

**SOJOURNERS BY THE
WAYSIDE; TRAVELERS
ON THE LONG ROAD**

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Sojourners by the wayside; travelers on the long road by Müliër

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BY

MÜLIÈR

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"Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel,
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time."

Longfellow.

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DEDICATED TO
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A FRIEND GREATLY PRIZED,
WHO HAS INSPIRED ME TO WRITE THIS BOOK,
AND THROUGH WHOSE FRIENDSHIP,
LIFE HAS BROUGHT TO ME
A
FULLER MEASURE OF HAPPINESS.



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

Edwin Arnold.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Wordsworth.

FOREWORD

It may be in order to make a brief explanation as to the present production, which cannot be called a treatise on reincarnation, but the working out of an urge inspiring this effort. A friend, who is a firm believer in reincarnation, has kindly consented to let me trace—through the power which has seemed to be mine from early childhood—the experiences which have been made manifest from one period to another.

My method of obtaining these incarnations is to make myself receptive to the inflow and outflow of such fragments as may come,—at first to my objective consciousness, and, later, more forcefully, from my subjective consciousness,—while I am in the passive state. This being done, and all extraneous thought set aside, I find that, in dipping down into the