

What this Magazine Stands for

THIS Magazine was begun in January, 1908, to make apparent the fact that the Holy Spirit of God is within each man, to teach and bless. To show men how to look within and recognize 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 truths 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. "When the mists have cleared away."

It believes that real Truth is quality, and not statement or formulary. Intrinsic Value is truth. Abiding Reality is Truth. Truth is not somebody's "say-Isa." Truth in the Christian Bible? Yes, but only such truth as we can get out of it. No authority in it until it awakens recognition in us.

It therefore accepts no other authority in spiritual matters than this Voice within a man. Different men, apparently different voice, with different message, often contradictory. But while maintaining freedom of the mind it will render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,—conformity to social and political laws and customs. It is not a "social reformer" on the plane of political economy and external motives, but is a true social reformer because it seeks to take man spiritually and pull him up into that larger spiritual life where he will realize social unity.

It considers that God is both Personal and Impersonal,—both anthropomorphic and human in nature, and a principle and overruling spirit far above man's present comprehension. No room here to explain. Glad to consider all sides.

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 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 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 teachings. 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

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY F. P. FAIRFIELD
21 MADISON STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Entered as 2d class matter Sept. 24, 1908, at the P.O. at Boston, Mass. under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879

VOL. 2

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 21

... Building ...

MRS. GRACE E. KING, 25 Bellevue St., Willimantic, Conn.

I am building a Temple,
A Temple of God,
My material is humble,
I am working with sod !


But before I have finished,
With gold 'twill be wrought,
Enriched with diamonds,
Too dear to be bought.

So build each your Temple,
As you go on your way,
And be not discouraged,
Though you start it with clay.

Only make a beginning !
For Time will not stay.
Oh ! build you a Temple,
Just start it today.

Sexation

LEVI, Seer of the Aquarian Age, transcriber of the
Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ,
from the Akashic Records

 EXATION has been called the *Fourth Creative Attribute*. 2 Now men are to cause confusion when they try to analyze and classify the qualities of God ; but we must take the risk, for only thus can finite beings comprehend the One. 3 We are assured that all the seven attributes are bound together in a one harmonious whole ; but each is such a necessary part of all that not a movement in the spaces can be made without its part is done. 4 All are a part of each, and each is part of all ; but we may note the operative phases of the eternal One by carefully considering the functions of each attribute.

5 Sexation is result of harmony, the harmony of opposites.

6 Sexation is affinity. Men speak of chemical affinity and scientists describe a natural process that they call elective, or affinity elective, by which a monad seeks and holds unto itself a monad quite unlike itself, antagonistic to itself.

7 On all the planes we find this basic law, that things repel things like themselves, and vigorously attract their opposites.

8 On Carnal plane this law is called Electric Law, the negative attracts and holds the positive, but drives away the negative, to which the positive gives full consent.

9 On Astral plane the law is called Magnetic Law; but all its operations are the same; the negative attracts the positive, but drives away the monads that are like itself.

10 In Spirit realm the law is called Azothic Law, and yet it operates the same.

11 This law is but the law of sex made manifest; the feminine attracts and holds the masculine, repelling feminine, to which the masculine gives full consent.

12 There is another phase of law that we observe: All monads that are feminine do not attract all monads that are masculine.

13 Affinities unite and hold each other only in proportions that are fixed and definite.

14 Pure water is composed of two distinct and separate ingredients, and these are gases—oxygen and hydrogen.

15 The masculine is oxygen, the feminine is hydrogen. Two atoms of the feminine attract and hold one atom of the masculine. The formula is H^2O ; and water is not formed in any other way.

16 If heavy pressure be employed two atoms of the hydrogen, or feminine, may take unto themselves two atoms of the oxygen, or masculine, and form a weak compound; hydrexyl it is called; but very soon the extra atom of the oxygen is driven off and water forms.

17 When non-affinities are caused to meet we have a mixture that the chemists call mechanical. We may thus mix pecans and beans, or corn and rice, or cabbage heads and gourds; but it is easy quite to separate these mixed ingredients.

18 The matrimonies of the day are, largely, mixtures such as these,—the manic cabbage heads and gourds just roll about each other, quite distinct and may be separated easily by any legal judge.

19 A man and woman full affinitized in Love are one indeed and cannot be divorced by any power in earth, in hell, or heaven.

20 A concept is the union of three thoughts to form a manifest idea.

21 Conception is the union of three thoughts to form a giant thought, a manifest idea, to be full clothed with flesh.

22 One of the thoughts is masculine; the other two are feminine, and in the concept of the child, of every child, one mea-

sure of the masculine is called upon to saturate two measures of the feminine; one measure of the feminine is the begotten child.

23 This fact revealed gives answer to a puzzling question of the age: From whence the living germ of manic embryo? Does it abide within the masculine or feminine?

24 The masters say, The living germ abides within the feminine; heredity is traced alone the lines of motherhood.

25 There are unnumbered stages in the life of every manifest before conception and maturity, and every evolutionary act is the result of sex affinity.

26 A seed is but a cell that holds three thoughts of God, two feminine and a masculine, and when the acids and the alkalies of earth impel activity of sex, conception is assured, the seed-thought germinates, and under the fixed law of sex the plant begins to grow.

27 In every stage of growth this magic law obtains.

28 There is no masculine without the feminine; and Paul well put it when he said, There is no human in the Lord without the the woman in the Lord.

AFFINITIES. 29 Affinity and Love are not the same, although affinities are apt to be o'er shadowed by the power of Love.

30 On carnal plane affinities are found abundantly, and while all feminines do not attract and hold all masculines, the ones they do attract and hold are almost numberless.

31 Sexation in the realm of flesh is chemical relationship, and is not subject to the law of Love.

32 In atmospheres of earth the compounds all are subject unto change, and so a male and female may today affinitize but when the morrow comes they may espy a stronger sexual bond, and then the old affinity becomes a thing of hate, and for a little time the new affinity absorbs the very life of both the masculine and feminine.

33 They who form the conjugal relationships upon the shifting sands of chemical affinity are following ignis fatui of sex o'er carnal swamps and fens; they have no anchorage anywhere; their brains are far too fluid; they are full hypnotized by their own selfish selfs.

34 They are but leeches, microbes of affinity, who lure to woe the weaklings of their opposites; they pride themselves in shattering happy homes.

35 They may not be to blame, for they are sex degenerates; but states should have great hospitals where such as these might

be confined and nursed until the fell disease "Affinity" has given place to purity and Love.

36 In Love there are affinities, and these are changeless as the heart of God.

37 In Love there is no place for self desires. Love stands above the passion plane; the beauty of the features and the form has naught to do with Love, the Love that makes a soul a kin with God.

38 When Love affinities combine God's seal is placed upon the bands, and naught can separate that twain forevermore.

UERY FEW PEOPLE appear to *know how to judge*. I don't know that I do. Upon further consideration I am inclined to say I am sure I do not know how. What is the trouble? *We have not learned the A B C of Impartiality*. Will we ever learn? Sometimes it looks dubious. Other times more hopeful.

In the first place, we are chained by our passion and blinded by our self-desires. The first keeps us from taking different views so we may gain a complete perspective, and the other makes us see crooked that which we do see.

Selfishness perverts the understanding. Only the Selfless can see. Every time a man sees a thing to be so because he wants to see it so, he becomes more blinded by the illusions of matter. Every time a man steps outside of himself,—*entirely, entirely*,—then he sees truly and becomes more inured to the bright light of spirit,—dazzling only to the unwary.

Perhaps none of us can do this completely. I realize my deficiencies. But we may try. And every time we try we move nearer the mark of the *Master Perfect*. Don't be discouraged, my brother. We are all linked together in this journey toward the Perfect Day. Neither do you become too much puffed up by your own conceit when you realize that God is very near to you indeed. Only this: remember the law, that you must *work*.

HAPPINESS is what happens,—something good which happens. It happens to the outer man. Happiness makes pleasure,—we are pleased when we are happy,—we can't help it. We must be pleased when we are happy, and happy when we are pleased.

MAN is individuality; God is collectivity. Man is a unit; God is Unity. Man is part; God is whole. And yet, man is not God Almighty, and I doubt ever will be—as man.



CONSCIOUSNESS is the *Key to Life*. A simple definition of consciousness is that it is a *linking-in with life*, or with *sensation*, or with *phenomena*. We all know that no one individual can sense all things at once, or all the phases of the same phenomena be seen by the same person. Put two differently educated men in a shoe factory, and what would they cognize? One would see all those wheels, and rods, and wires. A wonderful arcana of mechanism would be opened to him. He would revel in pulleys, and slides, and cross-bars. And if he had a constructive mind he would re-arrange those parts and conceive more perfect arrangements, with less friction, more speed, more perfect product. Another man would see nothing of this, and yet his consciousness might be equally as large. It would focalize differently, upon different phenomena. Perhaps he would be an artist, and group the operatives, and the machines, and the crafty spider in the corner, into harmonious pictures of the sport of living. Or a social reformer, and see the inadequate ventilation, the rounded shoulders, and the excessive toil. Or a clergyman, and see those men and women as angels in process, and all this machinery as a concrete hymn to the wisdom and power of the Most High.

It is thus with all our life, no matter how far or high we view it. *We are chained to certain particular consciousness*. Each man's mind limits him to certain vision, and human societies have their limited vision.

But we really do not travel here and there to see the universe. *The universe is here, now, right about us*. But our consciousness focalizes, and we see but a trifle, because our eyes are so close to the earth.

"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—

I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road."

"Yes," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently He took it from her, and she stood Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood

Amid long sunlit fields; around them sprang

A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"

Smiling, He answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:

"Was I not always here, then, as today?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:

"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor My name?"

"Nay," she replied; "but this I understand—

That Thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," He murmured, scarce above His breath;

"Lord of the Land; but men have named me Death."

Charles B. Going

This limited view of life is right and necessary, even when our view is so cut off that we doubt all but this which we see at the present moment. Yes. For unless we limited our field we would not till it properly. That is why the Good Lord holds his hands over our eyes. He allows some of us to get a little peep, sometimes, "for good and sufficient reasons," but the others he keeps more blinded.

We are now down in the field hard at work with perspective hidden by clouds and vapors. We are unable to see each other clearly, and forms take fantastic and untrue dimensions. We are shown only enough of our task to keep us interested, and our nose to the grindstone.

We see but a little way. Our loved ones appear to us out of the mist,—from *Somewhere*,—remain with us a little while, and then some day they go away, into the clouds and mist,—somewhere.

Some of us lose faith, during the thick of the storm, and wonder,—and wonder,—and doubt there is a God, or Anything More—that Things Will Stop—that it is all a Mistake—that Nothing Was and Something Never Will Be—* * * * *

But the storm will cease, the clouds will break away, God's Face will beam upon us, and we will see our friends as they are, and all God's universe shining with light and glory. The light was obscured by the clouds, but the objects have not changed. God's Face was always shining, but we could not see it. Our loved ones had passed out of sight, but they had not passed away. The lights and shades of resplendent color were always there but we discerned them not.

I repeat, *Consciousness is the Key to Life*. It is also the *Solution*; but then, the key to any problem is always its solution, is it not? The power to consciously focalize upon the life about us. We are limited. We are limited to a small segment of that teeming life. But that life is not limited. It is limitless. Can we extend our consciousness? Yes, man *is* consciousness.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way.
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

Evolution of the Soul

By ELLA L. LAYSON,

Graniteville, Calif.

WHEN ONE ATTAINS spiritual consciousness, and the soul is awake and active, we are then able to discern the soul in all living forms, for soul responds to soul. Thus we may often discern the soul looking forth through the eyes of the dumb brute, especially our domestic pets, and feel the responsiveness of its soul to ours, expressing even more affection and sympathy than we sometimes find in our human brothers.

But as yet there is no individual consciousness: the brute manifests the universal love and intelligence as instinct common to its kind, but knows nothing of its inherent immortality and Divine origin, and the animal-soul does not reach this stage of self-consciousness until it becomes Man. Thus our consciousness does not exist in mere animal forms.

This higher spiritual consciousness does not manifest in man until a certain stage of development has been reached, hence we see the fallacy of the theory that when the soul in its progression has attained to the state of Man it receives a third outpouring of spirit and becomes united with its source—God. If this was true then this consciousness would be manifested in all at the same stage of existence, whereas we see man in all degrees of development, some of them as unconscious of their Divinity as the brute, and expressing even less of it, while others are developed to a high state of spirituality almost God-like.

Consciousness unfolds gradually like the mind of a child, depending upon the kind of instrument it has to manifest through, and as it becomes receptive to outside influences it is acted upon and guided by higher intelligences. As the plant gets a start and makes a certain growth in the darkness of the ground, so the Ego, while in the darkness of ignorance, selfishness and materiality, develops and expands in a limited way, but, like the plant, the soul cannot develop and spring forth into beauty and perfection *until it has broken through the crust*, into the spiritual sunshine of Divine love and truth.

Thus the animal soul must pass through many stages of development, and, as man, have all the lower tendencies of the animal kingdom to overcome. This done the soul once more becomes pure and holy. Having passed through all stages of life and experience it understands all, and sympathizes with all the soul life of the Universe. It is now consciousness individualized,

and can pass on to Angelhood, which the animal, as animal, never can do.

Some may object to the idea of animals becoming submerged in man, but there will always be animals on the physical plane of life corresponding to the development to which man has attained. As man advances, so will animal life advance. Animals, especially the dog, have many times been man's sole companion, the only outlet for his affection, and his most sympathetic friend. So we may well believe that we shall have them with us in spirit life so long as there exists any bond of sympathy between man and animal. But the soul in its perfected state will never gravitate to the undeveloped forms of life.

LET US MAKE A DIFFERENCE between God and God. The Hindus and some others have done this, but the Christians have become sadly mixed because they have mixed their God. The Hindu Brahm, or Parabrahm, is the Om. From him come the other lesser expressions. All Gods. Every expression of Om is limited in so far as that expression is removed from the Om. The Om is limitless, as the name implies. Not being willing just now to adopt the Hindu deism or the Greek pantheon, suppose we Christians make the distinction that our God is the Om, but that the Lord is the Law, or the limited expression of God on the plane of human life. If this classification will suffice it will enable us to avoid adopting all those millions of strange foreign gods, and yet allow us to understand how our God can be limitless and the Om God, and let limited and the Lord God. Let us try this, at any rate, and see how it works out. For even God must work. That is, man must work his God. Is your's a *Working God*? That is, can you make it work, or is it an abstrat uselessness?

IDO NOT mean to say that one should not try to be consistent. I mean to say that we should not try and make others think we are consistent. Neither should we seek justification by others, but seek the throne of the Most High,—the Holy of Holies,—the Mercy Seat,—and there seek that justification, which, as St. Paul says, comes by Faith, and brings the Peace of God. Let us live in the Kingdom of God, and not the kingdom of man. Where is that Kingdom? In Chicago, in New Jersey, in Kokomo? That Kingdom is within and above. It is a Spiritual Kingdom. There we seek justification, and by its eternal realities we seek consistency, even if our human reason fails to square with what we see and say.

I AM always delighted when readers of our magazine take time to write me letters of comment, criticism or inquiry. Criticisms are as welcome as questions. The criticisms I will study, and the questions I will try and answer,—if I am able. I therefore print with pleasure, in the parallel column, extracts from a letter received from a relative of mine, and a "constant reader" of the magazine. As I have said, I do not have enough egotism on tap to answer every question. I have just enough sense to know that I don't know—much.

Regarding the first question I would say that I consider the spiritual life of peace and inner joy is reached only by the exercise of the soul in two directions, i.e., through receiving the spirit of God by means of prayer or communion, and putting that spirit to work through labor of love for others.

The receiving is necessary. So is the expressing. But one is of no avail without the other. The two make consecration, or the full, complete, "two-sided" religious life.

People have frequently lost sight of this duality. The Catholic Church has gone to the extreme many times,—not always,—of over emphasizing devotion through prayer, communion and confession. These should come first, but they are of no avail,—rather a detriment,—unless they materialize into human ser-

YOU SPEAK of spirit and matter being one. I have believed for a long time that spirit is the real and finest substance, while matter is a coarse reflexion or expression of spirit. Spirit is positive, matter negative, one the opposite pole of the other. Wherever matter is spirit is sure to be permeating and filling it. I infer from your article (p. 699, right column, middle) that spirit can so permeate the physical body that its matter becomes finer through having been raised to higher planes of vibrations. Then you go on to say "Provided it is done by preparation." You say that preparation is prayer, and something else. What is that something else?

I have prayed and been purifying the body by abstinence and temperance. I have been studying and trying to learn, and although I have had sweet experiences, I can't think the new birth of regeneration has come to me, for according to my understanding there is regeneration of the body for the complete indwelling of spirit.

Another thing,—is it possible you believe Madam H. P. Blavatsky was a fraud? I do not. I, too, have read Olcott's Old Dairy Leaves. It disgusted me with H.P.B.'s ways and habits of life. But when I thought how she was a medium for others to work through, that she was *inhabited*, so to speak, by men or masters, so much that she became more masculine in her daily life and habits of thought and speech. You remember Olcott spoke of a physical change having come to H.P.B. How do we know but she left her body some, and it was possessed by someone who did those queer things? It does not seem possible to me that a dishonest instrument would have been chosen to help put in motion so great and far-reaching a movement for the betterment of humanity as the Theosophical movement. What Olcott said of Theosophists in general I be-

vice to others. Then, I believe, will come, if that service is done in the spirit of unselfish devotion to others, a spiritual uplift which will bring the soul on to higher planes of reality, and give it a consciousness of the substantiality, the reality, and beneficence of life. This result may not come just after we have commenced the purifying and regenerative process. It may take what seems like a long time for the spiritual body of a man to become transformed, or *regenerated*, but I consider that I have outlined the only true process of passing from a lower to a higher plane, or from coarser to finer moral vibrations.

I realize that there are many teachers today who appear to teach a physical regeneration, and who consider that the physical body and the physical world is to be renewed and sin and sorrow evermore banished. Well, as I do not claim to know all, these friends may be correct. Yes, doubtless they are correct to some extent, or in some good and real way. But, I have considered the physical body and world to be like an overcoat, which is to be dropped off when its use has been conserved,—and then the soul swings out into the freer realms of spirit. Physical death does not make this change. There is another kind of death that is necessary,—a birth. In fact we live in the spiritual world now in the same sense as we do after physical death. Unless we have a moral birth we will remain where we are. We are handicapped by our base desires. They keep us chained.

To outgrow those desires we must change the moral vibration of the soul. By abstinence? Not unless that abstinence is necessary to fulfill a moral obligation to some other person, or unless it will bless and help some other person. We need never consider ourselves. Purify the body? Yes, if that purification will be a blessing to others. For no other motive. If for our own good it will not purify the soul but rather clog and handicap it.

Man is not a body, but a spirit. Cultivate the spirit and the body will take care of itself.

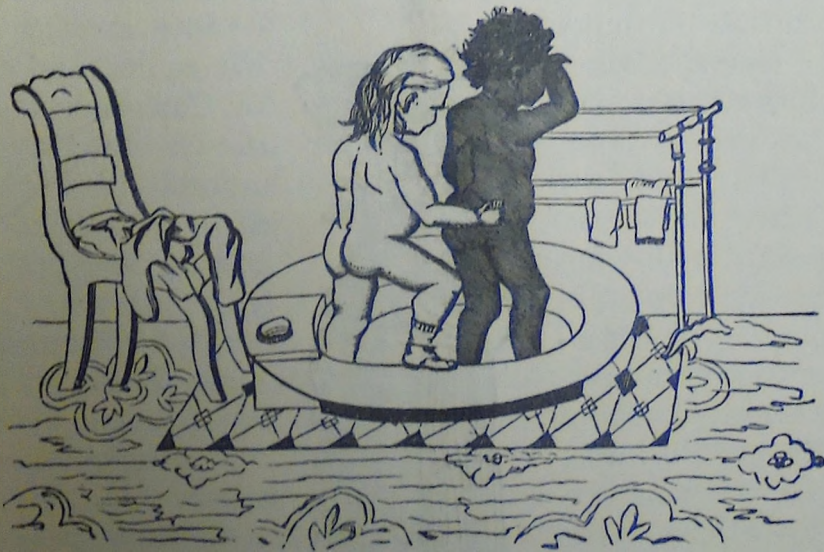
This statement of mine above may be but a partial truth. Probably it is. Perhaps the statement of the modern schools I referred to of eternal physical life may have its own truth, and when we see "mine and thine" in proper perspective they will

believe is true generally, but it is early to judge by the members, who are human creatures and just started on the path of inquiry and attainment. They make mistakes, but by mistakes we climb to heights we could never reach if our weaknesses were not shown us by our mistakes. A chain is as strong as its weakest link—so we are no stronger than the weakest point in our nature or character.

be seen as one. But now I emphasize the spiritual life which is above the physical and apart from it. I emphasize a *spiritual regeneration*, and I consider that will come through receiving God's intuitional spirit and by practicing that spirit in human life,—devotion to man after we have performed our devotions to God, although in another sense we may say that God is found only in humanity, and that there only is true devotion.

I do not understand that we can have a "*complete* indwelling of the Spirit" here now, but words mean so differently to each of us that I refrain from discussing this matter further until I understand more completely what is meant by "*complete*."

I agree in the main with the last paragraph of our correspondent, regarding Col. Olcott and H.P.B.



Racial Amalgamation

THERE is going on a process of racial alteration, of which every one of us is a part, and great changes are taking place right under our eyes, but so gradual and insidious as to be generally overlooked. In fact we must look below the surface, and uncover our spiritual vision, in order to discern the interworking of those wheels which are grinding and grinding Raw Material, and then turning out product, which product is afterward put through the mill again for Finishing or Alteration.

We see the operation of this social mill in great cities, where all sorts and conditions of men gather, and perhaps we see it better in Boston, because of the true cosmopolitan spirit here manifested, and probably better in the South End of Boston,

which is near the home of this magazine. "South End" is something of an Undefinable Country. South Boston has a place and some printed words on the map. So has East Boston, and Roxbury, and Charlestown, and Dorchester, but West End, and North End, and South End, have no habitat, and no clearly defined boundries, and are not printed on the map. And these "ends" are not ends at all, but are in the congested center of city. It is true, they were "ends" once,—fashionable ones each at different times, when Boston was a quiet, provincial town, but since Boston has opened her heart and taken in all the surrounding real estate, and pilgrims from all parts of the world, these "ends" have lost their character!

A polyglot, variegated, superimposed population. Jews, Armenians, Turks, Russians, Negroes, Chinese, Italians, Irish,—

not to mention our more Polacks, Slavs, Huns, blood kindred, the hard-Scot, the eager Irish, solid German, and the These flatter have all case in point, for my amixed up, with Scotch, and French. A comixture, too, right in this pot, and some of them as Roundhead Puritans, themselves, but saw no give it to others. In years of those contumacious they asked for the right

But now these other terranean countries are

Also from "Afric's sunny fountain, from India's coral strand," and the Good Lord only knows what else is coming to live with us,—in the South End,—and go with us to our common schools, work with us at the bench, come with us to bible class, ring out the same applause at the political rally, crowd and push in the Subway for the privilege of being squeezed on the way home, living in the flat below or above, and then going to the priest or parson and marrying us! For there is little religious difference to separate us, and in this new world we soon forget old world barriers, and touch our fellows as men and women, and brothers and sisters,—and not through prejudice of race or training.

This amalgamation is taking place more among the "work-



remote cousins, such as Finns, etc., and our neardy Canadian, the canny the facile French, the indomitable Englishman. ready blended. I am a cestors are pretty well Irish, Dutch, English, paratively recent mix. New England melting commenced years ago who sought liberty for reason why they should stead they cut off the cious dare devils when of "private judgment." peoples from the Medi-coming into the game."

ing people" than among the more leisurely, because the poor are huddled more closely together, and besides, they have the practical end of life. They know through uses. Theory has its value, but that value always hangs onto some practical use. Thus, all great social problems are worked out by the proletariat, in the furnace of the day's labor, in the sweat of human toil, in the ordeal of muscular or mental strength.

It would not be fair to leave you with an impression that there is no friction during this amalgamation. Where there is mechanism there is always some friction, minimize it as much as we may. There is prejudice and opposition. This is often quite proper, as balance, weight, and check to keep the social machinery running at the right speeds, and parts in proper ratio. But despite a little racial and religious prejudice, and industrial jealousy, the process goes on unchecked. That process is the production of a New Race.

The African stock is a great factor in the production of this New Garment of the Soul. Thousands—aye, tens of thousands of colored people live in the South End, and they range in evolutionary development from the Southern Mammy just arrived "from de Souf" to the polished man or woman whose "color" is a rich cream or a light chocolate. For the blacks grow white. I don't know how they do it, but they grow light skinned after a few years in the North. Maybe the change is occasioned by our cold winters, and maybe the blackest ones return to the South. I expect there are a great many intermarriages. I often see white men in company with colored women, and conversely, with a variegated brood. I passed through a short side street recently during an alarm of fire. Every window soon had a head or two in it, to see the fire engines pass, and ask "Where?" I was interested, and not a little amused, to note the checker-board appearance of the four-story brick block which occupied one side of the street. By the color of the faces I could see that often colored people lived on the first floor, white on second, colored on third, and white on fourth. Sometimes the arrangement varied, and the whites would have the first floor, but they were all living peaceably under one roof. In the streets white and black children were playing together most fraternally. Then is it surprising that they are "married and given in marriage"?

The type converges toward the Caucasian. In our symbolical, if not literal, picture which heads this article, Mary is seen trying to scrub Dina, and make her white, for Dina wants to be white, just like Mary. And bye and bye she will, and have

straight hair and a long thin nose! Yes, she will, for I see colored people, every day, with Caucasian features.

The colored people do not herd together,—not if they can help it. They will make almost any sacrifice to get a home in a white neighborhood. Then after the entering wedge others come in, and soon the neighborhood is speckled. Neither will they patronize a store run entirely by their own people, but like better to go to a store run by a white man where some of the assistants are colored. As a rule colored men are not very successful in trade. They leave store-keeping to the Jews, and the two races get along very well together. You will always see a great many stores run by Jews in colored neighborhoods. The Irish, both Catholic and Protestant, do not take kindly to the Negroes, but French Canadians do, and Italians, but as French Canadians, Italians, and Irish are most all Catholics, they intermarry readily. The wily Chinese is lured to the Sunday School and marries the teacher, so that knot is tied all right,—and now he Melican man, wi' Melican wife.

Almost all the colored people are Baptists. There are just a few Methodists, and a sprinkling of other denominations, but there is something solid and substantial about the Baptist religion that attracts them as flies are by molasses. In every church, however, even the most aristocratic, you will see a few colored people, but they apparently do not find any church quite ardent enough to suit them, and they have many churches of their own. For they are great singers, and strenuous in their exhortations and prayers, holding many services during de Lord's Day, and continuing them late at night, with many whacks at de debil, on de hip an' thigh!

Poor lil' brack sheep, dat strayed away
Done los' in de win' and rain.
An' de Shepherd he say: "O hirelin',
Go fin' my sheep again."
An' de hirelin' frown, "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack and bad."
But de Shepherd he smile like de lil' brack
sheep
Is de onliest lamb he had,
Is de onliest lamb he had.

An' he say, "O hirelin', hasten!
For de win' and rain am col',
An' dat lil' brack sheep am lonesom
Out dere so far from de fol'."
An' de hirelin' frown, "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' an' gray."
But de Shepherd he smile like de lil' brack
sheep
Wuz fair as de break ob day,
Wuz fair as de break ob day.

An' he say, "O hirelin', hasten!
Lo, here is de ninety an' nine,
But dere, way off from de sheep-fol'
Is dat lil' brack sheep ob mine."
An' de hirelin' frown, "O Shepherd,
De rest ob de sheep am here."
But de Shepherd he smile like de lil' brack
sheep
He hol' it de mostes' dear,
He hol' it de mostes' dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in be darkness,
Where de night was col' an' bleak,
An' de lil' brack sheep he fin' it,
An' lay it agains' his cheek,
An' de hirelin' frown, "O Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me."
But de Shepherd he smile, and he hol' it
close,
An' de lil' brack sheep—is me,
An' de lil' brack sheep—is me!

Ethel Maude Colson

Intensity and Immensity

IN PHYSICAL LIFE we recognize two limitations, two boundaries, two measurements, which we constantly have to consider, and by which human life is compounded. We call these *Time and Space*. But time and space are not universal. That is, they only pertain to a part of the Universe. For spirit is as much a part of the universe as is matter. So is thought. So are principles, such as justice, faithfulness, order, etc.

Nothing we can conceive of can be outside of the universe. Therefore, what we term spirit, in contradistinction to matter, exists as a reality in the universe, although we say that time and space do not pertain to spirit. Therefore, time and space pertain to only a part of the universe. We call that part matter, to distinguish it from spirit, at the same time reminding you again that spirit and matter are a one, but phases one of the other. This arcana, however, of unity, is difficult to reach, and for all practical purposes right here and now we may ignore it, if we are unable to use it (i. e., unable to *accept* it, for acceptance of a truth is the effort to use it).

Whatever is material is limited by time and space, that limit being in proportion to the degree of materiality. For there are many planes of life, and one plane is more material than another as planes range downward. As they range upward they become more spiritual.

The unity of spirit and matter may be shown by stating that one resolves itself into the other, like smoke or steam does into transparent air, and condenses into solid bars of metal or into water and ice. Another truth, not so easily explained, is that the bar of metal and the block of ice both are permeated by their respective destiny or order in the universe. The ice and the metal could be so sublimated that no material would be there,—none at all. When this state was reached there would be pure spirit, the realm of Plato's *Archetypal Ideas*.

But pure spirit differs from what might improperly be called "pure" matter. Matter is differentiation, subdivision, separation. Spirit is comprehensiveness, wholeness, unity. Therefore, when spirit condenses into matter it variefies itself, as it were. When it rarifies it unifies.

This is seen in the study of natural physical phenomena. The less one knows of the inner (spiritual) laws and causes of life the more separated and disjointed do things appear to be.

The deeper we go into the arcana of nature the more do we see that all things are strung together and are really, when we see deep enough, or high enough, seen to be really phases one of another,—other shapes of the other.

We go farther than this, and say that the substance of all things is spirit, and that the material forms we see are but the evanescent shadows sprung upon the screen of life as moving pictures, whose only substantial reality is in the mind of the Operator. But that is going pretty deep into the core of life, and if it is too deep for you just now perhaps it would be better for you to leave it till you see it in its truer relationships.

Time and space, I will repeat, belong to those shadows. They belong to the material phase of life. There is no time and space to spirit, but there are two qualities which correspond thereto, and these are *Intensity* and *Immensity*. When we resolve the material into the spiritual, time changes into intensity, and space turns into immensity. Thus it will be seen that the real inner quality, or *substance*, of time is intensity. That gives time its quality. The substance of space is immensity. We say that a yard stick shows the space between the wall and the chair. That is space between the two. An inch measure shows on the map the space between New York and Boston. That is a larger space. We compute the space between the moon and the earth and between the sun and stars and the earth. That is more space.

We can move from the wall to the chair and can travel from New York to Boston, but it takes time. Why? Because we are in the condition of matter, and matter is dense, and the spirit cannot move about in it freely. It takes time as there are spaces to traverse. Not so however with the space between the moon and the earth. We traverse that at once, whenever we think of it. This is analogous to the elimination of time and space and the substitution of intensity and immensity. If there was not this substitution the spiritual would be nothing and man would truly look upon the unseen as the non-existent. But the spiritual is more substantial than the material. It is more real. It is more intense and immense than we can sense through the envelope of matter. We get but a faint idea of the intensity and immensity of the universe by our contacting it through the folds of matter.

We see the elimination of time in retrospection of the past and prognostication of the future. Human, physical life, with its dense, material objects, swings in time and space, and man cannot break into the *real* past or future, but the spirit does so.

DIVINE LOVE

BERTHE A. WEEKS, 225 Church St., Willimantic, Conn.



Discouraged ones, the blue of perfect skies,
The glint, and gleam, of Autumn's glow;
The glory of the finished Universe,
Is all for you, if you could only know.
Breathe in the atmosphere of Love and Life,
That Divine Principle that was and is,
And listen to the Silent Song within,
Entrancing, in its new-born melodies.

There is no shadow that shall be so deep
But Divine Love can pierce its darkness through.
For everything is yours, and ye are ALL:
Eternal Spirit hath bequeathed to you
At-one-ment with the Source of Greatest Good.
Seek ye the Light, through portals swung ajar,
Rejoice, and glean from life its fairer bloom.
Thus ye shall find an ever guiding star.

There is no sorrow, but there is a joy
That follows in the tread of such a woe;
No mountain high, no obstacle so great,
But Law Divine shall bid the mountain go.
Be patient, and the goal ye would attain,
By Law Perfected, shall be yet your own.
Then fear ye not, but LIVE, and move in that
Abundant joy, which God hath richly sown.

Helping the Departed

LEVI, Transcriber of the Aquarian Gospel
and Seer of the Aquarian Age

HOW TO HELP the departed is the great question of this hour. In our last lesson you were introduced to the character of the works done. In the departments of teaching employments are many. The millions of people of every nationality, color, shade of thought and degree of advancement, are there waiting for instruction. One of the most important and most numerous sections of the Astral zone is the *nursery*, for every out-going babe is there, and must have care. Then think of the work of the *children's section*, where the millions are in waiting. But every section is

well filled, and most of the individuals are willing to receive help.

PREJUDICE is, however, a ruling passion there as well as here. People carry over the Borderland at the time of their out-going, all of their prejudices and passions, and so one who is qualified to work among the masses here will be qualified to work there. It is singular how earth education clings to the people. The *Agnostic* here wakes up there an *Agnostic*, and stoutly affirms that there is no hereafter in life; and the *soul-sleeper*, wakes up from his awful dream of death and is ready to prove from the Bible that there is no soul activity after death, that the soul sleeps on until the literal resurrection of the body. The praying Christian who has here learned set prayers, breaks out in all the frenzy of his devotion there with the thread worn supplications, and the man who curses and swears here has the same employment there.

HELL, yes they have a big one over there, and it does not differ materially from the one we have. The burning fires are a little hotter than they are here. What do I mean? Well, ungratified passion and desire is an awful punishment. The sensualist, the drunkard, the morphine and other fiends, go over there with the same inordinate cravings that they have here, and find no means of gratification; and it would be hard to create a more wretched hell than this. And this punishment lasts until the poor sufferer has, by his own effort, climbed out of it. He puts himself into it and he must take himself out of it and in this we find the "worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched."

SLUM WORKERS are called for over there, for these myriads of men and women who are in this hell may be helped in a hundred ways, and the bravest-hearted of men and women who visit these realms while yet in the flesh are assigned to this work.

SELECTING YOUR ASTRAL CALLING. This you can do. People do not succeed in anything that is repugnant to them, while they always find success in what they love to do, and your likes and dislikes are not perceptibly changed by passing through the Veil. What you love here you love there, and what you find pleasure in doing here you will find pleasure in doing there. Here people are often forced to do what they do not love to do; but they find opportunities of doing that which produces the most genuine pleasure.

In the selection of your *Astral calling* study your own idiosyncracies and isolate that which you would love to do above all else, only with this restriction, that the calling must not be selfish, but for the general good. Then plan your work just as

though you were to do it here, and in the great plane of the subjective you will find opportunities to work.

In your *Silence* keep your thoughts concentrated upon your chosen calling; and every night before going to sleep charge your soul to bring back to the objective consciousness the memory of the labors of the night upon the Astral plane, and you will be gratified with results.

CULTIVATE A THANKFUL DISPOSITION

APpreciate all the gifts God bestows upon you. Let thy heart respond in Prayers and Thanksgivings to the Giver of All Good. Then shalt thou align thyself to the Law of Abundance, and cover thyself in the effulgence of the bounties flowing from the Cornucopia of Plenty. *God Bestows Upon Those Who Appreciate.* To the unappreciative he turns his back.

GOD CAN APPEAR TO MAN IN ANYTHING. A stick of wood, the sea foam, the statue in the temple. God can speak through these inert things. God does so speak. To man. Clearly. Not always in words and sentences, although sometimes the stick or the stone is magnetized and becomes the physical avenue by which God manifests to man, and by which he brings words and sentences into man's mind.

More often, however, the stick or the stone is used to bring a gentle spiritual uplift into the soul of a man,—which uplift is more spiritual and more subtle than words, though not more potent. The poesy and the aroma of God! This is brought into man's consciousness by and through the contact of the physical senses with some object that has been charged as a storage battery, with idea. Then man is turned to the object and his mind electrified by the fluid which the object was charged with. This is the *modus operandi* of charms and amulets. The world over. Whether we call them by one name or another.

Places are charmed. With thought power. Chained spirits of the air. Those who come within the magic circle feel the influence. Intuitively, and by a distinct thought, though not always crystallized into definite words.

ALL GREAT SOULS are democratic. That is because when one grows large,—truly large,—it is not a process of self inflation, or expansion in size of the original contents, but a grasping of other things and co-relating with those things. By this process the little self grows comparatively smaller as his world grows larger. It is only when another looks at that soul that its proportions look vast, and its vastness is only because of its inclusiveness. The littlest soul could be great if it could be *inclusive*. That is

all, but that is a great deal, as we all know when we try to be large. Realizing the intrinsic value of all things, and appreciating that value through a glad recognition,—this is true soul expansion,—this is true

soul greatness. We thus get greatness through littleness. The butterfly's wing,—how little. The rain drop,—how common. The grain of sand,—how minute. And yet, if we knew the ar- cana writ in these little things we could construct a universe! For we could have analyzed it and comprehended it. "There is no great and no small to the soul who knoweth all," and the commonest things are each seen to be gate-ways into the inner world of sublime realities. "Nothing great and nothing small."

'Tis not in the highest stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But on the mud and scum of things
There always, always, something sings.

Emerson

Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that
springs

From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

Bryan Waller Procter

A glad recognition of the in-
nate value of all souls,—this is
another indication of expand-
ing consciousness. When we
see ourselves in them, and see
them in us. When we feel with
them in their joys and sorrows.
When we put our shoulder to
the wheel of life, with our hu-
man kinsfolk, for the common
good, merging our strength with the common strength, for com-
mon fruitions. Then we reach a largeness of soul which lifts us
into *real* soul poise, *real* fulness, *real* soul content.

This expanding consciousness, which is recognized by all to
be true greatness, does not come from doing mental stunts, or
from performing bodily abstinence, or mouthing academic postu-
lates of brotherhood, but by a practical recognition, through
use of *all* life, the little things and the great, the impotent and
the powerful. *Use*, and *Usefulness*, that is true greatness,—the
ability to see uses and values, and perform uses and give values.

THE LORD'S VISIT

W. YALE, 30 Dean Street, Taunton, Mass.



One morn it was whispered about the town
That Christ the Lord would that day come down
To visit His Church—so the message read—
And sup with His own on the wine and bread.
Great was the joy in the churches all,
In grand cathedral and chapel small
Bishop and elder, parson and priest,
Made ready to sit at the holy feast.
They donned their robes of silk and gold,
Their gowns of black and vestments old,
And while they waited their Lord to greet
They scowled at each other across the street.
In golden cups they poured the wine,

And golden plates held the bread divine,
And music rolled up from organ and choir
As smoke ascends from its heart of fire.
Then as they watched with expectant eyes
For Him who should come thro' the opened skies
An humble stranger passed them by,
Clad in the raiment of poverty.
They saw him not, while he wended his way
To a hut where a stricken beggar lay,
From whose cot contagious all else had fled,
Save a sinful woman who brought him bread,
And a cup of water, her only store,
To keep the wolf from the wretched door.
The stranger entered the squalid room,
And a sudden splendor lit up its gloom;
And there in this place by suffering sealed,
The Lord of Heaven Himself revealed.
He drank of the cup and ate of the bread,
And with peace their famished souls he fed.
Then vanished from sight, thro' the spaces dim,
And the soul of the beggar went out with Him.
Thus did he take of the sacrament,
And the Church knew not that he came or went.

We Are Each Marching On

To Better or to Worse, as we Energize our will
in Good or Evil Exercises. Don't fool your-
self with a supine attitude of indifference.
Only Good will come to you as you assiduous-
ly cultivate the Flower Garden of your Soul.

God is All

SAMUEL BLODGETT, 1618 Adams St., Minneapolis, Minn.



NOT ONLY IN HIM "We live, move and have our being", but we are parts of him. He is made up of all living entities, and everything is life, or being used by life. Life is the one great bottom fact, self-existent and eternal.

Not only so, every sub-life that we know of is composed of lives even more minute, and reckoned as less important. Science has shown that this is what every human being is composed of. We could not live without them, for they, in the aggregate are us. Every muscle and bone is but a multitudinous combination of them, dying and being eliminated all the time, only to be replaced by young ones, created out of the food we eat. We create them in the same sense that God created us. These creations are not deliberately for their good. In the operation, we think only of ourselves. They grow because of us, we supplying the right conditions, because this is the way we live. We instinctively try to keep them healthy, because our health depends upon their health. If they are vigorous and healthy we are so; and if they are debilitated and diseased we are in that condition. How do we create and use these creations? We are very ignorant of the process; we know little more than the fact.

The hair grows on our heads, and we know every hair has a distinct, individual life; yet we know it is connected with our life, is in fact a part of it. I do not think God senses our existence as persons, any more than we sense the existence of a single hair; but he must certainly desire us to be healthy and happy, for every disarrangement with us must affect him unfavorably, in some degree.

He does not always have perfect health. Volcanoes, earthquakes, etc., being in evidence. No one lives to himself alone, or can so live, for each is part of the great whole. Existence is one and God is all.

LIFE IS QUALITY,—not things,—not possessions,—not accomplishments. Man should seek quality in all things. Only quality counts. Only quality makes good, for quality holds all, brings all, reaches all. Truth is quality. Love is quality. God is quality. We chase *forms* too much. We are too well satisfied with swine-feed. We chew at the husks of life and then wonder why we are hungry. The cause is: we put ourselves in the way of ourselves and tangle Self with self. *Allah illa Allah.*

Literary Reviews

Solar Biology, by Hiram E. Butler, is a standard work on the science of delineating character, diagnosing disease, determining mental, physical, and business qualifications, conjugal adaptations, etc., from date of birth. Mr. Butler writes: "Those who study *Solar Biology* thinking it will amalgamate with astrology, or aid in astrological prognostication, will find that it cannot be so used, as it is a distinct science, using different data, and arriving at entirely different conclusions. It reads character in human life completely, but in no case predicts coming events."

The book, which contains some 500 pages, has several diagrams illustrating the text. The book shows the proper law of mating, and teaches that opposites when properly related by affinity, should mate, giving tables of birth showing how certain men born at certain times of the year will find congenial companions in women born at certain other times. It shows the difference between marriages made on the physical plane, the mental plane, and the spiritual plane. There are many interesting statements in the book, many of which are self evident when properly thought out. He tells us that man's interior nature is feminine, and woman's is masculine. In other words, each person is both masculine and feminine, but in each of us one side of our selfhood is thrust out into life, the other being more dormant or unexpressed.

Mr. Butler is very emphatic in his opposition to the tendency at the present time of allowing people to follow their physical promptings in the choosing of a mate. He teaches the necessity of studying out the inner laws of being and by the light thereby shed, choosing a companion who will be a true mate because the union is on a spiritual plane, and therefore more permanent than the gusts of wind and the changes of the weather.

The author tells us that young people should analyze their feelings when they are in each other's company, and thereby learn if their attraction for each other is from the lower or the higher promptings. If it is a strong magnetic attraction, which is only in force while they are in each other's company, and ceases soon afterward, then a union on this plane will only result in inharmony,—and the divorce court. If the two find intellectual enjoyment alone the results may not be so disastrous, but are liable to be unsatisfactory, and true union not be consummated. The perfect relation, he tells us, comes when one finds a sweet rest in the other's company; common enjoyment sitting in silence; with a feeling of sacredness in each other's presence, which does not cease when they are separated, but instead leaves a delightful feeling which we know as conjugal love, even when the two are in mind but not in physical proximity.

The book has much to say regarding business adaptations, also. In fact, by means of the various tables printed in the book, one may study out the tendencies and even probabilities in the relationships of those they meet, either in a business way, or otherwise. The price of the book is five dollars, carriage paid, and every student of the influence of the stars should study this book and keep it on hand for reference. Order from the Esoteric Fraternity, Applegate California, or from this magazine.

The Great Debate: Buddhism and Christianity Face to Face, is the title of a very interesting pamphlet of 106 pages, written with intro-

duction and annotations by J. M. Peebles, M. D., M. A., Ph. D., Battle Creek, Mich. The price of the book is 30 cents and 4 cents postage, and with the book is a large list of Dr. Peebles' other publications, such as "Immortality and our Future Homes," "What is Spiritualism?" "Spiritualism in all Lands and Climes," "Death Defeated," "Five Journeys Round the World." etc. I found this book very interesting, and read it through. It goes deep into the differences between the two religions.

In the introduction Dr. Peebles says: That religious body known in America as Shakers, and who in doctrines and practices more nearly resemble the Buddhists than any other class of religionists, denominate this *Nirvana-life*, the resurrection-life. It is the calm, serene life of the soul, virtually lifted out of, and living above the plane of the carnal nature and the earthly passions. It is spiritual emancipation and victory!

Nagasena, a Buddhist missionary before the Christian era, said: "*Nirvana* is the divine rest; the destroying of the infinite sorrow of the world, the abode of abodes that cannot be explained."

And Wong-Chin-Fu, a Chinese scholar and Buddhist, who had been recently traveling in America, remarked repeatedly: "By *Nirvana* we all understand a final reunion with God, coincident with the perfection of the human spirit by its ultimate disembarrassment of matter. It is the very opposite of *personal annihilation*."

In the opinion of all thoughtful Buddhists, *Nirvana* is to be obtained only through struggle, self-denial, renunciation of worldly pleasures, release from selfish entanglements, abstemious living, holy aspiration, and a sweet trust in the illimitable, ineffable Oversoul of the Universe. And it consists in the fruition of all hopes, the realization of all enchanting dreams, the fulfilment of all divine prophecies, the eternal becoming, the fadeless glory of a conscious immortality!

The tone of morality is higher, and the practice of charitable deeds far more prevalent in Buddhist than in Christian countries. This will be conceded by every unprejudiced traveller, and by every candid and trustworthy foreign resident of Ceylon, Siam, China, and the East.

Though I have travelled five times around the world, spending days in Buddhist temples, months in the homes of Brahmans and Buddhists; and years in their countries, I never saw a Buddhist in a state of intoxication. Murder is comparatively unknown; theft is uncommon; and profanity prevails only so far as Oriental people have mingled with the Christian nations of the West. To this end, Wong-Chin-Fu, a Chinese orator and Buddhist, said, when lecturing in Chicago, U. S. A.—

"I challenge any man to say that he ever heard a Chinese man, woman, or child, take the name of Almighty God in vain, unless it was in the English language after he had become demoralised by our civilization."

Bishop Bigandet testifies not only to the general kind-heartedness, chastity, and morality of Buddhists, but to the ameliorating influences of the system upon woman. Their religion ignores caste, and they naturally accept the theory that we are all brothers. Their hearts seem full of tenderness. They carefully care for the sick and the aged. Reverence and love for parents is proverbial in the East.

The following constitutes the ethical code, or the five great commandments of the Buddhists:—

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

4. Thou shalt not speak untruths.
5. Thou shalt not take any intoxicating drink.

This moral code has been amplified in some of the Buddhist countries, the commandments being increased to ten in number. Substantially embodying the five, and adding others from their sacred canon, they stand thus:—

1. Thou shalt kill no animal whatever, from the meanest insect up to man.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not violate the wife of another.
4. Thou shalt speak no word that is false.
5. Thou shalt not drink wine, nor anything that may intoxicate.
6. Thou shalt avoid all anger, hatred and bitter language.
7. Thou shalt not indulge in idle and vain talk; but shall do all for others.
8. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.
9. Thou shalt not harbour envy, nor pride, nor revenge, nor malice, nor the desire of thy neighbour's death or misfortune.
10. Thou shalt not follow the doctrines of false gods.

Those who keep these commandments; who subdue their passions; who strive to live up to their divinest ideal; who through struggle conquer their selfishness, and hold the perfect mastery over the lower earthly self, are on the way to *Nirvana*—the rest of Buddha.

The Oriental Occult and Mystic is written monthly by Professor Frank D. Hines, at 1438 Tremont Place, Denver, Colorado, and is purveyed to an appreciative clientele at ten cents the copy. Professor Hines has a unique style of writing. In fact he writes as he feels, and does not care in the least for style. All he cares for is to let Frank D. Hines speak and others take the consequence. In the October issue he says: "Who is that with the shriveled, pinched features, the demagnetized presence and the wandering, half-expressive eye? Who is it? Why it's that man who all to self has lived and despised the laws of sex and right expressions, the only righteousness. Perhaps we mistake; look again; why it's the woman who would this world, alone, without a proper mate the way hew and master; good Lord forgive the blunder and help the Light to all such come that the world may be spared its agony of a house divided against itself. Add the other half or else, at least, its semblance, for in the otherness, alone, is completion."

The Word, (monthly) 244 Lenox Avenue, New York, has a very interesting series of articles running by C. H. A. Bjerregaard, on "The Inner Life and the Tao-Teh-King." These articles give a very interesting account of Laoutzse and his book. We quote the following: "Laoutzse was of a good family, possibly of royal descent, and born 604 B. C. in Ku, a hamlet in Tsu in Honan. Very little is known about him, but we know that he was librarian or custodian of the archives of Cho, a city in southwestern China. He was called by many names, such as "the old philosopher," because, according to tradition he was white haired like an old man, when he was born. Tradition also tells that he was 80 years old when born, having been all that time in his mother's womb. He is also called "the ancient prince," "the old child," which means "he who even as an old man remains child-like;" he was also called "the greatly eminent ancient master." After his death, the title of *Tan* was conferred upon him. Tan

means "master" and is the same as the title "Christ" given Jesus, and "Buddha" given to Sakya-Muni. As we now say "Jesus, the Christ," so Taoists say Lao-Tan: Lao, the master.

"Tao is the external foundation of all things; is the universal progenitor of all beings and only capable of being named by means of the works. But he who would gain a knowledge of Tao's nature and attributes must first set himself free from all earthly desires. Unless he can do that, he shall not be able to penetrate the material veil which interposes between him and Tao. Tao is only revealed to those who are free from desires. He who regulates his actions by Tao will become one with Tao. Tao is the source from which all things come into existence—and to which all things return—and Tao is the means through whom this takes place. Tao being eternal and absolutely free, has no wants or desires, is eternally at rest but never idle, does not grow old, is omnipresent, immutable and self-determined, loves all things and does not act as a ruler. Because Tao creates, preserves, nourishes and protects all things, Tao is glorified for this beneficence and held in high honor."

The Psychic-Occult Digest, Robert Sheerin, M. D., editor, Dayton, Ohio, vol. 1, No. 2. is before me. It is a very interesting and readable magazine, and I believe it will gain many readers, especially if it becomes well known.

New Thought, Chicago, under the management of S. A. Weltmer, has shown great improvement. The recent issue received is full of good things, and the editor has spread a feast for all progressive people.

El Buen Sentido is a weekly magazine printed in the Spanish language at Calle Dr. Pujales, numero 3, Ponce, Porto Rico, devoted to the Spiritualistic Philosophy. Send a dime to the editor, Francesco J. Arjona, and he will send you several sample copies. Senor Arjona writes me that he is planning to publish his magazine daily! All through Spanish America, and also in Portuguese America, the Spiritualistic Phenomena and Philosophy is making rapid strides among the people. Many publications are issued in those languages. Those who read Spanish will be greatly interested in reading *El Buen Sentido*.

Jacob Behmen wrote some books between the years 1600 to 1624. There are not many books which live in the public estimation for three hundred years. And it is believed by many that these books of Jacob Behmen will continue to be valuable for very many years longer. In fact as long as man thinks deeply upon the mysteries of life he will find in these books great and wonderful arcana. These books have sold for a high price, because not many cared for them and the complete edition printed over a hundred years ago is very scarce. The Yogi Publication Society, 1408 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ills., are reprinting this set of books, and will put them on the market at a popular price. The first of the set will soon be ready, at \$2.00. More particulars will be given later. Meanwhile, \$2.00 sent to the publishers will bring this book to you.

The Public, 357 Dearborn Street, Chicago, comes to my table each week, and I generally read it through eagerly. It is "A National Journal of Fundamental Democracy and a Weekly Narrative of History in the Making." I am neither Republican, Democrat, or Socialist. I come the nearest to being a Mugwump, probably. The Public suits me pretty well.

Progress Magazine, is the new name of the delightful old *Eternal Progress*, which we all liked so well. Mr. C. D. Larson is still the editor,

and publishes every month articles on metaphysics and psychology similar to what he filled the old magazine with. Besides, he gives us many pages of good magazine literature. The price remains the same \$1.00 per year. Rand McNally Building, Chicago.

Words Of Faith, Philadelphia, has been published since 1874, by Mr. George W. McCalla. It is fifty cents per year, and worth fifty dollars in the inspiration and uplift it gives its readers.

Forward is the name of a new monthly magazine devoted to the exposition of the spiritual philosophy, with news and notes of the various workers in the field. It is published from Lawrence, Mass., 266 Bailey street. The editors are Mr. Russ H. Gilbert and Mrs. Emma Bascom Smith. The number before me is full of very interesting matter, and if the editors can keep up the quality they deserve and will receive success.

The Psychic, Walter Winston Kenilworth, 739 Board Walk, Atlantic City, N. J., is always very interesting. I often read it from cover to cover, and always find it of great value. It is as beautifully printed as it is fine and high in its literary quality.

The Siddhanta Deepika, Madras, N. C., India, 10 cents silver per copy, has a very interesting article on the Saiva Religion, in the July issue. Naturally, the writer of the article, J. M. Nallaswami Pillai, Esq., B. A., B. L., considers that his religion is the largest and the best and that it comprises all the really good of all religions. We all think that of our religion. All of us. Even the African fetish worshipper, if he was questioned. It is well, however, for us to compare our beliefs. We are comparing our religions all the time, in every act of social intercourse. The grocer who sells a pound of sugar over the counter is comparing his religion with his customer, although here in Boston it is quite natural for the grocer, and the baker, and the candle-stick maker, to be reticent about their beliefs. For comparing beliefs makes trouble. People are apt to guard their beliefs jealously—from strangers. They do not always understand that human life is belief, and that we cannot help expressing our beliefs in our conduct,—that is, our real beliefs. The writer of the article in *Siddhanta Deepika*, however, is very large in his view, for he says, "That is the True Religion and postulate and book, which not possessing the fault of calling this false and this true and not conflicting with them comprises reasonably every thing within its fold."

Editor's Talk

I RECEIVED a number of letters from friends who took different sides on that argument Mrs. Fairfield and I have. All her neighborhood friends valiantly take her part. Right they should. Mrs. Barry said that Mrs. Fairfield is just right in her argument, that suffering and adversity are always evil, and injurious to one's character, while prosperity and happiness are helps to character growth. She added, that if

she had such a nice story and picture printed of her she would learn it by heart. Ah! Mrs. Barry has kissed the blarney stone. Mrs. Soule, another of Mrs. Fairfield's friends, is rather non-committal before me, but I understand she will back up all Mrs. Fairfield says. Mrs. Holmes likewise. Dora W. has just arrived upon the scene, and has not given an opinion, but I know she will defend Auntie Adeline. She looks ra-

ther askance at Uncle Fred's bizarre new theology propositions, anyway, and is inclined to oppose them on general principles.

I had a correspondent once, (but he got tuckered out at my contumaciousness) who declared that heaven is a little bit of a place; that all people who live there think just alike,—in synchronous unison, I expect—and that there is no difference of opinion there. People all eat the same kind of pie, think the same thoughts, wear the same kind of clothing. Conformity, similarity, sameness, is heaven with these people. Hell, with them, is a very big place, where people all differ in opinion, in tastes, in expression. In heaven the saints play golden harps, sit on high stools, and sing praises constantly to a God who sits on a throne (and never laughs.) While hell is a place where bare footed children dance to the rag-time of a hurdy-gurdy; people differ in opinion, in dress and in the phases of expression; and where the boss of the game joins in the dance with many a jolly laugh that makes old hell ring its joy bells again and again! You have all heard of the good little Sunday-School girl who asked her mother if she thought Jesus would please let her go to hell sometimes so she could play with those naughty Jones children.

Perhaps these people who believe in a little straight-laced, two-cent, "funless" heaven will get what they want—and deserve. What a man really *believes* in he will get—"in the neck" perhaps—and get his big nuf, until he readjusts his belief and gets another one. Even the permanency of heaven will wear out—to the most obtusely incrustated mollyflint.

But I don't want to go to this little self-swung, dead-uniform heaven. That heaven is my hell, as my heaven is their hell. Yes, I'll admit it. In my heaven there will be a lot of difference. Plenty of it. Interest-

ing differences. Difference that fulfills each man who differs. It goes without saying that there will be no unkind or unlovely difference.

This friend who believes in the uniform heaven doubtless considers that people cannot differ in opinion without trying to destroy each other. This is too often the case here—as in hell. But in heaven we love the other all the more because he differs. This may be incomprehensible to some. If so, they may go to that uniform heaven if they want to. I am willing. I wouldn't stop them. I will validate their return ticket, countersign their passport with a red O.K., and give them a lower berth in the sleeping car, with plush cushions, and a sofa pillow stuffed with down and St. Peter's keys 'brodered on the upper side!

And my heaven is not going to be very small, either. I am inclined to believe it will be as large as everything and all there is. Hell? Yes, I expect it will include hell. Now don't get frightened because you misunderstand what I mean. When we are in heaven all things are seen in their perfect parts, and there is no depletion, or evil, or injury, or sin, or suffering. On the other hand, in hell all is incongruous, distorted, painful. A point of view. Up to you and I.

My heaven will not all be sober, and sedate, and "conventional." Strange word, this one so very often thrust upon us here: conventional. In my heaven old men can go with hair streaming down to their toes and whiskers tied around their belt. And others can be as bald as a billiard ball. Others may wear furs. Others may be naked—without immodesty. Another strange word,—*"immodesty,"*—not used up there. And little boys will come along and tickle those bare ribs, and put some more knots in that flowing beard, and stroke that fur coat,—and nobody will be hurt, or offended, or

detracted from in any way, and the naked man will be tickled at the sport, and the fur covered man be pleased, and the hairy man hilarious at the joke, and all hands frolic in mad innocuous glee of the sport of life. Men will be all childlike, and Jesus, the lover of little children, will be there, and we shall know him not so much as the Savior on the Cross, or "God of Very God, Not Made, But Begotten," but such divinity will strangely disappear, and we will see him in his Humanity. And he will play fun and sport with us all, with us little children, and many a ring-around-rosy we will have together,—“over the hills and far away.”

And yet there will be solemn and grand things there too, and earnest, and majestic, but no sadness, or lacking, or meanness.

It will not be a “select” heaven, filled chock-a-block with sober saints standing all in a row. Tom, Dick and Harry will be there. Rag-amuffins. Yes, a few. Some we love and who love us. And criminals? And tapsters? And slouches? Yes, but they will have changed. But the same jolly good ole boys. Yes, I mean it. Hit me as hard as you want,—and I’ll dodge the blows. There will be no hatred, or exclusiveness, or “I-am-better-than-thou.” We’ll leave all that down here below. And we’ll all be there! For some saints will come along to make a balance. And they will let us go touch them gently. And they will give a faint, insipid white smile to let us know they are alive. And then, to get square with ourselves, we will have to run quick and pull the beard of the jolly tapster, and play football with the moon, and squint at it as it squints at us!

Well, well, I have digressed a great deal, and I will return to Mrs. Fairfield (I always do) and say that I received a very few endorsements of my position,—a very few. Of

course Mrs. Fairfield read the letters, and she has sharpened her hat-pin and got it ready to stick into a correspondent in Winchendon, Mass. who is going to make us a visit.

THIS SAME correspondent in Winchendon, who is 85 years young, writes about another subject, as follows:

Brother Fairfield: In the last New Age you speak of the Shakers, and say you like them. Well, so do I. I like their honesty, sincerity, industry, and spiritual life. But it seems to me that in the matter of celibacy they are wrong. I would like to know what *you* think on this point. Can it be that Nature has made a mistake in making the preservation of the race depend upon the union of male and female? I cannot think it. It seems to me that any attempt to elevate the *virgin* above the *Chaste Matron* will fail, as the Shaker society is virtually today. The tremendous *abuses* of the sex function, as seen about us, gives them plausible ground for their doctrine, but it seems to me they go to extremes. I think if Ann Lee had instituted an “Order of Maternity” to go along with her “Order of Virginity”—so that those wishing it could become parents *without disgrace*, the Shaker society would be larger and not die out. xxx

I am glad to have our brother state his side. In fact it is to a great extent my side. There is something sweet and beautiful in the Shaker life, except that I have considered that their celibate life was only for certain few who could thereby retire from the struggles and the strenuous life of the world, and live a sweet spiritual life right here below. I consider that celibacy is all right,—in some cases. Just which cases I do not presume to be the judge. I believe in a God,—in a working God. This is some of the work that I cut out for my God to

brought back a little lot of paper for me to print some circulars. So we got along. We *had* to, for neither of us was smart enough to make a living without working for it, and nobody had bestowed money upon us. And we were happy. So happy. I think we get to know just a little of what heaven is, through the open portals of conjugal life.

AS I TOLD you before, I attend every Sunday morning some Church, and have been going recently to what is called the American Catholic. This Church is as ritualistic as the Roman communion, and differs from it very little in doctrine, or form. The service is in English, the authority of the Pope is not recognized, and I understand they hold a little different view of the Virgin Mary, but I am not sure about this last difference. Roman Catholics have told me that the only difference in the ritual is that the American Catholics leave out the Hail Mary. Probably there are other minor differences. I understand they agree regarding celibacy, male and female. The service is very ornate and beautiful. I like it. I get spiritual uplift from it. I do not try to "square myself" in the matter. Of course I do not believe all the good priest says. But I learn a great deal even from his narrow and strict interpretation.

Narrowness and exclusiveness no doubt has its uses. Yes, the so-called poorest and meanest creature that ever lived, has some divine use. So perhaps have narrowness and rigorous interpretation. Last Sunday the priest said in his sermon that the "Episcopal Church should be the National Church of the Anglo-Saxon race." Now that is too narrow for me, for many of my "Anglo-Saxon" friends are Baptists, and Unitarians, and what-not, and I don't want them to become Episcopalians, — unless they want to, and I am sure they don't.

Those who take this extreme view generally look to the Church as the source of divine authority, instead of the bible and man's own conscience. In the same sermon this priest added rather dramatically: "People should be made to fear the Church, and hearken to her judgment; aye, tremble! tremble!" Well, all priests are not quite where this brother is, thank the Lord.

I feel quite sure that this priest would decide that I am not a Christian, and I would really not argue the matter with him. I judge he would decide that to be a Christian I must become a Catholic. He would allow that the Roman Catholics were Christians, and the Greek Catholics, and any person who was admitted into the Church by properly qualified priests who held their office through "apostolic succession". All others, I understand, are not "Christians." But he is not more bigoted than some Methodists who tried to collar me some years ago. They had their criterion. I never quite knew what it was, unless it was to believe as they did. The Presbyterians had another criterion. The Universalists, however, and the Unitarians, allowed that each person could decide for himself! This is rank heresy to the Catholic. Well, well, I have become case-hardened. I cease to be ruffled. I try to find the essential good in all. I am succeeding a little.

TO give all a chance I am continuing that special offer of 50¢ in advance for a year's subscription.

IMPORTANT communications received from several correspondents, on subjects we are discussing, but no room to publish the extracts I had intended.

NEXT month an important lesson by Levi on "The Magic Chain" also a long article by the editor on the New Religion of Dr. Eliot, showing its beauties and unavoidable limits.

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DECEMBER, 1909

No. 22