

# ADIRAMLED

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DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSITION OF THE OLD THOUGHT: THE TRANSFIGURATION OF HUMANITY THROUGH  
A DISCOVERY OF THE DIVINE PRINCIPLE IN NATURE: THE SCIENCE OF HERMES, THE ART OF ALCHEMY  
MORE LOVE.....MORE LIGHT.....MORE LIFE

"To the Conqueror will I give to eat of the  
WOOD of the LIFE which is in the PARADISE of  
God."

"And I will give him the MORNING STAR. He  
shall not be injured by the SECOND DEATH."

— REVELATIONS, from the original Greek.

ISSUED EVERY  
FULL MOON

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

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## CONJUGAL LOVE

BY THEODOSIA

### SHE

My love is like a hart on the hillside that hastens.  
He is like a tree by purling stream, that whispers and beckons.  
He is like an eagle that sees far, and clear, and bides.  
He is like a falcon, that holds firmly and deigns not to hide.  
He is like a strong horse, with the wind in his nostrils.  
He is a lion, with a voice that can fill wood and hollow.  
Like a love-bird that sings sweetly to its mate.  
Like a bending willow, that kisses the river.  
He is like an arrow shot from a quivering quiver.  
He is goodly as gold, pliable and bending.  
He is sparkling as wine, free as love.  
His words are as dewdrops, clear and life-giving.  
He comes as the south wind, with fragrance and promise.  
Like morning with youth and vigor.  
Like noon with warmth and pleasure.  
Like night, with rest in his arms, and of new life the beginning.

### HE

My love is as a gentle eyed doe, that stands listening and waiting.  
She is like a sun-kissed stream, that mirrors and reflects its image.  
She is like dew on the lily-bell.  
She is a sweet sound, that leads with its murmuring.  
She is like love, warm and satisfying.  
She is a vine, a wild vine, that clammers through folds of leaves and reaches.  
She is like light on the mountain top,  
She is like the rustle of leaves in the forest.  
She is as the breath of life, fresh from baby lips.  
She is a wild bird, brooding and watching.  
She is an answering love note, sounding clear in the darkness.  
She is like a ripple of laughter, that drops like pearls from a casket.  
She comes as a breeze, gently whispering and kissing.  
She is mine, mine own love, and she joys in the giving.

## ONOMATIC INDICES

FEBRUARY

**F**EBRUARY is derived from *Februa*, a Roman festival of purification and expiation, celebrated on the fifteenth of this month, also known as the Lupercalia. Februs was the surname of Lupercus, who presided over this festival, and the priests were called Luperci, meaning "male wolves."

The figure of the she-wolf that surmounted the dome of the Roman capitol was known as Luperca. This wolf, it will be remembered, was fabled to have nursed the brothers Romulus and Remus, who were thrown in the Tiber by Amulius, after their mother, Rhea Silva, a Vestal Virgin, had been buried alive in punishment for her unlawful intimacy with the god Mars.

This is the same "old, old story" appearing in a different dress. Always a virgin, and always an amour that result sin a hero. How do our religionists explain *that*? It is precisely the same story as that of Jesus Christ.

It is a Sun-Myth, but it does not refer to the sun of the solar system. Rome is *Ram*, the Sun, that is, SOL. The Wolf is the agent that brings Sol (Solomon) to power and glory.

The word Februa is plainly derived from *februum*, an old Sabine term for "purgative," also from Latin *febris*, "a fever." This etymology gives us a clear idea of the nature of Sol's purification, which is one of putrefactive fever-heat.

A singular custom among the priests of this festival shows that they must have had an idea of the nature of the "immaculate conception," though this was long before Christ's time. They painted their faces (alchemical colors), and with only a girdle about their loins, ran hither and thither, striking the women whom they met, who were supposed to be thus rendered fruitful.

Now, what can be the meaning of such a custom? Simply that these priests were personifying the action of this nature-wonder called the "wolf" (also known as "Green Lion"), while the women represented in the play LUNA, our blessed Virgin Earth, otherwise called Isis.

February coincides with the airy fixed sign of Aquarius, the "Water Bearer." The two wavy lines used to represent this sign show the surface of waters ununited. In the alchemico-astrological system, Aquarius is the second house of Saturn, because the work of Purification extends through the second philosophical month.

The sun is in Aquarius from January 20 to February 19—a period comprising the two lunar fortnights: Masculine (dry), Jan. 20 to Feb. 5, and Feminine (moist), Feb. 5 to 19.

These periods correspond respectively to the letters C and D, that may be called the "son and daughter" of the parents A and B, since they embrace all the regenerations effected by the astral forces emanating from the original principles which they typify. In this age, a new planet appears on the scene, modifying the expression through these letters in a marked degree. This is the planet Uranus, the reformer. The rule of Uranus will continue throughout the present cycle, approximately 2000 years, and during this time, there will be effected a complete transformation of human society.

At the commencement of the reign and for a long time this influence will be regarded as evil, since it is subvertive of all established ideas in society and in life. It is iconoclastic, anarchistic, reformative in every sense of the word, freeing the mind and making it receptive to higher truth. Dispositionally, it manifests variously as recklessness, eccentricity, vacillation, depression, distrust, covetousness, duplicity, cunning, pessimism, restlessness, dissatisfaction, hypercriticalness, and supersensitiveness—all of which betoken an inner struggle of the unfolding mind for freedom.

In the signs of Virgo, Capricorn and Aquarius, the influence of Uranus seems presently at its best, manifesting as industry, family love and patriotism, but the usual trend of its activity is selfish and in the direction of independence and individuality. The world owes its real progress in no small measure to genius, strongly dominated by the erratic energy of Uranus.

## SECRETS OF SCRIPTURE. II

### THE CREATION

"AND the Elohim saw the light, that it was good; and they divided the light from the darkness. And they called the light DAY and the darkness they called NIGHT. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Light is everywhere the active principle. Especially is this true in the microcosm that is creating (unfolding) itself before us. The creative "Word" in this case is an action of Man, the divine artist. He causes this phenomenon to appear when he will, simply by making right the conditions. The first observed phenomenon is a gradual obscur-

ation of the Light that at first flashed forth so brilliantly. This continues to the point of inky blackness, but the artist well knows that the Light is only hidden temporarily in this darkness (See John 1:5), being diffused in our Earth—eclipsed, as one may say, particle by particle.

This is a union of Fire and Earth—spirit and matter—producing a most subtle form of heat, that gradually bleaches and whitens the dark, opaque Earth, so that in time it shines forth again with a new radiance. This explains why the Evening is said to precede the Morning in the description of the ancient sage.

"And the Elohim said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters—those which are under from those which are above the firmament, and it was so. And they called the evening and the morning the second day.

Who with the wildest stretch of imagination could ever have conceived of such an operation taking place in the creation of the Great World, if there had not existed a symbol or pattern to suggest it? Our ancient is not drawing on his imagination; he is simply describing in plain and literal words another visible step in the phenomena of the Magnum Opus.

Between the aqueous spheres, which temporarily separate under the influence of the luminous heat, there appears a firm and fixed partition. The Hebrew word here may be rendered "expansion." It is no more than the surface of the fixed appearing beneath the volatile, likened unto the surface of the common earth. It is indeed the surface of the embryonic New World, comparable to the "Primitive Trace" in the human embryo. At first it has the appearance of a crystal that shimmers in the light like liquid quicksilver, then deepens and thickens like a cloud as the atmosphere differentiates itself more and more from the earth. Things from below are constantly "heaved up" by the attraction of the magnetic Air above, which for this reason is called Heaven, the *Coelum* of the philosophers. Its formation occupies the second period.

"And the Elohim said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear; and it was so. And they called the dry land Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called they Seas."

The cold, watery lunar sphere above the Firmament, which sphere ruled in the first operation, is gradually overcome by the intermingling heat from the lower Earth sphere (remember the Sun is yet in the Earth), and just as water standing in a pool after a shower is gradually dried up, sinking into the earth, so is the water in our Earth absorbed. This is properly a continuation of the so-called "putrefactive period" (beginning the first day), wherein the conditions for generation are perfected—the volatile (spiritual) becoming more fixed, and the fixed (material) more volatile. That which is below changes place with that which is above, but all so imperceptibly that the on-looker is scarcely aware of it.

"And the Elohim said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so."

If it were not so, life would cease to be life, and immortality would be an unrealizable dream. The above is a clear description of spontaneous generation, one of the principal phenomena of the microcosmic creation. The "herb" alluded to is that peculiar one known to later science as Saturnia, while the "fruit-tree" is nothing less than the Tree of the Sun—species by no means extinct in some countries.

The first appearance after the state of blackness and putrefaction is green, hence the symbol of "grass." This is the emblem that poets have seen placed at the head of the Grave of Life. But this verdure covers the entire Earth, more truly it may be said to fill it. It is more like sea-weed growing up and filling the water, though upon minute inspection it is found to consist of myriads of emerald-hued atoms—each a little world in itself—having the quality of ascending life, the polarization of whose ray is green. It is but another phenomenal change in the Seed of Light, after the terrestrial impregnation has taken place, and it has begotten its first material, *vital* enclothement. The influence that descends from Heaven to Earth springs up abundantly in forms of life. But these are not the grasses and trees of the external world, though it is true that *they* are also created in like manner.

#### TOMMY ROT

MRS. OSBORNE, fashionable dressmaker, otherwise Maker of Robes to the 400 of New York recently took it into her head to set the theatrical pace by opening a playhouse all her own for the exclusive occupation of the upper sweldom, on whom she imagined she had a pretty substantial pull. Her Great Idea materialized in a play that was quite adapted to the Grasp of the Elite Society, and for that reason should have proved a Drawer. The title of the play was "Tommy Rot." But though the piece was gorgeously staged by a good company, it was scored by the critics, the yawning fashionables soon tired of it, and the whole thing went up in smoke.

DR. PAUL EDWARDS has caused a flood of tears over this section by his reprint of "The Awful Fate of Erring Women." Evidently the Great Mass is touched as seldom before; for go where I will, I see only tears or traces of tears.

I admit with Solomon that there is a time to weep, but why at this particular time should we have this Special Session of Tears? Really, this incident of the doctor's should be staged where it could be confined to a playhouse; it is too poignant for public distribution. On the stage it would make a hit. The very pathos of it would enhance it to people still on the weep-plane.

The morbidity of the popular mind is strikingly illustrated by the great number of plays now in vogue that are built upon villainous intrigue, seduction and murder, over which the masses alternately shudder and shout, like Spaniards at a bullfight, or Yankees at a foot-ball meet. Their emotions are tickled and they are content. But what is New Thought doing on this old plane?

To come straight to the point, Doctor, PLEASE show us, if you can, a woman that has not scien-

tifically "fallen"; and if she "fell," it was not because she *had* to fall, but because she *wanted* to fall—nay, more, *NEEDED* to fall, in order to rise.

Once more, then, let us smile: It's all a "jolly"—NOBODY EVER FELL!

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"CHRISTIAN" still lives and waves its banner to the breeze. January number comes out with red headlines—a beautiful piece of typographic art. The stage bulletin announces as the next change in the program a Vitascope Reproduction of Mrs. Jarly-Eddy's Waxworks, popularly known as Christian Science, interpreted by the celebrated Lightning-Change Artist, T. J. Shelton. Other interesting items follow on the bill. Here is one that illustrates the effect of dizzy altitudes on the Mind of a New Thinker:

"Let me tell you of an actual experience where mind was the absolute master of matter. In the month of November, while in New Mexico, my wife and I started out one morning for a stroll. Taking a kodak, we went up a narrow gulch between very high mountains. We came to a flock of goats and took the picture of a little Mexican boy herder. After several hours' ramble we came to a wagon road leading, as we thought, around the chain of mountains to the hotel. We kept going and going until high noon, when we suddenly came to the end of our road. It was a road made by wood choppers in getting out ties for the railroad. It suddenly came to an end at the base of a very high mountain. We were not lost, for I had kept my eye on the sun. There was only one of two things to do—return by the way we came, which would take us until after dark, or climb over the top of the mountain. To people who do not know anything about distances in the clear sunshine of New Mexico, you can understand how we were deceived about the height of that mountain. After we had climbed over rocks for many hours, the top of the mountain seemed as far away as ever. The altitude was such that our breathing was difficult, and we were both exhausted. As we sat on the rock I said: 'Sweetheart, let's place our minds on the top of the mountain and then gradually lift our bodies up to our thought.' We did it! It was like fastening a great anchor on top of the mountain while our hands held to the cable and pulled ourselves up. There was no distance between the place where our feet stood and the top of the mountain where our minds were at rest. We soon reached the top of the mountain and clapped our hands with joy."

This reminds me of an experience in Switzerland that seems so very apropos that I cannot help relating it:

I was sitting one morning in my room in a little Swiss cabin, listening to the far-off echos of the mountain yodler, and trying to absorb the sense of a book that had recently been sent to me from the States. I had come upon a statement in bold type that particularly arrested my attention. It was, "ALL IS MIND, THERE IS NO MATTER." How can that be? I said to myself. As I continued to ponder over the matter, a strange feeling began to take possession of me, and I seemed to float off into



space. But my musings were soon interrupted by the arrival of a guide whom the day previous I had engaged for an ascent up the Jungfrau.

In a few moments I was ready and we set out, and in a little while we were climbing up the mountain side. In what appeared an incredibly short space of time we reached the snow line, where a mighty glacier rose before us, while within a few feet yawned a deep chasm. My guide gave a merry shout and went up the cliff as nimbly as a mountain goat. At some little distance he threw me a rope, which I tightly grasped and was pulling myself along cautiously up the icy crag when suddenly something gave way beneath my feet, the rope parted, and I felt myself falling down, down into that awful abyss.

The chill, cold air grew hot about me, and in that terrible moment I realized I was being dashed to my doom. As in a flash vision all the incidents of my life passed before me, and I came to the experience of that morning, and to the line that had impressed me in the cabin. There it stood now in letters of gold a rod long on the face of the dark vault into which I was plunging: ALL IS MIND, THERE IS NO MATTER.

Then it was as if I had touched a pillow of softest rubber from which I bounded suddenly away and became conscious that I was no longer falling, but rising rapidly. In fact, it was but a moment seemingly before I espied my guide clinging to the mountain and peering down as if horror struck.

"Hulla, Berserker," I shouted to him and up I went. The top of the mountain appeared rapidly approaching, so swift was my flight. Then the snow all disappeared, and I came in sight of a beautiful garden, just beyond which, ensconced among the vines, was a pretty cottage, from which, mingled with the fragrance of flowers, came the unmistakable odor of Kaffee and Schweizer-kase.

"Bitte, entschuldigen Sie, mein Herr, aber—would you like your breakfast now?" Opening my eyes with a start, I beheld my hostess standing in the door, smiling, and calling me to breakfast. It was all a dream, but I shall never forget that experience which revealed to me the power of mind over matter!

P. S.—Over in Palestine, among other curiosities they will, for a small sum, show you Adam's grave. If you have any Yankee doubts in the matter and press the guide for proof, he will look very solemn and say, "Allah be blessed, but there is the grave!" So if anybody has any doubt of either Tom's experience or mine, in the name of Allah I respectfully refer him to the mountain.

AND here comes friend Conable with a bran-new Thought plucked from off Pike's Peak. It is apparent that Conable, who belongs to the Fast Set lies awake nights to devise new methods of torture for himself and his unsuspecting neophytes. Not

content with executing a twenty-five days fast, he boldly plunges into the shivery embrace of the snow bank, and does a neat, somnambulistic stunt in his bare feet!

He does not tell us in so many words how he liked it, but he gives a right racy description of the Joy experienced by the Colorado Naiades sporting in this same crystal snow.

No doubt some interesting Tracks were left, in the paths blazed by these merry mountaineers, and I would suggest that specimens of these be sent to the Comstock Track Society of New York, who, no doubt, would be able to decide at a glance upon the admissibility of their general circulation.

Conable, in a moment of exaltation, fired by the success of his Alpine exploit, declares he could sleep all night in the snow. We don't doubt it, but unless he got far under he would be conscious of a rapid change of temperature before morning. Before trying this feat, I think it would be well to get on to the trick of the Tahitan Fire Walkers.

But say, here is something better yet, adapted to climates where there is little or no snow. And that is to get out, "clad in moonlight and blushes" and TAKE A ROLL ON THE TIN ROOF. You will find it rare sport, and an additional point in its favor is that it may be begun in October and continued till April, without the danger of contracting excessive warmth.

Another decided advantage in the New Elevated System is that you are entirely above suspicion while undergoing this immortalizing freak-exercise; while at the same time you may be rendering an estimable service to the slumbering denizens of the tenement beneath, since the cats that usually hold high carnival on the roofs at night, will invariably flee before the apparition of the Roof Roller.

After an hour of this invigorating exercise, come softly in by the fire-escape and take a swift ice-water bath. When steaming hot from the bath, climb into your downy couch and perspire into dreamy sleeplessness.

N. B. In extreme cases of insomnia, count 4000 and repeat the "Statement of Being" till quiet.

x

"IS GOD DEAD?" asks Evelyn Arthur See: No, sweetheart, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!"

x

## GOOD AND EVIL

HERMES says: "God is all good and man is all evil." This seems to flatly contradict the statement of our modern metaphysicians that "All is good, there IS no evil." But it does not: it only shows that Hermes had a deeper insight into nature and understood the relations of things better than the metaphysicians.

We have to look upon Good and Evil in two ways; first in their relation to the universe, and secondly in their relation to human life: that is, abstractly and concretely.

In a broad, or universal sense, Good and Evil are respectively synonymous with the so-called negative and positive forces. Good is the expression for rest and evil for motion. We have no conception of absolute rest, since it is a condition never experienced in life. Life, as we know it, is one perpetual unrest, one vast vibrational movement.

All human experience, then, must be relatively

evil. That which is less evil, we call Good; and the lesser, Better; the least evil, Best. Nothing ever happens so good that it might not have been better, therefore it is obvious that it wants something of absolute goodness.

It is necessary to recognize and accept these two apparently antithetical concepts, Good and Evil, since they lie at the very foundation of human consciousness.

The "sin" that is imputed to Adam lies in eating of the tree of Good and Evil: "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then YOUR EYES SHALL BE OPENED, and ye shall be as Gods, KNOWING Good and Evil."

Think of that: BE AS GODS, knowing Good and Evil—and *this* the penalty (?) for transgression! Is there anyone so blind as not to be able to see that this was a REWARD instead of a penalty? To be "as gods" is good enough. This being so, what becomes of "original sin" and the "atonement" and all the claptrap and contrivance devised by the human mind for the "salvation of souls?"

The business of life—the *only* business—is to HARMONIZE THE EVIL, or activity, by raising the vibration—bringing it NEARER TO THE GOOD; not to merge it in the absolute Good, for that would be annihilation, the end of conscious existence.

The solar system affords a good illustration of this. There the planets, evolved from nebulous chaos, have come finally into a certain harmony, settled into definite orbits, each pursuing its own path and making possible all that wonderful expression that seems to find its culmination in the human mind.

But this system yet contains a great mass of less harmonized substance in the form of comets and meteors, the irregularities and eccentricities of whose movements cause continual interruption in the perfect harmony of the spheres. Yet this very condition may be shown to be necessary, affording a good proof of the fact of the necessity of what is termed evil.

Suppose for example, that one of these aerolites strikes a city, as once Lisbon was struck, and a vast number of people in the twinkling of an eye are swept into a yawning abyss, over which the deep waters close forevermore; all the world calls it a catastrophe, and goes forthwith into sackcloth and mourning. This is all right, too, as a matter of sentiment, but suppose it should be scientifically shown that the falling of this particular meteor brought with it vital force direct from the sun, sufficient to feed the world for a thousand years—force that the world was actually starving for, and dying because it could not get it—would it not be apparent that even so great a catastrophe was after all a blessing?

And so we may look upon all the phenomena of nature. Is not nature wholly cruel and relentless, from the standpoint of human feeling and conscience? Does she question whom or what she will destroy in her storms and cyclones? Does not the round of every season bring the harvest of millions dead? And yet who will say that God is not in nature, or that nature is not the expression of God? The Hebrew conception of God was vastly nearer the truth than that of the modern thought: "See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me: I kill, and I make alive: I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand."

But this we do see, that the trend of all nature's effort—and this is surely the divine effort—is to come into more perfect equilibrium, more balance, more poise. This principle is working out in humanity today. It all starts in chaos and continues in confusion. There is really no sharp line of demarcation between the animal and the man. In all species the greater and stronger become leaders, and these attract the weaker—always the more numerous—and thus originates the herd or tribe as the case may be. Nations and governments are but the outgrowth or extension of this same principle.

There are those who claim to believe in the total abolition of law and government, that is, in what they call "freedom." These are the "shooting stars" that resent the pull of gravitation by those more ponderous and centralized bodies. Scientifically, they represent the Evil force, but as they are drawn irresistibly nearer the center of the plane within whose orbit they are, they will gradually become harmonized by the Good; but, mind you, when first they come, they come with a crash, and the world feels the impact from pole to pole, yet they bring new life and strength to starving, decaying nations. Take Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell—scourges in their way—vast evils, it would seem at the time, but note how vastly Good they were after all.

So, too, in the moral and intellectual world: Moses, Elijah, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Luther, Savanarola, Confucius, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Plato, Ptolemy, Galileo, Darwin, and a thousand more have each in their day hit the world and given it a shock that was considered Evil at the time, yet we today can see how their coming was all to the Good.

Music perfectly illustrates this principle of interrelated Good and Evil. In the first place, no tone whatever could be produced if the air were not violently set in motion—that motion is Evil. The struggle to come into rest, or Good, produces the tone. Observe, it is the STRUGGLE that makes the tone. If the struggle cease, we have silence—absolute Good—*no expression*.

Now, the whole science of music is built up on the principle of how far AWAY from the pure harmony we can keep without getting BEYOND the acknowledged radius of sympathetic attraction.

Now and then you touch the perfect chord, only to spring away from it, tantalizingly maintaining your poise on either side of the TONIC.

This simply represents a truth that is felt but unexpressed—it is the great world whirling about its center—the ONLY point of repose—REFUSING, as you may say, to fall into and be swallowed up by that center.

The fact that daring musical composers time and again have stepped out beyond the recognized sphere of the harmoniously allowable, and captured a new chord from out the dissonant chaos, which, when properly introduced and resolved, has been hailed with delight by the world-dwellers, leads us to suspect more than ever that "Good or Bad" is pretty much the way one becomes accustomed to listen or look at a thing.

Studying the question of Good and Evil from this standpoint, we cannot fail to see a necessity for law, and at the same time a necessity for freedom. To abolish law would mean social chaos, because the "shooting" stars outnumber, if they do not outweigh the planets. Yet it is probable that the organized planets would create the greatest

rumpus of all were the sun (government) suddenly removed. We perceive this when our supposed "good" men go to war. Once take the restraint of LAW off them, and they become, many of them, regular fiends. The more developed they are mentally, the more fiendish they seem to be. Law restrains men till they develop the moral sense, and this embodies love and obedience to truth; then, and not till then, are men above the law of restraint.

The ideal of life is to fall into one's true orbit of action and there remain as in a school for discipline. That discipline consists in obedience to the central principle or point of light, the ABSOLUTE GOOD. At the same time, it does not mean that strange condition of inaction called self-renunciation—which implies an impossible attempt to arrive at the "sun-center" before ripeness—but it means ACTION, going merrily forward in normal paths, becoming in the Self a little sun to illumine the smaller and weaker lives that have been drawn within the radius of the self's own sphere.

x

"JUDGE not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

Ever since I entered the arena of Journalism, the one thing that more than anything else has impressed me as *mal-a-propos* in the expression known as New Thought is the spirit of semi-vindictive, or quasi-malicious, personal criticism displayed by many writers.

This does not refer to editorial spit-spat, or repartee, which is but a mental boxing-match and may at times be judiciously indulged in to develop grey matter and amuse the spectators. It is harmless and invigorating, and serves to keep the cobwebs down.

It is just impossible to help smiling out loud and "passing remarks" when a party comes into the ring and gives us a revival of the early church Miracle-Play, or a burlesque on the Free Methodist Camp Meeting of decades ago. And when Humpty Dumpty falls all over himself to illustrate in pantomime the asceticism of the Hindu fakir, we may, I think, be excused for roaring.

But when it comes to serious criticism, we should weigh the evidences for or against a proposition, and refrain from expressing an opinion on the matter until we have subjected it to the test of experience.

It is a matter of universal observation that the world—the common mass—actuated as it is by egotism and ignorance, stands ever ready to "jump upon" anyone who comes forward with a new idea. This tendency to keep things in the old ruts, this conservatism based upon apathy and superstition, has ever served as a ball and chain upon the foot of social progress, though there is no denying that it has sometimes been a wholesome check upon the promulgation of vagary. But the ideal that we, as a nation and as individuals, are fighting for today is free thought and free expression of thought; then, why should we negative our own proposition by presenting to the anti-progressionists the example of wrangling and interdiscension?

It takes judgment to judge, and judgment without experience is pre-judgment—prejudice. There are two kind of judgers, the spontaneous and the deliberate. Of course, the former should not be entitled to the judgment-seat, yet he is the very one that pushes up and fills the front row, holding

the speaker down with his numerous clamorings until the sergeant-at-arms forcibly ejects him.

I attended some time ago a theosophic lecture by a very able and learned speaker. It was a most profound and masterly address. At the close, invitation was given for questions, and thereupon arose one after another people, whose mental calibre as compared to the speaker's was as a pop-gun to a howitzer, and fired off their respective little wads, which each one in his small mind thought quite sufficient to floor the speaker, of course. Finally an old spiritualist bobbed up and shouted, "Can you tell me, sir, why my mother, who has been dead for twenty years, appeared to me last night?—Can you tell me?—Can you tell me?"—following up the first question with five or six more, all propounded vociferously, angrily, for he had been nursing his wrath during the whole lecture. The speaker attempted to answer in a dignified manner, but the man would have none of it, and created such a row that the meeting was dispersed.

Now this very same thing happens in journalism, only more frequently, because men are considerably braver, hidden in an office behind a quill, than they are in public assemblies.

Let a person write an article on any subject whatever that is a bit original and unorthodox, and the critics, who are lying in squads behind every tree and bush, will at once pour in their fusillade upon him. A thousand and one people glance over the article, rush to the inkstand and indict their objections, without ever so much as weighing the matter mentally, let alone trying it practically.

The other kind of judges think before they speak. They have been long enough in the world and made use of their powers of observation sufficiently to learn that new things *have happened*, and they reason that they may likely happen again. So, instead of being antagonized at first blush by the appearance of the New Thought, they welcome it and make it serviceable as food for reflection, and consequent growth. These are the rare ones, who give support and impulse to the discovery and dissemination of truth, making it possible for it to take firmer root and grow apace in our crude world-soil.

It is, then, the prejudger, the pseudo-judge, that we wish to escape. The former argues, to talk; the other reasons, to know. There is no use of argument. If two people do not agree, it is because they occupy different planes of thought. For them to argue is a mere waste of time. It is a "scrap" for personal precedence—never for the establishment of truth, and proceeds from pure vanity and love of dominance—the identical impulse that at one time caused the "ancestor" to clean out the barnyard and crow on the top rail.

Let your conversation, therefore, be "aye, aye, and nay, nay." And meanwhile, may the good Lord deliver us from cussers and discussers!

"Let every man be fully persuaded IN HIS OWN MIND," says Paul—LET him have the experience he is getting, for it is the experience he needs. Now, here is a case in point, which I cite merely by way of illustration:

A certain young man whose name has appeared prominently in many papers as a teacher of hypnotism seems to have worked up by his enterprise a large clientele, and to be doing a thriving business. Financially, he is a success, which is in itself enough to arouse comment and envy. First the Post Office got after him, but we expect that;



it gets after everybody—that's *its* Official Duty. But now, then, a brother who is engaged in a kindred line of work is taking it upon himself to call this young man down, in the interest, he claims, of his readers. He is, in fact, devoting the larger part of his otherwise excellent Journal to "exposing" this young man, who appears in the eyes of the Elder Brother as a fraud.

This won't do; firstly, because it is unbrotherly, and secondly, because it is not consistent. If you start in to take a census of frauds, *who on earth is going to be left!*

Hypnotic healing is no more a fraud than magnetic healing, nor is hypnotic suggestion anything different from suggestive therapeutics.

I admit that this young man's orthography and diction would not be sanctioned by Webster or Macauley, and I have myself wondered what "Ph. D." could signify after his signature; but I presumed, as I noticed other New Thinkers adopting it, that it must be a special degree conferred by the Spirit.

But, don't you see, the young man has done the wisest thing possible in leaving the stuffing school thus early—though perhaps a bit prematurely—to enter the REAL school of experience?

Here and nowhere else can he get true education, and the effort he is putting forth IS that education.

The people whom he attracts are HIS people, not ours; we must not be jealous of him nor zealous for them. No one who belongs to us will go to him. Those who take his course *need* it, and are benefited by receiving as he is by giving it.

We may personally "see no sense" in his "dream methods," but let me tell you one thing right now: There are more people in the world interested in "dreams" and what they portend than in any so-called "reasonable" science—a hundred to one. It is a plane they have reached. Shall we say that if they want information on dreams they shall not have it—shall not PAY for it? Every day or so some one sends me a long dream to be interpreted, and some of them show quite remarkable imaginative power. Dreaming is but the vestibule to real illumination. After poking about in the dark place awhile, the dreamer gets his bearings, and can advance and open the door to the inner sanctuary.

This young man, it seems, directs his students to buy a beautiful diploma, and all concentrate on it at once to raise a Big Thought Wave. Well, what of it? It's an old scheme—I first saw it worked years ago at a Darkey prayer meeting. First the front row of the elder Uncles concentrated and got it, then they gave it to the whole congregation, and forthwith there was a "mos' powfu' outpourin' ob de speerit ob de Lawd," accompanied by as jolly a lot of antics as one would wish to see.

Later I found directions for this concentration business in the works of Mesmer, where he directs the magnetized to gaze steadily at a bright coin. In a few minutes the victim is under "control," and will also do a variety of vaudeville turns, which the operator in charge assures the audience is called "Psychic Development."

The same principle is fully exemplified in "Science and Health." The talented authoress of this document has from time to time given a practical test of the power of this system by enjoining upon the members to buy a photograph or a souvenir spoon, and every little while a new edition of

the marvelous book referred to. *It works!* Many of our Mental Scientists all over the world mutually agree to unite at a certain hour of the day to "hold a thought" in common. *It works!* Other illustrations are seen in communities that in time of drought meet together and pray for rain. Rain is sure to follow—*sometime*. In the same way national holidays are set apart to "praise God from whom all blessings flow," an act that always causes a large flow of turkeys and other fowl-things into market to add to the service of praise and thanksgiving.

You see, the IDEA of this thing is as OLD as the hills, so I refuse to call it New Thought. There is a scientific principle back of it all, though as it is worked out it appears to some of us sheer nonsense. But the point I wish to make is, the people who believe in any exhibition of this sort *need* the practice for development *on their plane*, and we cannot impeach their motives, nor criticize them for their acts.

Let us, therefore, LET everybody spend his money as he will, and get what he WANTS out of it. Let *us* not spend valuable time and space offering such a one gratuitous advice or service, lest our fate and reward be like Happy Hooligan's and Lady Bountiful's.

Certain zealous minded individuals in the employ of Uncle Sam have recently been overstepping their prerogatives by attempting to regulate free individual expression, with the alleged object of protecting the public from "fraud." The supreme court has risen to the occasion and said in substance: Hands off! You are tampering with the most precious thing in all the world, viz., Human Liberty. You dare not do it, and you will not be permitted to do it!

No one needs "protecting"—all need the *exact opposite*. Everyone should be FREE: if he gets into a scrape, it is good for him. It will teach him a lesson that no previous volume of admonition would have taught. THE ONLY WAY TO BE FREE IS TO BECOME FREE. THE ONLY WAY TO KNOW IS TO EXPERIENCE.

x

A lady for whom I recently made an Onomastic Reading has this to say regarding it:

"It was as if you had gathered up the knowledge which had been growing into my consciousness for years. More: you not only made what had been a shadow picture which flashed before my vision parts only at a time, stand forth in its entirety, but with an intensity, a fixedness which makes it belong to me, and that is growing upon me."

I find time to prepare a few of these Readings every month. Each one is better, if possible, than the one before, as I am constantly going deeper into this subject. They are becoming so long, requiring so much labor to execute them, that I shall soon be obliged to change the price for the work. For the present I will continue to make them at the old price of \$3.00. Do not fail to secure this Reading: I am sure you will be more than satisfied with it.

x

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