

THE DAWN

"AT SUNRISE EVERY SOUL IS BORN AGAIN."

ASPIRE!

Laugh like a boy to splendors that have sped;
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Tho' deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future pages white as snow.

—WALTER MALONE.

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THE DAWN

Volume I.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1910

Number 2.

DEATH

Our Apotheosis.

QUAN is a god in embryo. Foetal life would be a useless and senseless thing if it did not eventuate in the birth of an independent being. And our present physical life would be a useless and senseless thing if it did not eventuate in the birth of an immortal soul. At birth we enter upon a new and altogether superior condition of life. And at death we enter upon a still higher and superior state of existence. At birth we enter this physical world, endowed with such physical senses as will enable us to develop our higher characteristics, if rightly educated. And just as our pre-natal life was an elementary preparation of the body for its present independent physical existence, so our present physical condition is merely an elementary preparation of our higher spiritual nature for its superior condition of life after the death of the body.

Death, instead of being the end of life, is the starting point of our immortal existence. Here and now we are more or less influenced by our physical surroundings. But in the higher spheres of existence our own characters are the sole determining factors of our standing in life. The basis of all religions is the belief that we are so weak and sinful that we need some outside help—that is,

an external god or savior to make us what we ought to be. This is like fitting a baby with crutches when it is too young to walk. The result is that the baby never will walk as long as it relies on artificial assistance. A baby must develop its own powers of locomotion or become a cripple.

Among the ancients it was generally supposed that great men, after death, became gods and continued to take an interest in their welfare. This is the dominant idea throughout Homer's works. The idea itself is fundamentally true. But, like all imperfectly understood subjects, there was so much error—so many ideas that were not true—mixed in with the truth that priestcraft had a fruitful field in which to ply its trade. It is one of the wonders of human nature that it wants its religion ready made, so that it will not have to do any thinking or worrying about its future condition. It is more mystifying than a Chinese puzzle to try to figure out what the ordinary human being considers his life to be, or for what purpose he lives at all.

All religions are founded on a basis of truth. But by the time any of them become established as a general form of religion they become mere ceremonial customs with the truth all squeezed out of them. Christianity is no exception to the general rule. If, when young, we were left to follow our own intuitions in regard to our inner life, the human race would long ago have been emancipated from its present degraded condition. We look back on the so-called Dark Ages and bemoan the benighted condition of our forefathers, and then we proceed to force on our children the very laws and customs and religion which our degraded ancestors bequeathed to us. It is true that the Truth is the same in all ages, but our religion is not true.

Nature works on one general line to accomplish her purposes. We all pass through the same general processes of development. The Universal Dictionary defines a chrysalis as the last stage through which most insects pass before reaching their perfect state. And as a second, figurative meaning: "Applied to the state of man while in this world: the soul enclosed in the body being compared to the perfect insect enclosed in its case."

"This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death."

—Tennyson

This accounts for man's undying aspirations for something higher, freer and better than this life can possibly give him. So far there is no conflict among thinking people as to the real purpose of human life. The real conflict of human opinion is as to the means or methods of reaching this desirable condition. All the generally accepted systems for our regeneration are based on the assumption that we are too weak and degraded to work out our own salvation.

A new-born baby is too weak to walk; a nestling bird is too weak to fly; but they will both develop the necessary strength in time, without the help of any system of physical culture. Just as a grape-seed and an apple-seed will produce different kinds of fruit by developing the latent powers, each within itself, so the baby will walk and the birdling fly by developing their own inherent powers. The same principle governs the unfolding of the attributes of our higher, spiritual life.

The attributes of godhood are potentially within each one of us. But these attributes do not pertain to the body. They are essential characteristics of the soul. Our bodies are rooted in the earth, they are composed of the matter of the earth; and their functions are chiefly employed in so manipulating suitable materials of the earth as will build up the body when young and keep it in repair when old. The main part of the body is simply a sewer; and even the veins carry sewerage to the lungs to be cast out with every breath we expire. The body is born to die; for the elements of decay and death are within it from the moment of its inception. Why, then should we be so loath to part with it? The body is merely the scaffolding which we use temporarily while we are developing the soul. We must take down the scaffold—remove our own body before we can reach a state of full development, and become, what Nature intends us to become,—a living, self-reliant soul or spirit having within itself the all-sufficient power to get everything which it requires for its own perpetual welfare.

Like sheep, we have all gone astray because we have been childishly expecting somebody or something outside ourselves to come and help us. When we receive this outside help it is no good to us. It undermines our self-reliance and paralyzes our own powers of self-help. We still keep on expecting this extraneous assistance. And when the bouyaney of youth has passed we settle

down with the conviction that the world owes us a living. The world owes us nothing. It is our duty to make our own living, under any and all circumstances.

But it is with our higher, spiritual natures that this feeling of helpless dependency works such dire results. From our earliest infancy we are taught that we are such miserable sinners that it is absolutely necessary for us to be saved by the particular saviour that saved our parents. The world has had a great many saviours, but the only genuine one is the one our parents happened to have. If our parents were Jews, or Buddhists, or Christians, we must have a saviour to match their religion, or be damned. But the result is the same in any case—we shall never be saved until we save ourselves. We are only fooling ourselves as long as we put the blame for our misfortunes on others. Life is a complex problem, but it is the universal testimony of those who have looked behind the scenes that it is not an accident. However depressing and irksome our immediate surroundings may seem, they can be used to strengthen our character and to assist our advancement.

The unseen world immediately surrounds us, and it is none the less real if we fail absolutely to realize its existence. We should gradually learn the truth as our minds unfold if we were not shut off from making investigations in this direction by our early training. Our physical consciousness depends on the activity of the brain. Early impressions are recorded there and after a great many repetitions we come to regard them as unassailable truths. Thus a Christian accepts Christianity as true, simply because his mind was so impressed in his childhood. Man is a monomaniac on the subject of his religion; he not only believes his religion is necessary for his own salvation, but he is just as firm in his belief that his religion is necessary for your salvation also.

When a man is old enough to begin the battle of life, he soon realizes that he has some unseen foe or some hidden obstacles in his path which, somehow or other, seem to nullify his most strenuous efforts at advancement. He generally simplifies the matter by confining his effort to meet his most urgent needs—to earning a living and making his surroundings as comfortable as possible. And, also very generally, when he succeeds in doing this, if he does succeed, he is too old or too much engrossed in daily affairs to pay much attention to his higher life. His mind

has all the worry it can stand in keeping his business and social affairs in a manageable condition. So he places his soul's affairs in the custody of a minister or priest who knows just as little about the matter as he does himself. In spiritual matters it is just as true to-day as it was in biblical times that "darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people."

But however much we may shirk the lessons of life, it is absolutely certain that, sooner or later, in this world or the next, we shall realize the fact that we must work out our own salvation. This is the critical moment of our lives, when we start on the right road and know that however difficult the journey may be we are certain to arrive safely at the end. That end is the complete attainment of our aspirations. The purpose of living is to develop the powers and attributes within ourselves, not to strive to imitate other persons, no matter how great or good those persons may be.

Latent within us are the germs of godhood, which we must nurture and develop by exercise—that is, by trusting in our higher aspirations. Christ expresses this idea when he tells his disciples that if they had as much faith as a grain of mustard seed they could do greater things than he had done. It is our mistrust of ourselves which is at the root of all our misfortunes and failures. We must have faith in ourselves. When we first leave home to start in the battle of life on our own account, we soon begin to realize that what may be called our temporal affairs rest on a very insecure foundation. A man with a trade finds it very difficult to get work sometimes. A business man often meets with reverses. Even a capitalist sometimes strikes a snag which wrecks his fortune. This problem is thrust on the attention of every thinking man who studies his every-day affairs. We seek to avoid this uncertainty in our every-day welfare in the easiest way; so we try to accumulate a little money, or get a piece of real estate, or get a government job, so that we will not have to worry about making a living. If we ever reach a condition in life where we feel we are not subject to the ordinary vicissitudes of our fellow-mortals, we are in a bad way—because this sense of security in material things sounds the death-knell of our higher life.

This feeling of insecurity with our present condition is perfectly natural. This earth and all which it contains, including our bodies, will pass away. But we—our real selves, our souls—will live forever. And therefore we shall never find that feeling of

security which our souls crave until we rest our faith on the foundations of all life—the soul, or psychic entity within us. Each living soul creates its own body. It successfully conducted us through the great transformation which occurred at our birth. It transforms our food into living energy. It constantly strives to keep our body in a healthy condition, though it is hard work, for it has to work with very refractory materials. Our soul knows that in a few years it will be unable to longer keep the body alive. But it also knows that its work will have been successful if it can bring us to realize the fact that our body is no longer necessary.

When we have learnt the paramount lesson of life—that we are but pilgrims in this world passing through it to our home-world—the inner-space, or fourth dimension—then we shall know what that faith is which can remove mountains; then we shall find the peace which passeth understanding; then we shall feel that sense of security which no amount of invested wealth or insurance can give us. When we reach this state of absolute dependence on the powers of our own soul we shall no longer be afraid of death, for we shall know that it is merely a transformation through which we pass in order to adapt ourselves to the higher and far better and more glorious condition of things which appertain to the life in the world of spirits. If these things seem strange to you it is because you have taken your ideas of a future life from those who took theirs from somebody else, who received theirs cut and dried and mummified. The Truth is within you. Dig it out.

THE DEVIL.

The devil is not as black as he is painted. A devil is simply a misleading spirit. Shakespeare has given us a perfect example of a devil in the character of Iago, in the play of "Othello." If you will divest Iago of his body, and look upon his words when conversing with Othello, as suggestions entering into Othello's mind when he is soliloquizing with himself, you will then place Othello in that relation to his familiar spirit which you and I and every other human being occupies. It does not matter what you think about it. It is a living fact that a good many of what you consider your own thoughts are merely the suggestions of your familiar spirits.

THERE IS NOTHING UNKNOWNABLE



HERE is no such thing as the unknowable. There are many things unknown to us at present; but to say that certain things can never be known by us (and this seems to be assumed by Herbert Spencer) is preposterous. But whatever may be the difficulties of our obtaining a full knowledge of the extent of the universe, or the nature of the primary forces which regulate and sustain it, there is certainly no difficulty in obtaining a full and complete knowledge of ourselves, if we have the necessary intelligence, and use it in the right way. The intelligence of the human race, as a whole, is not high. The simplest mind can understand that one and one are two, and that two and two are four; but the higher mathematical processes carry no kind of demonstration to the average mind. It is, therefore, not to be expected that the average mind will be capable of mentally working out the problems of its own existence. All animals, from the highest to the lowest, have minds and souls, just as we have, but they do not worry about the future life, although they are just as immortal as we are. Their mental development is not sufficient to induce them to break loose from the control of their own souls, which breaking loose in our case constitutes the biblical fall of man. Instinct in animals is the voice of their own souls, and as all souls are in constant and also in indissoluble communion with the universal source of life (God); it may be said to be the voice of God. If Jesus ever said, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" he was mistaken, for it is impossible for God to forsake any living thing. It is certain that we have descended or ascended from the very lowest form of life. We are the embodiment or fruitage of a long line of ancestors whose varied experiences make us what we are. It is, therefore, simply idiotic for us to try to imitate anybody else, whether it be Jesus Christ or Mr. Rockefeller. Our only hope of happiness and success is in being ourselves. Our minds and consciousness are physical attributes and deal with physical things; our souls are superphysical (psychical), and live in a peculiar world. The soul is the real living thing within us and the controlling force of all the functions of the body, just as God is the source of all the general forces of the universe. The physical universe is the body of God. We are, therefore, little gods, with our bodies for our universe. But we differ

from God in possessing individuality, mind, consciousness, and will. God cannot change his mind, for he has no mind. God cannot make plans and then carry them out, for he must of necessity do as he is doing because undeviating LAW is the very nature of his being.

When the soul of our first ancestor separated from God it lost the attributes of infinity and gained individuality. Ever since that time we have been gaining experience; i. e., the experiences of each of our ancestors have been added to what he or she inherited from his or her parents. Therefore, our life is the sum of the lives and experiences of our ancestors, plus the unlimited capacity for knowing and indestructibility of its living power, which we inherit from God. It follows, then, that as the individual experiences of our ancestors differ from the experiences of other people's ancestors we must necessarily differ from other people. We cannot therefore be like Christ, nor like anybody else, and we ought not to try to imitate anybody else.

The soul of every living thing (man or microbe) is all-sufficient for its own well-being, happiness and salvation. Self-reliance is the secret of right living. Our emancipation from the thralldom of circumstances is within our own power. The full enjoyment of life is the portion of those only who realize fully the truth of St. Paul's saying, "Every man is a law unto himself."

We talk of the everlasting hills and the uncertainty of human life, when as a matter of fact the human soul—i. e., your soul and mine—is more stable than the stars of the firmament. We are not the vacillating creatures we appear to be, and our real characters are not of our making. What our parents were was determined by their parents, and our intrinsic characteristics are determined by the combined characteristics of our parents united in us. Rightly born—i. e., under normal conditions—all children should be superior to their parents because they inherit the best qualities of both. But for children to be rightly born, their parents must be rightly mated. The only right form of marriage is that which is founded on the laws of nature, and unites man and woman as naturally as planets and their satellites are united. Any religious rite or legal formality that interferes with this natural union can be productive of nothing but evil.

No man can justly censure another, because indeed no man truly knows another.—Browne.

THE LOVE OF HELOISE

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said;
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law;
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

FLYING IN DREAMS

The sensation of flying is one of the earliest to appear in the dreams of childhood. It seems to become less frequent after middle age. Beaunis states that in his case it ceased at the age of 50. It is sometimes the last sensation at the moment of death.

To rise, to fall, to glide away, has often been the last conscious sensation recalled by those who seemed to be dying, but have afterward been brought back to life. Pieron has noted this sensation at the moment of death in a number of cases, usually accompanied by a sense of well-being. The cases he describes were mostly tuberculous, and included individuals of both sexes and with atheistic as well as religious beliefs.

In all the last sensation to which expression was given was one of flying, of upward movement. In some death was peaceful, in others painful. In one case a girl died clasping the iron bars of the bed, in horror of being borne upward. Pieron associates this sensation of rising and floating in dreams and with that of moving upward and resting on the air experienced by persons in the ecstatic state. In all these cases alike life is being concentrated in the brain and central organs, while the outlying districts of the body are becoming numb and dead.

Dream flight, it is necessary to note, is not usually the sustained flight of bird or an insect, and the dreamer rarely or never imagines that he is borne high into the air. Hutchinson states that of all those whom he has asked about the matter, "hardly one has ever known himself to make any high flights in his dreams. One almost always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly, but only slightly, above the heads of pedestrians."

Beaunis—from his own experience—describes a typical kind of dream flight as a series of light bounds at one or two yards above the earth, each bound clearing from ten to twenty yards, the dream being accompanied by a delicious sensation of ease and movement as well as a lively satisfaction at being able to solve the problem of aerial locomotion by virtue of superior organization alone.

Lafcadio Hearn somewhat similarly describes in his "Shadowings" a typical and frequent dream of his own as a series of bounds in long, parabolic curves, rising to a height of some twenty-five feet, and always accompanied by the sense that a new power had been revealed which for the future would be a permanent possession.—Atlantic Magazine.

It is perfectly natural for children to fly, or rather float in their dreams. But it is not natural for these experiences to cease at fifty, or at any other age. The cause of their disappearance in old persons is the advancing rigidity of the body. In childhood the body is buoyant and elastic to the growing demands of the spirit. When we reach the so-called prime of life, we have reached the limit of the body's usefulness to our development. We ought now to die and go on with our normal development in the superphysical

world, or fourth dimension. But we are too cowardly to do this; so we allow the physical decay of the body to cramp the natural growth of the soul, and reduce us to a state of senility.

The normal method of motion in the psychic state is a floating or swimming motion, not a flying one. It is immaterial whether we enter this psychic state in a dream or after death, we do not and cannot take our body with us. The medium which we enter in this superphysical state is of the same density as ourselves. Hence, we move about in it as a fish moves about in the ocean. It would be perfectly natural, therefore, for a dying person to realize a floating sensation, for that is exactly the condition we pass into when we die. A very sick person would also partially realize this condition; for the sicker we are the nearer we get to the fourth dimension, or psychic world.

Occasionally I have gone long distances in this way; going from one town to another, passing over houses and trees on the journey. But these experiences have always been premonitory to traveling or moving from one place to another. Indeed, all my dreams for the last twenty or twenty-five years have prefigured some future event. But I have never yet been able to tell what the event would be, nor when it would occur. And however far we may seem to travel, I don't suppose we ever get very far away from our own body. One night, just after the great fire here in San Francisco, I had just gone to bed, in almost total darkness, when the walls of the room seemed to recede, and there came floating in through the open window a school of monsters with shark's bodies and brutalized human heads. They were all blear-eyed and besotted to the lowest depths of degradation—that is, all except one. This one had the same shark's body as the others, but his head was finely shaped and crowned with an abundance of black hair. He also had a luxuriant black beard, and his face was such as might belong to a highly intelligent man in the prime of life. While this manfish did not seem to notice me in any way, he was evidently the leader of the crowd. After swimming around for awhile they receded to the far side of the room, and after turning round so as to face me they fixed their vicious little eyes on me and came at me at full speed. My first impulse, in my fright, was to jump up and strike a light, for I knew this would disperse them. This is just what they wanted me to do; and what I have been doing for the last thirty years or more. Every time we run away from them—

no matter what form they come in—we give them the chance to corner us another time. As soon as I realized this I stood my ground. They came at me as if they would tear me to pieces, but just before they reached me they veered round and went back. They reformed in line and came at me again some five or six times; but after the first time I realized they could not hurt me. They then all floated out through the open windows as noiselessly as they had floated in, and I knew that I had won a great spiritual victory.

The reason why we try to make a flying motion of it is because our physical ideas are more or less prominently with us in our dreams. I was once trying to get out of a large hall, in which I was confined. I was flying all about the place, using my arms as wings, and looking for an opening through which to pass. I could fly up to the ceiling and around the place, but I could not use my hands to open a window, so I could not get out. But I am quite satisfied that the motions of my arms were of no more assistance to my flying movements than are the tongue-biting grimaces which some people indulge when they are cutting anything with a pair of shears. It is merely a sympathetic motion of the arms due to our physical ideas of what we ought to do when flying. But in reality, we neither fly nor swim. The volitional effort which we put forth to raise an arm or to walk is all-sufficient to propel us in any direction we desire to go in superspace. We say "as free as air" because of our physical limitations. We cannot go down because the earth prevents us; if we walk about, it exhausts us, so we want to fly. After death this perfect freedom of motion is our inalienable possession.

THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

The Edinburgh school board has recently circulated among parents a booklet on the evils of juvenile smoking, calling attention to its effects upon morals and physique of the young, earnestly requesting those interested to co-operate with the board in checking the prevalence of smoking among young boys. This is the second great attempt in the British Isles to stamp out the cigarette habit among school children. Only a short time ago the London board instructed its teachers "to do all in their power to discourage the evil practice of smoking by juveniles."—School Journal.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY

Auto-Suggestion.

DUMEROUS examples of auto-suggestions have been cited which show how a sensation can be created by pure mental representation. I will cite one of them which is typical. A healthy man is present at an operation performed upon his brother, which consists of straightening, when under chloroform, a twisted knee. At the moment in which, under the treatment of the surgeon, the joint straightens itself with a snap, who is it who feels the pain? It is not the patient, plunged in sleep, but his brother, and he retains this painful affection for years!

When one has fully grasped the power of fancy one understands how nervous ills can arise from the contagion of example. In the Middle Ages it was seen that nearly all the women of a town fell into hysterical crises and unanimously gave themselves up to foolish dances.

Even today we see hysteria under the form of a kind of dance of St. Guy invade boarding-schools for little girls. It has been seen at Basle and at Baden within a few years. In the settlement of Kehrsatz thirty girls were taken with pains in the joints and convulsive movements of the arms and legs. It was necessary to isolate them, to separate them from each other, in order to stop this epidemic of nervousness.

You all know the contagion of yawning and of the involuntary grimaces which our children make when they are present at the tricks of a clown or in a theater of marionettes. They live through all the scenes, they feel the sensations so fully that they spontaneously translate them by gesture and mimicry.

Even we, adults of sedate mind, shed tears at the theater when we know that all which passes before our eyes is fictitious, imaginary, and that we need not pity the fate of the heroes. Our voices tremble when reading an affecting page, even when it is from a work of pure imagination; even when the recital has no historical foundation and awakens no retrospective sympathy.

This human suggestibility, already so marked when it regards pure sensation, becomes extreme as soon as emotion is joined to it.

Fear establishes itself, pessimistic thoughts crop up, and it is then that one verifies apropos of the least indisposition the enormous influence of the mind, not only over the sensations, but also over the organic functions.

There are no organs which escape this influence, for all the organs have nerves and are in intimate relation with the cerebral center.

Not only tears (the habitual means of emotional expression) can flow, but the heart beats more quickly or more irregularly, the breathing is accelerated, becomes panting, the face pales or flushes; the appetite goes, the digestive functions are deranged, and we know the effect upon the intestines of a child, even upon those of a soldier, which the well-known sentiment of fear can have.

Emotion, as a river which has broken its bounds, spreads itself everywhere in different torrents and can carry trouble into the working of all our organs. At the same time emotion fatigues. It does not only create functional trouble by the vivacity of the mental representations to which it leads; it engenders also, by nervous exhaustion, real sensations, disagreeable or painful, which furnish new food to the unquiet mind of the patient, give rise to other fears, other vexatious auto-suggestions.

One can thus understand how a passing and trivial sensation which should have been neglected and would have disappeared if one had voluntarily distracted his attention, persists, increases in the mind of the person, leads to unhealthy fear, and gives birth to troubles which are disproportioned to the first cause.

There are no imaginary sick people; they all suffer and are worthy of our compassion. But there are legions of these sick in whom the most careful examination can verify no physical trouble, to whom one can deliver a favorable certificate for the life insurance company, and who during months and years, and often through all life, suffer martyrdom and present the most curious functional troubles.

It is owing to their sensibility and their exaggerated emotionism that they must go through a life of infirmity. Such an one who has felt a weight in his stomach, has seen his tongue coated, believes himself afflicted with a cancer, and from that time uneasy and fearful, he experiences all the subjective symptoms of that disease. It is often difficult to rescue him from this fixed idea which constitutes all the disease.

Nothing is more frequent than to see patients who, under pretext that they have a dilatation of the stomach, which is now the fashionable disease, submit for years to a painful and debilitating regimen. And this dyspepsia is so much of mental origin, so much imaginary in its mode of development, that often the doctor who possesses a sufficient gift of persuasion can gradually restore these invalids to their ordinary food. It is the same with the working of the heart.

A woman is taken, no one knows why, perhaps under the empire of a forgotten nightmare, with palpitations. She has, for example, one hundred pulsations. Forthwith she asks herself what is the matter, she is frightened, fears a mortal swoon; if unhappily some one of her family, of her acquaintance, has died of heart disease the anxiety appears still more justifiable. The family circle also become frightened and agitated, which is not tranquilizing for the invalid. Now as emotion suffices to make the heart beat faster, the pulse mounts to one hundred and twenty. At this figure the anguish is still more marked, the emotion increases, and the pulse reaches one hundred and forty. I have seen it rise to two hundred through this succession of increasing emotions. Then the doctor is called in, often in the middle of the night. He comes good-naturedly, although sometimes sorry to have been awakened out of his sleep. He examines carefully, questions, feels the pulse, takes the temperature. There is no organic trouble, only the nervous beating of the heart. He gives his advice tranquilly, supports his opinion with encouraging examples, affirms that there is no danger, that no one dies of this. Little by little conversation with the invalid becomes more easy and cheerful, pleasantries follow, a smile appears upon the lips of the patient, the relations become calm, and if the doctor has well filled the role of consoler the pulse has already become slower, the agony has ceased, and the patient will sleep for the rest of the night without the necessity for awakening the chemist at the corner.—“The Influence of the Mind on the Body,” by Doctor Paul Dubois.

Keep your eyes steadily fixed on the great reality of death, and all other things will shrink to their true proportions.—Epicurus.

Good character is property.—Samuel Smiles.

GIVE NATURE A CHANCE.

VES, give Nature a chance. In this rush and hurry age poor old Mother Nature is too often set to one side, or pushed to the wall entirely. True, she is slow, but she is safe and sure, and should not be supplanted by any old fad or artifice that comes along. Nature nowadays doesn't have half a chance to breathe, eat or sleep, as she wants to. She is often bound by her garments. She must eat wrong things at wrong times because social custom says so. She must keep late hours and be cheated of her needed rest and sleep because society sets the pace. She has to hurry up and go at this or that with almost feverish haste and nervous strain. There seems to be no time for anything to be done in a rational, safe and sane way. Everybody, from the baker to the banker, from the milkman to the merchant, is ever on the rush, as if he had but a minute more to live.

And what is it all for? Money, money! More money! And what is saved in dimes is often lost in digestion and overtaxed nerves.

Now, does it really pay? Is life worth living under such pressure? The frequency of suicides seems to say that it is not. Poor Nature is despoiled of her birthright all around, and the pity is that it is the unneeded, the artificial wants, that are crowding her to the limit. How foolish in us to allow it! We have no confidence in her ability to do things in the right way, just as if the Great Architect of all creation didn't know his business when he made her.

Even Motherhood, given the divinest love and trust in the created universe, deliberately sets aside Nature's dearest law and turns her baby from the breast which holds its very life and health to the too-often death-dealing bottle. How can she do it?

And again, in the cosmetic-bedaubed faces of women behold how Nature has been insulted. Faces which she had made to be clean and beautiful, gleaming with brightness and health! Beauty comes from within, and the more we daub and fill up the natural avenues of Nature's house-cleaning, airing and beautifying, why the worse we look.

Why not trust Nature and her way of doing things? Certainly Nature, like any other machine, has to be given time and opportunity or the wheels cannot go round. Why not simplify our liv-

ing, and keep in touch with Mother Nature? Let us not lose the substantial things of life in the superabundance of condiments and jimeracks. Give Nature time and not rush her to death, and she will prove the best friend we ever had.—The Columbus Medical Journal.

FAITH CURE.

In his address before the Medical Club of Philadelphia a short while ago Mr. Gilder, editor of the Century, urged "the establishment of an institute for the investigation of faith cure and other treatments not recognized by the medical profession."

His suggestion should not be passed over lightly, for such things constitute a problem which should be solved, and that, too, by medical men. In all of these faith fads and fancies there is an element of truth which should be freed from the abominable errors that becloud it.

If the solution is ever found it must come from the study of man as a dual creature, spirit and matter, spirit a unit, and material body a union. Life, not alone of man, but of the lower animals also, is the mystic union of spirit and matter. This mystic union we may never understand, nor can we ever know how the spirit of man differs from the spirit of the lower animals. As human intuition and intelligence are higher than animal instinct, so is the spirit of man more exalted than the spirit of the beast.

The material parts of all the members of the animal kingdom are subject to disease and death. Whether the spirit of the lower animals can combat disease and delay death may be seriously doubted. That the spirit of man can help the organs of the body to fight disease and delay the oncoming of death must be conceded; and, on the contrary, the spirit of man, in some of its moods, may weaken the fight of the physical body against disease, and even hasten the hour of dissolution, the breaking of the mystic union between spirit and matter.

To know that one has the nature to be good, and the power to show it, and the will to let it be seen, is to be able to build the noblest and truest kind of character.—Helen Van Anderson.

ALL GODS ARE SELF MADE

We often read about self-made men—there is really no other kind. Until a man is self-made he has not arrived at a state of manhood—he is in a state of psychic immaturity. When a man arrives at psychic maturity he becomes a god. In this condition he is ready to enter Paradise. In this state he knows what he wants and how to get it. He is no office-seeker, for he occupies the position he is exactly fitted for; and no person in Paradise could possibly desire any other position than the one he fills. Desire and the power to satisfy our desires go hand in hand in Paradise. We are what we want to be—we do whatever we want to do—we have all the power we can make use of—and no person there could desire any power he could not use.

A god is a man who has emancipated himself and triumphed over all those difficulties which constitute our circumstances and environment, and which the Bible classifies under the term “the world, the flesh, and the devil.” All Biblical writers, and all other authors who have possessed any spiritual insight, have recognized the various evils and difficulties which we all have to contend with in the battle of life; but they were all at sixes and sevens when it came to providing a remedy. Hence, the world’s various religions, saviours, and emancipators. Some of them, like Jesus, St. Paul, and Shakespeare, have recognized the fact that a man is in some way responsible for his own salvation; but all of them, except Shakespeare, have been fearful of our fate unless we got some kind of a boost on our way to glory. This is a fatal mistake. You never can go right unless you go alone. Don’t ask which way to go. Use your own faculties and start on the way to Paradise now. You can’t go in the wrong direction if you make yourself more reliable, and less dependent on others. As a child crawls before it can walk, so your progress will be slow at first. But don’t be afraid to let go of your circumstances, and strike out for freedom. Liberty is a personal quality—not a matter of declarations, proclamations, and constitutions. And personal liberty is the only condition in which we can advance in spiritual strength and reach the stature of godhood.

Death hangs over thee while thou livest; while it is in thy power be good.—Aurelius.

OXYGEN AS A FOOD.

In the numerous articles, in newspaper and magazine, concerning diet, what we should eat and what we should not eat, there is seldom a word about oxygen as food. The fact is, oxygen as we find it in fresh air is one of the most important elements in the human body.

Much, of course, has been said about the necessity of breathing fresh air, but people generally have the idea that air is needed only for the lungs, that it is the lungs alone that we breathe for. They do not follow the air, or the oxygen of the air, from the lungs through the blood to the tissues and organs of the body where the real work is done. It is the oxygen that acts upon the food we eat and changes it into tissue. If there is not enough oxygen present to burn up the food, then the food becomes a waste product, ferments, and acts as poison in the system, giving rise to various diseases.

Oftentimes the sole cause of dyspepsia is a lack of oxygen, fresh air. Many people who are continually troubled with indigestion and who complain of their food disagreeing with them, might find themselves entirely cured of their troubles if they would get outdoors every day and exercise and get sufficient oxygen to burn up the food they have eaten. Not only should outdoor exercise be taken everyday, but the air should be kept pure, night and day, in the home and in the office.

It is a well known fact that the outdoor laborer can eat and digest food that the indoor man would not dare tackle. And why is this? Simply because the man who labors outdoors gets exercise and oxygen enough to burn up the food he has eaten, and it is metamorphosed into blood and tissue, while the indoor man, should he eat as the outdoor man eats, would find himself suffering from all manner of ill resulting from the lack of combustion of food, leaving in his system waste products which cannot be carried off rapidly enough by the eliminating organs and thus clogging the whole system.

If you are troubled with indigestion, can't digest what you eat, try mixing a little more oxygen with your food. Get out every day and walk, ride, skate, play ball or golf or engage in some other

form of outdoor exercise, breathing deeply of fresh air, and see if your food doesn't digest better, your body be less sluggish, and your mind more active.

IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.

That animals have souls is taught in the scriptures although King James' translators have made every effort to deny the fact, all lovers of animals will be glad to read the following statement from Prof. Chas. L. Irus, A. M., M. D., of Yale:

"It seems a duty to call special attention to the no doubt well meant, but unjustifiable efforts of King James' translators to make their version teach the doctrine that man has a soul which animals have not. The Hebrew word 'nephesh' (soul) when referring to man, they were willing to translate literally; but when the same is used of animals, that fact they must by all means cover up by substituting some other word. We have seen the Hebrew words, in Gen. ii:7, since it is applied to man, is given literally; but for the same Hebrew words, in Gen. i :20 and 30, where animals are spoken of, we have the English word 'life.' Many persons who profess to believe the scriptures and live according to their teachings are guilty of causing suffering to our dumb friends; ministers have turned their cats out to starve when they left for a vacation and professors and physicians have been guilty of nameless cruelty in the practice of vivisection. Vivisection means the cutting, and maiming of living things, in which the eyes, brains and hearts have been cut out for curiosity or for casual examination, etc. Certainly if the doctrine of the immortality of animals is accepted from a scriptural standpoint, it will result in better treatment for the dumb creatures."—E. E. C. In "Suggestion."

MEDIUMSHIP IS OBSESSION.

Don't crave to be a medium—that is, a so-called spirit medium. A medium is a tool of designing spirits. Don't ask anybody to tell your fortune; carve out your own fortune, and make your life as you want it to be. Don't appeal to God, for God only helps those who first help themselves. Don't think your misfortunes entitle you to God's special consideration. They do not. Your misfor-

tunes are your own affair, and you have within you a soul which will turn them into benefits and make you wiser and stronger for having triumphed over them. Mediums are unable to help themselves. How, then, can they possibly help you? Physician, heal thyself! He that governs himself is greater than the ruler of cities. You want power, and the seat of all power is within you. You are looking in the wrong direction and seeking in the wrong place till you look and seek within yourself the aid and assistance you think you need.

THE GOAL OF LIFE.

Without understanding the true significance of life we cannot understand its goal, because we do not know what to aim at nor in what direction to go. Having found out what we want to accomplish, we can set out on the real journey of life knowing that, sooner or later, we shall reach the end wished for. Life, then, is permanent, unending, immortal. Nothing, therefore, that pertains solely to our physical life can be its goal. Death is a mere incident in our lives, and only changes the scenes of our activities. Wherever our desires and aspirations lead we should follow, guided by the best common sense we possess. Time cuts no figure in the race of life, as we have eternity in which to accomplish our purposes. We get all the power it is possible for us to conceive—for our conceptions are the germs which can be realized by development. The power which comes with wealth or political influence is trivial and evanescent. The power we develop within us is permanent—it is the riches laid up in heaven—for “the kingdom of heaven is within us.”

LIFE IS AN EVOLUTION.

Each individual life rests upon a foundation of fact, law, and reality. There is nothing artificial about us but our opinions—social, religious, and political. We can grow better and stronger only in a like manner as a tree or plant grows—one step at a time, a gradual unfoldment, an evolution. Like children at school, we try to skip some of the hard lessons, and in doing so we retard our own progress. The lessons of life must be learned thoroughly,

for only so can we succeed in passing from one grade to another, or, more correctly, from one spiritual sphere to the next one above it. We cannot reach the highest spheres while in the body, but by diligence and self-purification we can reach a spiritual state or condition in which neither sickness, trouble, nor adversity can ever overtake us. This condition of safety is secured by the magnetic field which our personality creates around us. It deflects from us all forms of misfortune, and forms a protective wall around us against which the assaults of our enemies become powerless. When we reach this stage of development, we have no enemies to fight because our natural strength is so much greater than that of our enemies that they become afraid of us and avoid us.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reasons, seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately—if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, then wilt thou live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—Marcus Aurelius.

MY SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart, to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the commonplace.
—William Henry Channing.

INTEMPERATE LANGUAGE

By Captain L. W. Billingsley.

Unconsidered methods too often frustrate the purpose and defeat the end aimed at. Things natural must prevail, finally, against the abnormal. It is not force, but persuasion, that is the prime factor in human progress. Religious and civic organizations can no more stay the march of truth than an owl can blink out the rays of the rising sun.

Impulse, appetite and passion can be made to serve intelligence. No human being can rise above the level of his thoughts; elevate his ideas and aspirations, and you elevate the man. Reforms are not wrought out by intemperate language and intolerant thoughts. To convince people over to your views, you must first secure their confidence.

Attack a man's ideas with violent expressions, and he regards them as a personal insult; force creates opposing force. Abuse never fails to arouse antagonism, and arm against argument. Moderation is a barometer of a self-centered and symmetrical mind. Abuse should never supplant argument. It is only the brutal instinct that prompts one to needlessly wound the feelings of another. Courtesy in controversy is the mark of a liberal mind. Rudeness repels, affability attracts. When we become really civilized, we will argue without acrimony—we will be tolerant of everything but intolerance. None of us have a corner on all truth, so we should be modest in expressing what we know.—“Suggestion.”

THE SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION.

The scientific imagination seems to be about the latest phase of the evolution of the human mind—this power of the interpretation of concrete facts, this Miltonic flight into time and space, into the heavens above, and into the bowels of the earth beneath, and bodying forth a veritable history, a warring of the powers of light and darkness, with the triumph of the angels of light and life, that makes Milton's picture seem hollow and unreal. The creative and poetic imagination has undoubtedly already reached its high-

water mark. We shall probably never see the great imaginative works of the past surpassed or even equaled. But in the world of business, or engineering, and of scientific discovery and interpretation, we see the imagination working in new fields and under new conditions, and achieving triumphs that mark a new epoch in the history of the race. Nature, which once terrified man and made a coward of him, now inspires him and fills him with love and enthusiasm.—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

Exaggeration infects the ideas of most reformers. Working overtime, casting stones at the things they complain of. They are largely concerned over nonessentials, overlooking primary causes of human progress. Evolution is retarded by revolution—one is a downpour, the other a process, in harmony with universal law.

Only thyself thyself canst harm.
 Forget it not and full of peace
 As if the south wind whispered warm,
 Wait thou till the storm and tumult cease.
 —Celia Thaxter.

We are immortal now and here.
 Chances and changes, night and day,
 Are landmarks in the eternal way;
 Our fear is all we have to fear. .
 —Alice Cary.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
 The tidal wave unto the sea;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.
 —John Burroughs.

LONGEVITY—ANCIENT AND MODERN

By Winslow Anderson, M.D., M.R.C.P., London, Etc.

ACCORDING to ancient Holy Writ a phenomenal male child was born to Enoch about 6,726 years ago from the Alexandrian computation (Eusebius); 6,634 years ago reckoning from the Septuagint (Hales); 5,227 years ago in conformity to the Hebrew (Usher), and 4,983 years ago according to Jewish chronology. Whatever the exact date may be will never be known; but at the christening—no, the first christening took place about 3,000 to 4,800 years afterwards. At any event, as the boy grew up he was named Methuselah and claimed the proud distinction of being a direct descendant of one Adam, who is said to have been born with only one parent some 7,413 years ago (Eusebius), or 7,321 years ago (Hales), or 5,914 years ago (Usher), of 5670 years ago according to Jewish computation.

This grand, old, patriarchal macrobiotic, primogenitor, Methuselah, holds the world's record for diurnity, and it does not seem likely that Professor Metchnikoff will ever be able to equal him, as Methuselah lived a quiet, domestic life for 969 years.

The shortest-lived antediluvian was the father of the longest-lived antediluvian, as our venerable forbear Enoch was translated when he was only 365 years on this earth. The only exception is the unfortunate Abel, who met his untimely end at the youthful age of 124 (Kitto), or 129 (Usher), at the murderous hands of Adam's first born, his elder brother, Cain.

It is of interest, in passing, to note that from the "loins" of Cain, in regular succession, came Lamech, son of Methuselah, who was the first man to introduce polygamy into the world. Lamech's wife, Adah, brought forth a son, Jubal, who first gave "melody to music." His second wife, Zillah, bore him Tubal-Cain, the antediluvian Samson, who first discovered the art of "forging and polishing metals."

Methuselah's grandfather, Jared, was a close second to the world's champion for age, and reached the ripe age of 962 years.

Adam himself seems to have set the pace of longevity, for he enjoyed life without "knowledge," in and out of Paradise, for over 930 years.

Seth, the favored, lived a comfortable life of 912 years, and his eldest brother, the murderer Cain, probably lived a like number of

years after he left the parental roof in the Garden of Eden to go into the land of Nod hunting for an affinity.

The great-great-grandsire of Methuselah, Cainan, reached the age of 910. Enos, the grandson of Adam, lived to be 905 years old, and Mahalaleel, the great-grandfather of Methuselah, lived 895 years. Methuselah, at the age of 187, had a son named Lamech, who lived to be 777 years old. This Lamech, son of the champion world-beater-for-long-life, became the father, at the age of 182, of another most wonderful son by the name of Noah.

Noah, the grandson of Methuselah, was himself a marvel, for at the age of 500 he became the father of three sons, two good ones, Shem and Japheth, and one naughty one, Mr. Ham. These good ones, Japheth the eldest, and Shem, the second, and the bad son, Mr. Ham, the youngest, are our immediate antediluvian progenitors, as all the rest of mankind was condemned to a watery grave, in what is now the fertile valleys of Mesopotamia, some 4,258 (Usher), 4,869 (Eusebius), or 5,065 (Septuagint) years ago.

When this, our longeval and most venerable antediluvian ancestor, Noah, was 600 years old he became a master ship-builder, constructing the largest, if not the swiftest, vessel that ever sailed the deep. The "ark" was a vessel of 42,413 tons burden, and for one year by the clock Captain Noah navigated the valleys, seas and mountains of Mesopotamia and Western Asia until the good ship, the "ark," struck an uncharted rock and grounded, presumably with a hole in her bottom, for the master-mariner was never able to float her again.

By this time our ancient and illustrious master-mariner, the last of the patriarchal antediluvians, was 601 years old. He retired from active seafaring life with the rank of "Admiral," and settled down in quiet domesticity to a life of simple husbandry on the now sunny slopes of Mount Ararat.

One day, in looking through his lockers, Admiral Noah found some grape-seeds. These he planted and soon had a flourishing vineyard full of luscious, ripe, juicy grapes. The old salt, ship-builder, ship-owner, Admiral of the fleet, true to the traditions of the sailor-man, holds the first record of getting drunk after his long cruise. Notwithstanding Noah's marvelous, world-breaking records of paternity at 500 years of age, the first long cruise ever taken by man, and in spite of his taking cold from the injudicious and indelicate exposure of his person when reveling in the arms of Bacchus—on the occasion of which he used "cuss words"

which made the son of Ham (Canaan) a servant for eternity—still this grand old patriarchal 601-years-old wonder lived 349 years after the deluge, giving him the third highest record for longevity, two others only surpassing him—his grandfather Methuselah, 969 years, and his great-great-grandfather, Jared, 962 years. Noah reached the diuturnal age of 47 score years and more, or, to be exact, 950 years.

INTEGRITY.

“Is there any power in cunning, in shrewd, long-headed, deceptive methods that can for a moment compare with the truth, with absolute integrity? There is no advertisement in the world, in the long run, that can compare with that which comes from the reputation of always and everywhere telling the exact truth, of being absolutely reliable. This reputation alone has made the names of some of the great business houses in this country worth millions of dollars. Every time a man deceives he knows that he has to cover his tracks. He is always on thorns for fear of discovery, for everything in his own nature is trying to betray him; but when he tells the truth, because he is built on the truth plan, he has all the universe sustaining, supporting, backing him. What a difference there is between the power of a man who is telling the truth and is conscious that he is backed by the eternal principle of right and justice, and the man who is lying and is conscious of it! One can look the world in the face without wincing, because he feels that he is backed by eternal principle; there is victory in his eye, assurance in his very bearing, while there is something within the other man which says, ‘I am a liar; I am not a man. I know I am not a man, but a sneak, a make-believe.’”—Success Magazine.

THE AMATEUR M. D.

“Let me kiss those tears away!” he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

“Can nothing stop them?” he asked, breathlessly sad.

“No,” she murmured; “it is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment.”—Exchange.

MAN'S RELATION TO THE INFINITE.

As microscopic inhabitants of this miniature ball called "earth" we feel now and then, in places, slight vibrations, due to perfectly natural causes, and are filled with terror. Did you ever watch the evidence of consternation in a colony of insects set up by a slight mechanical disturbance, either accidental or intentional? And did you ever wonder whether these intelligent little creatures do not reason on the phenomena observed and conclude that some Great Power above them—as it appeared to their restricted knowledge, a very God—was dealing out retribution for the errors in social life with which they might be self-charged? Of course you have, and then smiled at their foolish innocence. Ah, be sure, gentle reader, that the Intelligences above us in rank—and doubtless there are many of them—look upon our equally amusing consternation and also smile. What matters it whether the little ant die an hour or two sooner than he would die if left to the action of disorder, incident to insect life, or to senility and inanition? Place the ant under the microscope and he becomes a mammoth beast in comparison with the still smaller insects near him, or even upon him, that the glass reveals. Life declines in objective dimensions in one direction and increases in another ad infinitum. From which we learn that our importance is but relative. Size cuts no figure. We cannot say in what part of the scale of dimensions we belong.

But we forget that all is life, and that life only, as we sense it, conforms to the dimensions of time and space; that our sense life is but a form of expression adopted by mind and spirit in order to accommodate our present degree of advancement and make things intelligible. We attach too great importance to the present phase of being. There is nothing to fear. Suffering, no matter how galling, is but for the moment, and it will soon be forgotten, as has been the thousand griefs of our infancy. Yet it has a bearing upon our development and the rapidity of our advancement. The Infinite Intelligence knows that these things which we account so great, for weal or woe, are of small moment. They have no such ethical content as we fancy. We cannot be lost, for we are one with Infinity. We can suffer only as Infinity suffers with us. Should we fall it would be only to an advanced plane of cellular

environment and growth. There is no death, but life moves forever onwards in endless cycles.

Then, like wise men and women, let us lay aside childish notions of retribution, of an avenging Deity, of an anthropomorphic God, and live as units of a perfect whole.—Dr. Sheldon Leavitt in "Thoughts."

ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

A big troop of rats, some as large as cats, recently scurried up one of the gangways in a big colliery near Wilkesbarre, Pa., squealing an alarm which the mine workers promptly heeded. Taking time only to gather their tools together, they hurried out of the workings after the rats. A short time afterward that portion of the mine fell in. It was another case of the lives of many mine workers being saved by the mine rats, and it explains why the mine workers never kill these rats, but instead make pets of them, feed them with dainties and encourage them to remain in the workings.

Rats desert a sinking ship, and they also flee from a mine when danger such as sudden flood or a cave-in threatens, and there are instances, it is said, when they have fled before an explosion occurred. This, however, is due, mining experts say, not to any subconscious warning that there will be an explosion, but to the presence of such a large body of gas or foul air in the workings that the rats seek fresher air, and it is only by accident then that an explosion follows.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TRAINED FLIES.

In a lecture on flies before the Royal Photographic Society of London, F. P. Smith said that with a little patience flies could be trained, and he showed some cinematograph records of flies twirling on their backs miniature dumb bells, balancing weights bigger than themselves, climbing revolving wheels, and acting as nursemaids, holding dummy babies. Accurately balanced little machines were used for training the flies, and the only discomfort to the insect, said the lecturer, was involved in its being imprisoned for a day or two. On being released, although its wings were uninjured, it had no desire to fly, but showed tractableness and readiness to perform these extraordinary gyrations instead.

HIPPOCRATES.

Whenever a twentieth century physician is inclined to get a little chesty and feels that he has anything on his predecessors of the earlier centuries, we recommend him, as an antidote for such a state of mind, to procure and read a volume of the writings of our old friend Hippocrates, of which there are some very excellent translations on the market. A fair perusal of the works of the Father of Medicine will, unless we are greatly mistaken, convince the present-day practitioner that whatever advantage he has over the ancient master lies only in the materials and opportunities which minister to his enlightenment, and certainly not in any inherent superiority of observing or reasoning powers.

Between ourselves, there are not a few text books of modern and so-called scientific medicine whose colorless and impotent nihilism might even in these days well give place to the keen and intelligent insight and resourcefulness of the ante-Christian teacher. Hippocrates may not have had a stethoscope or a laboratory, but he was a past master at interpreting the patient and his symptoms. He may not have been a medical scientist, but he was a crackerjack physician, and don't you forget it.—The Med. Standard.

THE SANDBAG FOR COMFORT.

A sandbag as a warmer is said to be greatly superior to a hot-water bottle, which so many people prize so highly. Get some clean, fine sand; dry it thoroughly; make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and also enable any one to heat the bag quickly by placing it in an oven or on top of a stove. The sand holds the heat a long time.—Health.

THE BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN.

The British-Californian (now in its thirteenth year) gives you information not otherwise obtainable unless you are prepared to spend \$200 or \$300 a year on papers which you have neither the time nor the inclination to wade through. We save you time and money in getting you the cream of British Empire news of importance. You also get high-class, original matter.

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

Conscience makes cowards of us all, if we only occasionally pay heed to it. It was the conscience of Hamlet's father which doomed his spirit to revisit the earth, and it is the conscience of the criminal which causes him to reveal his crime. What, then, is conscience? It is your own self. It is not the voice of God; it is your own soul. God is not offended at our wrong-doings, but our own souls are; for it is ourselves who are the real sufferers from our own evil acts and ignorance. The Bible, religion, and preachers, therefore, only lead us further astray by setting up a false and external standard of life for us to follow. We thereby weaken the voice of our own conscience by distracting our attention from it.

ODE.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly.
Oh grave! where is thy victory?
Oh death! where is thy sting?

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Prospective Country Boarder: "Is the water you have here healthy?"

Landlady: "Yes, sir. We use only well water."

What is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.—Longfellow.

The Nautilus.

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PSYCHO-MAGNETISM

As your soul controls your body it necessarily controls the so-called animal magnetism of the body. This psycho-magnetic force is a very efficient remedy when rightly made use of in suitable ailments. It is this psycho-magnetic force which a mother makes use of (unconsciously) to soothe a cross and restless baby. It is this psycho-magnetic force which Shakespeare has exemplified in its highest and most powerful form in Romeo and Juliet. The soul is not a mere magnet, it is a self-charged battery which under the influence of the proper stimulus increases its own force to a wonderful degree. It is the full development of this soul-force which we all need. It is our guardian angel and watches over our welfare asleep or awake. When fully developed it will preserve us from all misfortunes and accidents. It will restore us to health and keep us free from all the ills which flesh is heir to. It will repel business depression from us and attract success. In a word, it will bring us health, wealth and happiness.

The development of these powers lies entirely within yourself. Self-reliance is the foundation on which you must build the superstructure of your life. Any help or assistance you receive must help you to help yourself. Any advice or teaching that leads you to lean on any power outside yourself is leading you astray. You must advance one step at a time. Correspondents seeking information on these subjects will be answered in these columns when the questions are of general or public interest. Questions of a private and personal nature must be accompanied by a fee of \$1.00, and will be answered through the mail.

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