

No. 6

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# ALETHEIAN

*For Truth Seekers*

*and Truth Tellers*

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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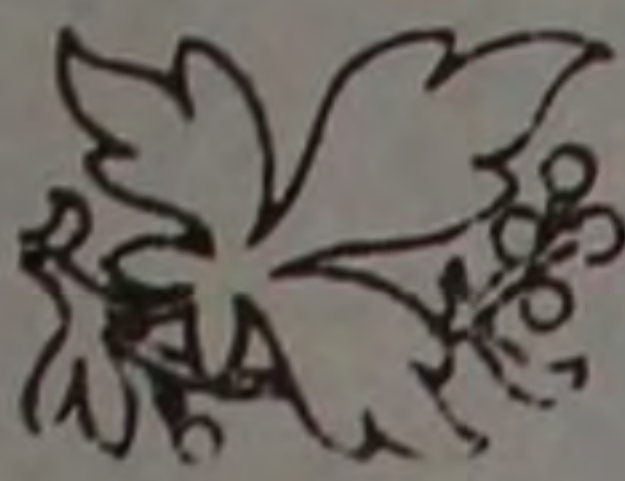
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# LETHEIAN

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## PRAYER

Oh, Thou Blessed, Great Creator,  
Breathing o'er the vasty deep,  
Luna's orb reflects Thy glory,  
While Thy troubled children sleep;  
Teach them, Father, how to know Thee,  
Banish sorrow from this land;  
Wake, inspire them with Thy wisdom,  
Teach their souls to understand.  
Knowledge is but comprehension,  
Ope the gateways of the soul,  
Priest, nor sect, nor creed confounding,  
Thou alone shalt make them whole.  
Thou, Jehovah, the All-Father,  
Lead Thy wandering earth-child, Man;  
Thou hast sent him teachers, saviors,  
Rounding out Thy perfect plan.  
Free these earth-bound, O, Great Father,  
Bid all fettered souls arise;  
Strike the shackles from the spirit,  
Rend the veils that bind their eyes.  
'Tis the hour before the dawning,—  
Pregnant with All-Love, All-Light;  
Wake Thy worlds to peace and wisdom,  
Give Thy groping children sight.

—Aletheia.

Send ten cents in stamps for the above poem, beautifully printed in blue and gold on antique linen card, convenient for mailing. 12 for fifty cents, Address The Aletheian, Dept. 29, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.



# THE ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME IV No. 1

NOV.-DEC., 1914

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A S A  
A

PSYCHOLOGY  
ETHICS

PHILOSOPHY  
VERSE

Written in the Spirit of Truth

DEVOTED TO THE UPLIFT OF ALL BEINGS, BROTHERHOOD AND  
THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL

EDITED BY ALETHEIA

PUBLISHED BY THE A. S. A., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

## Compensation



THE universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticise and hate, and you will be censured, criticised and hated by your fellow men.

Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust, and confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, love begets love. Resist and you will be resisted. To meet the aggressive assault every entity rises up rigid and impenetrable — while yonder mountain of granite melts and floats away on the bosom of the river of love.

N. W. Zimmerman.





## LIFE AND LOVE

Thou art a child of the Higher Spheres,  
Life hath loved into blossoming ;  
Thus thy soul hath no earthly fears,  
Peace and Truth in thy blossoming.  
I, that have called thee, am Ingewold,  
Teaching thy soul that the fruitful vine  
Blooms and bears fruit for every use  
Of body and soul, divine.

Keep thou my teachings, the sacred creed  
Of Love and Wisdom ; the blossoming  
Give to the Nations. All in their need,  
Shall gather the fruit now blossoming.  
I, that now speak, am called **The Voice**,  
Freeing from error the doubting soul,  
Freeing from pain and fear—Rejoice !  
My counsel maketh whole.

Keep thou this counsel ; be brave, be free ;  
Truth, in thy soul clear shining,  
Parteth all veils that trammel thee—  
Eyes that reflect Peace, shining.  
Sweet is the message—O, Spirit of Truth,  
Serene in thy soul still shining—  
Crowning thy soul with immortal youth,  
Life, in thy love, divining !



# Truth and Progress

By E. L. D. Turner, A.M., M.D. Ph.D.

**T**HE person who is truly progressive learns to perceive and to follow that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within.

Emerson says: "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conclusion that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

Most persons but partially or timidly express themselves; they are ashamed of the divine idea which each individual represents. Each individual should cultivate confidence in himself, and learn to trust himself. The highest and best in each individual should be freely and unreservedly manifested. Thus has it ever been with all truly great persons.

The truly great person is a nonconformist—he is not with the mass. He is ahead of the mass in his ideas and practice. Emerson says: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." Conforming to usages that have become dead scatters one's force. It loses time and dissipates the character. Each one should do his own work, and habitually put his best efforts into his work. Thereby he qualifies himself for more work, better work, original work.

We are part of the Universal Intelligence, which enables us to be receivers of its truth and which makes us instruments of its manifestations. If we live truly, according to our inner light, we shall see and know more of the truth. If we follow the truth, it will bring us out safely in the end. But, in the ultimate—or deeply personal—paths of life, each one of us must travel the road alone.

In the work of life we often make mistakes. If a person fails in business, some say he is ruined. Not so; reverses are sometimes the best experiences in life, and simply point the way to great successes.

Very much of the work of life which is not ordinarily considered as educational is really more precious than that which is so called. Formal education often wastes its efforts in attempts to force minds into a common mould, thus thwarting the personal or natural magnetism of the individual, which magnetism, un-



der natural laws, tends towards self expression in the right direction and gives to every individual an intimation as to what his work in life should be.

A little thought upon what takes place around us every day must convince us that a higher law than that of our own wills regulates and therefore overrules events. Quoting Emerson once more, he says; "My brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the center of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe." Let us never forget the truth of this great saying. The person who thinks he can get ahead of the universal or natural order is self-deceived.

**All evil has within itself the seeds of its own destruction.**

This should give us faith to persevere in every good work. It should induce us to separate ourselves, as far as the East is from the West, from all that is evil, impure, unfair, dishonest, or unworthy.

For every individual, in the natural order of things, there is a reality in life—a fit place in the universal scheme, of which he is a part; a place where he is needed; a place the duties of which he is adapted to perform. And, being adapted, the duties will be congenial. Thus may the daily life of any individual become a heaven here on earth. And this heaven, if given a chance, will organize itself, through indwelling forces, as does the blade of grass, or the multipetalled rose, or the orb that courses through the skies.

Teleology is manifest in all the changes in the universe.

In our philosophy we uphold realism and idealism. That which is absolutely real is ideal. Idealism can lose nothing by a study of facts. It is not unlikely that the newer idealism of service will prove a more satisfactory philosophy than the older one that consisted so much in a withdrawal from the utilities.

Self-realization is the highest utility. Nor is this selfish. For mankind is made up of units, individuals; and only through the development of the individual is general progress possible. Nevertheless, to be unselfish, the individual as he himself makes progress must pass along the torch of truth to others; and he should do this to the greatest possible extent. This means much for human uplift and for the promotion, in a practical way, of the brotherhood of man.

In fostering this standard we look upon the higher nature of man as a thing of exhaustless potentialities. We regard the unfoldment of its as-yet-unrevealed powers as of the greatest value to humanity. However, any knowledge that does not help us to gain some other good thing,—health, morality, success, more



knowledge, more ability to serve,—is by that fact rendered of no particular value, and is therefore not worth keeping. For life means progression. Realization is putting into practice, and self-realization is a genuine utility because it looks to and works for a future that is better than the present, not only for the individual but for the race. No one lives his life alone. We are parts of the whole. The conditions that make each dependent on all make all dependent on each.

According to Plato and numerous other philosophers, the soul is anchored temporarily in a physical world, but it is not a part of things material. It comes to perfection by reacting upon the physical world. In this way the soul of the individual is naturally unfolded or evolved, so that its faculties may be spread out to the light, as the bud is brought to flower. Thus the divine purpose of its inmost being is served and realized, the ego becoming more and more aware of its relations to the Infinite,—the source and end of the universe of life or spirit,—in which we live and move and have our being.

### TRUST

By M. H. Jackson Curtis

This fairest day of fair days in November  
Bids weak hearts live and saddened souls rejoice,  
Waves her wand o'er Grief and bids it slumber,  
'Till it shall, waking, hear Hope's heavenly voice.

That they this purpose serve, she moveth gently  
The glowing leaves of thought from where they cling;  
Some fading now, but others red and golden  
O'er the broad earth are all sent wandering.

Each with this message from all-brave November:  
"Dwell not in portals of the past alone,  
Thou hast fair days yet to live, remember  
As ere the bright leaves on the ground were strewn."

"We fall to earth that thou mayst pass softly  
O'er a kindly path to the future, unknown.  
That thou mayst not regret, when backward thou glancest,  
Swift thro' the star-light our beauty is flown."

Were it not thus, the tree's life stifled  
With present good might greater glory never bear:  
All winter, its silent, brave endurance,  
Harbors a little that groweth ever strong and fair.



## The Cat's Paw

A narrative of startling facts, dealing with certain psychological phases of the business world and prophetic visions that became a wonderful factor involving a notable group of people.

"The Cat's Paw" deals with a woman in the hands of certain "Literary Philistines," and demonstrates that even the wheels of Justice may become a "cat's paw" in the hands of unscrupulous individuals.

This great serial is being published exclusively in the *Aletheian Magazine*, and later will be brought out in book form.

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**C**OMPOSING herself to sleep, with a strange tranquility of spirit, Fanny was suddenly awakened as a neighboring clock struck one. A shining shape stood beside her bed; with eyes ineffably benign, gentle, compassionate, the Master gazed upon her. Immediately her whole soul seemed to glow with a reflected radiance. It seemed to her that a powerful search-light was seeking out every labyrinthian channel of the dark waters toward which she had been carried. Flashes of strange scenes, indescribably portrayed, were shown to her, as faint mirrorings of what she was to pass through. So terrible were they, that her very soul seemed to shudder at the prospect. Again the shining form drew her gaze to Himself: Impressively He pointed upward, and in letters of light she saw the words: "Peace, be still, and fear no evil. Where Truth is, fear is not! Keep thine own counsel, think not what thou shalt say nor do upon the morrow, nor yet in the hour of thy trial. Let thy tongue but speak truth, and the very gates of hell shall not prevail against thee. Thou art within my watch and my ward, and in the guilelessness of innocence and truth, shall every wicked imagining be brought to naught. **Sleep** not, yet rest. Sleep not until the hour of four hath passed. I give mine angels charge concerning thee, and though thou should'st enter the gates of hell and be dragged through rivers of pitch, yet not even thy garments shall be defiled, if thou but keep thy soul steadfast."

The radiant Presence was gone. Instantly, Fanny felt as if some terrific hypnotic power was being focused upon her from three separate directions. She felt as if her very breathing would be suspended. She could only murmur:

"The gates of hell shall not prevail! Where **Truth** is fear is not."

Suddenly, she felt her spirit being liberated from her body. The sensation was much like that of removing an uncomfortably tight glove on a warm day. She felt as if some force were literally drawing her soul out of its fleshly covering. She had a distinct sensation, as if the crown of her head had parted and the soul, with its astral body, was literally being pulled out of the tenement of clay. Once released, in the twinkling of an eye, her spiritual self, fully conscious, sped to a strange place. Through for-



bidding subterranean passages she entered a large chamber. Every ray of natural light was excluded from this room. She marveled to behold that from her own being emanated an effulgence that illuminated the darkness teeming with loathsome and terrible dangers.

Fanny saw herself standing in the little night dress she had donned on retring: her feet were bare and, with a strange thrill of joy, she beheld rising from the stone floor beneath her feet a circle of blue-white electrical flame. This circle appeared to be about seven feet in circumference, and as its light penetrated the gloom she beheld, with horror, a circle of strange beings, with the faces of men, yet whose bodies resembled nothing human. They were unclothed, and were reaching out toward her, jumping at her, as a pack of hounds might attack their prey. Foremost among them was one whose face was that of Wasgood. With horror, she beheld other faces known to her; members of the Syndicate connected with the proposed publication of the book upon which she had been working. It seemed to her that she was gazing upon the souls of these men. Stripped of earthly habiliments, of the fleshly masks that they wore before the world, she realized that she was beholding the fearful beings that these men had allowed to dwell upon the threshold of their minds, until their higher spiritual selves had been so constantly repelled; they were nowhere to be seen.

As each in turn made a fearful lunge at her, the jets of clear white flame seemed to shoot toward them. They could come just so near, and the flames would shoot up between her and the terrible foe, shutting out the vision and at the same time protecting her. Each sprang toward her, only to be jerked back, as by an invisible chain while the circle of light grew stronger and brighter, until the blue white-flame entirely encircled her, rising above her head.

A glorious and beautiful protective wall of fire, radiant, white hot, yet possessing no power to burn her, or to give her the slightest pain. Yet, as each terrible figure on the opposite side of the wall endeavored to reach her, she could hear their shrieks of pain and rage as the baffling flames drove them back.

The scene suddenly changed. She found herself at a certain location, on A Street, Southeast, Washington. She found another group, led by a gray-haired woman. On the walls of this room hung an emblem—the circled snake,—said by some to be an emblem of wisdom and of eternity, yet which she knew, through a Higher Intelligence, to be the emblem of the knowledge of evil; a misapplied “Wisdom,” representing the coil of black magic and self-worship. The group was unaware of her presence, yet their minds were focused upon her physical body, lying now, clay cold, and devoid of the “Holy Breath,” in her narrow bed in the House



of Detention. Smiling to herself, through her consciousness rang the words, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Looking into the soul of the gray-haired woman, who, shuddering, seemed in abject fear of her, Fanny read a purpose, fell:—a grim determination to exterminate her by fair means or foul.

This woman, so learned in the "secret doctrine," known before men as a promulgator and teacher of the "Wisdom religion," sat there with every fibre of her being concentrated upon the utter annihilation of poor Fanny. Had she truly possessed the higher enlightenment, she would have seen herself as Fanny saw her; a great writhing snake with its head under the heel of Truth. Writhing and twisting, but unable to escape the white light of Truth; fearing, she knew not what, a prey to the malice and lies fostered by her own unworthy and deceitful conduct, directed toward one whom Fanny had attempted to befriend. Fanny heard a voice exclaim:

"But why make her the Cat's Paw."

A group of figures, dimly discerned, shrouded in strange enveloping robes, gathered about the old woman, whose great aim was to be considered a "sacred pythoness." The spiritualized entity that Fanny knew to be **herself**, stood smiling with eyes benign, compassionate, unafraid. It was, as it were, a part of the strength Divine, reflected through a form that resembled her own. With a distinct consciousness apart from her glorified self, Fanny was able to look upon this higher self with a great awe, and a deep humility. She seemed to see reflected therein the Divine Presence. Comprehending a power from the Higher Intelligence, that made the twistings, the duplicity, the falsehood embodied in the teachings of the "great pythoness," as a fragile toy in her hands.

Fanny set her heel more firmly upon the head of the serpent; glorified lightnings played round her etherian figure. The persons seated about the old woman beheld it, and marvelling, abased themselves before her. Only the old woman was unable to see, and shaking and trembling, continued to mutter:

"I must destroy her or she will destroy me."

The scene again changed. It was now between two and three in the morning. Fanny found herself in a secret chamber of the Masonic temple. A circle of men with grave, serious faces were gazing upon their mental vision of herself. They appeared to see her fragile body, inert, bereft of breath, as she knew it would be, in her prison chamber. She tried to look into the souls of each, and read the reflection of falsehoods that had been skilfully planted there by Wasgood and his most formidable ally, the old woman of the previous vision. This woman, misusing her prerogative as a daughter of a thirty-third degree Grand Master Mason, had forgotten that Fanny was the grand-daughter of a Grand Master Mason. One who had elected to unveil to his



grandchild, the mystic secrets of the order through her spiritual vision.

The spirit of this Masonic Grand Master had guarded her since early childhood; had led her through strange paths, yet ever protected her. He pointed to the group deeply concentrating upon the mortal mind of Fanny, the woman that even then stood in their midst, in spirit. He showed her how falsehood had been taught to wear the guise of Truth. How these men, with all their wisdom, their learning and their mysticism, had been tricked by the wily serpent, the "Pythoness," into believing that Fanny boded ill to their cause.

Instantly these words, in letters of light, flashed before her eyes, suspended in the air, above the heads of the mystic circle; "WHERE TRUTH IS, FEAR IS NOT, HE THAT HATH TRUTH WITHIN HIS SOUL, KNOWETH AND CLAIMETH TRUTH FOR HIS OWN, BUT HE THAT HATH NOT TRUTH IN HIS SOUL, COWERETH IN FEAR THEREAT! PEACE BE WITH THEE. BACK TO THY MORTAL TENEMENT. REST AND SLEEP."

Once more within the walls of her chamber within the House of Detention, Fanny's spirit saw her own sleeping body upon the bed. She was conscious of approaching her unconscious self. In an instant the physical body stirred; with a sensation as of a knife thrust through her heart, full consciousness returned.

The neighboring clock struck four. Indescribably faint, breathless with her remarkable experience, Fanny seemed to realize the immediate need of some sustaining food or drink. She crossed to the door with its heavy wire grating, and called:

"Someone, please come!"

A man instantly responded. He wore the uniform of a police officer; the badge of the warden. It was not the man that she had seen upon her commitment. This man's face was kind and gentle. An indescribable sadness—a great pity looked out of his eyes.

Fanny said to him, "I do not mistrust you, but I am obeying the voice of one I cannot see, in eating nothing in this place. I have had no food for twenty-four hours. Will you get me a sealed bottle of malted-milk tablets?"

The man replied, "I dare not, it is against the rules."

Fanny reached out and touched his hand. She found herself clasping his hand with a peculiar grip. She found herself uttering certain phrases which she knew to be pass-words of the Masonic order. How she knew it she was unable to say.

The response was instantaneous. The man departed immediately, and within a few moments, it seemed to her, returned with the bottle she had requested. Smiling, he said:

"You may remove the seal," and instantly, was gone.

(To be continued)



## VOICE OF THE COMFORTER

Tho' earth friends forsake thee, thou art not alone  
Tho' mortals mistake thee, thou still art Mine own,  
Then be thou not lonely, nor weary, nor sad—  
Behold, My bright angels, in spirit, be glad!  
My Love shall sustain thee, My Peace bringeth rest,  
Tho' man should disdain thee, in God thou shalt rest.  
Then, be not discouraged; no struggle is vain.  
From the depths of the valley, the heights rise again;  
Then up with the morning, Beloved, arise!  
The light of Truth, dawning, illumines thine eyes.

—Aletheia.

## AFFIRMATION

I do affirm my God is all,  
An omnipresent as I call  
In love; for harmony divine  
Throughout my words and acts shall shine.

I do affirm, the silent thought  
Is truth revealed; where 'ere 'tis brought  
To trust, and know the living God  
Reigns in his temple, home of love.

I do affirm that I can stand  
In Freedom's Hall of Love so grand,  
That earth, nor air, nor sea, nor sky,  
Can rule my life or make me die.

I do affirm that I am one  
With God in truth's Eternal Son,  
Born to a regal height so bright  
That love Divine is my delight.

O, with strong affirmations true,  
Of peace and oneness, I pursue  
The path that knows my life's divine,  
And in Infinity doth shine.

—Frances J. Miller.



## The Master's Voice

**G**O thou unto whom I shall send thee, in love and peace, power and strength proclaiming the living God, Creator of earth and all the worlds and all the heavens thereof.

Be unto all as loving sisters and brothers stretching forth thy hands in humble fellowship with the lowly of earth, yet bearing thyself with dignity as disciples of the living Truth. Bear even with thine own as with a brother, rather than as a mentor. Some there be that have not yet ascended unto the Father, in spirit, and until this be accomplished they are yet in darkness: But when the time of their novitiate shall be accomplished, behold the light of the supreme Power shall be manifest unto them and the darkness shall be rolled away from the door of their souls even as the stone was taken away from the place wherein was laid the body of Him of Nazareth.

Wise counsel and loving words, wisdom and strength cometh only to him that setteth not up himself above another. Walk thou in humility, all thy days, that the Spirit Supreme may be manifest through ye as instruments in tune with the Infinite. Go forth oh, ye, my beloved, unto thy several tasks with a light heart. The Lord Jesus, even he, thine Elder Brother is with thee and guideth thee ever in loving compassion.

Behold, the Great Creator enfoldeth thee with the mantle of his Love. Then who can be against thee? "Peace, peace, thou that hath been holpen by mercies, saith the Lord: Even from the snare of the Fowler have I delivered thee, then why is thy soul disquieted by the words of the unripe? For I say unto ye that I am with ye always and My love and My strength faileth not. Thou and thy sons and thy son's sons forever shall proclaim the Lord God Almighty. The Holy of Holies the Supreme King of Kings on his eternal throne that is the Boundless Universe.

The sons of the All-Father, proclaim his love. The sons of the All-Light worship the Creator only in Truth and verity. There are no Gods but God the Father and all that have come in his name are brethren of the Lord Jesus.

The way of the righteous shall be made plain and the children shall not dwell in darkness proclaiming an unholy way of life.

By imperfect understanding of spirit are mortals restricted for a time but by the perfection of the spirit through the All-Light shall each soul become Light. Depart not from thy Love of God. Depart not from the teachings of Him that was sent to be the Way, the Life and the Light to guide thee onward and upward; depart not from the fellowship of the saints that surround thee ever in angel communion, in Spirit and in Truth. Follow in that love, faith and humility shown unto thee by the



example of the Gentle Jesus, son of the most High, and chosen of his Father. He that proclaimed the worship of the Creator, saying "Him only shalt thou serve." Ye that are in love and harmony with all the angels, offer praise and thanksgiving unto the Beloved Son who came to earth in human form that Spirit might be manifest unto the children of earth. All men shall praise Him and speak good of His name. Extol all good works for they are to the Glory of the Father that inspireth all.

Go ye now also in peace, power, love and harmony proclaiming Truth to the glory of thy Creator.

### AWAKENING

By Alice Phoebe Eldridge.

Somewhere—and, yet, everywhere—through woods, through trees, through rocks, is the life force—in unity—universal.

Is it the life sap in the trees? Is it the force in my veins? I can feel it in the veins of the trees as I can feel it in myself—always divine,—always divine.

I am divine, forever divine!

Can there be more to say? Can there be more to know through the width of the wide world, in the waste places, in the frozen places, in the desert places, or in the thronged places of the city's streets?

Where is fear? Where is death? Where is pain? Where is happiness? Not in the desert places or in the crowded places, not in the sap of the trees, not in the pulse of life.

Gone, all gone, and joy remains, exaltation and certainty.

Until now, I have been blind as others are still blind and the great secret passed me by. The winds at night whispered it, I could not understand; they voiced it in wild tones, but I shut my windows close against their fierce persistency. The grasses quivering up to renewed life told it, but I could not lay my ear close enough, my hearing was as the hearing of the dead in the church yard from which they were drawing their earthly substance. The stars in the blue vault of night testified to it; they were too bright and I turned my eyes from them to the lights of the city.

But, now, the blindness of ages has dropped from my eyes and I am one with the stars and the winds and the quivering grass, the bird's first song and the voice of a million people.

No longer can pain hurt, no longer can death kill, for the soul universal is mine and in it do I exist, and from it have my being through the changing course of cyclic time.

For the Beginning stretches to the End, and the End is but the Beginning when accomplished.



## A Prophetic Vision

**O**N the evening of May 5th, 1913, were gathered in the rooms of the Aletheian Society, those who had assembled for spiritual progress and enlightenment. Into the silence, obtruded for the moment a question concerning the probability of war with Japan. Aletheia voiced the following:

“THE GREAT SPIRIT, watching over this nation, tells me that there will be no war on United States soil. Though there be wars, and rumors of wars, and the clouds thereof even now gather over all nations, wide-spreading over Europe, Asia, Egypt, India, China and Japan, a great wall of green water appears to shut off the conflagration e'er it reaches the western coast of this land. I see flames and devastation mingled with the lurid stream of blood; a sickening vapor rising from all Europe, and the heavens are black with smoke rising above the terrible holocaust.

I see a flaming cross—not the cross of Calvary—but a square cross, such as the prophets of old were often bound upon to prove their powers. I see animals, representing various nations, attack this cross and then fall into the flames below. I see a great two-headed eagle with outstretched talons, clawing at the cross. Instantly, with a great rush of wings, a great dragon swoops across the sky and attacks the eagle. They battle terribly, and fall, together, into the sea. The cross until now, blood red against the clouds of smoke, rising above the devastated earth. As the dragon and the eagle destroy each other, the flames die down, and over the fast disappearing vapor the cross shines out as if it were of pure gold. Beautiful tints illumine the sky; Suddenly, a radiant sun bursts forth behind the cross. Radiant beams flood the universe, the cross turns to silver and then, still shining athwart the sun, becomes transmuted into a radiant electrical light that no words can describe. Its light is more brilliant than the sun, though that sun outshines the sun of today, as the arc-light outshines the candle. Once more, I see a wall of water, deep, and cleansing. It rushes toward the western coast of America; the land is inundated with a mighty rush of waters. As quickly they subside and every evil thing seems washed away. Peace reigns supreme.”

“The wall of deep, green waters cuts off fire, famine and war's red glare, even as they roll toward the coast of the American continent. And now, o'er all the land, where the small brown brother had toiled, tilling the soil in the sweat of his brow; where the idle rich, where the corrupt politicians, the wranglers, the roisterers, the envious and the idle had foresworn the soil, consorting together to rob the man of peace, Benign Power hath washed them away! To the toilers of the soil are given the fruits of the soil. No more shall false testimony be set before



man, no more shall false witness be bought for a song while the very Earth groans in sorrow for her sons.

The Great Spirit watcheth over all; Behold! the cunning foxes, the money barons, the political plotters are caught in their own net. The ways of Truth are wondrous, and the wits of them that worked wickedness are utterly confounded. Truth, righteousness and justice shall prevail.

The flag of universal brotherhood waves over all the land. The flag of freedom shall protect the "brown brother" as well as the white son. The day of the overthrowing of false powers is at hand. Forever silenced shall be the great war engines. No more shall paid perjurers sell the souls of the city for a price. Man-beasts, vicious and cruel that do the bidding of the money-mad, shall be bound with their own bonds, caught in their own chains! They shall cower and shrink under the white light of Truth; the land shall be a free land: to the tillers of the soil, be they brown, or black or white; unto the tillers of the soil shall the fruits thereof be given. Those that are chosen of God are they who labor for other's good, who sleep in the sweetness of work well done.

In times to come, yea, even at hand, I see the furrows, long and brown in seed time, then blooming like the rose, and full laden at harvest. I see mankind as brothers, working there in peace. There is freedom of thought and speech and religion again given to the peoples of this broad earth.

This land of America was given to Ye for a land of peace, yet even here, come the robber-barons to take by force that which is another's. O Ye, Cruel and Rapacious! Ye that would reap where ye have not sown, beware! The Spirit of Justice crieth aloud from the hills and the house-tops.

Your brothers toil in peace, while ye, ye wine-bibbers, ye gamblers, ye white-slave traders, ye War Lords, would put upon them the burden of your own iniquities and your evil ways. Liars and hypocrites! Know ye not that the time of justice is at hand? How long think ye, the innocent shall suffer for the guilty? Such hath been the way of your laws, but such is not the way of God's laws. Behold! the unjust shall fall before the breath of Benign Wisdom. Peace, Power, Strength, Unity, shall encompass all the land. The war cloud gathereth, yet I say unto you, that in all this land consecrated to freedom, the clouds shall be dispelled as evil vapors, like mists before the sun of righteous judgment.

Will ye be obsessed by the Demons of War even while Angels of Peace surround ye, inspiring ye to Love, Truth and Honor? I say unto you that those ye decry, who labor for this nation's serenity, shall not labor in vain. If ye, as men and law-



makers do not uphold Truth, your parties shall fall, but your leaders shall not fall. The Peaceful and Peerless, the Upright and Fearless shall find followers from out of all the land and these shall unite in equal brotherhood, for the welfare and happiness of the whole.

Europe shall fall, the "Old World come to an end" but America, the **New World of Peace and Plenty** shall provide succor and sustenance for the weary and oppressed."

**Note:—Names and addresses of witnesses sent to investigators upon written request to the editor.**

## Futility

By M. E. Ames.

As in the physical world no meanest atom is lost, but finds its place to become of use in some new way, so in the realm of human life even Futility, paradoxical as it may seem, has its use. It is a thing of beauty. It makes the close weaving of the fine pattern of life.

Where vigorous Utility may weave large, with gorgeous coloring and brave figure, rejoicing the world with its glory and enriching it with its worth, gentler Futility sits down to fill its loom with cloth of gold. The woof, the span of life is large. The design is heroic. Futility can not hope to fill it in this world's time. Nevertheless the exquisite pattern is patiently begun. Who but the utterly futile in spirit would begin it, could see, or tarry to weave with thread so fine?

While Utility floods the waiting world with fulfilment, while it multiplies its achievement and astounds the world with the success of the great fabric called 'a full life,' obscure Futility has quietly consumed a mortal life, condensed it and refined it, and, like an alchemist, has changed it into a golden dream.

Then Fate comes by and cuts the thread of life for both,—for Futility with its all unfinished task, for Utility with its magnificent achievement. Straightway Utility's rich fabric becomes the possession of a grateful world. But somewhere, sometime, the connoisseur of life shall find the small fine shred of Futility's gold weave.

What wonder there will be at its undreamed beauty! A whole soul's life in tapestry too exquisite for use on earth? Yes, there is the sheen of pain, there the dim drift of dreams, and the iridescence of pleasure. Blue hazes, glorious sunsets, whiteness of snows, faint rainbows, pale flowers, all wrought from the fibre of life. What transformation of life's tragedies! And wonder of wonders!—the woof was of the plainest stuff, merely the dull cross threads of existence. Who would have believed that Futility herself could be the artist of the Infinite!



# The Aletheia Society

## In Obedience to the Higher Intelligence

**T**EACHES that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or Inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul.

**T**HIS Assembly is a part of the Great Brotherhood visible and Invisible, existent from all time; rising to renewed life in each successive cycle: teaching faith in the Supreme, obedience to the Creator, in All-Truth, All-Love, All-Harmony. Believing in the elimination of personal interests for the good of all humanity.

**A**LETHEIAN, thou must become immune to error, deaf to criticism, mute to censure, impervious to flattery, unmoved by praise, yet giving kindness ever, if thou wouldst walk in the way of Truth.

**T**HINK purely, speak truth only, uplift, hearken to no evil communications, bear no malice, heal the sick, help to raise the fallen, annihilate error, live in charity for all mankind, disseminating only Light, Love and Truth.

## Temple of Truth

**S**PIRITUAL Assembly for the voicing of Truth and the Healing of humanity through spiritual power, in accordance with the teachings of JESUS, THE CHRIST.

**S**TRIVE not only to enter into soul consciousness, but to dwell therein. There shalt thou walk in beauty midst celestial light, while yet thy spirit is united to the mortal flesh... The earth body is but a garment to them that are pure in heart, and as a garment, the spirit may cast off the body and resume it at will. When in silence the spirit is invited to dwell within the living temple of the soul; soul and body become as spirit, receiving and reflecting and radiating all light, all love, all truth.

**W**E invite all readers who earnestly desire the betterment of material and spiritual conditions for the universe to become active members of the Aletheia—or Truth—society. Write to us suggestions that you may have for the universal uplift, here and now. We will gladly co-operate with you as far as lies within our powers. The Aletheian maintains a free reading room, open to all. Address all inquiries to the Secretary—A. S. A. Room 29. 1140 Columbus Avenue, Boston.



## Never Forget That

(1) Dogmas of hereafter fears originated in the economic necessity of the clergy, and are preached only as a means of livelihood.

(2) There is nothing in any book in the world, purporting to be a revelation, nothing in reason or natural law, teaching or showing that there is any credenda to be accepted, rituals to be performed or administered by the clergy, in this world to save the soul and better our condition in another world.

As our present condition depends upon our relation to and conduct under the laws of being, so our future condition will depend upon our relation to and conduct under the laws of being. Virtue and happiness, vice and misery, inseparably connected in every state of existence.

(3) As we find something to do better our condition in this world when we arrive, so, it is likely, we will find something to do in the next when we arrive. And as our happiness here is augmented by the effort to improve and better our condition, so it will be "over there."

(4) Dogmas of theology—the promise of heaven after death for dying while conforming to church creed and ritual, and the threatening of hell after death for refusing to conform to church creed and ritual, are entailed upon the present generation from the night of the past, originated in economic necessity for support of church and clergy when this world benefits were eliminated by an aristocracy of private property; the present clerical class are not blameworthy for honestly believing these dogmas, and preaching them; they are not blameworthy for secretly entertaining honest doubts of their truth when they let their thoughts flow freely. They are not to be blamed for not expressing their doubts, seeing that their living depends upon the popular belief and acceptance of these dogmas.

(5) That the priests and preachers of every nation and religion in the world, are the most exalted minds, the purest and the best of any profession or class of men. They are dominated and controlled by teachings and impressions received from the time they left the cradle, drilled and cautioned not to allow reason to guide, and free thought to flow in the mind, lest the religious teachings entailed from the past become rejected from the mind to the everlasting damnation of the soul. Rev. Barnes, D.D., prominent clergyman and commentator of New Testament, admitted frequent doubts to the cardinal doctrines of theology, attributing these doubts to the devil injecting them in his mind in an effort to damn his soul. This doctrine of a devil is a fundamental and necessary dogma of the theological system and the preacher's honest doubts, while of spiritual origin, are attributed



to the devil on account of the dogmas of theology to which Rev. Barnes' brilliant mind was enslaved.

(6) The theological system or plan of other-world salvation promoted for the support of an ecclesiastical aristocracy, was conceived and grew in the world in obedience to the law of economic determination—as the means by which the clerical class derive a living; this theological system was substituted for the social-economical program of true religion, whether pagan or christian, by which the participants sought salvation from the evils of this world and not from the evils of another.

**And never forget that** there is not one scrap of authority in reason, natural law, or any purported revelation that there is any program imposed upon mankind, religious, economic political or social, that must be followed in this world for the salvation of the soul in another world.

—By Thomas W. Woodrow.

### THE TRUE BASIS

One person's reasoning powers may be equally as good as another's, but all individuals are not gifted with the same viewpoint.

Two persons may have equally good powers and equally normal reason.

If one finds a true base his reason will bring him to a true conclusion, but if he start from a false premise he must arrive at a false conclusion—If a sign-post points to Boston and you follow the indication you will arrive at Boston—if **you keep going**. Should someone come along and turn the sign in the opposite direction you will never arrive in Boston: yet your reasoning power is every whit as good as that of the person who did get there by **following the correct indication**. You in following the false "pointer" will merely have to retrace your steps; this you will never do until you can admit to yourself that you have taken the wrong direction.

"Start again."

—E. J. Searle.

"Human life, at its best, is but an imperfect expression, through brain and nerve organs, of the superior spiritual self. But let this inner spirit be inspired to assume supremacy, and the heart will be immediately open to conviction. Since by mental suggestion a given individual may be rendered responsive to good impulses, it is incontestably right to use this instrumentality as a means even of conveying to the soul ideas of sin and grace. We do not thereby regenerate the soul, or claim any such intent; we simply place it in a position to receive that which can regenerate it," says John D. Quackenbos, A.M. M.D., of New York City.



## THE ALETHEIAN—ADVERTISING SECTION

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### A MESSAGE TO TRUTH SEEKERS

The time has arrived to rally under progressive leaders. Write "PROGRESSION" on the WHITE FLAG OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH and make yourselves worthy to carry the flag. Be united, fighting only foes of truth, happiness and peace. You cannot grow GREAT while wasting your forces with the small things of earth life..

AWAKE! Throw off the Spirits of unrest that make conditions wrong for your beautiful work. Let PURE ENLIGHTENMENT enter in. Cleanse the temples of your souls and make them a fit abiding place for the pure white spirit of the Master.

There are Hosts of Souls looking for the light: for the Rainbow of peace that shall proclaim "the storms have passed; the ship of Truth is in smooth waters; safe in the harbor of Peace, floating the White Flag of Eternal Progress from her masthead."

Our Master has given us the choicest gift in the treasury of Good Gifts. The wonderful power of Soul-Seeing. Have you done the best you could with the talents with which he has entrusted you? Much shall be required of us, for the Master himself has pointed out the way. Woe be unto him who places a stumbling-block in his brother's path.

Let the WHITE DOVE of Peace hover over your camps; let love and truth be your watch-words. Hold counsel with one another in tolerance; let love and peace prevail.

Remember the command of the Master; and "love one another even as he loveth you."

Catharine J. Flynn

---

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- (2) The right of every man and woman to the means by which they work.
- (3) The right of workers to rule—make and administer all laws.
- (4) Therefore the right of every man and woman to exercise political power by the elective franchise.
- (5) Those who serve "for man's sustaining" in fields, factories, mines, mills, workshops and places of labor, are the only "Servants of our God"—the only "Saints of the Most High" to whom "judgment (franchise) is given" by which they will "possess the kingdom (government)" (Dan. 7) and "reign on earth."
- (6) Social Democracy THE PLAN OF SALVATION OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY—Salvation from the evil in this world, not from evil in another.
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There are no bonds, mortgages, or other securities outstanding against The Aletheian Magazine.

I, Frances A. H. Dilopoulo, being duly sworn, depose and say that the foregoing statement is true of my own knowledge.

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THE ALETHEIAN offers a prize of TEN DOLLARS for the best record of a prophetic vision written by a subscriber and published in this magazine during the year 1914.

All "Visions" accepted will be given a yearly subscription to **The Aletheian**, and are also eligible for the \$10.00 prize.

No manuscript should contain less than one hundred, nor more than three hundred words.

These visions may either have been received in dreams or through clairvoyant or clairaudiant transmission.

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"Prophetic Visions" will be accepted for each number of **The Aletheian**. Those intended for the January number must be sent in before December 25th, 1914.

When the final number for the year has appeared, a committee will vote to decide which record is of the greatest excellence. The winner will then receive the special prize of TEN DOLLARS in addition to the subscription which begins upon publication of each Vision.

This offer is open to all readers of **The Aletheian**. All manuscripts not accepted will be promptly returned if accompanied by postage for that purpose.

WATCH FOR THE JANUARY  
**ALETHEIAN**

---



# Truth

**F**ROM *The* AGES  
OH TRUTH,  
From *The* Ages  
long past hath man sought  
thee. In the future to come  
will he seek. In visions of  
light God hath wrought to  
unfold all the wisdom of  
sage *and* of seer. Look  
then with the eyes of the  
soul, oh my brother, look  
deep with the far-seeing  
soul. All the sorrow *and*  
sinning the world would  
uncover shall fade by the  
light of the radiant soul!  
*The* spirit illumines, the  
soul holds the light, the  
mortal the torch bearer is.  
Inexpressible privilege, to  
carry the light; Oh won-  
drous guerdon, to so cheer  
the world! Who tells you  
that suffering is bitter,  
knows not the joy of wak-  
ing to strength through  
trial. Love *and* be loved  
oh Children of Earth. Love  
*and* give love. For this thou  
wer't born, to follow thine  
All-Highest Light. *✿ ✿*



—ALETHEIA.