

Vol. I.

No. 6.

JULY, 1900.

THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

HENRY FRANK, Editor.

Be NOBLE! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

LOWELL.

12 MONTHLY ISSUES PER YEAR.

\$1.00.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CTS.

PUBLISHED BY THE
INDEPENDENT LITERATURE ASSOCIATION,
NO. 32 WEST 27TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

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The *Literary Digest*, the ablest weekly of its kind in America, and doubtless in the world, recently contained a long extract from the discourse published in THE INDEPENDENT THINKER on "What is Sin?" and used the same as a text to explain the character and purpose of the Metropolitan Independent Church. The Editor of this journal was especially gratified at this notice, as he knows all its readers will be, as well as the thousands who attend the Sunday services in Carnegie Lyceum. Appreciation is always most encouraging, but coming from a source so high, so judicious and critical as the *Literary Digest*, it is a hundredfold more encouraging. While the *Literary Digest* is perfectly colorless and impartial in religious matters, it will be most cheering to all liberal religionists to know that its columns frequently contain as much news of the progress of their undertakings and achievements as they do of those of evangelical and orthodox societies. As I said once before, no one who desires to keep abreast with the age in popular, scientific, religious and political news, can afford to be without this weekly.

The readers of THE INDEPENDENT THINKER who enjoyed the beautiful and touching tribute to Dr. Gibier, printed in last month's issue, are indebted for it not to my pen, but to the pen of her who is my constant strength and inspiration. To Mrs. Frank are they also indebted, it is but just to say, for the suggestive and taking title of the magazine, for it issued from her fertile brain. Numerous compliments in praise of the name have been received from readers and subscribers. Were I not, while penning these lines, 3,000 miles away from her approach, I would not dare to divulge these facts; but distance affords me safety.

AN AMERICAN FOR PRESIDENT.

Not since the memorable days preceding the Civil War, when the fate of our nation hung in the balance, and the American people were compelled to decide between Stephen Douglas—the incarnation of compromise and vacillation—and Abraham Lincoln—the paragon of political wisdom and honesty—has such a serious juncture occurred in American history as the present one which confronts us. Not since that war have party issues been so clearly cut and contrasted as they are at present.

Two opposing forces are now playing with terrific effect upon the popular mind. One force leads away from the paramount principles of liberty on which our institutions have been reared; away from the simplicity of pure democracy, which has nursed us from the days of our national infancy to the proud years of triumphant maturity; away from those institutions and principles which engendered the noblest heroes of our history and made the name of our country a magic power among the nations of the earth; away from justice, fraternity, individual liberty and ideal republicanism, to the tyranny of a moneyed aristocracy and the social degeneracy of effete and dying monarchies.

The other force is resonant with the echoes of the Colonial War-cry against the tottering tyrannies of crowned heads and gilded fools who once scourged the masses with the lash of power. This force recalls the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and once more flashes to our view the victorious sword of Washington and the cracking musketry of the Minute Men of Lexington and Concord. It reminds us of the heroes who bled and perished at Valley Forge and Brandywine, and with their sacred blood cemented those institutions which have become the cynosure and admiration of all the world. It reminds us that principle is mightier than purse, and that the pride of honor spurns the platitudes of insincere hypocrisy.

To which of these potent forces will the great American people yield? Will they become retroactive and sink into the degenerate arms of political harlots, forgetting their native virility, buying peace at the price of stagnation and dishonor, and yielding their hearts' purity and original simplicity for the glitter of gold, the splendor of armies and the pageantry of royal courts?

Will they rejoice that a few families alone of all the millions of our

population shall be permitted to gather to themselves the nameless wealth which the slaves of toil have created, while the royal blood of true Americans shall rot in their veins, because they have been reduced from the once magnificent dignity of an American laborer to the degradation of Italian lazaroni? Will they rejoice that tools of commercial marplots and plutocratic marauders shall be selected as our chief magistrates and judges; that the golden god shall be worshipped at every political shrine; yea, that the money-changers shall unmolested pursue their brutal traffic in the sacred edifices of God?

Are the American people ready to yield the principles of our Constitution to those of Military Imperialism? Are they willing to pay the price of glittering soldiery, whose standing presence alone will maintain the integrity of our national existence? Have they grown so rapacious and avaricious that for the sake of grasping gold they will shoot down defenceless and half-armed heroes, whose only crime is that they envy us our freedom and would wrest themselves from the power of military tyranny?

Have Americans forgotten their Washington, their Jefferson, their Sumner and their Lincoln? Have they forgotten why the soil of New England was once drenched with the richest blood that was ever poured in libations to the god of war? Have they so soon forgotten why the royal blood of puritan and cavalier mingled on the flowery meads of our golden Southland, and left at countless hearthstones the mementoes of grief, which even to-day wring from the observer tears of remorse? Have they forgotten that Washington lived that the world might forever abolish the last vestige of monarchism on the Western hemisphere; and that solemn old Abe Lincoln expired as the saviour of his country, that corporate plutocracy and the rule of gold might no more enslave the defenseless toiler of whatever race or color, as long as heaven's breezes kissed the imperishable emblem of our national glory?

The hour awaits the man! Who shall it be? Who, like another Joshua, shall lead his people against the political Philistines that threaten to tear in sunder the last shred of the fabric of our national liberty? whom can we trust but him who has faced the scorn and obloquy, the ridicule and disdain, of social parvenus and political marplots; who,

though despising him, were forced to do him honor; and hating him, have learned to fear him as a dauntless foe?

He must be the people's choice whose every heart-string vibrates with the pulsations of the people's needs; whose voice is the echo of the people's cry; who, rising like a modern Agamemnon among the civic warriors of the land, shakes his heavy locks to the breeze and shouts defiantly for human rights and the redemption of the age from social and commercial tyranny!

The next choice of the American people for the chief magistracy of this American land must and shall be an *American*, whom all the intrigue of political cunning cannot swerve from his course; nor all the blandishments of European aristocracy entangle in alliances that shall endanger our national integrity, or disarm the fortitude and matchless prowess of our yet unconquered country.

HENRY FRANK.

A KEEN LETTER WITH A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

EDITOR, THE INDEPENDENT THINKER:

I take it for granted that your columns are open, within reasonable limits, to all who claim to be independent thinkers, and who desire to give some publicity to their thoughts. I think you have hit upon a very appropriate and good name for your magazine—one that cannot possibly offend any person, but is rather calculated to attract, for most persons like to view themselves as independent thinkers. The theologians and the church believe in independent thought limited. The thinker must accept certain ideas and conclusions as already settled—God, the Bible, Christ, future punishment and all that; but his thinking must not lead up to disbelief in these doctrines. But this is not the kind of independent thinking that discovers new truth and saves the world. If, for instance, we must concede and assume that the Bible is a revelation from God, then we are bound to accept most of the conclusions based upon biblical statements.

Our independent thinking insists upon questioning the validity of the claims made by the Church for the Bible and the more independently we think, the less inclined are we to accept it as a divine revelation, or as true in all its statements. We find it rather a collection of writings—specimens of Hebrew or Jewish literature, containing much true history,

many allegories and fables, some poetry, moral precepts and exhortations; oracular utterances, and all that; but nothing but what might have been produced by human agency, and we believe was thus produced. Considered as a human production the Bible is natural, reasonable, explicable, but if we must regard it as a revelation of the Creator to the human race, it becomes at once an enigma, something that we cannot account for or understand and which lessens rather than increases our conception of the Deity our idea of God.

* * * * *

What we want now is an independent thinkers' church, society, fraternity or organization of some kind. The reason our cause does not grow more rapidly is because we are not associated together in organized bodies like Christians. In most places we are too scattering, too few and far between; but where this is the case, let us at least have our names enrolled (in colors, as Bro. Hubbard of East Aurora says,) on the roster of some branch of the Independent Thinkers' Church, so that we may know where we are at and who all are there with us.

"FRA CALVINUS."

BOOKS.

From the press of Wright & Company, New York, I have received through the compliments of the author, "The Romance of Robert Burns," by Jon Templeton.

I read the work while crossing the continent and it filled every moment with rare pleasure. It is not a rehash of the life of Robert Burns, but an original, ingenious and most witty romance, cast in the days of Robert Burns, and written as an apotheosis of his noble life work. The book contains many remarkably well built characters, who will long after live in the memory of the reader. The plan of the book is extremely original—a sort of combination of novel and drama. In fact, it is a well written comedy, which could be most easily dramatized and played, I should judge, with rare success upon the stage. It has all the qualities which cause the public to patronize the stage—human feeling, broad humor, keen wit, and rare exciting situations, all tinged with a rare poetic atmosphere. Mr. Templeton's book is one of the most entertaining I have read for many days and should become one of the popular books of the day. It has its faults—he may violate some of the literary

canons—but where so much excellence exists, these faults are easily overlooked.

From the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, comes "Discoveries of a Lost Trail," by Charles B. Newcomb, already favorably known as the author of "All's Well with the World." The "Discoveries of a Lost Trail" is a book of spiritual tonics—fervent, felicitous, fruitful. It is always sane, howbeit superlatively idealistic. Pick it up and read anywhere, and if your mind is properly prepared by experience, you will discover precious jewels of wisdom which will enrich the soul that heeds them. It is not a discursive or argumentative book, but persuasive and convincing because of its manifest sincerity. It is a book to be earnestly perused when one's strength is oozing out, when the burden of life begins to feel too onerous, when hope in weakness folds her wings and droops. It invigorates, spurs and encourages one amid life's duties. The author sings the song of life with notes of joy and strains of cheerfulness.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

We are in receipt of a little volume by Henry Wood, the well-known expounder of metaphysical thought. While Mr. Wood claims that he has not made any original investigations in physics, it cannot be denied that he possesses the scientific mind, and this little booklet shows evidence of most careful philosophical research combined with rare clearness and facility of expression. The key-note from cover to cover is the "unity of life," argued and demonstrated from so-called materialists themselves. The following sentence explains Mr. Wood's position: "Whatever matter may be in the abstract, materialism signifies more a quality of human consciousness than an exact definition of objective substance." He gives us a summary of many of the conclusions reached by leading metaphysical thinkers—the gist of which is that, because matter in its last analysis can be reduced to ethereal substance, there is no matter—or rather, there is no *material* matter. After we have changed our mental concept, this new interpretation is easily grasped, and becomes most satisfactory. One thought struck me while reading Mr. Wood's treatise. "Why," I said, "he makes 'a God of ether,'" and in answer to my thought, I came to the following sentence: "We need not claim dogmatically that the ether is God, but everything seems logically to

point to the conclusion that it is at least his most universal, intimate and primal self expression." The idea is an interesting one and well worth investigation, so we advise all our readers to purchase "The Living Universe," published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, price 10 cents.

One of the most impartial and exhaustive treatises or rather series of essays along religious and ethical lines, that has come to our notice in a long time, is "Sketches of the Scientific Dispensation of a New Religion," written and published by Singleton W. Davis, 871—54th St., San Diego, Cal. Though the writer very modestly calls the seven chapters of which the booklet consists "Sketches," each is an able treatise, consisting of most advanced and scientific thought, expressed in clear, concise and unbiased English.

He (Mr. Davis) says: "While I profess to be a Rationalist I confess to insufficiency of reason alone." Just what Mr. Davis thinks should supplement Reason in the search for Truth, I cannot quite discover; but as his whole trend of thought and argument is guided by this supreme arbiter of the character and destiny of man, we can pardon this slight omission on his part. Our time and space are too limited to give any but the most meagre review of this able little work, and we advise our readers to send for it, and cull for themselves the truths expounded and conclusions reached in the following chapters:

- Relation of Reason and Science to Religion.
 - Psychology and the Problem of Immortality.
 - Nature of the Religious Elements.
 - Morality and Relation of Ethics to Religion.
 - Evolution of Religion.
 - Agencies Effecting the Religious Revolution.
 - Concluding Sketch—Summary.
-

Some one has said: "To the making of books there is no end," and the same saying can easily be applied to the making of magazines and journals devoted to the exposition of the so-called "New Thought." We give a cordial welcome to them all; some will live for an hour, some for a day, some for all time; but all are striving to voice in some manner that innate longing and seeking of the human soul for perfection, and therefore will fill their place in the realm of universal harmony. "The Open Door," by Jos. Campbell Robinson, seems a little different from

most of them, inasmuch as it is a kind of potpourri of gems of thought, both prose and poetical. Mr. Robinson's prose is better than his poetry, which is too apt to be an imitation of well known authors.

The "Open Door of Life" is the ablest article in the whole paper, and is a good example of Mr. Robinson's style and earnestness. He is very much in earnest and cannot fail to congregate many other souls of like disposition into his Brotherhood of "The Immortals in the Flesh."

"The Truth about Healing" is the name of the initial number of a little pamphlet published by S. Lincoln Bishop, of Sea Breeze, Florida. In the preface he says, "It is the hope of the writer that he may be able to throw some ray of light into the night of darkness, that will help to straighten things out and bring order and harmony where all is now chaotic disorder and confusion." We wish him a god-speed in his laudable endeavor.

We will give only a brief mention of the contents for July of some of the older and more established journals. They are too well known to readers at large to need any special notice.

The *Popular Science Monthly* contains an exceedingly able and interesting article on "The Psychology of Crazes," by G. T. W. Patrick, of University of Iowa. Speaking of the recent Congress of the Daughters of American Revolution, held at Washington, he quotes from a newspaper correspondent thus: "It is the unanimous opinion of those who have attended the congress that while the daughters of the American Revolution, individually, are nearly all intellectual, refined and attractive women, collectively they are an uncontrollable mob." With that sentence as the keynote, he goes into an exhaustive analysis of the various manias and abnormal crazes that have afflicted the human race and gives the psychological and metaphysical reason for the same. We refer all our readers to the magazine for the article in full.

The *Arena*, *Mind* and *The Ideal Review* are as full of good things as a nut is of meat. The first contains some magnificent articles along economic and political lines; the second is a mixture of practical common sense with idealistic sentiment, while the third appeals almost exclusively to the spiritual side of man's nature. Buy them all. You'll not regret it.

The "Book and Newsdealer" comes to us with the request to exchange.

Time and space forbid our doing more than quoting from the editorial page of Frank A. Munsey's magazine, "It is one of the cleverest trade journals in the country and by far the ablest in the book and news trade." It is published in San Francisco, and costs the moderate sum of 25 cents per year.

Fred Bury's "Flashes," Eleanor Kirk's "Idea" of "Wholeness," and Mr. Post's article on Evolution in Freedom, are well worth the whole of each magazine. The New Man, Suggestive Therapeutics and Modern Astrology all give the readers much material for thought. Invest in them all, instead of the usual summer resort literature.

We desire to call attention to the new advertisement which appears on another page of THE INDEPENDENT THINKER. We ask for the N. Y. Institute of Science the kind consideration of all our readers interested in this line of study, both for the sake of its advertiser and for our sake, to show the value of advertising in THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

R. F. F.

IMPORTANT.

TWO NEW BOOKS, by Henry Frank.

(TO APPEAR IN THE EARLY FALL.)

"The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth."

250 Pages, Cloth Binding, \$1.50.

"MEDITATIONS AT THE SHRINE OF SILENCE."

100 pages. Ornamental Illustrations, superb edition, \$1.25.

NOTICE.—In order to determine the size of the first edition advance orders are requested. Send all orders direct to Henry Frank, 32 West 27th Street, N. Y. City. Those who order before the books are issued will receive the "Doom" for \$1.25 and "Meditations" for \$1.00. No money need be sent till the books are issued.

CAN THE SOUL BE PHYSICIAN TO THE BODY?*

The line of demarcation between the natural and the supernatural is undiscernible. Time was when man construed certain phases of cosmic energy, which were incomprehensible to the common mind, as the exercise of supra-natural forces, contradistinguishable from, and wholly unrelated to, the ordinary processes of Nature. Hence, they believed the universe was guided by a certain superior intelligence, who personally controlled the forces which evolved the universal panorama. When we behold moving pictures, we know there must be some guiding hand which superintends the picturesque display. We know that pictures do not move of themselves. And thus, as men believed matter to be inert, they concluded it must necessarily be guided by some external intelligence or controlling power. They interpreted the universe of natural phenomena as a passing panorama; forgetting that, in nature properly understood, whatsoever guides the phenomena is itself a part of nature. The forces which pervade, control and operate natural phenomena are not themselves apart from the material universe; whatever they may be, whether intelligences or mere blind accidents, they are corporate parts and essential conditions of the phenomena which they generate and evolve.

So soon as it was assumed that these phenomena were manifestations of intelligences which were themselves above and beyond nature, and were unconditioned by the limitations of natural law, the whole subject became involved in mystery and superstition. The universe, in point of fact, can have no limitations. The universe is infinite, and if it is infinite it cannot be bound by any possible limits. The mind of man, however, which is temporarily limited by the instrument of the brain through which it manifests its powers, puts a supposed limitation upon nature.

But the universe being unlimited, howbeit man's mental apprehension of it is, he has ever assumed that that only was the universe which he perceived; little knowing that in reality the universe was beyond his apprehension; or, if he did realize that it was beyond his apprehension, then he forthwith-encircled it with innumerable anthropomorphic intelligences before which he bowed in utter despair.

Hence, in every period of history, men have assumed a certain

* Fourth discourse in series "The Creed of Christian Science compared with the Creed of Christendom," delivered in Carnegie Lyceum, New York City. Stenographically taken down. Revised by the Editor.

religious attitude toward what they call the supernatural, but on further study it will be found that that only was believed to be supernatural which was *supra-apprehensible*, that is, which was beyond the power of man's limited capacity to understand. A careful study of the religious devotions or ignorant superstitions of every age will reveal the fact that that has been stupidly believed to be supernatural which has as yet been unapprehended by the human mind, and which, therefore, being regarded as incomprehensible, has been relegated to the realm of the abstruse and unknowable.

When the savage bows before a stick of wood, or a mound on the plains, or beside some mountain height, or worships the shade of a beautiful tree, he is yielding to this very conception of the supernatural of which I speak. Because he cannot understand the nature of the piece of wood, or the tree whose grateful shade protects him; or the mountain whose towering glory overawes him; he yields to the authority of ignorance and proclaims them gods! He assumes that they possess certain powers which are unknown to him; and, therefore, that there must inhere in them a superior intelligence which holds sway over him, and can guide, control and bless him as it pleases in his pursuits of life. But when man becomes civilized, learns that the stick of wood is but a stick of wood, that each branch of the tree does not contain within its bark a shrieking spirit, as the ancients believed; that every little flower which sends its soul's sweet and delicious incense to his ravished nostrils, is not the temple of an indwelling god; then it dawns on him that the true nature of the flower, and the tree, and the stick of wood may be scientifically apprehended. As soon as the ruthless hand of science drags the gods out of the region of the invisible and exposes them to the gaze of men, they dissolve into thin air, never to appear again.

When, therefore, we assume to worship powers or objects which are not understood by us, we adopt a spiritual attitude whose only foundation is ignorance, and which sometimes must benight the mind and stultify the soul. I tell you, my friends, the highest of all worship is the worship of true intelligence; the highest of all adoration, of which the mind of man is capable, is the adoration of a universal mind, which inheres in everything; which works from within, not from without; which calls into being the blade of grass as well as yonder star, and lives in every iridescent globule of the air as well as in the throbbing brain of man.

Thus, discerning what Nature really is, and that that which seems to lie beyond it is but the figment of the mind, without reality, and which can never come within the plane of knowledge, we have discovered the source of all the errors of the past.

Thus some speak of soul, body and spirit; and assume that man is trinitarian; that is, capable of being divided into three distinct and separate natures.

In a certain way, it may be true that man has a body, and a soul and a spirit, and that he exercises specific powers in each division or plane of his being. But in his true construction, man is neither body, soul nor spirit; he is the sum total of all his experiences; of all the forces which effect his achievements; and, though at one time he may seem to operate upon a material plane, at another upon an emotional or mental, and at still another upon a spiritual plane, that does not mean that he possesses a triune nature, but simply that at different times he functions upon different planes of his being.

But the search after the soul has been the crux of all philosophy. "If I have a soul, where is it? why can I not see it, grasp it, comprehend and understand it? Why is it so like a mirage which ever allures me with fascinating but impossible fancies, leading me on with ever-renewing hope and ever-recurring disappointment? Why, if there be a soul, do I not know and see it, as I know and see the body which I inhabit?" Hence many doubt and cry: "The soul must be something distinct from and other than the body; hence to that extent it must be supra-material, and therefore supra-natural. Let us then bow down before it and worship it as something divine;—as a veritable god within us—other than ourselves and yet the very substance of ourselves." With such conclusions the study of man became as mystifying and incomprehensible as the study of God.

When, however, we understand the true scientific analysis of the mind, we will no longer be satisfied with such an interpretation as the above implies. If man's mind is so closely and inseparably connected with his brain, his body and entire nervous system, then it must necessarily follow that that force (whatever it may be), which we call the soul, is, indeed, not only associated with the material substance of our organism, but is, in fact, its very nature and quintessence. That is, nothing manifests itself in the powers of a human being, whether on the material or mental plane, which is not always the manifestation of the

soul itself. *The body, indeed, is the soul, while the soul reveals itself in material processes of activity.*

Let me illustrate: When I lift this chair, I know very well that I am exercising what we call a material force; and yet as soon as I begin to analyze this so-called material force, I discover that it implies more than the mere exercise of a material energy. I feel the chair in several ways. I feel it with my eyes (for, being normally constituted, my eye sees *by feeling*). In the last analysis man has not five senses, but only one, which is the sense of touch or feeling.

Again, I distinguish the chair from all other bodies by its solidity, its weight, and various other qualities, which relate to its material nature. Hence apparently my knowledge of the chair is absolutely material. And yet, the moment I seek to analyze my real knowledge of this object, I discover that I am not analyzing the chair at all, but rather the states of consciousness within myself, which constitute all that I know about the chair. My knowledge of the chair being absolutely my interior states of consciousness, and those states depending upon my susceptibility to impressions from external stimuli, makes the chair variable with my changing conditions, and in the last analysis but a reflex of my spiritual experiences. The real chair to me, then, is the chair of my spiritual experience, and not the external chair which appeals to my perception.

So, you see, it is impossible to separate soul from body, mind from brain, even in thought. They are essentially the same, though in manifestation different. The body is merely that highly complex physical organism through which the energy or intelligence we call the soul, is able the more completely to reveal itself.

The soul is not an entity or force outside of the human body. It is identical with the universal Force which moves throughout all Nature. When this primary power reveals itself through the human body which it has generated from time immemorial, we call it a human soul; when this Force or Supreme Intelligence reveals itself in the wonder workings of the universe, evolving constellations, balancing worlds and sustaining the unbroken harmony of Nature, we call it—God.

Let me illustrate a little further: When we behold the vast body of water which constitutes the ocean, we do not consider the infinite separate particles which make up the sum total of its immense area. But when, perchance, we see a lake or rivulet, we are reminded that the great

body of water could be separated into an infinite number of smaller bodies, which could be distributed as lakes or rivulets throughout the globe. But though the ocean itself might be thus infinitely distributed, the mind can easily grasp the thought that the water is ever the same aqueous body, whether it lie within the bosom of the mother sea or be distributed among manifold offspring. It consists everywhere of the same ultimate particles, the same chemical substances, as we find in the vast original bosom of the ocean.

Now, just as there is in the ocean a universal aqueous substance, which can separate itself into minute particles, gather in mountain streams, or meadow brooks, or torrent floods, so what we call the soul is the limited aggregation in the human body of those universal powers which elsewhere revealed constitute the vast area of Nature—the immense Ocean of Being. This some adore as God, others proclaim the Over Soul, and still others define as the Cosmic Energy whose intelligence sustains the universe. Whatever it may be, that and the soul are one and the same.

The soul, then, is not something distinct from my body, from my brain, or from my physical organism or nervous system; but it is the operating energy within, which, emanating from the Universal Energy, moves through the organism of my body, and utilizes it as an instrument through which to manifest its presence.

The final analysis of the origin and nature of the soul demonstrates not the duality or triality of man, but the uniter of his being as well as the unity of the universe.

All the physical sciences prophesy the same conclusion; and I sincerely believe the time is not far distant when we shall discern through instruments to be invented, the final unit of matter itself,—the one essential substance that constitutes the basis of the universe, and which is the substratum of the physical manifestations we call the material world.

But, if this interpretation and analysis of Nature be correct, the question naturally arises as to what possibilities may inhere in this cosmic energy, or soul-force, and to what extent it may overcome the limitations and restrictions of the physical organism.

I ask the question to-day, Can the soul be physician to the body? It seems to me, if we will but realize the full meaning of the definition of the soul as not being a distinct entity, temporarily limited within the

confines of the human body, but as a radiation of a universal Energy or Intelligence which operates everywhere; we shall be forced to the conclusion that that same intelligent Energy, having power to sway the constellations in their courses and organize worlds out of nebulous dust, must inherently exercise a psychic power over our bodies and develop them according to its marvellous and as yet little understood laws.

But this fact forces us to consider one of the most peculiar phases of human credulity. Once more we behold not the savage worshipping his material-fetish, but civilized man bowing before a mental figment. Because of man's ignorance of the scientific nature of the soul, conceiving it as a supernatural entity, he adored and worshipped it.

Consequently, when, during certain periods of human history, certain strong souls evidenced uncommon and miraculous psychic powers, they were proclaimed as deities, their deeds were divine, and whosoever approached them removed his shoes and stood upon sacred soil. Without a doubt at all periods of the world's history many marvellous cures have been effected without material aids. However, up to our present epoch, no scientific effort has been made to understand these alleged cures. On the one hand, they have been adored as supernatural processes by those who accepted them as facts, while, on the other hand, they have been pooh-pooed and ridiculed as scientific impossibilities and curb-stone "fakes."

Let me ask the question all soberly and essay an answer: Is it true that there have been any phenomenal cures of physical diseases? We know the history of medicine. To begin with, it is of comparatively modern origin; for not until Hippocrates, in ancient Greece, who indeed has been dubbed the Father of Medicine, discovered the bare, elementary principles of medical knowledge, did man even approach the scientific treatment of disease. And it has advanced slowly and haltingly. Even in the time of Galen, in the middle ages, who in his way was a genius for his age, the science of medicine was little more than a mixture of nonsense, puerility and stupidity. Nevertheless, it was then regarded as a very profound science. Not, indeed, until modern discoveries in the science of chemistry, was there anything approaching scientific medicine; and, even to-day, many of the leading physicians of the world deny that medicine, as now understood, is an exact science, but classify it as purely empirical.

I do not mean to insinuate, my friends, that the medical fraternity

is not and has not always been a genuine benefaction to the race. I trust my lips may be sealed before I shall be so purblind or prejudiced as to say, as some stupidly proclaim, that physicians have only injured the world, that if every drop of medicine ever brewed had been tossed into the sea before it could have been administered, mankind would have been healthier and happier, and the earth more nearly approach the conditions of Paradise than it does. I am not yet ready to make such a wholesale denunciation of *Materia Medica*; and let me remind those who are bold enough to do so that the science of *Materia Medica* has centuries of record to its credit, whereas mental medicine is as yet but a very recent and uncertain experiment.

But I wish, here, merely to emphasize the proposition that medicine is not yet an exact science, but that it is still largely experimental. I do not mean, when I speak of an exact science, a science that is susceptible of strictly mathematical demonstration. All sciences are progressive and subject to revolutionary discoveries; no one can to-day forecast the exact future of any of the sciences, save mathematics. But there is enough certainty and constancy, for instance, in chemical experimentations, to speak of fixed and positive laws in the scientific field which are not likely to be contradicted by any future discoveries. To a large extent this statement is as yet inapplicable to the science of medicine.

A palpable proof of the proposition that medicine is still empirical and uncertain may be found in the fact that innumerable diseases which have been pronounced incurable have afterwards been proven to be curable either by different treatment or by their *vis medicatrix naturæ*. The progressive members of the medical fraternity to-day are not prepared to oppose this assertion. How frequently has the medical fiat gone forth: "This case is incurable"! and the patient has been sent hither and thither throughout the world, experimenting with different climates, environments and conditions; and, though occasionally a cure may result, in thousands upon thousands of such cases, no cures whatsoever have been thus effected.

(To be concluded in the August number.)



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