

What this Magazine Stands for

THIS 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.

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SUGGESTIONS HOW TO BEGIN TO LIVE THE HIGHER LIFE

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HEORY IS GOOD, but a theory that cannot be practically demonstrated is of no use to anyone. Many of us have "theories," but we too often fail to apply them in a way that would make them attractive to others. There are many dear ones, all over the world, who are trying to live their lives according to a theory, or some high ideal, possibly doing great things in the outside world, dealing in large charities, loyal to their church, etc., yet they fail to apply it in their daily life, in the *little* things which go to make up the sum of life, or to make the ideal a reality.

Many seem enthusiastic and eager to live according to their theory, but are sometimes inconsistent in the application of it to themselves: yet they frequently tell others how and what to do in this or that case, while perhaps the onlookers, who have not as yet accepted the theory, stand ready to notice little inconsistencies, and comment upon them.

These failures to live up to our ideals often come from lack of self-control, self-discipline, and lack of determination to find out "where to begin" to control or master self. Then what we claim to believe remains a theory, while the TRUTH is scientific, and can therefore be demonstrated.

We must begin with the little things in our every-day life. We go to lectures, we hear sermons, we acknowledge that to live the life prescribed by this or that person would be beautiful, but we do not think it is possible for *us*, yet.

One may admit its possibility—even go so far as to advance the theory, and show by clear argument, how such a life may be lived, yet be reluctant to apply it in his own case, reckoning the cost too much—or advance reasons for living otherwise—to him sufficient and good reasons.

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Then others who are willing enough to apply lessons given for a broader, better life, know not "where to begin" to cast off the old that all things may become new; they are willing enough to put theories into practice, but having lived in error so long, and being deeply rooted in old beliefs, often bound down by dogma and creed, know not where, or how, to begin.

Many who are eager to do something to make their theory of life known to men too often begin in the middle and fly off at some tangents in different directions, and thus comes all kinds of inconsistencies which repel, rather than attract to our way.

Nothing is ever accomplished successfully without system. To begin to work our life-problems intelligently is to begin systematically with little things. First, the little things that come to every one of us, every day. We must guard our "dents," our "cants," our complaints of the weather, and cease from all pessimistic suggestions and criticisms, along with our old willingness to spread unpleasant news.

Avoid gossip conversation, and by withholding censure, by returning a loving word for an unkind one, be as far as possible satisfied with whatever comes. At least, avoid complaining, and try to see good in everybody and everything.

Above everything, we must avoid harsh criticism. Doing these things persistently each day, less than a month would bring about such wonderful results that it would seem to some as though a miracle had been wrought.

If we begin with the little things in our every day life, the larger things will fall into line. Begin systematically by taking one thing at a time; something that we recognize as inconsistent, or not in accord with our theory, and discipline ourselves on that one point, keeping "our eye single" to that one error, watching and keeping guard so that when the tendency comes to indulge or give way we at once remember who we are (God's children) and being such have power at our command at this moment, and at every moment of our lives, to govern or control and thus overcome.

Then we draw back from the error or mistake that we were about to engage in, put a good, loving divine thought in its place, and we have conquered for that time. Persist in this course, with this *one* thing, letting other mistakes alone until this one is mastered. By this means we become so thoroughly familiar with this point in connection with ourselves, that when we see it in others we are inclined to excuse rather than censure, and to send a helpful thought in place of criticism,—because we too have been tried, convicted, sentenced, and by our own self

discipline, acquitted. Then other errors will confront us, and we must take each one by itself, separately and distinctly, if we would make a successful working out of our problem.

The place to begin, then, to work out the problems of life, is with the little things, in ourselves, in our everyday life, in our homes, in our business, in our contact with people, watching with strict care our *thoughts* first, then our words, making sure they accord with divine principle, before giving them place or utterance. A word is the expression of a thought, therefore if we guard carefully our thoughts, and temper them with love, words are pretty sure to come in the right way.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Words express thought; the body expresses the mind. To have a perfect body one must have a pure, clean, orderly, loving mind. To possess such a mind is to control thought; to keep it in order is to change an unloving thought for a loving one, to put *love* in place of dislike or hate. When a fault seems apparent, excuse it in some way. Thus we open in ourselves an avenue for all that is Divine to pass through. Practice in this way is discipline, and it is a discipline that breaks down our strongholds of old race-beliefs, and shows us the **True Way**.

With each conquest an increase of faith is gained, and by our fruits, from the seeds planted in mind, we know we are on the right path.

Thought then, I repeat, should be our first and foremost consideration. Especially should we instruct our children to govern their thoughts from the time we see any evidence of their beginning to think. Keep their thoughts pure, and bright, and cheerful; present to them *only* healthful and bright thoughts: loving and pretty pictures *only* should be presented to their minds; and so on, until they are old enough to control and govern their own thoughts and thus the mind. The one who participates in this growth of the young mind, be it mother, father, or whoever it may be, is being benefited also, for he who guides aright shall be guided also, and to him or her who gives in "His Name" much shall be given.

All are seeking for happiness and prosperity; then *live* the life that will bring it, by beginning with pure thought and strong **faith**, which will beget pure things or conditions, and by close application of principle to our inheritance, grow to the full realization of all to be desired.

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

IT HAS been said, "Matter itself is only a condition of spirit, and as that condition changes, it becomes invisible to our perception." Yes, that seems true. For what we call matter, (i.e., ponderable, tangible, resistant objects) is that phase or condition of spirit which is cognizable by us because its vibrations link-in and clinch with the vibratory condition of our senses. There are other phases of the universe, or rates of vibration of spirit, which these senses do not cognize in what we term the physical condition. These other phases we call spirit, in order to distinguish the present and actual from the future and potential, but we conceive a central focal field where all things are real and actual. Such is *Eternity*. The author* I quote from says, "What we call solids today may tomorrow be changed into gases, pass out of sight. We may call it ether, spirit, mind, or what we will; for the fact that there is nothing known in the universe that cannot be turned into gases and thrown off into what we call space, and no longer have form, measurement, or weight, is in itself evidence that as into this it can be turned, from it also it must have come."

THERE is no *Blind Fate*. *Man* is much blinded by the garish light of external life. Fate works with wide-open eyes. Man can be turned from his course,—fate never! Fate is the *fulfilling of the law*. Rewards. Returns. Fate is the results bound up in the thought and act of the present moment. Thus, every act is full of eyes,—the great all-seeing eye,—and on the Book of Fate is written in the indelible ink of the heart's blood, the whys and wherefores of the thoughts of men.


Fate can never be cheated. It can never be escaped. It must be met and overcome. Overcome by overcoming the carnal will. By transfusing it. Melting it on the heart's altar in the crucible of entire self-forgetfulness. Self immolation. Then re-forming the will after the pattern of Christ. The pattern of self-renunciation for all men.

New fate is being made every moment. So is man. So is life. Beneficent or malevolent. Man is his own life and fate.

IT may be said, in a general way, that the mystic is a student of God; the occultist is a student of God's works; and the psychic is a student of God's illusion. This definition may be a little harsh and arbitrary, but there is a great truth in it, and I leave it with you for the hidden truth, and ask you to ignore its literalness.

* H. E. Butler, *Seven Creative Principles*, p. 15.

CAN MAN LOVE AN ABSTRACT IDEA

AN WE LOVE GOD in any other way than by loving man? I think not. At least I confess that I cannot, and if that confession puts me in the pillory of your condemnation, then I am sorry, but I will have to stay there until you get wiser, or until I change my view. I cannot *love* an abstract thing. Not in the sense I use the word love: as affectionate attachment to some person, or thing, or place.

I can love a principle,—a moral principle,—but such love is not what I mean by the affectionate, kindred, sympathetic touch we mean by love and devotion to the person of Jesus. We love Jesus because he was human,—a divine human, or God incarnate and brought within human compass, although we may predicate as much more of God as we wish,—if we are able to do so. I can predicate more, both as Law (Lord) and Being (God) but I cannot love the Law (as moral principle) or God (as creator and sustainer of the universe) as I can the divine-man Jesus. In loving the person Jesus, with a kindred human touch, we get back of Jesus to the Christ, and thereby grow an attachment for the Spirit of Holy Love and Self Sacrifice which the personality of Jesus the Christ stands for.

In Jesus we have a person to love, and admire, and even to sympathize with. To sympathize means to feel pain with. There is an element of pain,—often a hallowed, sacred pain,—in this holy joy of Christ love. In the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, hung high in the south wall of the north room, was a picture of the torn and bleeding body of Jesus, after his death, being tenderly caressed and mourned over by those few and nearer friends,—too cast down and horrified to be afraid. The day had closed, in thunder, and fire, and storm. Hopes were gone. Defeat had come. The cause was lost. All that was left was that frail human body with the spark of life gone, and those few friends gathered about it for a last farewell. The agony of Jesus on the cross was met by the abject despair and sorrow of those who loved him dearly.

Probably their love was more to the man Jesus, for his sweetness and divine loveliness, than it was to those Great Principles for which he lived,—and died. Very likely. Perhaps it may be so with us also. But as those Great Principles of Christ rose from the defeat of Jesus, and spread and spread, into every

land and clime,—then men learned that Moral Law which Christ Jesus came to teach. Through loving the lovely divine man we grow into another kind of love (I am not sure it is a higher love) for that which the man's life stood for. And we must thus love because we are human,—and imperfect. We can sympathize with the human Christ of that picture, and with his kindred and our kindred, at the foot of that cross. And that sympathy will unite us all in Christ, and what Christ stands for, an attachment primarily to the person of Jesus, but growing into a consciousness of Divine Purpose, as recognized and glorified in the lives of our brothers and sisters in a common and a loving human kinship, which, as shown by Jesus, sounds the depths of love in every aspiring soul, be it *débauché*, or courtesan, or thief on the cross.

But the abstract God, the Creator, the Universal Spirit, apart from Jesus? Can we love this as we love Jesus the Elder Brother? We can have *faith* in this abstract principle. But can we have affection? I think not. Nor confidence, as we use the word, for confidence requires a person to confide in. It is not enough, however, to confine our love to Jesus. *If our love stops with Jesus it stops short of Jesus*,—at what Jesus stands for,—and what he stood for was the personal love and allegiance to Christ, to the Great Law (or Lord-God) and to a human composite brotherhood, a divine trinity indeed.

If we do not somehow, perhaps in some mysterious way, recognize the divine immanence in the souls of those our human brothers and sisters whom we meet, then I believe we never really knew Jesus! It is because there is somehow running through the warp and woof of humanity the golden strands of the Divine Spirit, that we can really learn to love,—real love,—divine love, which binds men all together into a final apotheosis of humanity.

This is not making men into gods. That teaching is a perversion of the truth of divine immanence. Rather is this a bringing all men into God, as one, and a many in that one, but not antagonizing, although diverse, like a great mosaic, each stone in its proper place, and necessary to the integrity of the harmonious whole.

Not all the human is divine. The carnal is unworthy and shall pass away. Only the pure gold of divine love shall make a part of the Heavenly Kingdom. That love is in all of us, but not enough. We must cultivate more every day, through human sacrifice and service. There is just one test we can apply to all conduct in order to prove the presence or absence of this divine love, something that, if added to the ferment of life will

settle and crystallize truth into clear and cognizable form, discernible by the simplest mind: *Divine love is that kind of love which has no self interest.* Human love has the human self as an ultimate object. These two loves are intrically mixed and interwoven. Perhaps no man lives on this earth who is entirely animated by either to the exclusion of the other, for the one would be an angel and the other a devil. God constrains both from direct human life, although both may exercise their influence upon man, according as man turns to one or the other by the operation of his own free will and accord.

The Hindus call divine love *Bhakti Yoga*, and some seek to reach an impersonal quality by concentrating on a subjective idea, as follows, "When a person being insensible to this material world, engages himself in the perfect devotion to God without having any object, and whose self becomes one with the self of God, he is said to have what we call *Bhakti*." Words confound. This impersonal *Bhakti* may be as much a personal love to God as is the love I have mentioned to the person Jesus. But it seems to me that the ready fault of much of the Indian philosophy is the abstraction of the God idea. We must keep down to concrete images, even when we realize that image is but the expression of a more interior reality. We must not lose that essential reality by limiting ourselves to the external form; we must not so separate that greater reality from its formal expression that we become lost in a sea of metaphysical abstractions which have no practical bearing upon a man's life to make it more sane and more lovely. That is what Jesus Christ came into the world for,—to form the Formless.

MAN'S BODY IS ON THE EARTH, is part of the earth, and subject to the material laws of earth. This is true, as regards the physical body of a man, but his mind need not be earth-bound. Man's mind is more than his body. It can leave the confines of clay and soar on pinions of love and beauty to the angelic heavens. These heavens are not far away. They are within a man,—within the possible focii of his consciousness. Heaven is all about us. The baser passions of the lower life cover up those heavenly verities. Then man thinks they are far away. But no! man may rise through vibrations of love and peace, to heavenly verities, even though his physical body is in chains of grosser matter. To thus rise we must refuse entrance to the mind those discords of *fear, distrust, contempt, envy, self*.

Life is a constantly On-coming,—man a constant Come-on.

*Sometime**May Riley Smith*

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And what seemed reproof was love most true.


And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we have is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But take your sorrow with celestial grace!

And you shall shortly know, that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send:
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see;
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, dear heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the chalices of gold.
And when, with patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest:
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think we all will say, "God knew the best."

ETERNITY IS NOT SUBJECTIVE

T IS TRUE that each one of us is living now in the midst of Eternity, that Eternity is all about us, and that we make now a real part of Eternity. This is true, in a material and objective sense, and not alone in a subjective and metaphysical sense, for these houses and hills, and these people and this sky, are as much a part of Eternity as Heaven is. And yet, in another sense, and perhaps a truer sense, the external life of the physical senses, with its glammers, and distortions, and hallucinations, is not Eternal Life, and never can be such. For Eternal Life as a wholeness, in contradistinction to the human life of *partness*, is the deep, exalted, within and above, which takes in *the whole view*, or complete reality. That completeness which we call Eternity is as objective, and tangible, and real, as this life,—only more so, for it is without the intervening “glass” or medium of illusion which now cuts man off from absolute reality. And yet, there is a limited, *relative* reality to this lower life.

Thus, human life is a part of eternity, but the ordinary human life is not eternal life, as we use the term. Eternal life is what some call cosmic consciousness, although I take issue with that word, but not with the meaning of the word. Eternal life is the free life of the spirit when untrammelled and unbound by the limitations and illusions of what we call mortal mind. I is an illumination which brings all things that are into light and being. Now we see but “*in part*,” as St. Paul says.

To go over to Lord Buddha’s terminology, it is an escape from the wheel of causation, and therefore from the chaining of the ego to the necessity of endless birth and death with their concomittant of pain and darkness. It is what the Hindus call liberation. It is what the Master Jesus called glorification. It is what some call at-one-ment.

The ordinary human life of ignorance and self seeking knows naught of the meaning of these terms. It doubts, it denies, it opposes. And yet the darkened human life is real in a sense. It is a real part of eternity. For eternity is. Eternity is not something which is going to be.

Eternity is not a *subjective* life, it is not *imagination*, or a *dream life*. Ninety-nine per cent of human life is but phantasy. Eternity is a divestion of the wrappings of sense illusion, and a direct contact with Reality. As man rises in the scale of life

this subjective illusion decreases, and he sees things more as they are, as St. Paul says, "*face to face.*" We might say: Human life is objective, and the objects are eternal objects, though always changing, and appearing and disappearing. We can now interpret these objects only by our subjective,—our mortal mind. That interpretation is probably ninety-nine per cent. less than perfect. That is illusion of the senses. That is subjectivity. We go about as men in a dream, although we touch reality everywhere. But we do not sense this reality as it really is. What we get now is our imperfect conceptions of this reality. This is subjectivity. Eternal life is objective, with objects as in this life, but there is no subjectivity to it at all,—it is *all* real, and seen as a wholeness, and not as now an appearing and disappearing. And yet there is a constant changing and renewing. We see there all phases of the changes as we will.

Man is. Man is constantly changing his attitudes. He is constantly changing his focus. He is constantly changing his *wholeful*. That wholeful is his itness,—for the time. But it is not all of eternity, unless he divests himself of the wrappings of materiality which enmeshes him. Then he steps out into the eternal life.

But Eternity does not come at death. There are many deaths. Each death is a wider horizon. Eventually there is no horizon. That is Eternity.

In a sense we can say that man is his own judge and executioner, but it is a little more true, or a little more intelligible, to say that the good part of man judges the bad part of man and puts it out of commission. Another way of stating it is to say that the God in man judges him, and condemns the evil, and fights the evil, and eventually conquers the evil. God is all the time eliminating evil from man. That process of elimination is the process of human suffering and pain. If man had all the evil eliminated he would have no pain. And if he had not been raised to man's estate he would not have entered the process of elimination, and when he gets above that process of elimination he will be above the plane of humanity.

We often say that we never learn our mistakes until too late to correct them. That is often true. But it is not too late to correct the next one before it comes. That is what the hard knocks in life are for. To teach us. Only the fool fails to profit by his mistakes. We may rise to victory on arisen crosses of our mistakes.

THE TRUE IDEA OF LIFE

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THE great question ever before us is, *Is life worth living?* and we answer from our standpoint, *Yes!* Truly, if this little span on this planet were all, we might say No, but we believe we have lived many lives and shall still continue to live, even though this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved. We have an inheritance that fadeth not away, that is incorruptible, and just as real, aye, even more so, than the present,—this present fleeting, transitory life which seems to me to be so unreal when compared to the greater life that is beyond physical cognition.

We are everywhere confronted in our daily walk by two different expressions of life, the *positive* and the *negative*. The whole world quickly recognizes the positive individual, and gives him credit, while the negative individual is unnoticed or discredited. And yet, the negative individual is the object of all censure, as well as all abuse. He gets pushed and jostled. Sermon after sermon is directed to him, telling him how weak he is, how he should arise to his god-given possibilities,—and so on. The positive man is admired for his wonderful power, his courage, his perseverance, his success.

The truth about these two human expressions is, they express on two different planes of life. In totality they are a counterbalancing one. Both soul qualities have their uses, but if one wishes to mould the plastic material of human life to fit his needs, he must confront life with the positive mental attitude which draws the desired forces to a focus, and *compels* all things to take the shape desired. Through a mathematical law, as scientific and demonstrable as the science of hydrostatics, or chemistry, or mechanics, so much concentrated positive mental force will overcome so much negative mental force.

What is business and social life but mental force? Take the positive human mind out of life and what would you have left? What moves our steamships on the ocean, the ponderous wheels of the factory, the fetch and carry of commodities? Mechanics? Material forces? Physical causes? Ah no! These things are moved by mind,—positive human mental expression.

How shall we acquire this faculty to "move things," to make the forces of life all conjoin to our good, and make our life "worth living"? How can a man reach the understanding

whereby he may be placed where he rightly belongs? First by becoming soul-centered in positivity,—poised in wholeness,—knowing no fear, or doubt, or hesitancy.

Trust. Faith. Confidence. In god-within. Also a child-like trust in god-above. Also a human sympathetic faith in god-about. These three make wholeness, and with proper conjunction make poise and positivity. Child-like trust in god-above makes poise, and recognition of god-within makes positive the human expression, and gladness in the god-without makes peace. This is the true idea of life, and this true idea of life makes life worth living.

Separation. That is the what is the trouble. Separation from God. From the loving Father, the worthy Brother, the intrinsic Self. When we reach a unity with this trinity we are whole evermore and we come into the fulness of the life abundant, God's full and varied universe, which he bestows freely upon those who ask in faith.

We need to come into the simple consciousness of the abundance of everything we need. All is ours as soon as we establish our connection with it and learn the lesson of cosmic union. We make ourself positive when we declare the self within; poised when we acclaim the God above; and sweet when we see ourselves in all other men, and all of them reflected in us. Such is the road to Immortal Life. More: it *is* Immortal Life.


Recognition. Recognition of Freedom, and Opportunity, and Power. And Inherent Possession of God's World. But not in exclusiveness, as the miser sitteth counting his gains. No, but in the joyful recognition and joint-participation with all other of Us, in the common, universal All-in-All.

Then we stop hurrying and nervously rushing here and there, scarcely taking time to breathe properly. We must still the discord of the outer senses in order to vibrate this three-stringed harp of the soul into perfect life. We shall never experience life in its most vital aspect until we learn to hold ourselves still awhile. What shall it profit a man if he gain the world of turmoil, and discord, and incompleteness, and lose his own soul in the maelstrom of illusion?

Everybody admires the man who controls his own soul, who is resolute, positive, successful, while the negative, whining and discouraged are merely tolerated by their friends, and pitied and endured when they pour out their tale of woe.

To positivize your faculties is to capitalize them, in the Bank of Human Attainment. This gives the correct idea of life, its true value, and makes every life worth living.

SOME DEFINITIONS OF SIN

T HAS been said that "*The only sin is failure to live our highest spiritual aspirations.*" If this is true—and I am inclined to think it is—then we are all sinners. And we are sinners in as much as we fail to reach *our*, not our brother's, be that higher or lower than ours. God only knows the relative depth of sin our chiefest saints have touched, in failing to reach *their* ideals, and only God and the angels know,—and glorify,—when some low-down sinner is seen to overcome,—even though the world praises the saint and condemns the sinner.

The world is right in doing this, of course. Necessary for the world's salvation so to do. But I suspect that the Good Lord may have a different measuring stick, and that some we called vile and vicious here will wear a crown of glory—*over there*—while many of our saints will look just like tawdry every day sinners. For God *knows*, while man *guesses*. That does not mean that vice is not vice, and that virtue is not virtue. Of course not. But we must not place too much reliance upon appearances. We must not judge our brother. We must judge the actions, or what we call virtue and vice, as related to our own standards, and profit our own moral character as a result.

Another definition of sin is that it is *separation from God*. Yes, if we define God as the moral law, which is also the law of human beneficence. Disobedience to this law is only sin when we cognize that law. When we disobey that law unknowing we get punished,—we suffer evil effects,—but there is no guilt and consequently no sin. *Sin is an infraction of the moral law.*

Thus, separation from God is evil, but not sin. God is more than the moral law. It belittles God to limit him only to obedience. All sin is *willful disobedience after one knows the law*. There must always be disobedience before there can be sin. Evil is choosing the path which leads to soul degradation and suffering, whether we know or do not know the nature of the choice which is evil. Only thought can produce evil. An act done without thought can result in pleasure or pain, but cannot be *guilty, sinful or evil*. These three are not physical in themselves, but metaphysical. The metaphysical moulds and orders the physical, but the physical of itself cannot affect the metaphysical.

We must not become mixed on the meaning of these two words, *sin* and *evil*. It is *always* evil to be separated from God,

but not sin unless we know better. All Christians like to look upon God as the quality of *Good*,—real, lasting good. It is true that there is no real good without we unify ourselves with the moral law. But to personalize God as a potentate, and say that it is sin to disobey him, is to materialize a spiritual truth, and thus traduce it.

Man can know no God but Good. Though that good is Personalized it only remains God so long as it is good,—truly good. *Allah illa Allah*. God is God! Any God-idea that becomes of evil import becomes devil. God is Good because he is Good. And by obeying him we become good. Bliss only comes from goodness. Moral evil is breaking the Good Law of altruistic, philanthropic, unselfish love. This is separation from God. This separation is sin,—the so-called *sin of separateness*.

I GO DOWN to the markets sometimes on a Saturday evening. I don't know what I go for, unless it is to be stepped on, and jostled, and crowded. I take a bag with me and bring home some fruit—or something good. I see thousands of people. It seems as if the whole world was there, and that other parts of the earth were depopulated. But no, I realize that each person in this crowd of thousands of people but counts for other vast crowds surging here and there upon the surface of this planet. Other planets! Other systems of planets!

Each man, woman and child is strongly tensioned with purpose. Running here and there, looking up and down . . . for something. What? Pigs and celery? Poultry and apple-sauce? Green pease and cucumbers? Yes, but more. More than the grosser senses tolerate. That something deeper than satisfaction and more real than sense? Yes they are looking for themselves, and this whirligig of life is but the excuse put forth as the mighty plea of a soul hungry humanity.

A desirous crowd. Each person a bundle of desires. Each person a compendium of thoughts. Each person taking on a predominant thought-color which distinguishes him and makes the quality of his character. Thoughts, all thoughts. All God's thoughts? Perhaps, but there are evidently some of the devil's thoughts there also, that is, if we consider devil as d'evil, and evil as the working out of suffering for its own cure.

The stupendity of humanity is unthinkable. The Calvinists got over the difficulty by starting the Show six or seven thousand years ago, and then not counting admission tickets till the time of Christ, and planning to stop very soon and all go to glory,—or hell. The "heathen" they sent to hell,—a large country.

AS ANOTHER SEES US

ISABEL H. HOLMES, 39 W. Cedar St., Boston

A VISITOR from New Utopia had been getting points on the civilization of the great American Republic. The climax of surprise was reached when the saturnalia of Independence Day was sprung upon him. He visited the hospitals of the city for a week after, to form some idea of the victims of the celebration. He was returning to his hotel one day feeling terribly wilted, when he met the Whooper-Up, who had been his pilot through many scenes.

"Hello!" cried the Whooper. "Haven't seen you for an age. How did you like our blow-out? Big thing, wasn't it? Think of that steady roar from ocean to ocean for twenty-four hours. Patriotism? The country is a great reservoir of it, have to let off steam once a year, or the dam would burst. I bet you can't beat it in Utopia."

"I confess we cannot," the Visitor admitted. "The crude barbarity of your celebration was eliminated from our civilization long ago. Patriotism is a sacred word with us. You make it a cloak for unbridled license, and degrade it. With-in my observation the day is used as an escape valve for the savagery which survives from the past among you in a startling degree."

"What kind of a Fourth would it be without a big noise?" the Whooper-Up contended.

"Precisely. It is the best you know at your present stage. But the tide has turned, for your daily papers and many of your people are making protest, not so much against the barbaric uproar as its fatal results. The long procession of mutilated, dying and dead which follows inevitably in the wake of deadly explosives in irresponsible hands, condemns it. Your celebration is a Juggernaut which crushes its thousands of victims in the name of patriotism. Your aborigines would have done better."

"You seem to have a poor opinion of us." The bravado of the Whooper-Up had begun to collapse. He felt slightly abashed before the Utopian.

"I see your chief magistrate celebrated the day in the same manner as the dweller in the slums," the Visitor remarked thoughtfully. "I do not know to what extent he sets the pace for the more cultivated and refined among you, but with us the head is not eligible unless he is both fine and strong."

"You couldn't expect a Rough Rider to become an anchor-ite all in a hurry," the Whooper-Up declared. "But how do the Utopians celebrate their big day?"

"Instead of the cannon cracker and toy pistol, we are awakened in the morning by the ringing of mighty bells at the first flush of dawn. All the while the streets are filling with people who greet each other with smiling faces, and join hands in Brotherhood circles along the streets while the majestic waves of sound roll over them changing at last to silver chimes. The Goddess of Humanity, whose day it is, heads a procession of women and young girls dressed in white with bands of music, and children strewing flowers before them. It sounds tame to you no doubt. We have orations, too, and regettas, and—"

But the Whooper-Up was watching a cloud of dust mounting towards them, which parted presently, to disclose a wheel with rider, riding furiously. "What's the matter, Tom?" the Whooper-Up shouted.

But only the words, "cannon cracker," "lock-jaw," and "doctor" floated back.


MORTAL mind is death. Divine mind is life. The only reason that man is conscious of mortal mind enough to know that there is such, is because the Divine mind interpenetrates it and makes the life which ensouls it as an appearance. This appearance, however is not reality. The only real life is the life of the Divine Mind. Mortal mind, when disassociated from Divine mind, is dead. All men, who have any spark of the quality which distinguishes them from the brute creation, have this Divine mind as part of their being. The purpose of human life is to shake off the mortal mind, and enter the inheritance of the Divine mind. Man, as man, may not know the divine glory vouchsafed him when he shakes off the mortal habiliments which he wears as the mortal mind and enters into the fulness of the Divine mind.

THERE are no miracles, if we define the word miracle as something supernatural, but there are miracles,—many of them,—if we define the word as something above ordinary knowledge. Occult things are miracles in this sense, for occult means hidden, i. e., hidden to the ordinary physical senses. Nothing is more natural, however, than the occult, and nothing is more material.

Existence—Life—Being—the (3) sections of the Circle.

A JOURNALISTIC CATAclysm

BY ISABEL HOLMES



WOMEN of fashion took hold of the question of dress reform. What Mrs. VanDendevater and Mrs. Livingston did with nonchalance could be done by others in the less dizzy walks. The heavy skirt and corset were abolished within a few years. Women were educated in the laws of health and beauty. It became as disgraceful to break a physical as a moral law. To pinch the waist was as bad as shoplifting. Men aided the movement by tongue and pen, for they were great gainers by the newly acquired amiability of their women-kind.

"The funny papers now make great capital of the caricatures that posed as well-dressed women twenty-five years ago. The taste of that period was fearful and wonderful, wasn't it? Skirts sweeping up millions of microbes, hats larger than umbrellas. But there were worse things,—pinched feet and compressed vital organs. I wonder they didn't commit suicide en masse."

"The dress now is very graceful," Brotherly said.

"Yes, we have learned that the unhealthful is always the unbeautiful. People now see how unnatural is the human form when it is distorted by dressmakers' pads and stays, and the ugliness of the high-heeled shoe, the street-sweeper skirt, and the glove-fitting corset. Well, after the dress question was settled, as I have said, there was a renaissance of motherhood. A leader had been prepared for this movement, a woman who had passed through a seven times heated furnace, and come out as pure as an angel. I heard her speak once. Her atmosphere was like clarified moonlight. She showed women how they had all along been neglecting a high privilege, that of giving birth to noble men and women, and pictured an ideal mother in colors to drive the average woman to despair, the select to emulation. The upshot of it was, motherhood became a profession. You should see the Motherhood College on Morningside Heights, a great white airy thing,—seems to be floating upward as you look. It is dedicated to Psyche. The pink marble statue of her in the courtyard is a masterpiece. It represents Psyche after Jupiter has made her immortal."

"I suppose they flock to this white college like doves to their cotes."

"Those who have a vocation for motherhood, yes. The ini-

tiation is a beautiful sight, solemn too. A class of, say, twenty-five white robed creatures kneeling with bowed heads, and making a solemn vow of dedication. And their Commencement day! The girl-graduate of other colleges isn't in it with those calm, thoughtful young women. It makes a fellow want to die and become reincarnate, so he may have a chance to call one of those dove-eyed creatures *Mother*."

"I suppose re-birth is an everyday belief now."

"O, yes. We've got over the lop-sided idea of but one earth life. 'Nature always repeats her manifestations,' we reason. If the marvel of birth can occur once why not many times?"

"These professional mothers, are they much sought after?"

"Sought after? They are besieged by suiters of the better class of men, those who are looking to the advancement of the race. They have large chance of selection in consequence. Then there is the Shrine of Motherhood, an annex to the college. Prospective mothers spend hours alone there in silent communion with the Universal Spirit. They gather high psychic influences about them. They grow grand and noble, and move around 'solemnly splendid.' We are all steeped in Michelet's phraseology now-a-days."

"And the fruits—"

"A new race is being born. Babies don't squall as they used to. Boys and girls are not half the young savages of former days, and the young men and women, well, you saw specimens as you came along."

"Women used always to be driven to death," Brotherly said reminiscently.

"It is different now. Living has been simplified. Cooking isn't the bugbear it was then. Since dress reform they have fewer aches and pains to nurse. It is woman's cycle, you know. She will come into perfect bloom one day."

"Like her sister of Happy Islands," Brotherly said.

"Happy Islands! O yes, I've been staving off the choice story of your whereabouts to prolong the luxury of anticipation."

"I'll go back were I left off. When I went out of the office that night I knew I was going mad. 'If I could get out of our accursed civilization,' I thought, as I tramped along Broadway, 'I might yet recover my balance. A desert where no human thought had ever floated on the air would have been heaven to me. The things pursued me, and shouted in my ears, 'You are going mad! mad! mad!' I started up Broadway on the run, elbowing the crowd right and left. I struck down across Battery Park and boarded the boat for Staten Island. A night in the

woods under the stars might delay insanity. I found the spot where I had camped out once on my vacation. I sat down on a log and battled with the *things* for hours. My brain grew clearer in the solitude. I reached out to the Oversoul. 'Save me! save my reason!' I prayed.

"I don't know how long I sat there with my head in my hands longing for help in my need. It would not do to go back to the city. I felt a hand on my shoulder. The touch gave me a curious electric thrill. I looked up. A silent figure enveloped in a loose white robe towered above me. I could see a noble masculine face. A strange light seemed to circle round him in the gloom of the woods. I rose to my feet with involuntary reverence.

"I have come for you,' he said. His English had a peculiar accent. His voice thrilled me. Some teaching of my childhood stole over me. 'Am I to be translated?' I asked.

"You are to be translated, yes, to Happy Islands,' he said. 'The airship waits for you. Come.'

"Wondering if Happy Islands was on or off the globe I followed him. We soon came into the clearing where the ship was anchored. It was a queer cone-shaped thing with sails and paddles, and an observation deck midway. Two men were beside it.

"These are your brothers from Happy Islands,' my guide said simply. They smiled a welcome. I liked their faces in the clear starlight. A score of curious questions rose within me. Where were we going when the ship moved?

"The ship is moved by electricity,' my guide said, in answer to my thought. 'It is generated aboard as we need it. You will learn all about its workings, and your destination, bye and bye.' There was a movement of the air monster as if its spirit grew impatient. My guide led me up a narrow spiral stairway to the deck. The men took stations on each side, the paddles worked, and the ship shot up into the air and forward with great swiftness. We were sailing high over the water. I could see the torch of Liberty receding swiftly. The lights of Staten Island and the river craft looked like swarms of fireflies. The night was very clear. The great dipper hung inverted over us. I traced the North Star by the *pointers*, as we flew along.

"Where is Happy Islands?' I asked.

"At the North Pole,' my guide said.

"I was beyond surprise. Like the man who was tumbled upon the moon, I stood nonchalant, with my hands in my pockets. 'Then that open Polar Sea they are looking for,' I queried, has a group of islands with a mild, equable climate?"

" 'Yes,' he said.

" 'How did you find me tonight?' I asked.

" 'By thought attraction. We have an instrument that guides us. If the indicator deflects toward a certain point and remains stationary we know that someone in extremity is generating a full volume of thought force.'

" 'I would like to see this instrument,' I murmured.

"An electric star flashed out above our heads, at the same instant that an awning was drawn over us, tent-like, forming a cosy interior. It was furnished with cushioned couches and a small table with several books lying upon it. He opened a drawer in the table carefully and showed me the instrument.

" 'It looks something like a mariner's compass,' I said.

" 'Yes. It is constructed on the same principle. The needle is magnetized by thought, which you know is the most powerful force in the Universe. It seeks its own continually. Psychic power must be developed to a certain extent before one can attract the needle. It had been veering about all the afternoon. Finally it indicated the place where you was, and I located you easily.' 'But how did you happen to be in this neighborhood?' I queried.

"He smiled. His grand calm face seemed to lift a light upon me. 'I make frequent trips to your cities,' he returned. 'By a little precaution our ship escapes detection. I made a tour of your book stores this morning, not in this garb, while I waited to locate you. We keep in touch with all your thinkers. They register your progress on higher planes.' I looked over the books. There was an Emerson, a Herbert Spencer, Max Müller's Vedanta Philosophy, and Swami Vivekananda's Raja Yoga among them.

" 'I carry a passenger quite often on my return trip,' he said. 'We are constantly getting recruits from your ranks, mostly of the well-to-do class, for whom the world has become utterly empty.' 'Then this accounts for our mysterious disappearances,' I remarked.

" 'Yes. You may meet some old friends in Happy Islands.' He opened another drawer in the table, having carefully closed the first one, and took out a glass and a flagon. The draught he poured out for me glistened strangely in the light. I drank it without question, and felt a slight dizziness succeeded by a sense of rejuvenation. 'Is it the Elixir of Life,' I asked.

" 'No,' he said, 'The Elixir of Life is within you. When you learn how to utilize it you have solved the problem of perpetual youth. The Happy Islanders do not grow old as with you.'

"Why, isn't it a rather dismal thing to stay forever in the body?" I asked.

"But we don't stay forever in the body. We simply keep the body fresh and youthful through knowledge of the life principle, while we need it to experiment with. Then we are ready for a higher sphere of action. The subtle body then gets away from the physical body without struggle."

"How did you reach the pole in the first place?" I asked. "All our expeditions have come to grief so far."

"I was born there." "And your ancestors?"

"Our history is ancient. Happy Islands was originally peopled from the lost continent, Atlantis."

"How did they get there?" The information came nearer to a surprise than anything he had yet told me.

"The Atlanteans had airships not unlike this one, though there have been vast improvements. They had explored the polar regions long before the cataclysm, and there was a plan on foot for colonization. It was considered a desirable location for psychic experiment on account of the concentration of magnetic force there. When the continent was submerged a small number escaped in the airships. We have volumes of authentic history of Atlantis. You shall read them at your leisure."

"Why was Atlantis submerged?" I asked.

"The people had developed great psychic power. They had gained control over the forces of nature, to a certain extent. Man is a god in embryo, you know, and the Atlanteans could do things which to the uninitiated were marvels,—bring on tornadoes, floods and thunder storms, and stay them at will. While the secrets remained with the wise and wary adepts all went well. Finally a rash initiate went beyond his powers, brought on a terrific earthquake and flood which he could not control."

"And the descendants of these Atlanteans, do they still exercise these powers," I asked.

"Yes, we have created a delightful climate by powerful thought concentration through many generations. We let alone thunderstorms, tornadoes, and the like, because they are destructive, but we produce electric fireworks for pastime, during the long polar night. You may have seen their reflection."

"You don't mean the Aurora Borealis?" I cried.

"Your books use that name for the phenomena."

"Another mystery cleared up," I said. "I was frightened by Northern Lights when I was a boy. I can see now those blood red banners and their reflection on the snow. The country folk talked of war and the Last Day. I went to bed shivering."

" 'I recall the time,' he said. 'We tried a rather rash experiment, but it came out all right.'

" 'We theorize about these things,' I remarked, 'yet it seems hardly possible that man should control nature next to God.'

" 'You have records of such control,' he rejoined, 'by one God-man at least, who could still storms and turn water into wine. Others have the same power latent, because we are all God-men at the center. Of course these powers develop only through many incarnations. All things are possible to the man or woman who has learned to utilize the tremendous power of thought. It is the projective, or Self-existing Intelligence. Man must be part and parcel of this Intelligence since there is but One in the Universe. When this Intelligence gets its tool,—the body,—in good working order, when it holds the brain in the hollow of its hand, so to speak, its workings through man are similar in kind, though not in degree to its workings through visible nature.'

" 'If this Self-existing Intelligence is only pure, and all thought emanates therefrom,' I said, 'where do those thoughts come from that have driven me to the wall?'

" 'The rays from that electric light would be obscured by an ink-bedaubed globe, but would the purity of the light itself be affected?' he asked. 'The lower self is an imperfect medium.'

"The night passed so quickly in talk that when the tent-like awning was drawn up I saw the glowing east with surprise. Hours had passed like minutes. We were sailing rather low, but all familiar country was far behind. We moved with great speed, I could see by the swiftly receding mountain peaks, yet the motion of the ship was so smooth I scarcely realized it.

" 'We will steer higher now,' my guide told me, 'we do not wish to be subjects of conjecture. We shall reach home this evening. A little refreshment may not be amiss,' he continued, as he rose to his feet. We had reclined all night on the couches as we talked. 'Are you hungry?'

" 'I hadn't thought of hunger,' I said, 'I suppose you eat in Happy Islands.'

" 'O yes, eating is one of the fine arts.' He took a small box from the drawer which contained the flagon, and held it up to me. 'Will you try some of our concentrated albumen?' he asked. The food was in small tablets. I took one on my tongue and let it melt slowly, then another, which sufficed me.

" 'You don't waste so much force in digestion as we do,' I remarked.

"No, we have other and better uses for the life principle.' After another draught from the flagon we stretched ourselves again upon the couches. My brain seemed to be abnormally active: I speculated on the result of my non appearance at the office. Then I took out note book and pencil, and put down in short hand all the strange events of the past hours, and the conversation. Later I wrote it out. It might go well in print. Late that afternoon we skimmed over the ice fields which had been the hope and despair of so many explorers. At about 87° of latitude we dropped with a curvilinear motion upon one of the Happy Islands, close beside a beautiful dwelling where we anchored.

"This is our house,' my guide said simply, as he conducted me up the steps of a broad piazza. The house seemed all gables and windows in the twilight. I heard children's voices, and saw white forms flitting behind the pillars. A woman in flowing white drapery came gliding up to us. I cannot describe to you the sweet graciousness that seemed to distil from her, shall I say, like perfume from a lily.

"Eolus,' she said, in a glad tone.

"This is my wife,' said Eolus. 'I have brought home another weary soul from the South, Aurora.'

"You are most welcome,' she murmured. Her hand fluttered into mine softly. Then two children came running toward us with cries of 'Papa! Papa!'

"After a bath and a change of raiment provided for me, I was conducted to a dining room where lights shimmered softly through tinted globes. We all sat down to a dainty repast, that refreshed without clogging, while the ball of wise and witty talk set in motion by the hostess was tossed from one to another round the table. We went out on the piazza. The long polar night was coming on, but the air was mild like ours in early Autumn."

"What wonders you must have found there," Greenleaf said.

"I can't begin to tell you now," Brotherly responded, "it would spoil the reading of this MMS. for you," touching his breast pocket. "If I find that the people are prepared for these details I may offer them for publication. Up to this time the life at the Pole has been kept secret. You may now be ready to assimilate some of the ideas. I've been sent out on a mission."

"You've come in the nick of time," Greenleaf declared. "We are in a receptive condition. All eyes are turned within. It is a subjective epoch. There is a Church of Silent Demand in every city, where the more advanced thinkers spend hours in concen-

tration. The other church doors are all open. You see men and women going in and out of them at all hours. Women go there instead of to the Matinee, though that isn't neglected. I should think you would be homesick," he finished, with a sigh.

"O no, the airship which brought me will carry me back whenever I call by wireless. But, speaking of changes, of course Europe is included."

"O, you never heard of the political consolidation of the English speaking world. John Bull and Brother Jonathan rushed into each other's arms and matched heart beats. Japan entwined with us and Europe doffed to the trio in public and schemed for its downfall in the dark. Finally there was an European Alliance formed for protection against the others. The Eastern question brought about the most terrific war in history. The Anglo-American-Japanese combination was pitted against Russia, Germany, Italy, France and Spain. The wholesale destruction caused by the modern modes of warfare, the airship being used as an auxiliary, brought nations to their senses. At last the international arbitration law was passed. War is no more."

"The soul had evolved into higher brotherhood," Brotherly said. "War had to cease."

"I suppose so. They are beating their swords into plowshares for the cultivation of lands in Africa, and turning their battleships into floating hospitals for the poor of great cities."

They walked across to the Astor House. The elevator beside it descended with passengers and took on an upward bound load. Brotherly watched the frictionless mingling of the upper and lower thoroughfares, with satisfaction. The women's gliding grace of movement charmed him by contrast with the old ugly locomotion. The short skirt was universal, and their free swinging motion bespoke well shod feet and uncorseted freedom.

They shot upward in the elevator, stepped out on the upper sidewalk, and moved with the crowd. Business and pleasure activities mingled. The afternoon sun slanted upon the gorgeous coloring in florist's windows, dry goods, displays of ribbons, silks and laces, and the gilt lettering of volumes in lofty book-stores. The breath of roses and carnations mingled with strains of music from roof gardens, where grove and fountain, flower-beds and velvet lawn, provoked comparison with the historic hanging gardens of Babylon.

"*And I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth,*" Brotherly chanted. "Verily, journalism is the lever that moves the world."

"The lever that moves the world," Brotherly repeated.

THE TRANSFORMING FAIRY



MAN LIVES IN HIS MIND, and not in his physical body. THE PHYSICAL BODY, AND THE PHYSICAL WORLD AND ALL IT CONTAINS, ARE BUT APPEARANCES OF THE MIND,—MENTAL IMAGES! Man's mind is his world. "*My mind to me a kingdom is.*" Man's mind is his abode,—his house. A clean house or a dirty house. A marble-front palace or a tumble-down rookery. Spacious rooms twenty feet high ceiling, with ante-rooms, wide halls and many servants. Or little low-vaulted kitchen rooms with cot in corner and low-browed bed-room with two shamle beds and three in a bed. With "planked sirloin" and ten-dollar spread, with bottle of champagne on ice on sideboard. Or with half a pound of pork steak frying on the kitchen stove and little Sis coughing on a cot in the corner.

IT'S ALL IN THE MIND. Yes it is. More. It's in our power to change the mind. Yes it is. We can raise the windows. Throw open the blinds. Sweep the floor. Grow some flowers on the window sill.

We can do all this and more. Right away. We need not wait to begin to begin, but begin to begin now,—with sweet and beautiful thoughts of hope, of joy, of kindness. And as we keep our house in order that house will keep us in order, and as we brush the walls, sweep the floor, clean the windows, and fill the house with the aroma of lovely flowers and the atmosphere of beautiful pictures, it will *expand*! Bulge with fatness. Spread out with joy. Enlarge with the Beneficence of the Divine Life. Yes it will.

That House of the Soul will grow and change. It will grow into a palace. How can we do it?

By taking a little fairy into the house with us,—the fairy of *Real Christian Faith*, otherwise called *Optimism*. That is all that Faith is,—*Divine Optimism*. And as Divinity is but Humanity glorified by divine beneficent *uses*, Faith is but Optimism and Optimism is Faith translated in terms of human reciprocity and conduct. Faith makes Optimism. Optimism makes Faith. They are translatable in terms of equivalent.

When we have this fairy we will not *doubt* anybody's honesty or good intentions. Think of it! What a strange fairy! You will not have hatred, or animosity, or fear, or pride, or any sordid self.

But to get this fairy to come and live with you in your

house,—in your house of the soul,—you must *do something*. Something Special. Something you must do before you can get true Christian Optimism and Faith. You must *fall in love*! Yes, that and nothing less. Not in love with your little self by the kitchen stove, but with that larger self which is on the street, in the mart, and in the parlor. Not love of *things*, the possession which is exclusive and blighting, but with *all God's Life*, which is inclusive and fructifying.

You must be smitten with *cosmic passion*! That is what true love is. That is what true faith is. That is what true religious life is. You must have faith in people. Through Christ love. Compassion. Sympathy. Helpfulness. That is what real Christian faith means. Faith in man. For how can we have faith in God, and in Christ, and in Heaven, and not have it in man? For these are not different and separated from each other. The man who tries to reach these qualities except by and through other men,—all other sorts and conditions of men,—will find himself, not with God, and Christ, and Heaven, but utterly alone, with his own dreadful self, in outer darkness!

"For in as much as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

When we take the fairy into the house,—into the house of the mind,—and treat her well so she will stay with us, then the transformation scene will begin in our lives. It is not hard to let the little fairy in. Only open the windows and blinds. Sweep the floor. Garnish the heart. Then you will see the little fairy bobbing with sweet smiles on the mantle-shelf.

Loving-kindness. True Christian charity. Self forgetfulness. In Christ-Jesus our Blessed Lord and Master.

Not perfunctory. Not externally. Not superficially. In the heart's inner compact. In inward consecration. In blessed heart service of joy in other's joy.

ONE half the world is chasing the other half of the world, and when it gets tired it chases itself awhile. People are all the while peeping outside to find Something, and then looking within and being surprised at—themselves! Yes, at themselves. But not stopping there. With themselves. No, but by sounding the depths of the inner self reaching upward to God. Through other-self. Through non-self. Into the consciousness of God-self. Only in God shall rest be found.

WHEN a man knows he knows not, then his knower is beginning to know a little know.

THE MASTER OF THE VEIL AT WORK

LEVI, Transcriber of the Aquarian Gospel
of Jesus the Christ, from the Akashic Records



WHEN one is able to consciously cross the Border Land he is recognized as Master of the Veil, and has entered upon a most important work. He has always been able to function upon two planes,—the physical and the astral, but has not been conscious of it, so that crossing the Border Land is but entering upon the stage of soul consciousness.

Sannyasi is the name by which Oriental masters know the Master of the Veil, and the Lodge of the Sannyasi is the White Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood. While engaged in the ordinary work of this plane the Masters wear white robes.

The work of the Sannyasi is multiform. It belongs to two realms, vastly dissimilar in many particulars, and still the Master must make his activities on one plane harmonize with those of the other. While men consciously function only in the physical, their sphere of conscious usefulness is exceedingly narrow; but when the veil between the two worlds has been dissolved, the extent of vision cannot be measured. It is said to multiply man's opportunities for usefulness by the "Square of the Circle," and to know what that means introduces one into the range of infinities.

The Effect of Rending the Veil is magical. By this we mean, entering into a consciousness of soul sight. It permits the inner light of the person to freely commingle with the astral light, and all physical things are illuminated. Physical Sciences are easily understood, and the law of magical operations is readily applied to the every day affairs of life. You may ask, what we mean by magical operations? The definition of Magic will throw light on the subject:

"Magic is the art of employing invisible, or so-called spiritual agencies to obtain certain visible results."

Masters of the Veil can quite clearly comprehend the essences of Electricity and Magnetism, and so know the nature of God and man. They understand, in a measure at least, the causes of things, the ultimate purpose of current events, and the reason of the past, present and future. For this reason they are able to turn to account the forces of nature, which to the ordinary person are inexplicable or useless.

Thus we see the superior advantages of the Sannyasi, even upon the plane of visible things; but the extent of his op-

portunities upon the plane of invisible things give him a power that man cannot compute.

Scope of his Astral Work. To understand this we must be somewhat familiar with the Astral plane, its inhabitants and their necessities. The Astral plane is the semi-transparent state that lies next to the plane of manifest entities, which is known as the realm of opacity, or the Opaque plane, the plane of circumscribed, often obstructed vision. The plane beyond the Astral is known as the Spiritual plane, or the plane of Transparency, or the crystal plane. In the vision of the Apocalyptic seer he got a glimpse of the spiritual plane and he said:

"And I saw, as it were, a sea of glass (a crystal sea) mingled with fire; and they who had gotten the victory over the beast (carnal desires) and over his image, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." Rev. 15:2.

The Semi-Transparent Zone is the great theater wherein the Master of the Veil finds his greatest opportunities, and here exists in real, though semi-transparent form, every thing that is manifest in this Opaque Zone. There men, women and children function as truly as they do here; there they are as busily engaged in the various avocations of life as they are here; their desires and longings, their hopes and fears are just as intense there as here. They who have reached planes of soul consciousness, somewhat advanced, are searching for light and are eager to accept the help of every true master, whether he has thrown off his mortal garb or not. *Pupils Are Abundant.* There are inquirers in all stages of advancement, from the ignoramus and the self-conceited braggart to the Astral philosopher, all in their way seeking for light.

Schools have been established in a thousand pleasant places, and under the general direction of the Silent Brotherhood qualified instructors have been placed in charge of them; some of whom are in the body and some out of the body. For these positions the accomplished Sannyasi is always in demand.

Kindergartens and primary schools are found upon nearly every hill and work in them is plentiful. The nurseries require myriads of helpers, for millions of little ones are constantly crossing the Border Land, and not one of them is ever slighted, for great warm arms of love are ever ready at the fordings of Death's river to receive every one of them, and frequently they are cared for by those who were dear to them on earth.

Industrial Enterprises are as much in evidence there as here and in this department the Sannyasi finds opportunities for usefulness. But why mention more? Look upon the activities of earth, and you may know something about the activities of *this semi transparent zone*.

Band of Helpers. This is the name that has been given to a special company of men and women who are able to function in the two zones—the semi-transparent and the opaque—and this company is composed of individuals who have departed this life and those who are still in the flesh.

Materialization is a possibility. Masters of the Veil who have dropped their outer garb of physical, can, at will, take up on themselves for temporary use bodies of material substance, and may walk the earth and function here as distinctly as men who have not laid their earthly bodies aside.

This company of Helpers is one of the most remarkable of all of the Astral world, for the members move with the rapidity of light, and are competent to hear calls of distress from those in the flesh as well as those out of the flesh. These Helpers are moving everywhere, and a very large per cent of the so-called providential rescues and helps in times of trouble are due to the timely aid rendered by these accomplished Masters of the Veil.

Securing their help. How may this be done? How may the men and women of earth, who have not reached the open gate of Sannyasiship be especially protected by these Invisible Helpers? This is a possibility. There are a few things essential, and first, those who desire such protection must *Know* that the powers of man make such help a possibility. And then they must be convinced that there exists such a band of Helpers. They must then *Will* to be protected by them, and *Dare* to call upon them for help, and *be silent* regarding their plans and purposes. The baby's prayer is but an appeal to these Helpers, for God has delegated them to act for him. And these thoughts make more real and practical our infantile prayer:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."*

WISE Leadership; Intelligent Discipleship. With the two attitudes, that of teacher and pupil, or guru and chéla, the entire human race could be rapidly taught. But how can one who wants to learn know that one who claims to be a teacher is a competent and safe instructor? "By their fruits"?

THE AQUARIAN COMMONWEALTH

Motto: Mutual Helpfulness

The Aquarian Commonwealth is an organization now being effected in all parts of the civilized world.

The Purpose of The Aquarian Commonwealth is to unite all the people of all lands in a fraternal order in which "Mutual helpfulness" is the watchword.

Four Departments of Activities are recognized. In fact every possible call for help comes from one or another of these departments. They may be described thus:

1—**MUTUAL HELPFULNESS IN MATERIAL MATTERS**—solving the vexed problems of bread and butter, of clothes and homes. In all the world there is enough for all, and when the true principles of the brotherhood have been everywhere comprehended and accepted the needs of every human being will be supplied.

2—**MUTUAL HELPFULNESS IN EDUCATION.** "Knowledge is power;" but the knowledge that leads up to power is not of the superficial kind; it is the knowledge of personal and individual possibilities, and the knowledge of the way to make use of the invisible forces of nature to produce visible results.

Most of the failures in life occur because of ignorance—ignorance of appropriate callings. Few people have found their fortes; know the kinds of employments best suited to their trend of mind, their characteristics and idiosyncracies, and still they must know to be successful; and this all may know and the Masters are called upon to enlighten the ignorant.

3—**MUTUAL HELPFULNESS IN SOCIAL LIFE.** One's happiness and prosperity in life depends largely upon appropriate companionships. Reformers have long criticized, in scathing terms, the so-called system of castes, and in fact it has been one of the prime causes of human misery; but this has not been because of the division of people into companies or classes, but because of the abuse of this system of castes.

All people are not on the same plane of activity, and cannot, everywhere, find pleasure in mutual commingling. This is not necessarily because of inferiority or superiority; nor because some are more advanced in spiritual living than other people. The reason may be succinctly stated thus:

On the Physical plane, as on the Astral plane, there are characteristic thought centers—thousands of them—and all people have specific qualities of thought that are acted upon in various ways by these thought centers, being attracted by one center and repelled by another, just as certain substances are attracted to one pole of the magnet and repelled by the other.

Certain men and women are irresistibly drawn to certain thought cen-

ters, and these thought-groups, or classes of thinkers comprise castes, or companies, and here find appropriate companionships.

The true brotherhood idea does not demand that all people regardless of race or thought characteristics must find pleasure in commingling. True sociology is based upon a just recognition of diversified characteristics and idiosyncracies of the people, that while every person is duty bound to aid every other person in every legitimate way, no one is called upon to make intimate companions of all other people. Leaders of thought can and must make it possible for people to find their own thought centers where they can be happy and prosperous.

4—**MUTUAL HELPFULNESS IN PSYCHIC AND SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT.** This work embraces the religious and spiritual life of the individual. In every person the precious seed of the great Tree of Life has been planted by the Infinite Husbandman. It may have grown but little, or it may have already gained the proportions of a vigorous tree. No matter what its present stage of unfoldment or growth, it is susceptible of being brought to perfection. In this department of human activity Mutual Helpfulness shines forth in great brilliancy, and by the aid of The Aquarian Commonwealth every one may be aided in his journey to the highlands of Divine Illumination.

METHODS OF HELPFULNESS. System is essential to success. An organized army can easily win battles where mobs would fail. The mutual helpfulness contemplated by The Aquarian Commonwealth is along clearly defined systematic lines. In the inception of the work the helpfulness can not be as great as it will be when all the machinery is in action, but by the united efforts of the great host of interested persons, favorable results will be in evidence at an early day.

MATERIAL HELP. There are three classes of people who need assistance: 1, Those who are able-bodied, and could earn a living for themselves and those depending upon them, but are empty-handed, because they can find no work to do. 2, Those who by reason of age or sickness are helpless. 3, Those who have the ability, both physically and mentally, to earn a living, but because they have not found their appropriate callings are earning mere pittance, eking out miserable existences, when they should be providing for many people besides themselves and their own.

EMPLOYMENT. It is not true charity to give without consideration, either money, food or clothes to able-bodied men and women, unless they are in extreme need. Flat gifts are but little appreciated. People prize that which they pay for, unless they are naturally indolent and selfish,—everyone wants to pay in some manner for every thing he receives. Mutual helpfulness in material things can be best demonstrated by furnishing appropriate employment, for those who have not yet found their own spheres in the industrial world, and are now doing the work that someone else should be doing. It will be, therefore, the policy of The Aquarian Commonwealth to conduct Employment Agencies in many plac-

es. These Agencies will be in constant correspondence with each other, so that the needs and opportunities in all sections of the country will be known at all times and at all agencies.

PRODUCTIVE HOMESTEADS. The earth is the true source of wealth, and everybody ought to have a part of this good heritage. The tendency of the times is for people to herd together in towns and cities; this is certainly a mistake. No matter what one's employment may be, every one should have a Productive Homestead, a few acres of ground, so that whatever betides, a living is assured. Any thrifty person on even an acre of ground may be assured of a competency in many sections of the country, and there is no one so poor that he cannot secure such a homestead.

One of the objects of the Aquarian Commonwealth is to put every person in touch with opportunities, and to give all needed instruction in the most approved methods of cultivation. Everybody must have a home.

"Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home."

JOINT OWNERSHIP. The altruistic conception of coöperation embraces the idea of the joint ownership of all lands and commodities, and the time will come when this will be practical; but the experiences of such communities in the past have afforded proof conclusive that the world is not yet ready for such a system.

HOMES FOR THE INCAPACITATED. No matter what the reason may be, every living creature has rights that must be respected. Because of their birth rights human beings are not beggars. It is not a matter of charity to care for them, and out of the granaries of wealth-producers their wants must be supplied, and it is the purpose of The Aquarian Commonwealth to devise ways and means to provide for them.

PROVIDING THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE AT MINIMUM COST. Under the industrial system in vogue in most civilized countries people are taxed exorbitantly for most of the necessities of life. Between the consumer and the producer we find a whole army of men to whom the consumer must pay tribute. The profits of these middle men must be paid by the laborer, and these profits have been sufficient in the past to make thousands of merchants immensely wealthy.

Until all commodities can be produced by The Commonwealth it will act as middleman in such a way that the consumer may be furnished with every thing needed at cost price, plus the simple expense of handling. This will materially lessen the cost of living.

Educational Help. While the state in civilized countries furnishes fair facilities for what is called a common school education it does very little toward the personal and individual education that is necessary to success. Of course there are many Industrial Schools, Polytechnics, Manual Training Schools, etc., that are truly helpful in preparing the young for practical life work, but an education is needed that public schools cannot

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