattered. My beautiful ideals were not realized. I had suffered so much and tried very hard so many long weary years to save others from destitution, want, sorrow, and sin, and had even turned the channels of my life for their benefit, yet, evidently, I had accomplished nothing. For the very things which I had tried to avert had come to pass.

"Well," thought I to myself, "perhaps there is some solution of this; I will sit down and try to find it out—the meaning of it all."

After due consideration as to the place where I should go to conduct the business I had in view, I decided to settle for a few months or a year in Salt Lake City. I had spent two months in that city a short time before, and I had found it to be a good business center.

A day or two later I left Santa Rosa for San Francisco to perform a part of the business which had brought me to California.

When the business was finished I went sight seeing (I will say right here, it has always been my lot in life not to miss much in my path—the perception of the horrible as well as the pleasant), and along the way came the cyclorama of the "Battle of Gettysburg."

For nearly three hours I gazed upon the scene. The picture vanished and it became a live battle to me and all things there were real, and my heart melted within me, and I said to myself, "Have not men anything better to do than to cut each other's throats, or blow out each other's brains?"

Another day. It was May Day. I went sight seeing to the Cliff House. 'Twas a lovely, calm, pleasantly warm day. The sky was blue and not even was seen,

"A single white cloud floating off in the west,
On the white wing of peace, to its haven of rest."

Ascending Sutro Heights, I sat down beside a statue and I looked afar out at sea. For a number of hours I sat there.

The ships, the steamers afar, and small crafts near, and the people still nearer below me at the Cliff House had no charm for me—none whatever. And away to the left the children were bathing in the surf, shouting, picking up pebbles on the beach, but they did not interest me.

I saw the waters of the great deep encircling the earth; I followed its ever changing motion until, with the tides, I visited all the races and nations of the earth, and saw there, too, but a repetition of what I had seen at home—birth and pleasure, a short period of youth and gladness, marriage and lust, a moment of fleeting joy and transitory happiness, aching hearts and wrecked lives, old age and decrepitude, and at all times falsehood, vice, sin, ignorance, extreme poverty and riches, or disease, misery, insanity, and death. And in truth I could clearly see:

“ 'Tis but the wink of an eye, the draft of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O why should the spirit of man be proud.”

I sat very still and gazed afar out at the deep sounding sea. I watched the surf beat upon the shore. Although my lips were mute, I spoke thus to the waves: “O waves, tell me the secret of life and death. What do you sing to all the people whom you see? and why are you so great and beautiful, and powerful and alluring, yet so sweet, sad, and lovely? Your wonderful tones remind me of the siren mermaids in Lorlei's heights, whose enchanting songs lure to their haunts all men who catch the first faint echoes of their notes. Alas! their lovers are never more seen by mortal eyes. O deep, blue sea, I am sure you do not allure us to destruction with your unfathomable music. O mighty ocean, can you give my soul satisfaction?” Just then gentle zephyrs from over the waves touch my cheeks, and I thought: “O, wind, perhaps you have come from some spicy isle of the South Sea. Your sweet breath is faintly freighted with the essence of rose gardens from some far off tropical clime. What words have you to whisper to me?”

But the waves and the wind were mute. Then I looked questioningly at the blue sky, and I sat very still and my soul seemed to vibrate with the air from the deep water to the blue sky. And a sweet peace and stillness seemed to come from over the water and satisfy the longing of my heart. 'Twas like the coming of a lover—sweet, all satisfying, yet gone in

an instant. But it gave me courage to push forward. I arose up and went back to the city.

The 29th day of the following July (1890), I arrived at Salt Lake City. I sat down in the depot waiting room and reviewed the situation. Tired and weary and scarcely enough money to pay for a night's lodging—but with a little merchandise on hand—I thought of what I must face and nerved myself for the masterful efforts. After a little time I arose with grip in hand and walked up town. I knew and realized that a new career was about to open to me. Yet in exactly what way it would come I did not perceive. I then intended to open a little shop and do some shop work and sell an article of mercantile character. I knew I would make it a success, though such work was entirely out of my line, for teaching had been my life work. Yet being of an executive nature, I would succeed in most anything to which I turned my attention.

Three weeks later found me located in as favorable a situation as possible. I soon had plenty of custom and many friends too.

It has been said of Madam de Stael: "It was the most wonderful thing in the wonderful life of this great woman, the power she had of attracting to herself the ardent regard of men of real ability and distinction." Well, I cannot say that I was up with Madam de Stael, but I can say that I always had the faculty, in a quiet way, wherever I was, of attracting to me the best and the strongest minds in the community and making with some, real friendships. People would seek me, not I them.

I never had any leisure time since I was born into this life, but I would meet these people in my work and they would come again and again to see me. My friends and friendships were chiefly among women.

One day I made a business call. A strange lady was present. She made a remark and I answered her. She was pleased with my reply, and said she was late of Denver, Colorado, and was teaching a Spiritual Science, and she invited me to call at her house. "Yes," I replied, "I would do so. A year before I had met a lady in Helena, Montana, who was teaching the same and I then wanted to look into the subject, but could not afford to pay her prices."

Shortly afterwards I made the promised call. I said I had come to hear what she had to say about the Spiritual Science of which we talked a few days before. She said it was the