

## What this Magazine Stands for

**T**HIS Magazine was begun in January, 1908, to make apparent the fact that the Spirit of God is within each man, to teach and bless. To teach men to look within and to know the Voice. Which is sufficient unto all men. For light, and guidance, and all good, physically, mentally and spiritually. In all things, great and small.

It admits no truth outside of a man. Each different man. Each different truth. Sufficient unto each man. For the time being. Which different truth shall work, and converge into a greater, a common, a basic truth. Which is identical, and not different. But not now. In the Dawning. In the Dawning of the Morning.

It therefore accepts no other authority in spiritual matters than this Voice within a man. Different men, apparently different voice, with different message, often apparently contradictory. But while maintaining freedom of the mind it will render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,—social conformities, laws and customs.

It believes that real Truth is quality, and not statement or formulary.

It teaches the "contiguity" of life, so to speak, and the continuity of life as well. Contiguous because of the interpenetrating spiritual worlds which surround man, but which are cognizable only as the consciousness awakens and focusses. Continuous because there is no death. Death is liberation, renewal, opportunity, when it comes legitimately. Death is a changing of focus.

It takes traditional Christianity as a basis, and the arisen Christ within as a guide, but would gladly recognize value in all religions, and see in them the outpouring of the One Universal Spirit, moulded into various times and occasions, which we look at, and compare, and declare so different.

It is not a food faddist, or a hygienic specialist, but recommends dietary reform and hygienic habits.

It considers that we are entering a New Age,—the Age of the Spirit,—the Psychic Age,—the Age of Man. Great dangers as well as great blessings during the transition. Present time one of psychic abnormality and inequilibrium. Result: great increase in neurosis, mental diseases, insanity. Cure, or at least relief and final safety: Call upon the name of the Lord. In faith. In self renunciation. In Christ Jesus.

No power seeking organization. No inner circle. No secret teaching. Truth plainly, simply told. That he who runs may read. And understand according to his light. No harm in truth. Harm in trying to hide and stifle truth.



# The New Age Magazine

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## THE TEST

LURA BROWER, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

*To bring the inspiration of the mountain  
Down to the plains, the common walks of life,  
Yea, this is the great, the daily problem,  
Which solved gives peace and joy in midst of strife.*

*To let the glory of the heavenly vision  
Shed radiance on the darkest paths of earth,  
Ah! this will test the worth of living  
And light the path, and give the spirit birth.*

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD

HE Kingdom of God is Within. We need not wait for Kingdom Come. It has waited for us all these years. It has been ready for us, table all spread with good things, band ready to play, the Master of the House calling for us, calling lovingly for us to get ready for the Feast. Which is All Prepared. St. Luke xvii.21 says: *The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say Lo here! or Lo there! for the Kingdom of God is within you.*"

The Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Love. To reach this Kingdom man must learn to love. Love is the Mystic Key to that Kingdom. But the Key of itself is insufficient without something else. *There must be Heart Service as a condition of love, or love is but vanity and ephemeral sentiment, which will pass away and leave no mark on the records of eternal life.* It is Heart Service which opens the Door. That Door at which Christ is knocking, knocking all the day, bidding us to open, to open by the heart-service of love to our neighbor. That Door



is the Door of the Heart, the Door that leads to the Kingdom of God, which man opens by being himself the Doer of God's Holy Word. Which Word is not literal but spiritual, though concentrating into the most common physical acts. As the cup of cold water in His Name, the kind word that turneth away wrath, the common drudgery of life done in the spirit of patience and human helpfulness.

How to gain this Kingdom? Simple in the telling, but profound in the doing. *We must turn all things to good account.* Only this, to bring in the Kingdom. But how difficult! We must love all good into being, and turn the lesser good which we have called bad into good through the transmuting power of love. The Philosopher's Stone. The Elixir of Life: triturated on the stone, beat in the mortar, cooked in the alembic, melted in the crucible of life.

We must not condemn evil. "Resist not evil; overcome evil with good." The way to bring the good is to think, and talk, and live the good. Leave evil to work itself out into good. Love the so-called evil doer and realize that the heart of a man may be pure and noble even while his actions may be unfortunate and distressing.

Do not talk about evil. The more evil is thought about and talked about the more will it crop out in the lives of those who thus cultivate and foster it. Cover over evil with good, and there will be no evil. This is really true. It will thus be more than put out of sight,—it will be put out of existence. This is not only a metaphysical truth, but it will grow into a physical truth if you get out of the way and give it a chance to try. When so-called bad comes up put good over it quick! Then there will be no bad.

Fill your mind so full of the sweet, the lovely and the noble that the sour, the horrid and the mean will find no room. Then will your life be as a perfume of roses, and a poem of song, bringing laughter and joy to all you meet. Tarry not with the evil. Dwell long in the tents of the righteous. (This does not say to be "self-righteous.") Find the good in all things. Hold fast to the good. Praise the Giver of All Good. Then the Kingdom of God shall surround you and *be in your midst.*



## NEW LIFE IN BOSTON CHURCHES

I HAVE BEEN agreeably surprised recently to see how many Episcopal clergymen there are who frequently preach good Swedenborgian doctrine, and I have been greatly interested (and somewhat amused) at the antiquity of others. The Episcopal Church is truly *catholic*, when it can give room for such different expressions of religion as that of the *High Church* on the one extreme, the *Low Church* at the other, and the *Broad Church* in between.

All the progressiveness and vitality of the Christian Church is not among the Episcopalians. In Boston I find that the Baptists have taken possession of the optimistic affirmations of the New Thinkers, and put them to work on the ground floor of their religious life. And why shouldn't they? I refer more particularly to the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, which is quite near this magazine, but I notice this New Life in other Baptist Churches. Of course they do not call it New Thought, and might resent the imputation that they have stolen some of the New Thought thunder. Well, perhaps they did not. Give them the benefit of the doubt. They can get it in the Bible if they know how to look for it. Trouble is, they have not cared to look for it in the past, and as a result have made some aspects of their religion gloomy, depressing and repulsive.

The Presbyterians, strange to say, are becoming quite modern,—in some respects. You will hear some new presentations of truth from their pulpit here in Boston, and the people are saturated with the spirit of the New Life. The Methodists do not appear to be moving very fast. Under a blight. At sixes and sevens. Getting ready. Mrs. Fairfield and I went to a prayer meeting several months ago in the Methodist Church on Winthrop street, and the chill there almost gave me the "blues." Mrs. Fairfield is more cold blooded than I am, and she didn't care. Rather liked the frigidity. She doesn't mind if the minister does not dangle her little body over the burning pit and grill her bones. She doesn't like to be scared. But I have learned the nature of stage fire and thunder, and rather enjoy



the show,—for a little while. She says if eternal life and the Great Law (they're a one) is as good as I say it is, she will hang onto my coat-tails and get in too, before St. Peter closes the gate ker-bang!

The Universalists and Unitarians do not need to move as fast as the others, for they were a generation or two ahead at the start. The Swedenborgians are so far ahead they have had to draw a line about themselves for fear of blowing away. There is danger of these three denominations becoming fossilized. Each stands for distinctive truth which they conserved. But the others are adopting those truths,—under new names and without giving credit. What will become of the conservators? Will they dry up and turn into three old ancestral portraits which future generations will put into heavy gold frames and hang on the walls of the house of Time, and point to with pride? Or will they become a *humanity* church, by adapting themselves to the human issues which confront society today. They are too select, and apart from the great body of humanity, and of human needs. The church must realize its duty to *men* as well as *man*. The Evangelical churches—some of them—are doing this to a greater extent than the three I have mentioned.

*Unless the Christian Church—in an organized way—goes into business and into politics, the Church will die and our social life will be saved by some other agency of God.*

It is not enough to preach against iniquity and expect that individuals can overturn iniquitous systems. This is an age of unity—for evil and good. Men must combine under the banner of the church for social rectification. I do not mean what is termed "Christian Socialism." I would sooner be driven and crowded by the devil than by an organization of professed Christians. I believe that Christ should be an exemplar and not a governor, and my vision of the Christian Church as a factor in business and politics, is more as the concentrated energy of Christian Character *doing something*, but doing it right along side, in a kindly rivalry with the worldly powers of greed, but doing things so very much better that those powers will see the loveliness and the superiority of the Great Law of human service. I realize this sounds visionary but I have had the vision of the New



Society, and have the enthusiasm of the New Life. That makes all the difference with us all.

Please understand that I do not believe in a "unity of the churches" wherein there will be a unity of doctrine, or of forms, or even of moral discipline, such as theatre-going, dancing, and "drinking", or that all the churches will undertake the same social work, although certain denominations, by a law of natural affinity, will undertake certain lines of work, in agreement with all. The Catholic Church, both Roman and Anglican, is adapted to healing, Unitarian to wholesale business and banking, Presbyterian to retail trade or "shop keeping", Methodists to manufacturing, Baptists to teaching along practical lines, Universalists to teaching along esthetic lines, Congregationalists as publishers. Farming and politics will not be especially undertaken by any one. And others? "Too numerous to mention."

I believe the more different we all are the better we all are. A dead uniformity is horrible to contemplate. But I believe in a grand Christian army bound together by optional choices, organized on humanitarian and not theological bases, and animated by a spirit of unity in the *love* of Christ. I have taken the local Boston churches as a study. Names may more or less fit different bodies in England, for instance, or different parts of this country. I have given a general indication.

Both the Christian Church, and human society, are passing through momentous changes,—though unobserved by many. We are all passing through a revolution,—of thought,—which will assume great proportions in the coming centuries, though our eyes are so near the dial plate of time that we cannot gain perspective enough to see the hands move. Sometimes, however, the man with interior vision can see surface indications of mighty unseen forces and trends. We see these indications in a *dissatisfied clergy*. A good sign. The self satisfied man is lost. The churches are taking up social work, or rather what has been called social to distinguish it from spiritual. It will not retreat. It will enlarge. It will learn that no human activity but has a spiritual and a religious basis, and that the truly religious life extends throughout seven days in the week and covers twenty-four hours a day,—and sixty seconds to a minute.



## GREAT GODS AND LITTLE FISHES

**M**ANY PEOPLE EXPECT to become *gods* some fine day, provided they evolve properly in the mean time. Well, well, I do not mind,—do you? But perhaps you want to become a god also? Well, if you do, go in and win. I am willing. I'll hold your hat for you, hand you the bouquet, and adjust the crown, to see if it is on straight. Yes I will. That is, when you become a god. I'll hang around the flies, and when you get to be a god I'll come out to the center of the stage and pat you on the back, and say, "Johnny, you make a very pretty little ten-cent god."

It seems that the definition of god is a person who attains power to direct and instruct other lesser gods in knowledge and wisdom. Not so very bad, after all, to want to be a god, if our object is to help others. But this motive to help others is but secondary to the primal one which is that we want to be a big feller. And pat the Creator on the back and tell him how to make his mud pies. And look down upon less fortunate gods. Great gods and little fishes. Big bugs and little bugs. Toads with big croaks and toads with little croaks. Well, well. I don't mind, do you?

How interesting we will look when we become gods! Bossing people about. Saying, do this and that. Take this pill. Wear this plaster. Sit here and there. Stand up. Sit down. Learn this. Learn that. Won't it seem nice to be gods!

I came across some incipient, embriotic, chaotic gods once in a Theosophical Lodge. It was great sport to see them evolve. And throw out their chests. And ladle out knowledge to hungry aspirants for godship! Great Scot! How these budding gods practiced on the common mortals who came their way! 'Twas all right. Tempest in a tea pot. Universe flying round in a cranium. With gears grinding. And belts slipping. And shafts wobbling in loose journals. With stars, and moons, and long-tailed comets coming ker-bump together. And then flying away in the sulks and throwing scintillating gleams of godness to each other.



## DUTY AND LOVE

ELLA L. LAYSON, Graniteville, Calif.

**L**ET US EVER be mindful of our duty toward those bound to us by earthly ties, so that the **Will of God** may be done through us. There are some who claim that our first duty is to ourselves, in a personal sense, while we should trust to God to take care of those more or less dependent upon us—that He can do His work better that we can do it for Him, and that this talk of duty is but a love of self-sacrifice looking to future reward.

This is the view from the standpoint of the intellect and not of the heart, therefore it is not realized that it is possible to perform an act of duty, looking for no reward, thinking of none, only the satisfaction that invariably comes from being true to the **Higher Self**, for that is the first duty of each one, and consists in obeying the inner voice, or conscience, which is God's voice speaking to us through the heart. And if something seems to say to us: "Look out for your own interests first, you are responsible for yourself and no one else," we may be sure it is our lower self,—the spirit of selfishness,—that is calling us away from the path of duty.



Surely we must see that God works through human agencies, and our work is wherever we have been placed and for those bound to us by the ties of nature, or to those who in the natural order of things look to us for comfort and protection. And if we are found worthy then it may be God will give us a larger field to work in, but no one can have an influence in the world for good who lives for self, unmindful of the rights and needs of others, though he may have all knowledge and prestige. "Though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge \* \* and have not **Love** I am nothing." Only those who speak from the heart can reach the heart with words of true helpfulness that have the power to bless and uplift. Only those who are true to their personal duties can enter



into the spirit of true Brotherhood which recognizes One Source for all, placing us under obligations to every living soul that stands in need of anything we have in our power to give. And as we deny others so shall we be denied in our time of need.

It is dangerous to unduly exalt the Ego, for it leads to extreme selfishness, and separation instead of unity, while the life of love and service affords the best possible conditions for spiritual unfoldment and development of the Inner Life, where real power, wealth and happiness alone may be found, and that transcends all limitations of environment and circumstance.

**I**T DOESN'T MATTER how much of a jackass you are if you don't know it, for you will thus provide a great amount of amusement to your friends, and considerable felicity for yourself. It's all in the knowing it and the not knowing it. Introspection. Self analysis. Getting outside of oneself and looking at oneself. A hard thing to do. Almost impossible. There's the rub! I am acquainted with an amiable, egotistical, self-illuminated clergyman who takes himself quite seriously, and thereby provides much amusement,—to some. I know the angels laugh. No wonder. They can't help it. I would doubtless laugh myself at the absurd poses of self-centered mortals. Who crouch, and hide, and shin up tall trees. To get away. From what? From their own minute selves!

God laughs! Yes, God laughs. Many a time. At us. At our petty perplexities. At the tempest we brew in a teapot. At the genuflections and circumnavigations of humbug piety and pretence. Good natured fun. Jesus showed lots of it! Good fun is good. Then the good God must have good fun! And yet the angels are kind. And God is kind. With infinite kindness. But don't you think he sometimes lets us squirm, and wiggle, and puff, and pant, and play hide-and-go-seek with ourselves, in order that we can come to ourselves, and then become ourselves? And yet, God and his angels constantly protect us. From ourselves. From the brood of devils we conger up in our egotistical self assertiveness.

But when there is no danger, and the absurd foolishness is harmless, then I think God must laugh!



## WHAT IS LIFE FOR

**I**F WE KNEW BEFOREHAND what life had in store for us we would not have courage to live it. That is why God blinds our eyes. And tempts us on with fleeting joys. With joys that stay long enough to fool us and then vanish. And then other joys to stand in front of us, and dance about, and say, "See how pretty I am; see how luscious; see how delightful!" And then you swallow the bait, and pluck up courage again, and commence to grind—again. And when you get tired of grinding,—and

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate.  
All but the page prescribed, their present state:  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:  
Or who could suffer being here below?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,  
That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n,  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.  
Atoms of systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;  
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.  
What future bliss he gives thee not to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

—Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle III.

get wolloped, and beat out, and discouraged, some other will-o'-the-wisp dangles the mirage of soul satisfaction before your eyes again, to tempt you on to another chase. And then you chase. And then,— you grind. And then you look around and hear hideous voices and see leering faces. And blank despair stares you in the face. And then the Siren comes again, with dulcet voice and tempting promise. Ad infinitum.

What is all this for? For something. Something good. Why good? Because the very core of our being proclaims it. Is this satisfactory,—satisfactory proof of the beneficence of pain, and disappointment, and human nothingness? Yes, it is to me, but I cannot tell it in words. Why not give up the useless quest and "curse God and die"? In the first place because I



don't want to, and in the second place because I can't. For I can neither curse God nor die. Even if I wanted to do so. Impossible to do either. Mrs. Job was quite wrong.

What do we call this quality which is in the core, which gives us "blessed assurance," and patience, and courage? To renew the fight? To get cut fingers, a sore head, and a bloody jaw? To get the cup of wormwood, the reproach of our bosom friends, the death of our children in our arms as they pull at our vitals and our hopes turn to stone?

It does not matter what we call this inner soul-sense, this God-consciousness, this apotheosis of the clay. To have this unspeakable, unquenchable, unassailable fire burning on the altar of the heart is enough. Any word will do. Some call it Faith. But it is more than belief, or doctrine, or any human measurement. Let us all seek to get more of this consciousness of the inner beneficence of life.

How can we get it? Through the path of sacrifice in unselfish love for others.

**T**HE SOUND *AUM*, or *OM*, which is used so much in Hindu mantrams, is a universal world sound which enters into all life on this planet. The hum of the bee is one audible end of this world-sound, the croak of the frog is another. All through animated nature is the audible antiphony of this sound, and growing vegetation joins in the symphony in sounds inaudible to human ears. The rocks sound it, in deep, unreached cadencies. The brooks murmur it, in peaceful, flowing melodies. The stars in the sky sing it out in heavenly euphonies. The whirl of the factory wheels; the tumult of the money changing throng; the heart song of the housewife and coo of the babe; these,—all these sound it. The angels in heaven proclaim it unto man for his guidance and encouragement.

What is it? It is the basic and unifying principle of life,—of all life. It is Creative—Sustaining—Reorganizing Sound of Life. It is the universal cry for more life, more joy, more being. For Change. For More. For More of Us.

The Divine Will is altruistic, philanthropic, *human* love.



## THE POWER OF SILENCE

EMMA BOOMER, 312 Center Street, Newton, Mass.



SO MANY are enquiring, *What do you mean by going into the Silence?* that it may be well to give what to us seems a comprehensive answer: First, get still, then stiller, and yet more still. Breathe long and deeply. Shut out, as it were, the mundane world entirely, and a *new* world appears to dawn upon the inner vision. You listen for the wondrous music of the higher spheres. You then enter, not only *states* of consciousness, but *consciousness* itself, for in the last analysis it is all simply consciousness.

In the Silence ask for what you want. *KNOW* it is our Father's ear into which we pour out our wants and desires, and the Father who seeth in secret shall reward us openly. Know that he loves to give good gifts unto his children. Entering into the silence is what was meant by entering into the closet and praying to the Father who will meet us there.

In the Silence withdraw the mind or thoughts from all discord, from everything of a purely materialistic or external nature, and become very quiet and passive to the touch of the diviner impulse. *LET GO,—and Rest in God!* Become receptive to what is given you in that condition.

We venture to assert that when one has learned how to go into the Silence, and tested the value of its power, they will come forth equipped and ready to meet life everywhere with renewed vigor, and become more and more powerful, and more successful, as healers and teachers along New Thought lines. From a personal standpoint we know this to be true, having tested it time and again. And it has given to us some of the richest treasures of rare experience we ever possessed.

In this brief manner we are only touching upon a few sa-



lient points, and giving a small nugget of the gold of true Silence, hoping that this may tend to enlighten someone as to what it means. The trees and flowers go into the Silence, and at certain seasons and times all nature becomes still, as in the hush of autumn days. But from that peaceful silence they emerge with renewed vigor and strength. Adown the meadow, in the dell, the daisy and the cowslip sleep. A hush seems lingering o'er the rill,—a silence most profound.

It would be well to set apart a time each day for entering the Silence, that we may hold communion with God, and get so still we hear his Voice speaking within our soul centers, and know that in that way we find the peace that passeth understanding.

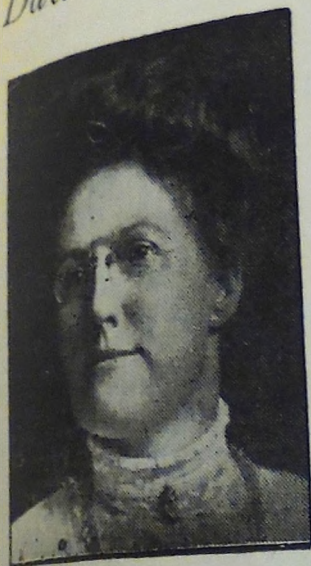
**C**AN we say that matter is retarded motion, and that all grades of density of matter are degrees of retardness of motion? I am not sure about this, but the thought seems valuable enough to consider.

Can we use the word spirit instead of motion, and say that spirit is the finer and higher rate of vibrations of which matter is the slower and lower?

If we so consider it we can then understand the fact of materialization of bodies from apparent nothingness, and then dematerializing again. I have seen this done over and over again, as anyone may, I judge, who cares to make the effort to study what is called spiritualistic materializations. It may also account for the appearance and disappearance of Jesus to his disciples after his crucifixion.

**T**HERE is an ignorance which comes from learning which is the most blind and dense of all ignorance. There is an academic learning which leads a man away from the problems and profits of life and twists his mind so that he cannot see things as they are, but is all the time trying to see things as the schools say they are. The common man of the street is looked down upon by these pedants as a foolish and unlearned man, but this same unlearned man looks upon the superficial bookmen as foolish.



*Berthe A. Weeks**Dawn*

Softly over the mountains steals the glimmer  
of dawn;  
Purple and crimson shadings tell us the day  
is born.  
Spreadeth the glory wider, till shadows take  
their flight,  
And bursts of golden sunlight banish the dusky  
night.  
So, dawns a roseate gleaming athwart the  
sleeping soul,  
And floods of wondrous splendor over the  
being roll.  
The night, so dark and dreary, is banished by  
the light—  
The light of Truth, seen clearly, guides ever to  
the right.

The shadows that have fallen o'er life's tempestuous sea  
Shall vanish with the dawning. Know, mortals, ye are free!

**I** COUNT all things fortunate. As blessings, either near or remote. Suffering. Stumblings. Jolts. Thistles, thorns and kicks. Anything. A true philosopher, who is a brave man at the same time, can extract good from anything. Nothing can harm him. Everything leaves him better: small-pox, desertion of friends, the blow in the dark. Invincible. Irreproachable. Uncontaminable. For the Glory of God, and a crust of bread, and the companionship of immortal minds. God protects. A rich kingdom of the soul. Secure. Substantial. Serene.

Mrs. Fairfield scouts this philosophy. Ridiculous. Imagination. Morbid.

I am going to print her picture, sometime,—“when I find a good one,”—and then you will see why she pulls one way and I pull the other, and then we both pull together.

**T**HERE IS a unity in diversity. Every odd stick necessary to strengthen the structure. Every weak “useless” foolish little thing to fill out the whole in beauty. Every noisome stench to sound the diapason. Necessary. All Good. But there is less gooder good, and more gooder good. Else there would



be no contrast. And if there was no contrast there would be no sensation, and if there was no sensation there would be no life. And it is all for character building.

A few days ago I was returning home in a West End car. These are little short cars with worn out trucks, which go bobbing and thumping over the frogs and switches. You often wonder if you're off the track, and sometimes wish you were. It's good for constipation. Infallible cure. If you can stand the dose.

As we left the neighborhood of the Mass. Gen. Hospital a working man got in with his arm tied up in a great swathing bandage, and all the surgeon's chemicals apparently oozing out,—judging by the smell. He took the only vacant seat,—next to me,—and I had to “squeeze” to give him room. It was dinner time. I don't like to take an apothecary shop on an empty stomach. Next to me, on the other side, was a buxom negress whose clothing had been steeped in the fumes of fried onions, kerosene oil, and—well, I will not print it. I got all that belonged to me. Perhaps a little more. But probably not. Across the way was a black gentleman of high degree with two dress suit cases and several pairs of feet. The conductor did pretty well. A trolley-trained athlete. Some times he jumped over. Other times he brushed the mud off my shoes,—and put some more on,—a different kind of mud,—West End mud. I have no corns. I mused,—as I smelled. On the probable characteristics of our simian ancestors.

Well, I said it was all right,—and I tried to believe myself, for I make it a rule to try and believe in myself, and take myself seriously, even if I do not succeed always with others. I kept repeating that the laborer is a brother, and a good brother, and I said that apothecary shops are good. And this good hard working colored woman next me I could love and respect for her noble human struggle to make good. And the brother in front of me, with the high collar he scratched his ears with, and the long cuffs he polished his finger nails with, and the heavy gold chain on his stomach, from pocket to pocket (to tie himself together with, I expect)—these were all good—and “amusing”—and variety of life. We are all freaks to some other freak.



## THE UMBILICAL NERVE

**S**EA SICKNESS IS CAUSED BY A LITTLE NERVE which is located within the inner ear,—in the brain. It is pear-shaped, with the stem at the top. In health this nerve maintains its upright position, no matter what position the body is in, for the nerve changes at once with the change of the body, and turns about so it points upward at all times. No matter how sudden the body changes, the nerve will follow, and change its position so it points upward.

Changes of the body itself, however, upward and downward (or vertically), starts the nerve into tension. This inequilibrium does not take place when a man walks down stairs, because the resistance of the step to the foot assures the nerve that there is a solid foundation. In slow moving passenger elevators the sense of foundation is felt, but in "express" elevators of tall buildings the nerve has the feeling of insecurity which brings on sea sickness. When the body is quickly lowered the nerve quivers. It recovers its equilibrium and equanimity if the body is moved but a few times, but if moved down constantly without a sense of security in substantial foundation, it loses its sense of geocentric solidity, and becomes disturbed. When the body is pushed up again, and then lowered, after a few times, the nerve loses its rectitude and sends word to the central telephone switch-board at the pit of the stomach that everything is wrong, that the bottom has dropped out of the universe, that everything is going to "wrack and ruin."

The central station becomes demoralized, no work can be done, and the stomach refuses to act. Messages are sent back and forth asking what's the matter. Then we have what is termed sea sickness. The cure is to get hold of that nerve and keep it quiet. When it is covered over with a hood in hypnosis it lays quiet, and then the vessel may pitch and toss to any extent, and no sea sickness results. Those who become accustomed to the motion of the ship, and do not have sea sickness, have trained their nerve to behave. That is the slower process, but if the nerve could be gotten at, and hypnotized, sea sickness



would cease. This cure has recently been demonstrated by Dr. J. W. Dougall, who effected some remarkable cures of sea sick passengers on the Allan liner "Carthaginian" during the voyage from Glasgow to Boston.

In an interview on the subject the doctor says: "Of course sea sickness is curable by hypnotism. Granted a desire on the part of the patient, it is an infallible remedy. The common belief that *mal-de-mer* is primarily a disorder of the stomach is a fallacy. It is a functional disease of the brain. I have proved by actual experiment that by suggestion, under hypnosis, the sickness will go away and not return."

It is the *going down* which causes sea sickness. The nerve does not object to going up. In the toss and heave of the ship it is the downward motion of the ship which makes one sick. And he is sick because that little nerve gets frightened and then sends word to the stomach that its universe is topsy turvy.

There is another nerve in the brain which causes the dizziness or vertigo which comes upon a person who looks down from a high building, or down from a balloon. This nerve is back of the eyes, and above them. When the eyes are closed it does not matter how high one is brought from the earth, the feeling of vertigo does not come. And that nerve can be trained so it will not get frightened. "Steeple climbers" succeed in their work by hypnotizing this nerve. They hold it down by the will. With many it stays down. With others it must be held in place, and if they lose their grip on it, then the feeling of dizziness will come upon them.

Both the ear-nerve and the eye-nerve can be trained by the will. Both *are* trained by those who follow the sea, or by those who follow the air (so to speak). And the adaptability of those nerves for training varies with each of us,—according to pre-natal training. Both nerves are extensions of the umbilical nerve, and the umbilical nerve is what some have denominated the Solar Plexus.

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**P**HYSICAL SCIENCE has to do with the externals of things. It operates on the plane of culminations, and not causes. It is of inestimable value as a verification or demonstration.



*The Optimist Creed*

S. E. Kiser

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed ;  
 I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed ;  
 I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear ;  
 I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise ;  
 I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze ;  
 I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread  
 I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown ;  
 I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own ;  
 I will to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine ;  
 I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with  
 mine.

*Three Ghosts*

Theodosia Garrison

Three ghosts upon a lonesome road  
 Spake each to one another :  
 "Whence came that stain about your mouth  
 No lifted hand may cover?"  
 "From eating of forbidden fruit,  
 Brother, my brother."

Three ghosts upon the sunless road  
 Spake each to one another :  
 "Whence came that red burn on your feet  
 No dust or ash may cover?"  
 "I stamped a neighbor's hearth flame out,  
 Brother, my brother."

Three ghosts upon a windless road  
 Spake each to one another :  
 "Whence came that blood upon your hand  
 No other hand may cover?"  
 "From breaking of a woman's heart,  
 Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,  
 Glutton and Thief and Lover ;  
 White, fresh and fair it hid our stains  
 That no man might discover."  
 "Naked the soul goes up to God,  
 Brother, my brother."

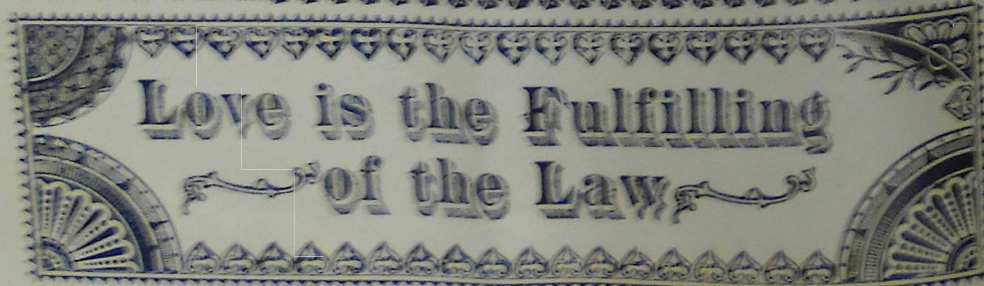


## EXTRACTS FROM THE AQUARIAN GOSPEL

Price of book (260 pp. 6x9, cloth bound) \$2.00 postpaid.  
 A remarkable book transcribed from the Akashik Records by Levi  
 Circulars and books from E. S. Dowling  
 508 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.



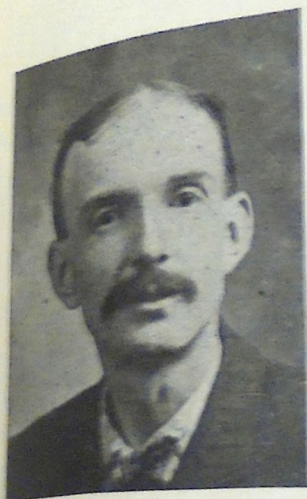
THE fruitage of the tree of life is all too fine to feed the carnal mind. If you would throw a diamond to a hungry dog, lo, he would turn away, or else attack you in a rage. The incense that is sweet to God is quite offensive unto Beelzebub; the bread of heaven is but chaff to men who cannot comprehend the spirit life. The master must be wise and feed the soul with what it can digest. If you have not the food for every man, just ask and you shall have; seek earnestly and you shall find. Just speak the Word and knock; the door will fly ajar. No one has ever asked in faith and did not have; none ever sought in vain; no one who ever knocked aright has failed to find an open door. When men shall ask you for the bread of heaven turn not away, nor give to them the fruit of carnal trees. If one, a son, would ask you for a loaf, would you give him a stone? If he would ask you for a fish would you give him a serpent of the dust? What you would have your God give unto you, give unto men. The measure of your worth lies in your service unto men. Because a man prays long and loud is not a sign that he is saint. The praying men are not all in the kingdom of the soul. The man who lives the holy life, who does the will of God, abides within the kingdom of the soul. The good man from the treasures of his heart sends blessedness and peace to all the world.





## REVERENCE

H. S. LeValley, 221 Kensington Avenue, Kankakee, Ills.



HERE are some who left the old régime who deplore the lack of reverence manifested by those participating in the New Age. They show pessimistic conservatism and a lack of adaptation to the new mento-spiritual Aquarian Age, which has but recently succeeded the Piscean. Familiarity breeds contempt only with the superficial, in their acquisition of knowledge, but the wiser ones see deeper into the cosmic

majesty, and each broadening view fills them with reverence and awe at the stupendous whole.

As one reaches deeper into the realities of life, away from the grovelling carnal senses, a conception of infinite law and order is reached, and we bow down in reverence before that magnificent comprehension, filled with emotions of filial love which meets, and blends, and becomes at one with the love of the Oversoul poured out lavishly to all creation. This divine love is shaping all men. It is bringing all men to the center of love. It is turning the man from the darkness of passion and self to the light of sweetness and glory. And as we enter into the spirit and behold the wheels of God go round and round, and causes revolve into results, and those results turn to greater fruition, and that fruition enmesh into greater wheels, and turn and turn, in endless causality and endless fruition, then, indeed, are the inmost heartstrings of the soul vibrated in cosmic melody, and we are constrained to bow the knee in adoration, and the heart fills with reverence, and the lips open to pour forth pæns of praise to the Majesty of the Most High!

This is reverence, and it is also an innate recognition by the soul that the purpose of life is exaltation, the heart of life is love, and the culmination of life is joy.



**S**OMEONE has said, "*The Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Man is really one and the same.*" Is this true? I think not,—as I define the words *God* and *Man* as being two ends, as it were, of the One life. If we define man as the lesser vehicle,—as the part, the imperfect, the unfinished,—then we can easily see that the two kingdoms are far apart, as the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of heaven. As carnality and spirituality. As fight, and discord, and pain; and peace, and loveliness, and joy. But if we define man as *potentially* an arch-angel,—and in a sense he is such, when he awakens to his present condition as a swine-herd feeding on the husks of life, and turns toward his Father's Kingdom,—when he awakens to the unworthiness of the grovelling life of the senses and realizes the glorious kingdom which surrounds him,—if we predicate ahead and see man thus as he *really* is, then there is but one Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Divine Man.

There is no *permanency* in evil. Only the good shall last. Then there is no *reality* to evil,—not absolute, permanent reality. It belongs to the illusions, the chimeras, the phantasies of the grosser senses. Turn to God and it vanishes like a dream. In this sense, then, there is no kingdom of this world, for it is only a mirage of the mind, thin, vapory, non-existent.

We all know, however, that there is a reality to this—lower life,—while it lasts,—and no amount of metaphysical subtlety will disguise the taste of bitterness, or the sense of reality. Therefore, I prefer to consider that there are two kingdoms,—the kingdom of man and the Kingdom of God. Look within. As Jesus said, *It is in your midst.*

## INSPIRATION

AEONA, Author of *The Raven's Leaf*

What is it makes poetry—old or new—  
Appeal to all ages as sweet and true?  
That calls to the soul to spread its wing  
For a flight in the clouds where love-birds sing?  
'Tis the magic tint of Immortal Mind  
That filters through the thought refined;  
'Tis the tender strains of sympathy hold  
The breaking heart in the better fold;  
'Tis the power of truth in word and line  
Opens up the pathway of faith divine.



## A JOURNALISTIC CATAclysm

By ISABEL HOLMES



IT HAD been three and a half decades since Brotherly shook off the dust of his feet against New York and its journalism. Great changes had taken place since he left in 1908. The buildings had pushed skyward to the uniform height of thirty-five stories. An airy steel structure, much higher than the old elevated he remembered, without its unsightliness, had been reared above Broadway. He could see the electric trains shooting over it. There were sidewalks, too, in the upper air. Streams of people flowed from the electric elevators which were to be seen along the street at short intervals.

He walked up Broadway as one in a dream, and came up to Park Row, his old un-happy hunting ground, and walked along searching for traces of the combatants who had shivered lances of yore in the journalistic fray. Ah! There was the *Gladiator* Building still, but with its head in the clouds, and the *Lightning Rod*, yes, and the *Fly-Wheel*, his old paper. All had survived. A flag, waving from a building on the site of the old *Chanticleer*, gave *Iconoclast* to the breeze. The others, he judged, had moved up town.

A tall marble shaft rose from a pedestal in Printing House Square. He stopped, and read the inscription:

THIS MONUMENT COMMEMORATES  
THE CHARGE OF THE PROTESTING BRIGADE  
OCTOBER 1, 1910

Brotherly circled around to old St. Paul's, which still stood, weather-worn and indrawn, beneath the over-arching buildings. He liked the looks of the people he met. The old worried expression, and hasty movements, had given place to a certain calm equipoise. The sky-scraper opposite St. Paul's was still the Astor House, and behold! a news stand in its shadow, as of old. He gathered up a sample of each paper, with a pleasurable tinkling of the fingers.

He found the gate to St. Paul's churchyard, with the "latch-string" out as of yore. This was delightful. But the newspapers had an unfamiliar air. It might have been the journalism of Jupiter, so unlike was it to that which he remembered. Scare headlines had disappeared. The papers did not strut in gaudy



plumage. They had an air of retiring self-respect, like one who is advertized by his worth.

He settled down on a bench to examine the papers, first the *Fly Wheel*. There was not a murder scandal or suicide in the whole sheet.

"A change of heart, verily," he thought. The *Fly Wheel* had been a sensation monger of the most lurid type. He continued his examination. Crime had been eliminated from all. The illustrations were superior to the best magazines of his day. Psychic and occult questions which had been on trial three decades ago were handled now in an assured way. He found such news items as these:

"There is a project on foot to enlarge the Church of Silent Demand." "The College of Motherhood has just enrolled twenty new students." "Professor Searchlight will re-open his classes for the practice of concentration, October 1st." "There will be a discussion in Ingersol Memorial Hall, October 20, 8 P.M. Subject, Immortality."

"Ingersol Memorial! The doughty iconoclast has got his innings," Brotherly said aloud with a short laugh. The laugh was echoed from somewhere behind. A short, thick-set, jolly looking man, with a sort of familiar squint, stepped forward and grasped Brotherly by the hand.

"I've been watching you for the last half hour," said the new comer, as he tightened his friendly grip. "You disappeared thirty-five years ago yesterday."

"What was my name?" "Brotherly, or mine isn't Greenleaf."

"Greenleaf." Brotherly was alert. "That was the name of the *Fly Wheel* 'cub,' " he said slowly.

"You remember me!" the jovial man said gleefully. "I've changed, of course. You don't look a day older. In fact you look younger and fresher."

"O, I've been enrolled with the immortals," Brotherly returned lightly.

"I should think so. You have forced time to reverse its process, sure enough. O, I knew you were in clover somewhere. But we are following up psychic secrets, also, by degrees."

"I knew that a spiritual cycle had begun, though I was in the very lowest earth stratum at the time," Brotherly remarked.

"I suppose there was a theory for my disappearance?"

"I should think so, when your body was found in the river. The *Fly Wheel* gave you a fine send-off, though. I saw the body at the morgue. I knew it wasn't yours. I said nothing at the office. Greenleaf's opinion didn't count. But I had my own



theories. I was a dreamy duffer. That's why they called me a fool. I was posted on Theosophy and Vedanta and astral shells, and subtle bodies and soul transference and Mahatmas."

"What were your theories?"

"You might have exchanged physical bodies with some other fellow to get out of the grind for awhile, I thought, or your guardian Mahatma might have wafted you to the fastnesses of Thibet."

Brotherly smiled. The remembrance of those terrible days of grind had a retrospective charm now. A journalistic nightmare had ridden him out of Gotham.

"I made a story about your disappearance," Greenleaf continued, "wrote it out in my loft nights and Sundays, and sent it to the *Rub-a-dub*. They paid me ten dollars for it, and a compliment. It launched me. I've floated ever since. I've always been grateful to you for *furnishing a subject*. Well, you always treated me with a fellow feeling. I liked you. I drove the tears back with my knuckles when you didn't show up. I suspected that it was a case of insanity. Several newspaper men went stark mad about that time. You looked queer when you gave me the last copy,—kept looking over your shoulder as if you expected a blow."

"I did expect it. Your insanity theory was correct. I was driven crazy by thought entities. Do you remember the motto in white letters on a red ground over my desk?"

"*Thoughts are Things!*" said Greenleaf sententiously.

"Yes, I was a crank on the subject of thought forms. I had studied occult lore. I had developed a good deal of psychic power under the guidance of a wise Oriental teacher. I gained the ability to see thought-forms, clairvoyantly of course, all around me. This development of the finer sight (which we all have, unknown to us) brought me intense happiness while the thought-forms were beautiful in color and shape. You know, of course, that the nature of thought determines form, and the quality of thought determines color. I have seen these thought-forms in dainty and delicate shapes, of a soft pink like the flush of sunset, circling round a mother caressing her child. I know a devoted husband whose young wife had been made a hopeless cripple by a railway accident. These rosy thought-forms of unselfish affection were rising all around this great strapping fellow as he waited upon her with a woman's tenderness.

"I have seen them of beautiful sky-blue tints floating upward from a Sister of Mercy as she knelt before the shrine of the Virgin. Once I came upon a Hindu teacher of Vedanta philosophy



we had among us, who was in a retired spot in Central Park, where he had withdrawn to meditate on the Universal Spirit. I stood and looked at him as he sat there motionless in deep concentration, with closed eyes and a sort of veiled light shining through his noble face. He was surrounded by a perfect shower of devotional thought-forms of the purest blue, with something like electric sparks shooting through them. I knew that these indicated the highest devotion, and I walked away softly, feeling that the spot was holy ground. Then I have seen yellow thought-entities multiply around a brilliant lecturer, as his argument proceeded. I used to see them of delicate yellow tint cluster around a young woman friend when she sat reading Emerson. I have closed my eyes while listening to a symphony or an oratorio, and seen these entities in all beautiful rainbow tints floating around me, and attracting my own thoughts. It was spiritual intoxication."

"All this was before you wrote for the *Fly Wheel*?"

"Yes. A change came after I went into journalism. I had to write sensational things or go under. I gave birth daily to thoughts of crime, murder, suicide. My fellow workers did likewise. We multiplied these ugly entities into millions. We created a kingdom in the air peopled with hideous shapes of dull mottled reds, and browns, and brick colors. They floated about my head. My aura was invaded by them. I couldn't breathe. They drove off all beautiful thoughts, and I lost power to summon them. In dreams even, their gauzy wings fanned my face hideously."

"No wonder you had that apprehensive look," Greenleaf said, "But you were not the only one who got at the occult root of the matter. We had a seer on the watch tower. He raised a tempest that uprooted the old journalism and laid a foundation for the new. As a result you did not know your old chums this morning in their new dress," and Greenleaf waved his hand over the papers scattered about.

"I didn't, that's a fact. Has crime been eliminated from society?"

"O, there's crime yet, but it creeps into a corner, grown ashamed to flaunt its ugly front in our faces. Formerly it had the chief seat in the synagogue."

"Did the change of heart come to the pass suddenly?"

"Well, rather, though of course it took time to work up to the climax. Let me see. You got out at the time of the San Francisco earthquake?"



"My last article for the *Fly Wheel* was regarding that catastrophe."

"Well, the craze you remember about that time, for raking up garbage heaps, and scouring cesspools for news, grew worse afterwards. People became so accustomed to lies that they forgot the color of truth. The extras would swear to a falsehood and forswear it within the space of twenty minutes. There was widespread financial depression, and speculation and artificial scarcity in the great food staples. Trusts and secret combinations manipulated the market and raised the prices of the necessities of life to the breaking point, leaving widespread destitution. Fighting armament was increased by enormous taxation, and all classes were kept in nervous dread and a high tension of excitement at 'wars and rumors of wars.'

"People drifted from their old moorings. Public conscience was demoralized and private conscience confused. Fortunes changed hands. Thousands went to the wall. Society was in a state of demoralization. Men attempted to control the business of transportation in certain great geographical sections, and when they had about succeeded, went crazy and to private insane asylums. Crime had the right of way for a time. The suicidal mania beat all former records. The sensational papers manufactured cases to heighten the effect. The most conservative journals fell into line. Suicides went up to two hundred a week. All classes were affected with this mental disease. Bank directors, doctors, lawyers, Wall Street magnates, society men and women went down. There was universal panic. People lost faith in themselves. Friends looked into each other's faces doubting which would be the next victim.

"It was a reign of terror, I can tell you. The pulpits sent out doleful warnings that this was a visitation for our sins. The bad thought-wave reached its high tide. It was then our seer thundered an alarm in a double headed editorial in the *Gladiator* which came out the morning of a fast day, with flags at half-mast and churches draped in mourning and resounding with doleful music and dolefuller prayers.

"I got the piece by heart, and it has stuck to me," Greenleaf added. "Want to hear it?" Brotherly nodded ascent. Greenleaf struck an attitude with his thumbs in the armpits of his vest, and began:

" . . . Let us get down to causes. We are suffering from an epidemic of diseased thought. The poison is disseminated by the sensational press. Every outrage upon decency and purity is exploited in all its horrible details. Every circumstance attending these cases of crime and self destruc-



tion is held up, turned around in every possible light, and gloated over by the reader, who may be the next victim. There is no excuse for ignorance as to the cause of this state of affairs. We know that a thought is an actual thing, as real as a chair or table. A thought-form has been photographed upon a sensitive plate prepared for that purpose. We create these entities continually by the process of thinking, and send them out. The air teems with millions, for they are prolific in proportion to their vileness. The perusal of one diabolical sheet will incubate broods more wicked than the parent, in the ratio of geometrical progression. These are launched upon the air to be taken up into the brain cells of thousands. Let us call upon these sheets to haul down the yellow flag.

"The papers thus censured struck back. 'We are not called upon to wade through metaphysical morasses,' one said. 'If the Lord can permit these things we can print them.' 'The people want the details. It is our business to supply them.'

"There was demand in truth. The morbid taste thus formed required a daily dose of horror. Persons otherwise refined took the deadly stimulants on the sly. Well, it was a drawn battle. The trumpeteer sounded more blasts in the *Gladiator*, and the banned sheets piled on the agony by way of retaliation. The week came that broke all records of crime, and marked an epoch in journalism. The suicides of Greater New York went up to three hundred in a week. 'Will you throttle these voices or be swept into oblivion like Sodom?' the seer cried.

"The heaven had been working. A great silent croud took possession of Printing House Square at midnight. It was as stern and unyielding as the grim barons who stood for Magna Charter. They came in the darkness, under leadership, packed the Square, overflowed City Hall Park and all the side streets. There wasn't a sound, but the air was heavy with tremendous purpose. They waited. When the next day's editions of the sensational journals were all ready for circulation detachments rushed into the offices and took possession. A bonfire was kindled in the middle of the Square and the papers by hundreds of thousands were passed along from man to man to feed it. An alarm of fire was rung in. Those on the outskirts of the crowd, who had been prepared for this emergency, threw sand in the faces of the galloping horses, and drove back the blinded plunging creatures. The police could do nothing in the face of that determined phalanx, which stood wedge-like around the clear open space, where the fire blazed. When it died out for lack of fuel, the crowd melted away as silently as it came."

"So that is what the tall shaft commemorates?"

"Yes. The matter was hushed up as much as possible. The other papers were chary of criticism, knowing they too had been



smirched, and might not escape. It got round that men high in public confidence had aided the work, and that more than one ecclesiastical dignitary had watched the auto-dé-fé with approbation. The chiefs of the ostracised papers conferred together. They came out in manly, straightforward editorials on the second day after the conflagration.

"We have misunderstood the people. Our aim shall be reconstruction forthwith to meet the present demand."

"We are public benefactors after all," the *Fly Wheel* proclaimed airily. "Our overdose of crime brought on a legitimate reaction."

"This is the *Chanticleer* in a new dress," Greenleaf said, taking up the *Iconoclast*. "It changed its name at once and became rampant against the old order, in the usual reform style. There was a kind of paralysis for a while in all the papers. The editors could not catch the pulse-throb of the people. They feared to offend, and journalism grew dull and stale, I can tell you."

"Well, the *Utopian* came in at this time. It laid down new lines in journalism. 'Let us look after causes for a while, rather than effects,' it said. It threw namby-pamby morality to the winds, printed common sense views on the relation of the sexes, and idealized the mystery of generation. Its satire demolished ignorance of the root principle of life under cover of cheap modesty. Its moral tone was splendidly high, but its plain setting forth of truth made conservative heads reel. Michelet's *L'Amour* came into fashion again. 'Read it,' said the *Utopian*, 'the great Frenchman was a generation ahead of his time, we are abreast of him now.'

"The *Utopian's* literary tone was excellent. It would have no jaded, written-out journalist on its staff. It drew them from every state in the Union to avoid provincialism. It overleaped barbed fences. Writers were encouraged to be erratic. The editor-in-chief was the advance guard of the new philosophy. 'Get out of the grooves,' he said in a stirring article. 'You are the mouth-pieces of the self-existing Intelligence of the universe. That will have something new to say through all eternity.'

"One queer thing, the editor made a bid for rejected MSS. Because these were spontaneous, not written to order, he argued, they were more likely to have force and originality. He had little faith in editorial opinion. He knew there was a secret inquisition, fettering thought, in spite of blatant talk about a free press."

"How did the rejected MSS. turn out?"

"The mails were clogged, of course, with heaps of trash,—



pieces with only the poor ghost of an idea trailing through the word-pudding. But some of these rejected things made a sensation. They were out of the common, daring, unorthodox. Only the *Utopian* had courage to print them. Of course the paper gave occult matters a thorough airing. It dealt with the unseen and real behind the invisible and unreal. The other papers saw their circulation dwindle. They were driven to imitate or perish. The whole metropolitan press was reformed. Other cities fell into line. The country papers followed suit, and the upshot is,—a new journalism."

"Did the newspaper conversion bear fruit quickly?"

"I should think so. The high tide of crime went down at once,—nothing to feed it, you know. Of course there was and is crime, but it is not magnified by suggestion. It is minimized. It becomes less and less."

"There is an article headed 'The Husbands of Distinguished Women,' " Brotherly said musingly, as he run his eye down the columns of the *Utopian*.

"Yes, men have got over their small jealousies. They are proud of the title, as women were, when the boot was on the other foot."

"How about the ballot?"

"O, that's an old story now. Massachusetts, the storm-center of the agitation, was the last state to come into line, about twenty years ago. There was a good deal of fuss and flutter the first few years. Now women cast their votes, quietly, as a matter-of-fact, like men, and go their way. They have weightier matters on hand."

"Earning distinction, I suppose."

"Yes, but not in public life, as a rule, though they make good records when they take office. There's a new emulation among them, to mother sons and daughters worthily. The ballot was a necessary step in woman's progress. It gave her standing, but after she got it she began to look beyond, and search out her own short comings. That led to dress reform. Our women had been handicapped by unhealthy dress for generations. They were mentally and physically deformed. They were cowards, didn't dare to dress sensibly lest Mrs. Sillybrain should elevate her eyebrows."

"How did they come into line?"

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT]

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## Literary Reviews

**Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture** is a new book, which I sent for because I want to look on both sides of the question of Christ Healing. I hoped there would be some good strong reason shown against modern Christly healing ministration, or the methods of the Christian Scientists, that would hit me hard, and thereby broaden my understanding of this new and great question of the healing power of Christ, over physical and mental, as well as spiritual ills. I wanted to learn why Christ should not come into a man's life to make the triune man whole, in body, soul and spirit; to put the question in other terms, to heal body, mind and soul. I found nothing in the book to touch this vital question. Instead I found a very interesting statement of the old theology,—redemption, vicarious atonement, justification by faith, etc.,—set off against Mrs. Eddy's non-existence of pain and sickness, the unreality of the phenomenal universe, and the illusion of the senses.

The book is written by Dr. I. M. Haldeman, author of "How to Study the Bible," "The Coming of Christ," "Theosophy or Christianity," "Can Morality Save Us," etc., etc., and is published at \$1.50 postpaid by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto, London, Edinburgh. It contains 450 pages nearly the same size as this magazine.

Although I did not care to set off Dr. Haldeman's *pro* against Mrs. Eddy's *con*, as I believe I can see how we can take a little higher view and see relative truth in both, yet I found the book very profitable as a stimulator of thought, because it states truth so incompletely, so antiquated, so inadequate to modern needs. I can go over every page and get stimulous to write that which they who are with the times need. People are hungry today as never before for the Bread of Life,—more life,—life more abundant. This is a Quickening Age. The New Wine of the Spirit is being poured out. It will not go into the old casks.

Suppose you was sick and something made you well, would you care to argue about the wrongfulness of the theory, and refuse to be well because someone said the bible did not teach it and God would be angry? Perhaps put you in the coal-hole. Or in the fire. Or wipe you off the slate of life. Bah! what un-godly piety this would be! Suppose your life was made sweet and beautiful, and you had been given the grace to overcome evil habits, would you need to consider the *pro* and *con* of the orthodoxy of that change in your life, and retreat into the morass of doubt and fear if someone assured you that you had become impious? Would not the consciousness of the larger and more perfect life be more potent than all the ridicule and condemnation which the old-school might fill their minds with?



Once upon a time, we are told in an Ancient Book (and many of us love to read that book ever and over again, with reverent joyful satisfaction) a certain man who was born blind was healed by a Stranger, at the Road Side of life, and Made Whole, so he Could See. Think of it! Blind from his youth, and when he came forth from the Pool of Siloam and could see, do you suppose he could see any less because the Pharisees said he was a sinner and cast him out of the synagogue? Are there not some modern Pharisees? And Sadducees? And Scribes? Reincarnations, perhaps. Read entire chapter IX of St. John's Gospel. The argument therein is better than I can state it. Holy Writ, too.

**The Philosophies and Religions of India** is a timely book which should be read by those who wish to become acquainted with the thought of our Aryan ancestors, and their descendants in India, our own family who remained at home and did not cross the mountains and seas. We lost something by travelling,—and so did they by staying at home. The masculine forged ahead; the feminine remained at home about the old hearth fire. The one gained something by conquering new fields,—in many a bloody fight; the other conserved the home. At this Age we are coming together again, and husband is being reunited to wife, with deepest soul emotions of marital joy, which penetrates to the spiritual world of the soul, and shakes off the illusions of the earthly compassed mind.

The author of this work is Yogi Ramacharaka, the price postpaid is only \$1.10, 360 pages, handsomely bound in dark blue and gold. Yogi Publication Society, 1408 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ills., who publish about a score of philosophical and mystical books and sell them at about one half the ordinary price. When I can make room in our magazine I intend to publish a list of these books and ask you to order through me, as I get a trade discount which helps me to publish the magazine.

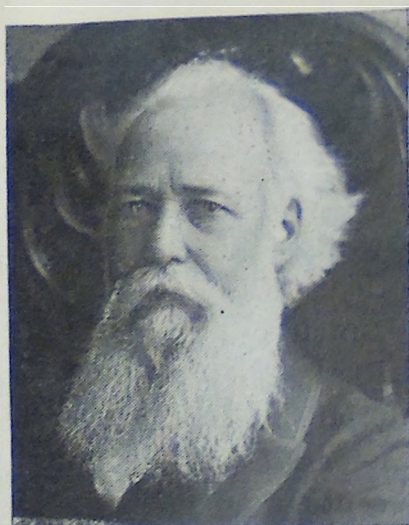
I found the book very interesting and full of meat. Smooth. Deep and abstract philosophical windings made simple and attractive. The Yogi states his position at once, and that of the school he belongs to, and then proceeds to explain the distinctive conceptions of the other schools, that of the Sankhya system, the Vedanta system, Patanjali's Yoga system, Buddhism, Suffism, etc. A very adequate glossary is given of Sanscrit terms. It is a very valuable addition to one's library.

Another book by the same author will be reviewed next month, when read, **Advanced Course in Yogi Philosophy**.

**Biopneuma** is the name of a special course of instruction by Levi, the transcriber of the **Aquarian Gospel**. I find all of Levi's writings and lessons very interesting and profitable. The weekly type written lessons sent to the Brotherhood are especially important, and should be well studied. I am agent for the Gospel (finest specimen of prose I have recently seen, at \$2.00 postpaid) other of E. S. Dowling, 503 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.



**The Seven Creative Principles** is not a new book, but it is a book that constantly sells, edition after edition, and as it was a new book to me I sent for it, and publish a picture of the author, Mr. Hiram E. Butler, made from a recent photograph. This book is one of some half a dozen which are printed, bound and published by the Esoteric Fraternity, Applegate, California, who also publish the *Bible Review*. The Fraternity is a religious (but not narrow or orthodox) community which work in common, much as the monks did in olden time. Industry



and an equitable division of labor and the goods of life, is the method of this social group. Away from the world's noise, and strife, and evil magnetism. In the peaceful valley of the soul's freedom to work untrammelled. Without being dragged down in the undertow of the worldly strife of hopes and fears. Above the world, watching the world, loving those in the world.

In the book under review the principles back of the human life, which bring that life into normal activity, are pictured as a seven-pointed star, with sensation (yellow) at the top, force (red) next evolving, then discrimination (pink), order (blue), cohesion (green), fermentation (purple), and transmutation (violet). The book is entertainingly written, and will well repay perusal. Order of me, or of the Fraternity. \$1.50 postpaid.

**Religion and Medicine**, by Doctors Worcester, McComb and Coriat, is the official exposition of the Emmanuel Movement. Many books are coming from the press, variously expounding the principles of religious psycho-therapeutics. Many of them are very important and timely aids to the discussion, but this book has in it all the important principles involved in the movement, written by those who commenced the work and made it famous. Price \$1.50, Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

Dr. Worcester says, p. 6, "As to the propriety of the Church engaging in such work, we venture to say that the time is come when the Church must enter more deeply into the personal lives of the people and make a freer use of the means modern science and the Gospel of Christ place at her disposal if she is to continue even to hold her own. It is evident that people today desire spiritual help and sustenance which they are not receiving, but which the Church as the representative of Christ is able to give them. If the Church, closing her eyes to the example of her Lord and deaf to his commands, withholds from the people the gifts committed to her by Jesus, she must expect to find herself forsaken for strange cults which, with all their absurdities, aim at supplying present strength for present needs. . . .

"We are living today in the midst of a great religious movement, which is the more interesting because it is spontaneous. Here and there one



catches echoes of it from the pulpits of orthodox churches, but for the most part it has arisen outside the churches. Wherever one goes one finds certain groups of persons talking, reading, thinking of the spiritual life. Much of this talk and of this literature may strike the intelligent critic as bizarre and fantastic, but at all events it is idealistic and optimistic. . . . One marked characteristic of this movement is the renewed belief in prayer; another most curious aspect of it is the confident expectation that religious and spiritual states can affect health, and that physical blessings will follow spiritual exercises. In short we see a decided reaction from the scientific materialism and the rational criticism in which we have grown up. If the nineteenth century was materialistic and critical, the first half of the twentieth century promises to be mystical and spiritual. Already we are conscious of a general revolt in the name of the soul. We feel the stirrings of a cold morning breeze, harbinger of a new day. . . .

Page 69: "There is a very easy and rational way by which many childish faults and nervous weaknesses may be removed, that is, by making good suggestions to our children while they are in a state of natural sleep. By this means I have removed childish fears, corrected habits of masturbation, bed-wetting, biting the nails and sleep-walking. I have checked nocturnal emissions and nervous twitchings, anger, violence, a disposition to lie, and I have improved speech in two stammering children. My method is to address the sleeping child in a low and gentle tone, telling it that I am about to speak to it and that it will hear me, but that my words will not awake it. Then I give the necessary suggestion in simple words, repeating them in different language several times. The child rarely awakens, and if it does it usually drops to sleep again immediately. I have had the best results with children I know well, and for this reason I think it best for the mother or some other loved and trusted person to make the suggestion."

**The Common Sense Bible Teacher** is an international bible class conducted on evolutionary principles, by C. L. Abbott, 275 Charles street, St. Paul, Minn. This is a very interesting and scholarly magazine published quarterly at \$1.00 per year. The publisher makes a very generous offer to send a free sample copy to any interested.

**Pastor Landenberger**, 3741 Windsor Place, St. Louis, Mo., has issued a catalogue of the free lending library of the writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg. Send (stamp) for one.

**The Hermetic Brotherhood**, 892 Fulton street, San Francisco, Cal., issue monthly lessons to members, which are educational. Write for circulars of information. Also Mr. F. Homer Curtiss, box 4040, West Philadelphia, Pa., will send you particulars of the Order of the 15. Also Mr. R. Swinburne Clymer, Allentown, Pa., will tell you about the Rosierucians and other Arcane Orders. These are each separate societies, but germane, as far as I can understand the matter.



Read "The Aquarian Commonwealth"

# The New Age Magazine

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